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This space is lovingly set apart and dedicated to the memory of my beloved wife, Finette A., who for nine years, and till near the time of her decease, cheerfully and faithfully assisted and encouraged me while sick and working on this history. A. W. B.

HISTORY

OF THE

TWELFTH REGIMENT

NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS

IN THE

WAR OF THE REBELLION

BY

CAPT A. W BARTLETT

Historian Twelfth Regiment Association.

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1897

TO THE BRAVE BOYS OF THE

TWELFTH

BOTH THE LIVING AND THE DEAD

This Volume is

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

In giving this history to the public, the author has the satisfaction of knowing that with all its errors and imperfections he has tried to be both truthful and impartial.

He knows also, from experience, that to write what is readable is one thing, but quite another to write that which is reliable: and that when truth and justice are allowed, as they always should be, to guide and dictate, the task of the historian is difficult and laborious.

It is hoped, therefore, that those who see much to criticise and little to praise, as doubtless many will, may exercise sufficient charity to believe, that if the work has been but poorly or partially done, it is because the weight was too heavy for the power, and not from any want of purpose or lack of effort. Believing, moreover, that merit and not rank nor riches deserves our praise, and that he who fought with the musket was just as good as he who commanded with the sword, it was decided at the outset that in this history, at least, if no where else, they should in every respect, so far as possible, stand upon the same level.

For this reason we have refused costly steel engravings of some who could afford it, because there were many others equally meritorious who could not afford it: hence governors, generals, and colonels, appear on the following pages dressed in a pictorial garb of the same cast, style, and finish, as the corporal and private. If there was "favoritism" in the army, as we cannot deny, it was because officers were unworthy of their trust, and is only an additional reason why none of it should be allowed in the history of any regiment, that justice at last may be done to the rank and file.

The biographical sketches, though necessarily brief, will be found to embody the most important data in the family and war record, and are, so far as possible, arranged with the portrait engravings, that the reader has the soldier and his record before him, so that he can scan the one and read the other at the same time.

We have endeavored, as far as possible, to obtain the picture of every member of the regiment, and if many do not appear in this work it is because of no fault of the author In his efforts to do full justice to his fellow-comrades, he has ofttimes been discouraged at the magnitude of the undertaking, and the careful research necessary to a faithful execution of this trust. He sincerely regrets that ill health, coupled with other embarrassing conditions, has in a great measure crippled his best efforts and long delayed the publication of this book.

The author, in conclusion, wishes especially to express his most sincere thanks and gratefully acknowledged obligations to the committee, and especially to Capt. E. F Gordon, with whose special assistance he has been aided in bringing this volume to its final close. He also extends his kindest thanks to all those who have in any way helped him in his work.

A. W BARTLETT

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INTRODUCTION.

THE terrible storm which was to test the permanency of our republican form of government, and show to the world how deeply rooted is the tree of liberty in its native soil, had, after often repeated, but long unheeded warnings, broke in all its force and fury upon us; and the final struggle for supremacy between freedom and slavery, no longer to be put off by concession or compromise, had at last come.

The Union forces of the West had swept every thing before them from Missouri's northern border to Nashville, Tennessee, while the main army around Washington, after its valuable lesson at Bull Run, had so increased in numbers and improved in discipline that it only seemed necessary for the "Young Napoleon"—as McClellan was then called by some of his admirers—to give the command and Richmond was ours.

So confident was the public mind of the North, that when the next "on to Richmond" was sounded at the head of the great, grand army of the Potomac, already impatient to be led forward, that it would march swiftly into the Confederate capital and to final victory, that Henry Wilson stated upon the floor of the Senate chamber that he believed the rebellion was virtually suppressed, and orders were issued from the War Department that no more volunteers would be received, as the troops already enrolled were sufficient to overcome all armed resistance to the legal authority of the Government.

But another sad lesson of disastrous experience for the Nation had yet to be learned.

To capture the rebel capital and defend our own, at the same time, was a greater task for the military power in the field than had been anticipated; and the want of more troops soon demanded serious attention in the defeat of McClellan upon the peninsula, and the retreat of what remained of his once powerful army to the cover of our gun-boats at Harrison's Landing

It was now evident that the "irrepressible conflict," so long feared, had indeed commenced; and that the end could only be reached through years of, hitherto, uncounted sacrifice.

The first great mistake of the Government, in refusing to accept of more volunteers, instead of making the stupendous preparation so wisely advised by Stephen A. Douglas by allowing the recruiting offices to remain open, and mobilizing the voluntary accessions to the army, as rapidly as possible, was now only too apparent.

With fifty thousand fresh troops to have reinforced McClellan in front of Richmond, or to have taken the place of those withheld from him for the protection of Washington, nearly three years of carnage and desolation would probably have been averted.

But recruits and not regrets were now demanded by the exigency of the hour, and from the undiscouraged and still more determined patriots of the loyal states, upon every breeze from mountain-side, hill-top and valley, from the cities of the East and the prairies of the West, from the office, the work-shop, and the farm, came the ready, hearty, and enthusiastic response to the President's proclamation:

"We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more."

Close following this call and led by the indomitable Jackson came the advance of Lee's victorious legions in his first great raid into the North, defeating in detail the disconnected fragments of Pope's Army, and finally driving it back inside the fortifications of Washington.

It was the midnight hour of the Nation's trial and conflict, and the sentinels, on her watch-towers of freedom, looked vainly into the surrounding darkness for a single sign of coming day.

Although the situation was critical and the demand urgent, relief was coming from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and trembling fear at once changed to rugged resolution when, from the ready supply, it was no longer doubtful to the administration at Washington, that the loyal North intended to stand by and support their chosen leader,—whose great mind and heart thought and beat only for his country,—and that the patriotism of the people was again aroused and equal to any emergency

It was at this time and under this call, which Congress had authorized President Lincoln to make, for the immediate enlistment of three hundred thousand more troops to serve for three years or the war, while rebel bayonets again threatened the National Capitol, and when England and France were almost ready to announce their recognition of the Southern Confederacy, that the Twelfth regiment of New Hampshire volunteers was raised and organized.

It was, indeed, a call for help in the hour of the Nation's most direful need; and those who answered it, coming as they did from the best class of American citizenship, had everything but personal honor to lose, and nothing but a soldier's grave to gain.

Those who enlisted under this call came from the great, middle-class body of the people which in every country constitutes the grand, reserve power of a nation.

They belonged, largely, to the more reliable, self-dependent and conservative element of society; who, having more to lose, hesitate longer to act, and carefully count the cost before they engage in any undertaking that is to hazard the well being and future happiness of those dependent upon them for counsel, comfort, and support.

Again it may be truly said, that the volunteers of '62, who enlisted before the large town bounties were offered, had, as a rule, not only more to sacrifice, but much less to encourage them, than those who enlisted at a much earlier or later period of the war.

Though no more, perhaps, to be praised or honored than they who went forth in defence of their country at her first call for assistance, yet they enlisted with no foolish belief that sixty or ninety days would end the conflict: but entered the lists "for three years or the war," when it was evident that two or three years longer, instead of as many months from the beginning, were necessary for the Government to crush out, if it ever could, a rebellion so great and powerful that its armies had been successful on almost every important battlefield, and which then, as never before, threatened our political existence.

The first call of April 15, 1861, for seventy-five thousand men to serve for only three months, while congress by the same proclamation was not convened until nearly three months later, shows how little even Lincoln himself, with all his constitutional advisers, understood either the purpose or the power of the seceeding states: and those who so quickly and nobly responded to that call, sharing in the general belief that there was "more scare than bear" in the threatening attitude of the South, and that the war would begin and end in South Carolina, rushed with light hearts, as well as swift feet and ready hands, to the rescue.

And this was true, only in a less degree, of those who enlisted under subsequent calls, but before Gen. McClellan led his marshalled legions of the North against the Sevastopol of the Rebellion.

But when, a few months later, congress authorized the raising and equipping of half a million more men as necessary to reinforce our armies in the field, while McClellan lay supinely on the bank of the James, protected from capture only by the good service of our iron-clad gun-boats and monitors, and Pope, with "headquarters in the saddle," was fighting night and day to keep the rebel general Jackson from marching his troops down Pennsylvania Avenue, there was a far different shading to the picture, and "war's grim-visaged front" appeared in all its horrors, as a present, actual, and tangible reality.

It is not claimed, however, that every one who enlisted at this or any other time during the war was a hero, a patriot, or even a man, in the true and honorable sense of the word; for the future conduct of many was proof, conclusive, that a soldier's grave was one of the few safe places they never expected or intended to fill, unless it should be dug in Canada or elsewhere, many miles from, or many years after the war.

But it *is* claimed, and the author of the following poor tribute to their memory does here affirm (inconsiderate fools, stay-at-home cowards, and contemptible copper-heads to the contrary notwithstanding), that a great majority of all the Union volunteers, under whatever call or from whatever section they enlisted, did so actuated by high, honorable, and patriotic motives, differing, of course, in quality and degree, according to persons, times and circumstances.

CHAPTER I.

The Twelfth Regiment has a history of more than general interest, even from its very beginning as a military organization.

When, on the second day of July, 1862, the call for three hundred thousand more men, to serve for three years or the war, was made, it was supposed that many of those recruits, especially the first enlisting, would be used to fill up the decimated ranks of the regiments already in the field.

With this impression, Col. George W Stevens, of Laconia, foreseeing the great inducement and many advantages for men and boys, who had lived and been brought up together as neighbors and acquaintances, to enlist and serve together, not only as members of the same regiment, but comrades and tent-mates of the same company, wisely conceived the idea of raising a regiment in Belknap county and bordering towns; the companies to be enlisted, as nearly full as possible, from the different centre-sections of the population.

This plan being readily acceded to by Col. Thomas J. Whipple and other leading men of the county, to whom it was submitted, it was decided, in order to successfully inaugurate the idea and awaken the public mind to a clear sense of the necessity as well as the duty of the hour, to call and hold a grand war meeting at the North Church, in Laconia.

The meeting was advertised for the evening of Friday, July 25, 1862; and long before sunset, teams were coming in from every direction; and when, at half-past seven, it was called to order by W N. Blair, Esq., the house was crowded—many being unable to get in—with men and women from almost every town in the county. Col. Charles Lane presided, and after a fervent prayer by Dr. Young, speeches were made by Gov. Berry, who had been invited, Col. Peter Sanborn, Hon. Larkin D. Mason, Cols. Stevens and Whipple, W N Blair, Esq., Hon. Warren Lovell, Dr Nahum Wight, and others, all earnestly eloquent and patriotic, and received with that responsive enthusiasm that left no doubt but one or two regiments could be raised in Belknap county alone, if found necessary.

Col. Lane, upon taking the chair, said:

Gentlemen: We have met this evening to consider our duty to our country, now in a condition that we never expected, in our day, to realize or behold.

Strength and wisdom are required to carry us through this dreadful trial of civil war, and we are ready to ask counsel of our ablest men.

We have heard that our President is an honest man and we trust that he is; but one thing we are certain of, for many of us are personally acquainted with our Governor and know him to be honest and honorable. He will explain the situation to us this evening.

Gov. Berry was received with approbation, and listened to as one upon whose words of advice and promise they could safely act and rely. He spoke at considerable length of the critical situation of the country, the depleted condition of our armies in the field, and the absolute necessity of supplying this want, by an immediate and patriotic response to the call that had just been made, by the President, for three hundred thousand more volunteers to assist in maintaining the laws of the land and saving our free institutions for generations to come. He believed that while our only hope was in the patriotism of the people, that hope would not fail us, but carry us triumphantly onward over every obstacle, and through every trial to a final victory

Col. Whipple was next called upon and was greeted with enthusiastic cheers. He spoke substantially as follows:

My Friends I want you to appreciate if you can the magnitude of this crisis. We have just been called upon for three hundred thousand men and a thousand millions of treasure, but the end is not yet. It is to be followed by more men and more money, and when the last man and the last dollar has fallen and been expended, that dear and glorious old flag (pointing to the stars and stripes) has been preserved at a cheap price. I should be ashamed to survive this contest. I ask no higher glory than the privilege to add my name to the long list of heroes who shall give their lives for their country in this great struggle for the Union and the Constitution. If I address a man here to-night who would even dodge a bullet that could not find its way against this hell-born rebellion, but through his own heart, he is a coward and does not deserve the protection of the old flag. The hour demands the sacrifice, and who shall be base enough to withhold?

As for one, I now offer my life, my property, my all, to the support and preservation of our common country

Peter Sanborn, state treasurer, was now introduced, but his naturally excitable temperament had been so charged by the electric eloquence of the last speaker, that his tongue, trying to vibrate in unison with his emotions, was too rapid for anything but a phonograph, which not being then invented, no record of his speech, not even from memory, remains. It was an impassioned effusion, characteristic of the man, whose whole heart was in the cause; but, to use the words of one who listened, "served better as a relish to the other proceedings, than as a set dish in the regular course." He closed his appeal by offering ten dollars each to the first ten men who would enlist, giving and advising them to take time to consider and counsel with their parents, wives and sweethearts, if they had any, before deciding. A day or two after several accepted the offer, and enlisted as soon as the enlisting papers were ready for them to sign.

Larkin D. Mason, of Tamworth, who was afterward state agent to look after the sick and wounded at the front, and thus instrumental in saving many lives, was another of the leading speakers. He was an ardent supporter of the Administration, and when Lincoln was nominated at Chicago, said that he believed "that the convention must have been inspired." On this occasion he said that he stood at the head of one of the largest families in the state; but he would rather sacrifice every other child by lot, and let the remaining ones have the benefit of the dear old flag, than to have them all survive with no stars and stripes to protect them. He thought Abraham Lincoln was called to the most critical position ever occupied since Washington, and that their relative positions were well described by the poet:

> "'T was great to speak a world from naught,
> But greater to redeem."

Washington brought from chaos the first successful republic, but oppressors had prostituted, and were then seeking to destroy it. But the mission of Lincoln was to restore it to its primitive purity, and make it conform to the Declaration of Independence. He had no doubt of the final result.

The speeches of Col. Stevens, Dr. Wight, Lovell, and others that followed were all noble and patriotic appeals to manhood, honor and duty, and added new fuel to the flame already kindled.

Such were the tocsin notes, sounded along the shores of the Winnipiseogee, echoing and re-echoing amid the surrounding hills and mountains, and reverberating up and down the valleys of her contributary streams, that called together, as if by almost magic power, a thousand stalwart youth and hardy mountaineers, so quickly for the camp, as to hardly be equalled in the whole history of the war.

It was at this meeting that Col. Stevens first made public his design of raising the Twelfth regiment, and, in behalf of the people of the county, offered the same to the Governor, ready for muster, within ten days; provided it should have the privilege of choosing its own officers—field, staff, and company—and be allowed to keep its distinctive organization as a regiment, so long as it should remain in the service.

This proposition, being afterwards formally submitted to the Governor and Council, was accepted; and on the twelfth day of August, 1862,* the necessary enlisting papers were issued by the Adjutant-General, and the work was at once commenced with a will and determination worthy of the cause.

Col. Whipple, who seemed the man best fitted by education and experience to carry out the plan so ably originated by his patriotic compeer, entered heart and soul into the effort; and with that inspiring eloquence which the orator can only reach when the cause and the occasion

* The Adjutant-General's record of the "tenth," which was Sunday, is incorrect.

demands, exerted a powerful influence throughout the many towns in which he spoke night and day, in his memorable circuit around the lake, leaving a continuous line of recruits falling in behind him.

So rapidly were the enlisting papers made out and signed, that hardly had three score and ten hours elapsed before returns from the recruiting offices of the different companies footed up an aggregate so near the requisite number, that it has been claimed by some that the regiment was raised in three days. According to the best authority now available, enlisting did not commence until the afternoon of Tuesday, the 12th day of August; and sometime in the afternoon of the next Saturday, Col. Stevens sent a telegram to Adjutant-General Colby, that enough men had enlisted for a battalion of ten full companies. It must not be understood, however, that all the men of the regiment enlisted between the dates above given; for a few, whose names are found on the general roster, enlisted at an earlier date, intending and expecting to go in the Tenth or Eleventh regiment; while quite a number, who enlisted later than the 16th, took the place of those who were rejected by the examining surgeon and mustering officer, or of those who had enlisted for the Twelfth, but went in some of the later regiments, because those who enlisted them did not get elected to such official positions as they thought the number of their respective squads entitled them.

Nearly a whole company that had enlisted for the Twelfth in Sandwich, and chosen their officers, afterward went in the Fourteenth regiment.

Thus in about four days a full regiment of the hardy yeomanry of New Hampshire, who were destined to make for themselves a name and fame as enduring as their own granite hills, sprung into numerical and potential existence.

On the 26th of August, the line officers who had been previously chosen by their respective companies, met at Morrison's Hall in Laconia and elected the regimental field and staff officers, all of whom were afterward commissioned by the Governor, except Thomas J Whipple for Colonel, George W Stevens for Lieutenant-Colonel, and Dr. George Montgomery for 2d Assistant Surgeon; the place of the latter being afterward filled by Dr. John H. Sanborn of Meredith.

When it was known that the Governor had refused to commission Col. Whipple to command the regiment, there was, among the enlisted members and their friends, a strong feeling of dissatisfaction which, with many, soon ripened into bitter resentment.

It was claimed, with much truth and reason, that the regiment was raised upon the express agreement that it should be allowed to choose its own officers; and, from the very beginning, the intention and understanding had been general and out-spoken, as the Governor himself was aware, that Col. Whipple was to command it when organized and ready for service; that there was no other man in the state so well fitted, by nature and experience, for that position as he; and that to withhold his

commission was not only a great wrong to Col. Whipple and the men who had unanimously elected him, but an act of bad faith on the part of the chief executive himself.

In reply to this, Gov Berry claimed that in refusing to commission Col. Whipple he was acting for what he believed to be for the best interests of the regiment: that while the risk was theirs, the responsibility was his; and that he could not surrender his conscientious convictions of duty to any request or demand of friend or foe. He indignantly repelled the insinuations that he was influenced by either personal or political motives; and to the charge of bad faith, said that it was not only well understood, but in the "letter of the bond," that the choice of officers by the regiment should be subject to the approval of the Governor and his Council; and that he had told the first one who had ever suggested his name, that he could and would not commission Col. Whipple to command the regiment.

The reasons given, which were purely prudential—the question of competency being conceded—were not sufficient, however, to satisfy the men who would listen to no name or claim but Whipple's. Petitions and remonstrances, by tens and scores, signed by officers and men of the different companies and citizens of localities where they were raised, with many letters from influential men in every part of the county and other sections of the state, were sent in and piled upon the Executive table, all asking that Col. Whipple be commissioned colonel of the regiment or remonstrating against the Governor's refusal so to do. The large number of these papers, still to be seen filed away in the Adjutant-General's office, are mute but convincing witnesses of the great pressure brought to bear upon Gov Berry to move him from his negative position, and get him to comply with the popular demand; and they attest, with equal force, how strong a hold Col. Whipple had upon the confidence and admiration of that section of the state where he lived and was best known. So intense was the feeling in the regiment against the Governor's course that, at one time, it needed but a word to have secured an oath-bound resolution, from a large majority of its members, never to leave the state until Col. Whipple should lead them; and had not the wiser counsels of the cool-headed and law-abiding men in the ranks prevailed over the more excitable and less considerate, overt acts of mutiny would doubtless have been the result.

As it was, an indolent sore was formed that healed slowly, long remained irritable and tender, and left a scar upon some that still remains.

The reasons why Stevens, who was every way worthy and capable, was not commissioned colonel in place of Whipple were, to use the Governor's own words, "more than one." But the only one given by him may be understood from the following: It seems that Stevens, finding that further effort in behalf of Whipple was useless, had, by the advice of his friends and the earnest desire of Whipple himself, consented to

accept the position that the latter had expected to fill, and to which the regiment, naturally falling back upon him as their second choice, had elected him; and Capt. John F Marsh, of Nashua, who had been assisting to organize the regiment, was at the same time elected as lieutenant-colonel, and afterward received his commission.

In the meantime Gov. Berry had made arrangements with the Secretary of War to get Col. Potter, then a captain in the regular army, to command the regiment.

When, therefore, the election of Stevens and Marsh was made known to him, he was placed in an embarrassing position; for which, however, none seemed more to blame than himself.

The regiment had made its second choice in good faith, supposing, as they had every right and reason to, that, if their first choice was denied them they would, at least, have the privilege of making another, instead of having their wishes entirely ignored.

It further appears that the Governor acted without the knowledge or consent of the regiment, although he says, "This I supposed was known to them."

But why he should have supposed so, or even so acted as to have made such a supposition possible, by selecting and making efforts to secure a new man, regardless of the will or the wish of those who were to follow and obey him as their commanding officer, and in the face of the fact that their promised choice he had once seen fit to refuse them; or why he did not finally commission Stevens lieutenant-colonel, instead of Marsh, are among the many mysteries of the past.

And thus it was, that what at the beginning seemed settled and certain, within a few short weeks went for naught; and both Whipple and Stevens, who were first and foremost in the inception and raising of the regiment, and who were able and ambitious to win honored names in the service of their country, were left in sad dissappointment at home; while the men, who had twice elected them as their commanders, and whom they had so ardently hoped and confidently expected to lead, went marching onward to fields of fame and glory

That this was the only instance, during the war, where any special controversy arose between the Governor of this state and the enlisted men and officers of a regiment as to whom should be given the commission to command them, and that this assumed such magnitude and engendered so much bitterness as it did, is the author's excuse, if any be needed, for giving it so much attention. If mentioned at all, impartial justice requires that both sides, in the main, without improper personal allusions, be represented: and without mention the history of the regiment would, certainly, be incomplete.

Knowing that it is the historian's duty to elucidate rather than mystify, and that to the proper understanding of the merits of this case too much is necessarily left to inference and conjecture, it is but proper that the reader should

know that, while Gov Berry had strong reasons for opposing the will of the regiment, and no good reason has yet been found for impugning his motives, yet it is the belief and opinion of many (including one who has recently heard both sides from the lips of the two principal parties in the contest, and taken special pains to investigate), that he should not have finally decided and actually refused to have commissioned Col. Whipple, until all his reasons for so doing had first been submitted to the regiment and acquiesced in by a majority of its members.

That while he acted conscientiously, he allowed his firm convictions of duty to partially blind him from what, in the light of surrounding circumstances, that duty should be: taking an unwarrantable responsibility upon himself and deferring too little to the wishes and opinions of those equally competent to judge, and far more interested in the result.

That a hearing of some kind was not had, either before the whole regiment as a grand jury, or before all its line officers, acting in a representative capacity, with Gov Berry and Col. Whipple both present to accuse and answer, face to face, so that the whole truth could have been elicited, and all the facts fully understood: and then ample time given for the regiment to discuss and consider those facts before giving their final verdict, was, as is believed, a mistake, without which there might and probably would have been a compromise honorable and satisfactory to both parties.

The companies, from the different towns where they were principally raised, or in rendezvous, went into camp at Concord called "Camp Belknap," during the last days of August and the first of September, and were soon after mustered into the United States service as follows: Cos. A and B on the 30th of August; Cos. C, D, E, and F, September 5th; Cos. G, H, and I, September 9th: and Co. K, September 10th.

Dr Hadley B. Fowler of Bristol, N H., who had been chosen surgeon of the regiment, and was the first field or line officer to receive his sealed parchment of authority, was selected by the Adjutant-General to act as examining surgeon, and passed or rejected every man who presented himself as a volunteer of the Twelfth, except one company The examination, as it should be, was careful and thorough; but such was the texture and soundness of the material that but few pieces were rejected as unfit for the regimental structure. After running in single, "undress" file safely through the gauntlet of Surgeon Fowler's eyes and hands, each supposed himself all right for the muster-roll, but the final test was yet to come.

Capt. Charles Holmes, U S. A., was mustering officer at Concord at that time, and he required each man to walk along in front of him, while his sharp eyes watched every motion and scrutinized every feature, judging the fitness of the man for the business required of him quite as much from his vital motive as his physical power.

He would commence on the right of the company, and when it was seen that he began to challenge and throw out some of the men before,

perhaps, he had got to the center, it made some of the smaller ones, on the extreme left, think that their chances were few and fast growing less; and when their turn would come to step out and march up the company front, each one did so, expecting, surely, his fate was sealed. But Capt. Holmes was not so green as his subjects, but knew from experience that it was in the left wings of the companies, instead of the right, that the toughest and most lasting material of every regiment is found; and for this reason it is, undoubtedly true, that the Twelfth regiment, with so large a number of men above the average size, suffered greater loss from discharge for disability and sickness than many other regiments that went through equal hardships and exposure.

After the "boys" had received their muskets and donned their uniforms, they looked and felt so much more like what they had enlisted to be—Uncle Sam's body guard—that they all wanted their pictures taken in their new garb of army blue; and the city photographers were kept busy in supplying this want to the Twelfth and other regiments in camp at that time on the plains.

They, also, wanted now to visit their homes before they left the state, not so much, however, to be seen as they were soon to appear in the ranks of war, but once more to see the loved ones that they must leave behind; to give and receive the parting kiss and the farewell word; and to look, perhaps for the last time, upon the heart-cherished faces and scenes of love and home. This privilege, of course, was not denied, and each one received a short furlough of two or three days or more, according to the distance he had to travel and how much time his business required before his final leave. Many had left the hay field to enlist, and some enlisted in the field, standing in the swath they were cutting and wetting the papers that they signed with the dropping sweat of honest toil. But uncut fields of grass and grain were not all nor the most important business that needed to be looked after in those few short, precious days. There were infirm and needy parents, dependent wives, and helpless children that must be provided for; accounts, debts, and claims to be settled, paid, collected, or secured; law suits to be postponed, or compromised to save non-suit or default; and, always last in order, though often first in importance, wills were to be executed; for although young, healthy, and strong, their mission was too hazardous for thoughtful, prudent men to leave the distribution of their property to the chances of war, or the cold, unfeeling law.

Thursday, the 18th of September, was a memorable day to the members of the regiment, and the many friends and relatives that visited Camp Belknap. During the early part of the day many of the roads, leading into the city from a northerly direction, were lined with carriages, filled with fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, near and dear friends, and many others more or less intimately acquainted with and interested in the "soldier boy," his happiness and welfare. But while many *come*

(the reader will excuse the misuse of the verb to help the writer forget time and space and imagine himself the happy and hopeful drummer boy, once more receiving good things to eat and presents to keep from loved ones on that occasion) by private conveyance, steam gave its aid to convey to the state's capital three times as many more—the Montreal railroad having twelve cars filled with passengers, most of whom left the train at the depot for the camp ground on the plains. Each family and many of the friends sent, or took along with them, a choice portion of home's best supply to load the tables the soldiers had prepared, and leave many relishable after-bites as a dessert to their regular camp rations.

After happy hours of greeting and eating the regiment was paraded in battalion order before the large crowd of interested, earnest-gazing visitors (many of whom had never before seen a thousand men in line, and none of whom, before or since, ever saw ten full, battle-lined companies of nobler-looking men), and then, after this gratifying exhibition of themselves, and as quickly and well as the officers and men could at that time execute the movement, the line was broken into divisions and formed into a hollow square to listen to an address from Col. Whipple.

He was greeted with six hearty cheers, which, but for a deprecatory gesture from him would have been supplemented with at least three more and a "tiger," all wildly enthusiastic and the last terribly in earnest, as affording the men a chance to give audible vent to their feelings in imitation of that animal when baffled to madness in pursuit of his prey

His eloquent and patriotic address, as reported at the time, was as follows:

Fellow Soldiers: I am deeply sensible of this cordial welcome. Past experience has made me too familiar with the fatigues and hardships of the service to detain you in your present position with any extended remarks. Your neighbors, friends, and kindred have come here to-day to offer you the parting hand, and to take their last leave before your departure to the field to participate in the great contest, to which you have consecrated your lives and your sacred honor

While our hearts glow with admiration in view of the patriotic motives by which you are actuated, we are solemnly reminded that this parting with many of us may be the last. But in times like these, he who has a life to give to his country possesses the power to become a hero. He is indeed fortunate who, amid the roaring of guns, the thundering of cannons, the clash of sabres, and the trumpet blast of bugles, descends in glory to his grave upon the field of battle. Well may such a man be envied, when compared with him who wastes painfully away, and, unremembered, surrenders his life in the ordinary course of mortality Through all the perils and vicissitudes of the service our anxieties and sympathies will follow you, wherever you may go. We have an undoubted faith in your valor and your prowess, and confidently expect that your achievements on every field of battle will illustrate your name, and fill our hearts with joy and exaltation. If you fall, ours will be a proud sorrow, untarnished by shame. No regiment from this state has yet failed to do its whole duty in the day of trial. Look at the glorious

Second, with its decimated ranks, its few survivors. We venerate those who have perished as martyrs, sacrificed upon the altar of constitutional liberty; remembering the gallant Fifth at Fair Oaks, the Sixth at Newburn, and now the Ninth, recently organized, like yourselves, and already treading the path of glory and of honor.

I had hoped at one time to share your dangers, to lead you in your coming conflicts, to witness with pride your daring courage, and to participate in the glory of your triumphs: but this high privilege has been denied me by those whose motives I am not here to question. They are the repositories of the public trust, and it becomes me to acquiesce in their decisions. But, undiscouraged and undismayed, it is my fixed purpose, earnestly and faithfully, in such a manner as I may, to serve my country in this appalling crisis. In times like these, it becomes us to trample private grievances under our feet and lift up our hearts at the demands of patriotism.

Let me earnestly beseech you to pursue the same course and to cheerfully accept, at the hands of the Executive, such officers as, in his wisdom, he may see fit to appoint to your command. In behalf of all who have assembled here to bid you farewell, with a heart deeply sensible of the unspeakable emotions which crowd their bosoms, I bid you God speed in the noble mission to which you are now consecrated.

We envoke upon you the choicest blessings of Heaven; with mingled pride and grief we bid you adieu. I would gladly take each one of you by the hand, and speed you on your way with all good wishes.

With a proud sense of the courtesy of your present commander in my reception, and the manner in which you have received these remarks, I will detain you no longer.

With three more cheers for the speaker, the men gathered around the wagon in which he was standing, and took his hand with many expressions of disappointment and regret that they must go to the front without him. The noble, self-sacrificing spirit of his address had won the hearts of all who heard him; and made, as it was, with a full knowledge of the fact that, even then, when the temper of their mettle had begun to shade away, it needed but a single word from his lips to restore it to the flinty blue, that would break before it would bend, it was, indeed, manfully heroic and worthy a record on the page of history It was hard for the regiment to give up its favorite and first choice, and there were some who still believed that Gov Berry would reconsider the question of appointment, and finally yield to the urgent request and earnest desire of its members. But he proved immovable, and the regiment, following the advice and example of their chosen leader, readily, but not willingly, followed another to the field of duty,

During the interval between Whipple, expectant, and Potter, present, Gov Berry had employed Col. Thos. P Pierce of Manchester to organize and drill the regiment; and the latter, to aid and assist him, secured the services of Capt. John F Marsh of Nashua, who had been a soldier under him in the Mexican war, and was then fresh from active service in the Sixth Wisconsin Volunteers. Through the influence of Col. Pierce,

and by his own promptness and efficiency, he was, as we have seen, soon afterward commissioned lieutenant-colonel of the regiment.

It was under Capt. Marsh's instruction that the Twelfth received its first lessons in battalion formation and drill, and these lessons were continued, repeated, and reviewed by him, almost exclusively, when and wherever there was an opportunity, until he was disabled by a wound at Chancellorsville.

Capt. Joseph H. Potter of the Seventh United States Infantry, having, at the Governor's request, received from the War Department "leave of absence from his command to accept a commission in the volunteer service," had no sooner left his station on the frontier and reported to the adjutant-general of the state, than he was appointed colonel of the Twelfth: and at last the regiment had a commander, and one who knew his business, although an entire stranger to the men. It was a hard place to put him; for nothing less than perfection itself, both as a man and an officer, could then have pleased or satisfied the men.

Whipple was their first choice, their ideal; and crosses and curses were good enough for any one who should take the place which they thought belonged to him.

On the other hand, Col. Potter had been so long used to the stern and gruff manner of regular army officers, that he could not, at once, realize the difference between a green, sensitive volunteer, who had but just stepped from the plain of civil equality into the ranks of war, with his individual independence still quick to assert itself, and an old, iron-clad veteran of the regular army who had been drilled, drudged and driven until he hardly knew whether he was a beast or a man.

All this, of course, was especially unfavorable, for a while, to a smooth and pleasant run of the regimental machine. But as the rough spots wore off there was less friction, and the colonel and his men, by the reciprocal action of positive and negative forces, the hard becoming softer and the soft becoming harder, soon worked in harmony; although it was not until after Fredericksburg, as will be seen hereafter, that many of the regiment began to appreciate the sterling qualities of their commander.

On the 25th the regiment was inspected by Adjutant-General Colby, who, the day following, presented to Col. Potter the state and national colors, the giver and receiver, in behalf of the state and the regiment, making short but appropriate remarks; that of the latter being only long enough to embody a soldier's promise that they should never be disgraced nor surrendered, for the colonel was a man of deeds and not words.

Hardly was the regiment fully organized before death entered its ranks, and one of its youngest members, Albert L. Buziel of Co. I, was accidentally shot while purchasing a revolver in one of the shops in the city. He will long be remembered as the first victim of the "insatiable archer" in the Twelfth, after being mustered into service; but Randall, who had

enlisted in Co. K, died of fever before going into camp, and was buried under arms at Wolfeborough.

On the same day, the 25th, Col. Potter received from the Governor the following order:

"You will proceed with the regiment under your command to Washington, D. C., on Saturday, the 27th instant, at 7 o'clock A. M., and report there to the commanding general."

This was the first general order ever issued to Col. Potter as commander of the Twelfth, and the first time the regiment was under "marching orders." The day was, also, eventful as that of the first general inspection and the first death, as already noticed.

But one day now remained before the final departure; and although nothing of general interest occurred, except the presentation of the colors, yet it was a busy day with officers and men, in picking and packing up, sending letters and packages home, and getting ready for the important move of the morrow. How the valises of the sword-bearers and the knapsacks of the musket-carriers were crowded with much that was necessary, and more that was not, will be referred to in another place.

The night before leaving Concord for the front, "Camp Belknap" presented a bright and lively appearance. Bon-fires were kindled and kept burning late into the night with the accumulated refuse of the camp, and the surrounding woods (nearly the whole plains were then covered with a scattering growth of pitch-pine), echoed and re-echoed with songs and shouts, and most frequent among the latter was the name of Whipple.

During the day many friends and relatives from a distance had arrived and stopped in camp or in the city all night, so as to be sure of being present the next morning, when the train, which was expected to leave an hour or two sooner than it did, should start.

It is not unaccountable, therefore, since "like begets like," that some of the "boys" were in unusually good spirits on this last night of their stay in New Hampshire; while many others, with nothing to excite them, were silent, sober, and reflective.

Could the dark curtain, that ever hangs between the present and the future, that night have been raised or pushed aside, there would have been much less of mirth, and much more of sadness. "All men think all men mortal but themselves;" so, while there were none foolish enough to believe, that however fortunate the regiment might be, all would again return, yet each one seemed to feel, that whoever else might fall, he, of course, would escape.

To this universal law of human existence, so forcibly expressed by Dr. Young, there are, at times, some strange and remarkable exceptions. And there was more than one, that might have been found, among the sad and silent ones in camp that night, who felt as surely that they would never return, as the others did that they would; and, indeed, much more

so, for the former it was but the assurance of "auspicious hope," but to the latter it was the solemn certainty of a soul-shadowing premonition which hope had no power to penetrate or dispel.

But to the reflective ones among the hopeful as well as the despondent, though great the contrast in many cases, the silent hours of approaching morn brought serious thoughts instead of pleasant dreams.

They knew that the coming day was to be their last for a long time, if not forever, upon their native soil, beneath which their bodies even might not be permitted to rest by the side of their kindred dead, should it be their lot to fill a soldier's grave.

The full force and meaning of the obligation that they had voluntarily assumed in entering the service of their country under the oath of their enlistment, and from which for three long years or the war, there was no release but death (unless so far disabled by sickness or wounds as to be of no further use to the Government) weighed more heavily upon their minds than ever before; and, though few, if any, were yet sorry for what they had done, there were some that half feared that they had not sufficiently well considered their individual situation and circumstances, and especially in connection with possible, if not probable consequences.

They knew from reason, to which imagination was now liberally contributory, that there was a great difference between the hay-fields from which they had recently come, and the battle-fields for which they were about to start; but it was well, perhaps, that experience, without which there cannot be adequate realization, was entirely wanting on the battle-field side of the question, for "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

And, without detracting aught from the credit and honor that belong to the volunteers of the early years of the war for being prompted to enlist by patriotic motives, it can be safely assumed that had each one known, before enlisting, as much about marching and fighting as he learned afterward, many would have hesitated longer before allowing their names to be enrolled, and some would never have enlisted at all.

State Aid, Allotment, etc.

The State had made two very wise provisions for its soldiers and their families.

By an enactment of the Legislature, towns and cities were authorized to raise money "for the aid of the wife, and of the children under sixteen years of age, of any inhabitant of such city or town who, as a member of the volunteer or enrolled militia of this State, may have been mustered into, or enlisted, in the service of the United States; and for each parent or child of such inhabitant who, at the time of his enlistment, was dependent on him for support; *provided* such persons are indigent and stand in need of such relief."

And for the sums thus paid out by the several towns and cities for the support of the family or dependents of any inhabitant who may have been actually

engaged in the service of the United States, the State agreed to annually reimburse "a sum not exceeding one dollar per week for each child or parent of such inhabitant, who at the time of his being called or enlisting into the service of the United States, was dependent upon him for support; *provided*, however, that the whole sum so reimbursed shall not exceed twelve dollars per month for all the persons so dependent upon any such inhabitant."

The other provision referred to, was an arrangement that the State made with the Government, allowing volunteers to make an allotment of a part, or the whole of their pay, in favor of wives, children, or parents; or to be paid to whomever else he might designate; the paymaster in the army to remit the amount of said allotments to the State for distribution, instead of paying the same to the soldiers in the field.

The money received under the first of these provisions was called "State aid," and proved of great assistance to many families.

But in this, as in all other cases where public beneficence necessarily depends more upon the self-considered right of the applicant than the actual need of the recipient which the law contemplates, some received their regular state aid in full, for years, that were not half so much entitled to it as were others who, not being able to quiet their conscience with a "custom-house oath," never applied for or received a single cent.

Nevertheless, there were many who badly needed and gladly received, and for them it was, as the law designed, a very wise and necessary provision.

The object of the allotment was twofold:

First, to assist families and relatives who, notwithstanding their small pittance of state aid, might want for the necessaries and comforts of life; and second, to assist the soldier himself to save what he otherwise might foolishly spend, by having his father, mother, guardian, or friend put into the savings bank at home, the money, which if not thus secured, would largely, perhaps, go into the suttler's drawer in the army.

Some of those who were mere boys when they enlisted, and never had but a few dollars of their own, were agreeably surprised when they returned home at the expiration of their enlistment, or at the end of the war, to find a bank account to their credit to the amount of several hundred dollars, made up of these monthly savings and the bounty that was paid them when they were mustered into the service.

But it is feared that they did not always fully appreciate, as indeed they could not half realize, the amount of toil, economy, and sacrifice that had been required, perhaps, on the part of a kind and loving father and mother, to say nothing about brothers and sisters, in order to save untouched every dollar for their darling boy when he should return, as they hoped and prayed he might, to receive and enjoy it.

But oh, how worse than worthless is money, with all its purchase power, when compared with true filial affection or paternal love.

From how many happy homes the patriotic son went forth at his country's call, but never returned; and the light and life of that home went out forever. To how many more homes the son at last returned, but the father or mother, perhaps both, were no longer there to greet him. Many such homes has the author visited in gathering facts for this history; and often has he seen the tears

streaming down over the deeply wrinkled cheeks, as conversation brought back in memory the face and form of him who was once their hope and pride.

"It was almost more than I could bear," said one heart-broken mother, "and my life since has been little better than an anxious and sorrowful waiting, for it has seemed all the time that he must come back, or I must go to him."

Her son was killed at Chancellorsville, and since the above words were spoken, *she has gone to him.*

Bounties.

The only bounties received by those who enlisted for three years in New Hampshire regiments under the call of July, '62, was twenty-five dollars from the Government to all who enlisted before August 22, with a promise of seventy-five dollars more in three annual installments (those enlisting after that date were paid nothing at the start, but received one hundred dollars at their final discharge at the end of the war); fifty dollars from the State; and the local bounties, varying from fifty to three hundred dollars, as then paid by the different towns and cities.

The same towns and cities paid from ten to fifteen hundred dollars "to encourage enlistments" before the end of the war.

These large bounties were readily voted by the towns, because their respective quotas had to be filled, either by volunteers or a draft; and the average citizen, whatever his political proclivities and no matter how bitterly opposed to the war, was willing to bear his share of increased taxation for every one who would enlist from the town, when every such enlistment made his chances one less of having to go himself, or pay from three to five hundred dollars for a substitute.

It should be mentioned here, that the seventy-five dollars instead of being paid one third each year, as promised, was not paid until the end of the war, and never paid at all to those who were discharged or mustered out, even to receive a commission as an officer, before the expiration of two years from date of enlistment. Officers, who were promoted from the ranks before serving two years, had the twenty-five dollars paid them at Concord deducted from their pay. This was not only meanly economical, but in direct violation of the letter and spirit of the contract. Yet the same has never been refunded to those from whom it was so unjustly taken, nor any recompense made therefor.*

Those who enlisted in 1861 got but ten dollars bounty from the Government, nothing from the state or town; while those who enlisted in 1864 received, from all three of these sources, an average aggregate of not less than twelve hundred dollars.

Verdant Volunteers.

Quite a long chapter might be written about the novel experiences, amusing blunders, and almost total ignorance, concerning military matters, of the citizen volunteers from the northern states in the late war.

But while they would revive pleasing memories in the veteran's mind, by whom they could be best understood and appreciated, yet, like our school-boy reminiscences, would be of no special interest to others.

* Since the above was written a bill has been introduced into Congress to pay the full bounty.

Instead of being prepared for war, and able to put two or three hundred thousand well trained soldiers into the field, as soon as the power of steam could convey them there, (as many of the less populous nations of the old world could have done,) our Government, when first brought to a realizing sense of its danger by the startling sound of rebel cannon fired upon Fort Sumter, found itself destitute of almost everything in the shape or semblance of an army or navy with which to defend its property or maintain its unity.

Arms and munitions of war could be soon procured from foreign markets, but men prepared to use them were not so easily obtained.

Our enlisting officers supplied the raw material faster than it could be properly shaped and seasoned, and of a kind and quality better than ever before composed the *personnel* of any other army in ancient or modern times.

But while, with a little West Point assistance, it could soon be brought into proper military shape, the seasoning process required much greater time and attention. For this reason rendezvous quarters for volunteers, in the different States, were at once turned into drilling camps, in many of which, for want of experienced officers, the instructor knew little more than the instructed; and every one, whatever his stripe or strap of command, from corporal to colonel, was as green as the men who were supposed to obey their orders.

It was of such green, unseasoned material that McDowell's army was composed, but its proud onward march toward Richmond, and its disgraceful backward run to Washington, proved that to "make haste slowly" is a good maxim in war as well as in peace; and especially so when the fighting material of the one is taken, almost exclusively, from the civil elements of the other.

The tyros of our war assembled at "Camp Belknap" were no exception to the general rule, only a very few among them had seen the ranks of war, or ever been in the military service.

Of the only two officers of the line who knew anything of war, one had been a corporal for a few months in the Second New Hampshire, and the other a lieutenant for a short time in the Third; while the field and staff, until Colonel Potter and Lieutenant-Colonel Marsh were commissioned, knew less of their duties, if possible, than the company officers.

Though five or six of the officers, and perhaps a score or two of the men, had a dim recollection of having once "trained" in the state militia, before that holiday organization was disbanded for being more expensively ornamental than practically useful, yet there was not a single officer or man in the regiment, excepting those above referred to, and two or three sergeants who had served in other regiments, that knew enough to form a company line; while not less than two thirds of its members could not tell the difference between a platoon and a pontoon, unless they happened to remember what the dictionary said about them. They knew much more about a catamount than guard-mount, for with the former they were, some of them, more or less familiar, having, perhaps, hunted and killed it on old Mount Belknap or its surrounding hills, but of the latter they had never heard, and were not quite sure whether it was an animal or a thing.

The reader may think the foregoing statements border too closely on the hyperbolic, but they are no more intimately connected with that much abused figure of speech than the simple truth will tolerate in giving a full and fair idea of

"How little of war we warriors knew."

CHAPTER II.

From Concord to Falmouth.

Bright and beautiful, as was the morning of the 27th of September, A. D., 1862 — welcome harbinger, as then hoped, of the good luck in store — it was a sad, sorrowful day to most of the members of the Twelfth, and their many relatives and friends who had come with heavy hearts to bid them good-bye, as they left the capital of their native State for the seat of war To many it seemed what, alas! it proved, a last farewell.

"God bless and protect you," was the parting benediction from the trembling lips of gray-haired fathers and mothers, as they took by the hand, perhaps for the last time, him who, as their youngest or only son, had been their pride in the past, and the hope of their declining years; while wives, sisters, and others no less loving and beloved, with that heroic fortitude so characteristic of their sex, when the exigency of the hour demands, vied with each other to force a smile and repress the tears until the ringing bell called for the parting kiss, and then, while the long train of twenty cars moved slowly out, as if reluctant to bear its precious freight away, their flooded eyes were left to freely flow, while they waved their handkerchiefs until

> "Distance did quickly intervene,
> To close the last, sad, parting scene."

More than a quarter of a century has passed since that sad, parting day, yet in how many hearts is its memory sacredly treasured, still. For the loved one that went, but never returned, the vacant chair around the family board long filled its accustomed place, — and who can say, that in spirit, he did not occupy it?

The regiment left the camp-ground at seven o'clock, and marching down Main street by platoons, at regular distance, formed a column reaching nearly the whole distance between "Free Bridge" road to the old Elm House opposite the depot; making an imposing appearance, and eliciting complimentary remarks from the hundreds of spectators who filled the sidewalks and windows, cheering and waving their handkerchiefs as it passed. It should here be recorded, that ten hundred abler and nobler looking men never marched, as volunteer defenders of their country's flag, through the streets of Concord or any other New England city. They were, indeed, as afterward called, the stalwart and sturdy "New Hampshire Mountaineers."

It was but an hour later when the train, as already described, left the depot.

Greeted with cheers at every station, to which the boys as often responded, the train reached Nashua about ten o'clock, where it received a hearty greeting from the large concourse of citizens assembled at the depot and awaiting its arrival. Many of the young ladies presented to the "boys in blue" beautiful bouquets, in some of which, slyly hidden among the flowers, was a verse or motto with the name of the fair donor Quite a number of letters afterward sent from the "camp of the 12th N. H. Vols." were addressed to the same persons whose names were found in these floral offerings, resulting, as said, in another meeting and better acquaintance when the soldier got his first furlough home, and a life co-partnership after the war.

One of these bouquets, received by Sergeant Osgood, of Company C, was presented by Miss E. N Ladd, said to have been a sister of L. C. Ladd, of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, who was killed by the mob, in the streets of Baltimore, on the memorable 19th of April, 1861, and contained the following verse:

> "Go then brave soldier, go fight for the right,
> And drive Secession far out of thy sight;
> And when thou returnest, then shalt thou see,
> That fighting for country is honor to thee."

It was here also, by the procurement of Colonel Marsh or his friends, that several barrels of apples were put upon the train, just before starting, as a free, fruit lunch for the regiment between there and Worcester After a stop but little longer than necessary to make the change of roads, the train, now in charge of Superintendent Bentley of the Nashua and Worcester railroad, proceeded toward Worcester, where an unexpected but very enjoyable reception awaited it.

As soon as the cars could be emptied, the men were formed in line and marched by companies to the city common, where they found eleven long tables spread beneath the cooling shade trees and loaded with a bountiful collation, furnished by the patriotic and liberal-hearted citizens of that city, and which was as liberally disposed of as bestowed.

After giving three hearty cheers, as a unanimous vote of thanks to the citizens of Worcester for their sumptuous repast, the return march was made to the depot, where at two o'clock the "all aboard" warning was given, and the train, now under the directorship of Julius Webb, moved on amid the cheers of the assembled thousands, which were answered back with a will from the platforms and windows of the twenty-one cars, all filled with the Twelfth family and their baggage.

The word family, as here used, is not altogether a misnomer; for probably no regiment from New England, certainly none from the State, had

so many of blood and marriage relationship to each other in its ranks as the Twelfth New Hampshire.

The regiment arrived at Allyn's Point about dark, and were soon embarked on board of the beautiful steamer "City of New York," which was waiting at the wharf to run a special trip, taking no other passengers. An evening ride of refreshing coolness on the Sound, after the heat and dusty journey of the day, was a most welcome change that none failed to appreciate: and it was not until after the second watch that many sought their first slumber on board a steamboat.

The gorgeously fitted up and brightly lighted cabins and other compartments were a novel and attractive sight to them, and seemed more like a floating palace of Arabian Nights celebrity, than a modernized specimen of the genius of Robert Fulton. They had paddled their own canoes on "the beautiful lake in the highlands," on or near the shores of which many of them had been born and had grown up, and were no strangers to the marvelous handiwork of nature in all her display of grandeur and beauty But of the great works of science and art they knew little beyond what they had heard and read. Their whole trip to Washington, therefore, was like a panorama of new and interesting scenes.

Before daybreak a thousand gas-lights are seen dimly shining through the thick mist, upon the starboard side, by those on guard over their sleeping comrades and the piles of baggage, and they learn that they are passing by the water-front of the great metropolis of New York; and soon, while the eastern sky is being tinted by the touch of coming day, the boat swings slowly up to the pier, and company after company, filing across the gang-plank, form a column on the wharf, and march to the music of "Yankee Doodle," up the streets of Jersey City to the depot. Here, for want of ready transportation, the regiment remained until nearly nine o'clock before starting for Philadelphia.

As soon as the citizens were up, a circular survey of that part of the city was quickly made by the boys in search of something better than could be found in their haversacks and canteens. And, notwithstanding it was Sunday morning, eating saloons and bakeries, as well as hotels, found it paid well that day to keep an open house for a few hours before church service.

Just as the men were getting on board the train that was to bear them onward, Governor Berry, on his way home from Washington, made his appearance, and was greeted with cries for Whipple, instead of cheers for himself.

The reception of the regiment at Philadelphia, where it arrived between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, was an ovation that will never be forgotten while memory's record can be read by the latest survivor.

Nearly every regiment that passed through this city for the front, during the war, had reasons for remembering it gratefully as the "city

of brotherly love," in deed, as well as name. But now it was joy, as well as love, that prompted the citizens to extend so warm and friendly a welcome.

A few weeks before they had been threatened by an attack of General Lee's army, which had called out the whole force of their state militia and many volunteers, to protect Harrisburg and their own city: and the arrival of fresh troops, under the new call, hastening forward to drive the invading forces back and save their city from further danger, called forth new and still stronger demonstrations of gratitude and kindness.

Tired and dusty, hungry and thirsty, the cars are hardly empty before the soldier passengers find themselves amid "fountains of water and mountains of food." And such an after-meeting, Sunday dinner as followed, never before was eaten by any band of New England soldiers, at home or abroad, from the days of Miles Standish down to that very hour

Church services had just closed, and by the time the regiment was ready to bid a reluctant farewell to "Cooper's Volunteers' Refreshment Saloon," and its savory dishes, the surrounding square and streets were filled with men, women, and children, all anxiously intent on doing some act of kindness, or showing some mark of respect. Ladies, richly dressed, not content with waving handkerchiefs and sweet smiles, pressed forward, many of them, to grasp the soldier's hand, express their sympathy and gratitude, and bid him be of good cheer and stout heart in their country's holy cause; while men and boys would insist on carrying his knapsack, and urgently inquire if there was anything they could do or get for him before leaving the city Thus for more than a mile, from one depot to the other, it was a march of which their own returning citizen-soldiers, fresh from the fields of South Mountain and Antietam, might have well felt proud.

Just as the sun goes down, cheers and shouts go up from the regiment for the grand old city of Philadelphia, and her noble hearted citizens, of whom five times as many answer back with responding cheers, commingled with exclamations of "God bless you"; "There can be no city without a country"; "When you come back we will treat you better," etc., etc., until the train moves out and onward toward different scenes and sounds. Wilmington is soon reached and passed, not, however, without demonstrations of good will and gladness from the citizens, and midnight finds the regiment at Havre De Grace. Here, while waiting to be ferried across the Susquehanna, and some of the boys of Company F were singing songs of that now distant home of which some of the rest, perhaps, were dreaming, they were suddenly saluted with a volley of sticks and stones, smashing in one of the car windows, and scattering the sash and glass in all directions.

So sudden and violent was the attack, that it was thought at first to be the skirmish fire of another rebel mob, like that which attacked the Sixth

Massachusetts in Baltimore; but a ready reconnoisance in force found no enemy in sight. It was the first hostile demonstration; and although weak as it was cowardly, was strong enough to convince one soldier at least, who was hit on the head with a stone or club, that he was no longer in the "city of brotherly love."

By 4 o'clock the next morning the regiment was marching across the city of Baltimore to the Washington depot. And though all was quiet, and the spirit of rebellion no where manifest, none failed to be reminded, that he was marching on the same streets that less than a year and a half before were stained with the blood of New Hampshire's sons, pressing forward to the rescue of the capital.*

Here the regiment remained for twelve long and weary hours, waiting for transportation to Washington: and not knowing how soon it would be furnished, the men had but little chance to look over the "Monumental City," where a short time before treason rioted, and the assassination of Lincoln on his way to the national capital, was an oath-bound plot of her aristocratic sons.

At last cattle-car passage was secured and the *seats* all taken; and with one or two baggage cars, to take the place of Pullmans for the officers, the regiment was again upon the rail, bouncing and jostling along toward the great capital city of which all had heard, but few had ever seen.

Thus far good luck and good cheer had made the journey pleasant, but soon a sad event occurred that cast a dark shadow of sorrow upon Company I, and left a feeling of sadness in the mind of every member of the command. While waiting at Mount Clair station, a few miles from Baltimore, for another train, also loaded with soldiers, to pass, three or four sharp pistol shots were heard, and the little puffs of smoke showed that they came from the passing train. These shots came from the windows and platforms of the cars, and were fired, as supposed, merely in fun as a salute; but the effect was none the less fatal, for Darius Robinson, of Company I, who was standing with several others in the side door of one of the cars, was struck by one of the balls and fell dead upon the floor A telegram was sent ahead to the Relay House to stop the train and arrest the man who fired the shots, and when the Twelfth reached there Lieut. Henry Ashbey of the Eighty-fourth New York Volunteers, was under guard awaiting its arrival. He was taken on board and put into the same car where Robinson was shot. He was as pale, almost, as the face of the dead man that he had been arrested for killing, and the body of whom lay before him. He protested his innocence, even of any carelessness, and his story that he discharged his revolver from one of the windows of his car, pointing upwards, and that the fatal shot must have been fired by another man, was probably true; for it was found at his trial the next day in Washington, that the

* Luther C. Ladd, killed in the Sixth Massachusetts, was a native of New Hampshire.

bullet taken from the body of Robinson was too large to fit the prisoner's revolver, and he was released.

This was the second death in the regiment, both in Company I, and both the result, probably, of criminal carelessness. But many believed that the fatal ball in this case, was purposely directed, as the man who was seen to shoot from the platform was dressed in citizen's clothes, and was thought to be a southern sympathizer, pretending to fire a salute by swinging his revolver round in a circle, but intending to kill by firing, as he did, when it came down so as to do its work of death.

The night ride to Washington, if ride it could be called, and the unexpected reception there were both so individually impressive, that, like the sad event just written, they are very vivid in memory yet, and demand a brief record here.

The night was very warm, and crowded into the cattle cars so close, that it was easy to faint but impossible to fall, suffering humanity could not long withstand the pressure; and, making a life-saving virtue of a military necessity, the butts of the muskets were quickly turned into battering-rams, and soon there was ample ventilation and a good chance to breathe, if not to rest.

The next morning the train, looked as if it had just run a gauntlet of rebel batteries, or been last loaded with eight or ten mules, and a swarm of bees in each car.

Tired, sleepy, and hungry, another thousand or more of the sturdy sons of the Granite State are at last within the contour of Uncle Sam's exclusive jurisdiction, and looking for the first time upon the dome of the national capitol, as it loomed up in sombre silence to catch the first rays of the rising sun.

They expected something like their reception at the "Quaker City": but alas, how grievously disappointed!

Not a welcome word nor a greeting cheer was heard; and the miserable apology for breakfast, and the filthy place in which it was served was an insult to the soldier and a disgrace to the Government. But for the capitol and a few other government buildings, no one would imagine the beautiful city of to-day to be the same as that of thirty years ago.

It was then not only "a city of magnificent distances," but was so filled up with "niggers, pigs, and shoulder straps," to say nothing about bucket-slopped streets and tumble-down shanties, that the greater the distance the more pleasing the view.

Colonel Potter was now ordered by General Wadsworth, in command at Washington, to report with his regiment to General Casey on Arlington Heights; and it was with no feelings of regret that the line was again formed and marched across Long bridge for better grounds and a purer atmosphere.

This march of only seven miles, strange as it may seem, was one of the hardest the regiment ever made.

The day was exceedingly warm, and the men in the worst possible condition to make it.

Take, as an illustration, a green colt from the pasture, and send him off four or five hundred miles on the railroad, with little chance to rest or eat for thirty-six hours: then put the heaviest kind of a work harness upon him, and force him to draw what would be a great load for a veteran truck horse for seven or eight miles, half the way up hill, during the hottest hours of a very hot day, and the reader will get the best idea that can be given why this march from the capitol building to Arlington Heights was one not soon to be forgotten by those who made it.

Many a tramp of three or four times the distance through the heat and dust, or the mud and rain, of Virginia, was afterwards made with much less hardship and suffering Some of the men, being immediately put on guard and exposed to a heavy shower while still wet with the perspiration of the march, contracted colds from which they never recovered. And thus soon did sickness and disease from hardship and exposure — more destructive, though less feared in war than the weapons of the enemy — begin their work of decimation in the strong and stalwart ranks of the Twelfth.

The encampment on Arlington Heights — called "Camp Chase," after one of New Hampshire's most honored sons, then secretary of the treasury — was pleasantly located on General Lee's estate, overlooking Georgetown and Washington. Little could the patriotic father, the brave and honored "Light Horse Harry" of the Revolution, have thought or dreamed that the beautiful estate upon which he spent his last years would in the next generation become the camping ground of troops, raised to save the same flag for which he fought from the traitorous grasp of his own son. It is now occupied as a national cemetery, where General Sheridan and over sixteen thousand more of the Nation's brave defenders rest in

"Their silent tents of green."

In compliance with orders above referred to, Colonel Potter, upon reaching the Heights, reported to General Casey commanding a division of the Reserve Army Corps, defences of Washington, and by special order from his headquarters, dated October 1, 1862, was temporarily assigned to a provisional brigade of the One Hundred and Forty-seventh New York, One Hundred and Fifty-seventh New York, and the Twenty-first Connecticut Volunteer regiments, then under the command of Colonel Dexter B. Wright.

The second day, after pitching tents and before fairly rested from their march, the men received their first lesson, so thoroughly learned by future experience, of changing base by moving their camp a short distance across the road. But this was the first and last time that the men had to supply the want of mule teams, by carrying in their arms and upon their shoulders

all the regimental baggage and camp equipage that is usually hauled on the baggage wagons. On the 6th, by virtue of a special order of the day before, from General Wright, another change of base was made, and the regiment moved about three miles to near Fort Corcoran (now called Fort Meigs), where it joined General Whipple's division of the Third Army Corps, as an independent command.

It was here that the boys found rare sport in trying to break in a lot of mules that were as green in knowing what to do as their instructors were in knowing how to teach them. And of all the incongruous mixtures of army life there was nothing that could compare in the fun, fuss, and fight of persistent efforts and ludicrous results, with a few New England Yankees and a lot of unbroken mules. In lofty tumbling, neck-back riding, balking, bucking, and kicking, they could discount Dan Rice and his trained ponies, whether inside the ring or out. Some of the men, who had enlisted as teamsters concluded, after a short but sad experience, that they had rather take their chances with a rebel than with a mule battery, and willingly exchanged the whip for a musket.

In the brief time the regiment remained at Fort Corcoran but little of historic interest occurred, except the exchanging of the old French muskets, brought from Concord, and previously captured on the blockade-running steamer "Bermuda," for Springfield muskets and rifles; the latter being given to the right and left companies, C and F

To effect this, the march to the city and back, and two or three hours waiting in the arsenal yard under a meridian sun that sent the mercury up to ninety or more in the shade, was a sharp reminder of the march made a few days before and almost as tiresome.

After exchanging muskets the regiment was marched up to Pennsylvania avenue, ranks broken, and the men allowed to rest and refresh themselves, each to his liking, for an hour or two before returning to camp. Just as the order to break ranks was obeyed with a glad clap for a short respite from military bonds, a regiment much resembling the Twelfth comes marching down the avenue and as it approaches nearer is found to be the Thirteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, and is greeted with a cheer which is heartily returned. It seemed good to see another regiment fresh from the old granite hills. But Colonel Potter was not so well pleased when he learned that the muskets they carried were the very ones he had picked out and ordered shipped to Concord for his own regiment, but not arriving there until after his departure, had been turned over to the Thirteenth Regiment instead of being forwarded to his own command, as they should have been. When the long roll was beat for the men to rally in line for the return march, one of the musicians did not respond. It seems that he had caught the transfer spirit exhibited by the musket-bearer, and had exchanged his flute for a walking stick, preferring to be a counterfeit gentleman at large, than an honest man and true soldier in the service of his country

A day or two after exchanging muskets, Prescott Y Howland, of Company D, had his right hand and one or two fingers of his left blown off by the accidental discharge of his gun, and was discharged a few days later, being the first man dropped from the company rolls.

Arlington Heights being the great rendezvous camp of nearly all the troops from the East, preparatory to taking the field, it was thought necessary in order to give the finishing touch, that everything should be strictly "according to Casey," whose tactics had been adopted at the beginning of the war; and hence the author himself, Brig. Gen. Silas Casey of the regular army, had been put in command.

Here, therefore, company and battalion drills were the order of the day; and the officers of the line were kept busy studying and practicing positions, formations, and evolutions, that they might not appear quite so green and awkward as they felt. White gloves and red tape, in regular West Point style, had to be worn and measured by officers and men, and everything, perpendicular or horizontal, as straight as a line.

This strictness of discipline, though seemingly frivolous and non-essential, was more or less necessary to trim off and smooth down the rough friction points of individual independence that belongs to a free citizen, and makes him a smooth running part of the great military machine known as an army, where the gate and the brake are both under the absolute control of one man.

To show the reader of future years that the few days' stop at Arlington Heights were not idle ones, but diligently preparatory to the coming strife, we will give the regular order of the day as officially promulgated from headquarters:

Reveille at 5 a. m. (roll-call immediately following): breakfast call, 6: surgeon's call, 6.45; squad drill, 7 to 8; guard mount, 8; officers' drill, 8.30 to 9.30: battalion drill, 9.30 to 10.30; first sergeant's call, 11; dinner call, 12: inspection of quarters, 1 p. m.; company drill, 2.30 to 4; dress parade — first call, 5.10, second call, 5.30; supper, 6; school of instruction (for officers), 7 30; tattoo, 9; taps, 9.30.

On Sundays there was company inspection at 8.30 a. m.; church call, 11; in addition to the regular camp calls, except for police and fatigue duty and drills.

But drill and discipline of this kind, however much needed, could no longer be given, for the call from the field was more urgent. And so by three o'clock on the morning of the 17th of October, the regiment had obeyed the order of the night before to be ready to move at that hour in heavy marching order and three days' rations; and in the dim light of an hour later it was on the march for Washington, where at 10 o'clock it took the cars for Knoxville, Md.

The train was made up mostly of baggage and stock cars, some of the latter being thickly carpeted with manure; and the men, in leaving, as in entering the capital city, were strongly reminded of the cruel necessities of war

But experience had taught them a good lesson which they did not fail to make both practicable and profitable on this as on the former occasion, and good vent holes for bad air were soon made through the sides and tops of the cars.

The regiment passed *en route* through the towns of Bladensburg (famous as the old dueling ground of the chivalrous congress members of former days, and for the battle that cost us the national capitol in the war of 1812), Bellsville, White Oak Bottom, Annapolis Junction, nearly to the Relay House, where it branched off onto the Baltimore & Ohio railroad and proceeded slowly and cautiously — often stopping to hear from our pickets stationed along the road that all was right ahead — through Avola, Elliot's Mills, Woodstock, Sykesville, Mount Airy, Monoxa, Point of Rocks, and Berlin, to Knoxville.

The train reached the last named place, about three miles from Harper's Ferry, near midnight, where it was relieved of its living freight and dead weight of men, horses, and baggage, and by the light of fires that were quickly kindled, the companies found their proper position in line, stacked arms, and bivouacked for the night.

This was the regiment's first experience in sleeping uncovered on the ground, but the night was warm, and the men, tired and sleepy, willingly accepted of the situation. Indeed, after a seven miles' march and fourteen hours of cattle-car transportation, rest was sweet, and Morpheus took no note of his surroundings.

At the roll-call the next morning, John Nutter, of Company F, was missing. The last seen of him he was riding with many others on the top of one of the cars where, after the sun went down, they could get fresh air to breathe and a cool place to rest; and it was supposed that during the night he fell asleep, rolled off, and was probably killed. But the last and worst part of the supposition happily proved incorrect, for during the day he came into camp, muttering because he had been so unceremoniously dumped into the bushes by the wayside and left there in the night to find his way into camp with a bruised head and aching limbs.

Others would doubtless have shared the same fate, or a worse one, if they had not taken the precaution to fasten themselves to the car before going to sleep.

One of the drummers secured his anchorage by fastening one end of his drum strap to his waist belt, tucking the other end through a knot hole, and getting one of his comrades inside to run a drumstick through the loop; and in this way he swung and snoozed to his journey's end.*

After rather a late breakfast from the haversack (some, however, securing a hot bite from the frying or baking pans of citizens living near by, for which most of the hungry ones too dearly paid, if any account is taken of acute indigestion in addition to their loss of "scrip,") the regi-

* But for this drumstick hitch this history might never have been written.

ment moved a short distance to the top of a hill, and the men and line officers pitched their shelter tents, which had been issued to them before leaving Fort Corcoran, for the first time with many a joke and laugh. They seemed to them to be a queer and scanty covering for civilized men, unused to being cut down in their many cumberous domestic comforts to the absolute necessities of physical existence; and some were reminded as they crawled in under them for their first night's trial, how true it is that

> "Man wants but little here below
> Nor wants that little long;"

although some of the taller ones could not appreciate the wisdom of the last word when trying to cover six feet in length of human flesh and bones with five square feet of cotton drilling

These shelter tent pieces went by pairs as well as squares, each piece measuring five feet each way with buttons and loops on two sides so that when they were buttoned together, drawn over a pole supported by crotched sticks, and fastened to the ground by small stakes through the loops, the roof and two sides were done.

Then, with a rubber blanket for one gable end — the other remaining open for a door, and to allow ample stretching room for the long-legged ones — and another rubber for a floor if the ground is wet, and the Arab domicile is complete and ready for two.

Near this first shelter-tent encampment stood a church — not quite so costly and imposing a structure as some whose steeples pierce the clouds, for this, after the style of all the country churches in the South, had no steeple at all. As the door of the vestry in the basement was not fastened, the seats therein were soon pretty well filled with members of the Twelfth, all busily engaged in writing letters to inform their friends and relatives at home of the new move toward "Dixie," which gave it the appearance of a large writing school.

The next day was the Sabbath; but instead of attending divine service in the church with Chaplain Ambrose in the pulpit, as suggested by some, there was a march of two or three miles and another spread of shelter-tents on the east side of South Mountain, near Petersville. Here, on the 22d of October, by orders from "Headquarters, Army of the Potomac," General Whipple's division was assigned to the Twelfth Army Corps, then commanded by Gen. A. S. Williams.

As one of the absurd stories that would often be circulated through camp, it was the talk among the men about this time, that the Twelfth was an independent regiment, and could not be holden for service outside of the State; and was therefore going back to New Hampshire, and to be stationed at Portsmouth.

This story, which was believed by some, — the wish being father to the thought, — started from the fact that the regiment had never been regularly brigaded, and now that another assignment had been made without being

united with any other regiments as a brigade, the wish strengthened into hope with many, that the story might have some elements of truth in it.

On the night of the 24th the division marched five miles to Berlin, and at twelve o'clock the Twelfth bivouacked until morning near the river. The night was cold, and the men suffered much, lying on the ground. Just as the order came to strike tents, the stern command of Death ordered the final discharge of George F Nichols, of Company I, who died after a few days sickness of pneumonia. There was hardly time to bury him, and mark his grave before moving This was the first death by disease in camp since leaving Concord, though several had previously died away from the regiment, and Charles A. Norcross, of Company F, who was left with several others sick at Berlin when the regiment crossed the river, died there a few days afterward.

"Thus, one by one, from the ranks they fall,
Untouched by sabre, shell, or ball."

After one more day and night on the north side of the Potomac, the regiment crossed the river on a pontoon bridge, into the State of Virginia. The hour of passage was 11 A. M.: and the rain, increasing from early morn and lasting through the night, made its introduction to the "Old Dominion" somewhat unpleasant. And a few of the members, mostly from Company F, anticipating a reception, sooner or later, more unpleasant still, never even waited for an introduction, but left the night before for another dominion several hundred miles nearer the north pole.

Once fairly on the "sacred soil," now much more plastic than precious, the boys were almost immediately seized with an uncontrollable desire to test the nutritious quality of the grasses it produced, as compared with that of their native hills; and so several young heifers and steers were sliced up and roasted before the huge camp fires that were kept burning nearly all night in order to keep warm.

The next morning was clear and windy And while some were busy rekindling the fires that had hardly gone out, and spreading their blankets for the sun and breeze to dry, others were equally diligent in gathering in a few fresh eggs and vegetables to be quickly cooked and served up with their beefsteak for breakfast.

A sweet potato vine was at that time a great curiosity to a green Yankee soldier, but it did not take him long to find out, that like the peanut, it needed *pulling* to find the best end of it.

That morning Generals McClellan and Burnside, with their staffs, rode by: but little did the men think, as they looked upon them for the first time, that President Lincoln's order for the removal of one and the promotion of the other, was on that very day to be issued from the War Department.

Before night the Sixth, Ninth, and Eleventh New Hampshire regiments marched by, and the next morning the Tenth also followed in the same direction.

On the 29th, by Special Orders, No. 203, Headquarters Army of the Potomac, Whipple's division was temporarily detached from the Twelfth Army Corps and ordered "to report to General Burnside for special service." The same day the regiment moved forward about two miles to Lovettsville: and the day following it marched about ten miles further to Hillsborough, where it encamped for two days in a very pretty grove of trees, too pleasant to be so soon abandoned for another hard days march of fifteen miles to Snicker's Gap. Firing was now heard almost every day from the front, where our cavalry in advance were engaged with the rear guard of the enemy Sometimes the distant boom of their light artillery, sounding nearer as our forces marched farther, when the rear guard of Lee's army would for a while check their advance, would make the raw troops think that a regular battle had actually commenced, and expect every hour that they would be ordered to halt and form in line of battle.

Thus from Snicker's Gap through Bloomfield, Upperville, and Piedmont to Orleans, a distance of about thirty miles, the regiment by easy marches moved southward.

Here the regiment remained for four days, and as no rations were served until the supply train came up the place was called "Starvation Hollow"

But to go hungry amidst plenty, seemed as unwise as it was unpleasant; and so squads from each company went out to invite the farmers around about, all of whom claimed to be good Union men, to contribute a little to the commissary department.

But finding their willingness to give in inverse ratio to their professions, and thinking it but right to subsist on the enemy's country when necessity required, it took but few denials to make smart thieves out of poor beggars: and soon the fields and the orchards were found to be much more liberal than their owners.

But the provost guard had been sent out by order of the division commander to keep up the appearance, at least, of protection of private property, and one hungry squad of ten or fifteen of "Potter's Pets" were captured one day, while out on a foraging expedition of their own, and marched to division headquarters.*

Hearing of this, Lieutenant-Colonel Marsh at once ordered a detail of twenty men — two from a company and each armed with his musket and a sharp knife — to report at his tent immediately

Mounting his horse, as soon as the detail arrived, he said: "Follow me boys, and let them arrest us if they want to."

A half-mile march across fields and pastures, and — not the enemy, but a flock of sheep were descried quietly grazing a short distance ahead. "Deploy, and right and left centre swing," commands the colonel, and though not found in Casey, the order was easily understood and quickly executed, the sheep retreating into a corner of the field.

"Halt; ready, aim, fire," came in rapid succession the next words of command, and twenty muskets instantly responded.

* See anecdote.

But the poor sheep, oh, where are they?
Badly frightened and running away,
But all as sound as before the fray,

except one that had a slight limp in one of its hind legs, probably caused by a cramp-catch at so sudden a start.

"Throw down your guns and every man for a sheep," is the next order; and then, with a run and a rush, the hand-grab charge is valiantly made, and ten or twelve sheep are captured and brought into camp. A few minutes later, and they have been skinned, dressed, and divided among the company cooks.

But the watchful eyes of the old farmer have seen his sheep captured and carried away, and soon he rides into camp and demands pay for them. Colonel Potter has seen nothing of his sheep, and thinks the owner has probably made a mistake in the regiment, as his men would never do such a thing without orders; and he was sure that he had never ordered anything of the kind.

Still the old man persists, but finds no fresh mutton, nor signs of any, in the camp, which he is allowed to search. Finally the lieutenant-colonel tells him that a Union man, as he professed to be, ought not to object to assisting the cause by contributing a few sheep to satisfy the appetite of the hungry soldiers, and asks him if he has not a few horses to exchange for a government receipt that would be fully paid with interest at the end of the war, upon satisfactory evidence of his loyalty. This inquiry had the designed effect of reminding the farmer that he was needed at home, in which direction he at once started, after assuring the colonel that he had not a single horse he could possibly spare.

During the stay at Orleans the weather was very cold, several inches of snow falling one day, and the miles of rail fence that disappeared must have demonstrated the fact to the inhabitants of that section that it is nearly as expensive to warm as to feed an army. On the second day the Twelfth moved about a mile and pitched tents, in regular order, on the south side of a hill, protected from the cold winds by woods and affording a fine view of the country in the opposite direction.

While here part of the regiment went out on picket for the first time, and Hutchins, of Company I, had his hand shot off.

The 10th was bright and warm, and as Commissary Smith started the same day for Washington to procure rations, it was hoped the regiment might remain there for a few days; but at night came orders to march, which, after the tents were all struck and packed, was countermanded just before "taps."

The next forenoon, the order being renewed, the regiment marched about five miles to Waterloo, which proved to be a very small place for so big a name; a few negro huts and the remains of an old woolen mill being about all the buildings it contained. The encampment here, which was on a high rise of land overlooking the town, lasted the same length

of time as at Orleans — four days — but the contrast in the weather record and spirit of the men was so great, that it might have been appropriately called Mount Delight. And this suggestion will be acquiesced in by every survivor, when he remembers that here, in addition to a fresh supply of sunshine and rations, was the first arrival of the mail after leaving Arlington Heights. Although less than a month, it seemed a long time without hearing anything from home, and all were indeed delighted to receive, as most of them did, one or more letters each from relatives and friends in the old Granite State.

By the same mail news came of the removal of General McClellan as Commander of the Army of the Potomac, and of the appointment of Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside to his place, the latter having formally assumed command but two days before.

On the 14th, the division was inspected, and on the 16th it marched to Washington, where it again joined the Third Corps. Here the sick were taken from the teams and ambulances, as well as many from the ranks, and sent to Washington.

Edward Pratt, of Company C, died about two hours after getting into camp, and others soon after arriving at the hospital or on their way there. Of the latter was Stephen Batchelder, of Company F, who had been made by the rear guard to march during the day, and died on the cars before reaching Washington that night.

From Washington to Falmouth, via Liberty, Morrisonville, Hartwood, and Stafford, the much more rapid movement of the army indicated a new impetus, which was rightly attributed to its new commander. His plan to advance against Richmond by crossing the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, instead of following the course designed by McClellan, had been already approved of by the President with the suggestion that delay would prove fatal to its success; and hence ten and fifteen miles, instead of five and six, was now the daily progress of the march.

On the 19th, while on the march from Morrisville to Hartwood, there was a threatened attack of Stuart's cavalry, and Whipple's division was halted, formed in line of battle, and stood to arms for about two hours. The Twelfth was drawn up in support of Secom's Excelsior Battery, and that was the first time the regiment was ever formed in line of battle in expectation of meeting the enemy

Companies C and F were sent out toward the river to act as a reserve for the out-posts, in case the enemy should advance. That night the regiment was ordered to report to General Pratt, commanding the first brigade, and were sent out on picket near Beverly Ford.

For three or four days before reaching Falmouth much rain had fallen, making the roads so bad that the baggage trains were left far in the rear. In consequence of this, as was then supposed, the men of our division were put on limited rations, growing smaller and smaller each day until only about one hard-tack to a man was left for the last day's march.

"Seven miles on one hard-tack," is the entry found in one soldier's diary, and it is strictly true. Many marched that day with stomachs as empty as their haversacks, and but for their comrades sharing with them, would not have had a mouthful of anything to refresh them but water Hooker's grand division of the army reached Hartwood on the 19th, and Whipple's division arrived at Stoneman's Switch, on the Fredericksburg and Aquia Creek railroad, on the 23d. From this time until the 27th there was a general distribution of rations throughout the whole army, commissaries of regiments, brigades, and divisions that had a little, dividing with those that had less or none.

By reason of the new plan of operations under Burnside, necessitating a new base of supplies, the army was obliged to subsist on short rations for several days before and after reaching Falmouth. This caused a good deal of grumbling among the men, who, while they keenly felt the effects, were entirely ignorant of the cause. It was believed by many that Stuart's cavalry had cut off and captured a part of our baggage and supply train, and there was no little apprehension about it, for troops were then surrounded by woods on every side and had no chance to forage for themselves as at Waterloo and other places on the march.

From the 17th to the 27th there had been much rain and cloudy weather, and the spirit and courage of the army were gradually on the decline. McClellan, who had been the idol of the old soldiers, and still the ideal commander of many, had been superseded by one who, though favorably known, had never won that distinction that inspires confidence: the different commands for the last two or three days, waiting in the rain and cold, where they had last halted, for orders to go into camp or move forward; the large number that were sick or ailing, especially among the new troops not yet inured to the exposure, privation, and hardship of the bivouac and the march; the urgent demands of hunger, growing daily more imperative, while memory, as if to tantalize, pictured to the mental vision, the turkeys, puddings, and pies that were being prepared for Thanksgiving at home, — all united with the elements to make the soldiers ill-humored and despondent.

But the reveille of the 27th rings out cheeringly through the clear air of a cloudless morn, and the men "turn out for roll-call" with a new hope that their dreams of rations, good and plenty, will soon be realized. And they hope not in vain, for the bright sun has hardly risen above the tree tops when for miles around the woods resound with loud and gladsome cheers, as the news spread that pork, beans, and hard-tack, most welcome guests, had actually arrived at Falmouth station and would soon be brought into camp. "Cheer up, boys! Stewed beans and hard-tack for Thanksgiving dinner!" And the remembrance of that dinner with every member of the Twelfth (if not of the whole army who were there and able to eat) will be as lasting as life.

New Englanders, as they were, they never before knew how to appreciate the Thanksgiving of their Puritan fathers.

Later in the afternoon Colonel Marsh took the regiment out to go through, as was supposed, the usual drill. But instead of that, after forming the companies *en masse*, he made a short address, referring to the day and its pleasant memories, and called for three cheers for the loved ones at home. Seldom do cheers and tears unite, but this, as may be imagined, was a notable exception. After returning to quarters, the boys broke ranks with three times three for Colonel Marsh.

Nearer night, when the shades of evening added solemnity to the occasion, the solemn roll of the muffled drum is heard, as the remains of Benjamin W Weeks, of Company D, are being carried and followed by sorrowing comrades to the grave, into which each one drops a sprig of evergreen in token of their respect and esteem, and over which the farewell salute is fired in honor of a faithful comrade gone. He died the day before, of measles, and was the first man to die in the company, and the first one, except the captain, whose name was dropped from the rolls.

George H. Follett, of Company I, who was left at Hartwood sick with the same disease, died on the 25th.

On the first day of December a detail from each company commenced clearing a place in the woods for a camping ground, and the next day the regiment moved across the railroad a few rods, and commenced building quarters and putting up tents on the cleared ground.

From this until the Fredericksburg campaign, most of the time, except two or three hours each day for battalion drill, was occupied in cutting, grubbing, and burning up the trees, stumps, and brush for camp and parade ground, and soon several acres of the pine forest had disappeared, and in its place had sprung up a little village of small white-roofed houses.

These houses — better called huts — were all of about the same size and style of architecture, and were erected on regularly laid out streets, one for each company, all parallel with and equally distant from each other, and running back at right angles with a broad avenue, on the opposite side of which were the more imposing canvas wall and roof structures occupied by the official dignitaries of field and staff.

But most needful of all, and therefore one of the first to be erected, was a hospital tent, for the more rapid marching, bad weather, and want of sufficient rations since leaving Warrington, had again loaded up the ambulances and baggage teams not already over-loaded with the sick and dying.

Some died while being thus conveyed; some were left to die at houses on the march; while others lived to reach Falmouth, but were the first to sleep beneath the pines where so many were afterwards buried who once mustered and marched in the ranks of the Twelfth. Among the latter were John G. Brown, of Company E, and George R. Clement, of Company G, who both died on the 9th, the latter dying with his testament in his hand upon his breast, and was buried with it in the same position.

CHAPTER III.

FREDERICKSBURG.

The army under Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside had been organized by him into three grand divisions, and formed in the attack on Fredericksburg, the right, left, and centre, commanded respectively by Major-Generals Sumner Franklin, and Hooker.

The Centre Grand Division was composed of the Third and Fifth corps, then commanded by Brigadier-Generals Stoneman and Butterfield, and the Third Division of the Third Corps, which included General Piatt's and Colonel Carroll's brigades and the Twelfth New Hampshire Regiment — an independent command, taking the place of a brigade — all under the command of Gen. Amiel W Whipple.

The better to understand the somewhat inactive, but none the less important and trying part that the Twelfth took in this battle, as well as to refresh the memory of the reader, it may be stated here that General Burnside's plan seems to have been to dislodge General Lee from his chosen position in the rear of Fredericksburg by turning his right flank with the left wing of his own army, under General Franklin. Sumner, in the meantime, with the right wing was to cross over the river into the city, and engage the enemy in front to prevent him from reinforcing his right: and to carry the heights and break his centre, so soon as the success of Franklin should make such an attempt practicable.

Hooker's grand division was to assist Sumner as needed, but to be held mainly in reserve.

But one thing was evident, clearly and emphatically, that Franklin must succeed or Burnside was defeated; and for this reason he was reinforced before advancing by two divisions from the Third Corps and one division from the Tenth Corps, increasing his command to sixty thousand, with which to meet and drive back General Jackson who commanded the left of the Confederate army, General Longstreet commanding the right. This left, according to General Burnside's official report, only fifty-three thousand, about equally divided between Sumner and Hooker: although some authorities place the grand aggregate much higher

General Burnside testified before the committee on the conduct of the war that he "had about one hundred thousand men on the south side of river, and every single man of them was under artillery fire, and about half of them were at different times formed in columns of attack." *

* Report of Com., part 1, page 656.

To oppose this force General Lee had less than eighty thousand (78,228) men; but to offset the balance against him in numbers he had "Stonewall" Jackson, who alone, against Franklin was equal at least to a corps of ten thousand veterans, while Longstreet, impregnably fortified as he was by nature and military skill, was a match for fifty thousand more.

In fact the odds were so overwhelmingly in favor of the Confederates that even Jefferson Davis was ashamed to own that they had over twenty thousand actively engaged in the battle.*

It will be remembered that General Burnside's original design was to occupy Fredericksburg as early as the 18th or 20th of November, before Lee could concentrate his forces there, but was delayed on account of the failure of General Halleck to supply him with the pontoon boats that had been promised. And now, when at last, but too late, the boats were on hand he determined to make the most of them. He therefore ordered "two bridges built at a point near the Lacey house, opposite the upper part of the town — one near the steamboat landing at the lower part of the town, one about a mile below — and, if there were pontoons sufficient, two at the latter point."

These were not only constructed as ordered on the 11th, but another was laid during the night near the last two, making six bridges, three opposite and three below the city, and averaging four hundred and ten yards in length, that spanned the Rappahannock on the morning of the 12th.

From what is written it will be seen that notwithstanding the pontoons had come and bridges were plenty, the opportunity to successfully use them had long past; and delays, whether needless or unavoidable, had made General Burnside's pre-determined attempt to cross the river and attack the enemy at Fredericksburg a very hazardous one. But apparently with more persistency than discretion, he determined to carry out his original plan, however important the change of circumstances. And so on the 10th day of December, just as the sun was setting, orders came to Colonel Potter to be ready to move in an hour's notice, in light marching order, with sixty rounds of cartridges and four days' rations.

The long discussed question among the troops whether there would be any aggressive movement made by the army that winter was now decided; and by 6 o'clock in the morning the regiment was in line, and soon moving toward the sound of cannon in the direction of Fredericksburg. Tents were left standing in which were left knapsacks, surplus clothing, and camp equipage in the care and under the guard of sick ones who were able to do light duty After marching about two miles a halt was ordered, and expecting to resume the march every minute until dark, remained there until 8 or 9 o'clock the next day

It was a very cold night, water freezing to quite a depth, and the men suffered much.

* Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government, Vol. II, page 356.

During this halt on the 11th, heavy cannonading was heard at intervals, accompanied with considerable musketry firing, and it was supposed that a heavy battle was in progress. But the firing heard and the delay of the troops, as soon learned, was caused by the efforts of the enemy's sharpshooters to prevent or retard the laying of the pontoon bridges.

Their fire was so effective and their efforts so persistent that from daylight until 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon, notwithstanding a storm of shot and shell from several batteries of the one hundred and forty-seven guns planted along the river bank, that tore, crashed, and swept through the houses and streets, they held back the pontooniers by the unerring aim of their deadly rifles. And it was not until three or four regiments of infantry volunteered to cross the river in boats and drive them from their protected positions behind houses and in cellars and ditches, that the bridges were completed.

Thus a few selected sharpshooters from Barksdale's brigade of Mississippians held the whole Union army in check for nearly the whole of one day; for although one of the bridges below the town was ready for Franklin's forces to cross by 9 o'clock, and some of them did cross, it was unsafe for him to advance without the coöperation of the rest of the army

The Seventh Michigan, Nineteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts, and the Eighty-ninth New York regiments have the honor of finally driving all of them from the city, that were not captured, and opening the way for the army to follow

It was a gallant act, made necessary by the determined resistance of men equally brave, and in that sense no less worthy of praise.

When the sun went down on this day of active preparation for the awful sacrifice soon to follow, it looked like a ball of fire, so thick were the smoke-clouds through which it shone.

On the morning of the 12th, after a cold, uncomfortable bivouac on the frozen ground, Whipple's division was ordered to advance to the head of the centre bridge in front of the city, and soon the Twelfth, marching about two miles farther, received the order, "In place, rest," a little way to the left and rear of the Lacey house, which stands on the high plateau opposite the city of Fredericksburg. A part of Sumner's forces had crossed over the river and occupied the town before daylight, and troops were still crossing, while thousands awaited their chance on the Falmouth side, covered from the enemy's view by a thick fog which greatly favored their approach and passage. Two or three hours later General Whipple received orders to move his division over the upper bridge, hold the approaches to the city from the southwest, and to protect the right flank of General Couch's command (Second Corps, under Sumner), while that general was moving forward to attack the enemy in front.

In obedience to this order the First Brigade — General Piatt's — attempted to cross; but when the head of it entered the city, the troops of General

Couch were so densely massed in the streets and on the river's bank as to obstruct the passage, and the column was compelled to halt, the pontoon bridge being crowded full, and the column of troops stretching far back to the rear

It was past noon when the Twelfth moved up toward the upper bridge to take its place in the division column, and in a few minutes it was, for the first time, under the fire of the enemy It was a sudden and savage introduction, and forcibly indicative of the reception that awaited it upon the other shore. The kind mists of the elements that had for many hours screened the movements of our army having now dissolved into thin air, the rebel artillerists seemed determined to make up for their lost time and opened a rapid and concentrated fire upon all the troops within the range of their guns.

The regiment, marching in column over the bluff near the Lacey house, had just come into plain sight of the rebel batteries that lined the heights on the opposite side of the river, when three shells, in quick succession, came with hissing vengeance to warn and drive it back. The first one, in exact range, but too elevated, passed harmlessly over: the second buried itself in the bank just in front; but the third, with fatal accuracy, struck and exploded in the rear of Company K, wounding six in that company and two in Company B. Instantly Colonel Potter, with rare presence of mind, gave the order, "Right oblique, double quick, march." This brought the regiment out of range and under cover at the same time, and never was an order more promptly obeyed or quicker executed, although it is not claimed that when the men halted and fronted under the bluff, that every file leader was covered by the same rear rank man as when they last right-faced into column.

Yet the comparatively cool and steady manner of the men was most commendable and satisfied their commander, that, if he was not leading veteran regulars he had the material from which they could soon be made, and upon which in the hour of coming trial he could safely rely.

The following officers and men were wounded: Lieut. Charles Marsh and Everett Jenkins, of Company B; Lieut. William F Dame, Samuel S. Eaton, Benjamin Ellsworth, Cyrus J Philbrick, Homer Eames, and James E. Tibbetts, of Company K; the last two mortally, both dying a few days afterward. Jenkins was also very severely wounded, lying at the point of death for a long time, and leaving him a suffering cripple for life; and all the rest were permanently disabled.

Instead of crossing over the river that day, as was expected, the regiment remained under the bluff until after dark, with the shells bursting just above or in the bank beyond, showering it with mud and dirt. It then marched back over the bluff about half a mile, and bivouacked in a muddy cornfield which had been sufficiently thawed out by the mid-day's sun to offer a bed rather too soft to be comfortable. Some, who slept regardless of their surroundings, awoke the next morning to find them-

selves anchored fast to the frozen ground, their hair, in two or three instances, being the main cable. With such a place for a bed, and a heavy sheet of frost for a covering, it required no great effort of mind and memory to draw the sad contrast between that and the live-geese feathers and woolen blankets of home. The contrast was so great, and the inclination for the latter so strong, that a few unwisely concluded to then and there rescind their contract with "Uncle Sam," and go where they could find more comfortable quarters. It was, indeed, taking the day and night together, a most disheartening start-out for comparatively raw recruits from New England homes, unused to hardship or danger. Thinking it but a foretaste of what was to come, it is not so strange that some, acting on the impulse of the moment, and not seriously considering the far reaching consequences, should, with fear and suffering to impel, so far forget the obligations of honor and manhood as to yield to the craven behests of self-comfort and safety That they did, however, has doubtless been the one great sorrow and regret of their lives. Some of them afterward apprehended received but slight punishment and served bravely and faithfully to the end of the war.

The next morning another start was made for the river, but by a circuitous route through a ravine to avoid farther molestation from the rebel shells, and to give the men a chance to warm themselves up with a cup of hot coffee, where the smoke of their own fires would not draw upon them the fire of the enemy. Heavy volleys of musketry are soon heard across the river, and our heavy guns, still remaining on the Falmouth side, thunder back defiance to the enemy's batteries that flash along the crest of Marye's heights. There is, also, a continuous roar and crash of artillery on the left, where a part of Franklin's forces, under Mead, are engaged against Stuart and Hill in the attempt to turn the enemy's right. About 10 o'clock the sun burst through the thick fog that hung over the city, and the Twelfth moved toward, and halted near the head of the upper pontoon bridge.

Nearly two hours later, while the battle was raging in all its fury, the regiment crossed the river into the city, and halting in one of the streets close to and parallel with the river, awaited further orders.

It was while standing here in the mud and water, that the wounded soldiers in ambulances and on stretchers were carried by, bleeding, groaning, and dying as they passed, and the faces of some of the regiment were nearly as pale as the poor sufferers, as they looked for the first time upon the heart-sickening horrors of the battlefield. It was not a scene to make new troops feel especially eager or impatient to mingle in the deadly strife from which these wounded and mangled men had just been brought, and into which the sober and silent lookers on expected in a few moments to be led.

After waiting here in anxious suspense for nearly two hours, an orderly, bare-headed and covered with mud and blood, comes dashing

down the street, followed by screeching shells, and hands a paper to Colonel Potter.

While the colonel is reading it, there is a "*w-o-o-o-i-s-h*" and a "*thud*," and the orderly's horse lies dead beneath his rider.

"Attent-i-o-n," is now the quick and stern command of the colonel, as he vaults into his saddle; but it is little needed, for business is too important and pressing now to admit of any lack of vigilance on the part of officers or men.

The regiment at once advanced on the double-quick up Amelia street to Princess Anne street — the third one from the river, and about half way through the city — where it filed off right and left, just in time to escape a terrific volley from the rebel artillery that swept the street it had just left, and which must have many times multiplied the casualties of the day before, had not Colonel Potter concluded to give them the exclusive right of way just as he did.

But the march up the street, although lasting but a few moments, was by no means a quiet nor a safe one, several shot passing just over the regiment or striking near by. One shell struck and exploded near the head of the battalion, throwing the mud in all directions and bespattering the colonel who calls out, "Steady," to his men, as he coolly takes off his spectacles and wipes them with his handkerchief; another closely winds Company F, and kills an artillery horse close behind; while a third leaves an officer mounted for an instant on a headless horse, as he was crossing the street a few rods in advance. Most of the regiment filed in column to the left upon reaching Anne street, but the shells and solid shot — some of the latter in *ricochet* order — came so thick and fast that two or three of the rear companies cleared the street by the left flank, and thus narrowly escaped the sweeping volley that would otherwise have torn through their ranks.

Here the regiment remained under cover of the buildings — one of which was a church, then occupied as a hospital, and the steeple of which was used as a signal tower — until past 4 o'clock, or nearly dark, when it again advanced, proceeding this time to the outside of the city, toward the enemy, and deployed in line of battle on Prince Edward street, with the right resting on Fauquier street, and nearly in front of the residence of Col. Robert S. Chew, who was then in the rebel service, and afterward colonel of the Thirtieth Virginia Regiment. General Whipple's division was the only one of the Third Corps on this part of the battlefield, the other two, Berney's and Sickles's, having been detached from Hooker's command to support Franklin, before crossing the river. In fact, Hooker's grand division, which had been intended as the "Old Guard" reserve to be kept intact, and held back for the finishing stroke, was broken up into fragments and distributed over the field as early as 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the 13th, leaving him but the two small divisions of Humphreys and Sykes, not to follow up a retreating foe and

complete a great victory, but as the last desperate hope of a shattered and defeated army

No wonder that General Hooker remonstrated and re-remonstrated, but all in vain, against the worse than needless sacrifice of those brave men, who had thus far escaped the fiery ordeal of an assault. This noble effort for mercy and humanity is one of the brightest rays that illuminates his name.

The last desperate charge of the Union forces against the impassable stone wall at the foot of the ridge, by General Humphrey's division, had not ended when the Twelfth took its position on Prince Edward street, as above stated. Although the crash of musketry, seemingly heavier than before heard during the day, too plainly told of the dreadful carnage going on but a short distance to the right and front, yet the men began to hope that their good luck would last a little longer, as they gladly saw the sun — now more like a ball of blood than of fire — go down behind that fatal crest, whose name, henceforth, was to be as lasting as the history of their country, for the safety and honor of which more than seven thousand of her heroic defenders now lay dead or wounded on the plain below.

The thick smoke that hung over the field, mingling with the fast gathering shades of night, soon shut off all view of friend or foe at the front, save the flash of the enemy's guns, as they still kept up their pitiless fire upon Humphrey's retreating forces, some of them "retiring slowly and in good order, singing and hurrahing." *

General Whipple, it appears, had received orders early in the day, to cross the river, send one brigade to report to General Wilcox, commanding the Ninth Corps, under Sumner, and with the remainder of his division to guard the approaches to the city from the west, and protect the right flank of Howard's division, that was to attack in front. But such had been the delay from various causes, but chiefly the stubborn resistance of the enemy, that the Second Brigade and the Twelfth Regiment did not get into position outside the city, as already noticed, until nearly dark. To this delay, together with the further fact that the Third Corps had been divided and subdivided until it was scattered among as many as seven or eight different commands on the right, left, and centre, some of them three or four miles apart, is probably due the fortunate escape of this part of Whipple's division, which had been detached from the corps before crossing the river, and ordered to the support of the two or three separate commands just mentioned.

The Second Brigade being the first to cross the river on the 13th, was quite heavily engaged in support of the Ninth Corps, losing over one hundred in killed and wounded, or nearly one eighth of its whole number engaged, before the rest of the division had taken their positions upon the field.

These positions, as assigned and occupied before dark, were as follows: One Hundred and Twenty-second Pennsylvania Volunteers were deployed

* General Humphrey's report.

as skirmishers on the Fall Hill road, between the canals above the city and upon the crest of the ridge upon which stands the Mary Washington monument; while two companies of the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth New York Volunteers were advanced in front of the Kenmore mansion, in support of which was the Twelfth New Hampshire. The remainder of Piatt's brigade — the Eighty-sixth New York and the other eight companies of the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth New York — was held in reserve, occupying the streets in the rear

Of the batteries, four pieces were placed on the right near the upper end of the city, to sweep the flats and bridges across the canal, and four others just to the right of the Twelfth, to command the approaches from the front. It should be mentioned here, that on the side of the street toward the enemy there were no houses for a part of the distance occupied by the regiment. When, therefore it deployed along this street, with the flash and roar of the battle but a short distance in front, it was expected that the next order would be to advance in line of battle to the relief of the troops engaged. "I expected this time certain, that we were going into action, but we filed into another street, while the shells, grape-shot, and bullets whistled over our heads and about our ears almost every moment we were marching up," writes Lieutenant Furnal, referring to the advance from Princess Anne to Prince Edward street.

Daylight of the next morning, which was Sunday, found the regiment in plain view of the frowning batteries of the enemy, from which a morning-salute was momentarily expected. Its position was now as important as it was critical, and it is not strange that the order that placed them there directed that it be held at whatever cost until relief should come.

If the enemy should conclude to assume the offensive, as many expected he would, his main point of attack was pretty sure to be at or near that part of the line held by this part of Whipple's division. And the reasons were that by occupying the monument terrace, their artillery could be most easily and effectively massed against it; and, if broken and carried, it offered the best prospect of turning the Union right, and gaining possession of the two upper pontoon bridges; thus cutting off the main line of retreat, and driving the whole army occupying the city, panic stricken, into the river

If, on the other hand, there should be another effort made to drive the enemy from his intrenchments, as greatly feared by those troops whose turn would come next, the Twelfth, now occupying the front line, had no longer any reasonable ground for hope to escape, and its situation was, therefore, critical as well as responsible.

But as the day wore on with no general attack from either side, and but little skirmishing, it soon became evident that while General Burnside did not care to renew the costly attempt of the day before, General Lee was content, as well he might be, to remain on the defensive.

Thus watching and waiting, listening and fearing, with more of anxiety

than devotion, that long Sabbath day numbered itself on the countless record of the past, and darkness again was welcomed to lessen the chances of wounding and death on the field of deadly conflict. The men having slept on their arms one night and stood ready to grasp and use them any moment through most of the day, concluded it would be more home-like to sleep on feather beds and mattresses, than the cold muddy streets or hard brick sidewalks; and so they brought them from the houses, together with blankets and quilts that had not been so thoroughly aired for a long time, and made for themselves more comfortable beds than ever before or afterward enjoyed while sojourning in the land of Dixie. While looking for something soft and warm for a bed other things were found, good and healthy for supper, and the few remaining "hard-tack" were greatly improved by a liberal dip or spread of honey, apple-butter, or peach preserves.

Some, wanting something substantial to go with the palatable, built up fires and commenced the business, so generally imitated the next day, of supplying the urgent demands of the stomach with a fresh bite of their own cooking, and "flapjacks" and honey, washed down with "apple-jack" and wine, was a rich and rare treat to many of the fortunate finders.

About midnight a sergeant from each company was called up to draw one day's rations; but before they could be brought up and distributed there was a sharp and sudden discharge of musketry on the picket line, nearly in front, which was almost instantly followed by the loud command of Colonel Marsh to "fall in"; and startled and shivering men from warm beds and pleasant dreams, were soon marching to support the batteries covering that part of the field, where they were ordered to lie down flat on their faces and remain silent. The night was cold and the ground wet, and the sudden change from the dry and warm to the damp and cold, chilled some of the less strong and robust to the very marrow of their bones; and disease, suffering, and death, in some cases, was the sad but swift result.

Thus is it true that evil more often than good comes to us in disguise, and many a present blessing proves but a future curse.

And for the benefit of some of the tenderly nurtured and delicately constitutioned young men who may read it, the somewhat impertinent, but perhaps all the more effective, remark is here made, that this is not the only instance where a soft feather bed has been an easy conveyance to an early grave.

Not knowing how long the regiment would remain where it was or what would be the next call, the rations that had been drawn were carried out by a sergeant and two men from each company, and given to the men as they lay upon the ground.

The regiment remained in this position until it was light enough to see any advance movement of the enemy, and then returned to the place it so quickly left three or four hours before, when some of the men tried to mend their broken naps before roll-call.

The 15th was another day of "masterly inactivity," both armies remaining *in statu quo*, and all was comparatively quiet along the shores of the Rappahannock.

But some of the boys, seeing no signs of an immediate renewal of hostilities and getting a little more indulgence from their officers, than the day before, in the way of leaving, a few minutes at a time, the line of their gun-stacks, were naturally inclined to investigate a little further into the style and practice of southern domiciles and domestics, especially the culinary department which was the main object of their search.

Not much in the edible line save fruits, preserves, etc., was found ready for the table; but the material was not lacking, and "corn pone," biscuit, doughnuts, and fritters, with fried ham and eggs, pork steak, and chicken stew, were among the many dishes on the bill of fare at some of the free lunch houses in the city

It was a rare opportunity for hungry soldiers, and was so well improved that the waist-belts of many of the self-invited guests to the rich feast had to be let out an inch or two to give full play to the respiratory organs.

There was also the sound of song and music to enliven the feast, although in many cases there was more sound than symphony, and "Yankee Doodle," "Old John Brown," "Red White and Blue," "Rally Round the Flag," "When Johnny Goes Marching Home," and many other amusing and patriotic songs were sung with violin and piano accompaniment: while others equally as fond of music, but less able to produce it at their fingers' ends, would undertake to interpret the "Devil's Dream" by the spirit-prompted taps and raps of the toe and heel.

Some of the houses were filled with costly furniture and rare collections of nature and art to interest and adorn, the families having only time to gather up some of the most valuable before vacating.

It would be as foolish as it is false to deny, that from such houses as well as others, many a bric-a-brac specimen was taken as a keepsake reminder of the city of Fredericksburg, and that some of these may be found, safely kept in northern homes to-day

That articles of little or no intrinsic value should be thus appropriated, and free use made of all articles of food, was no more than, under the circumstances, could have been expected; but there were doubtless many other things of more value and importance taken or destroyed for which the author regrettingly acknowledges no justification or excuse, unless it may be said in extenuation of the wrong that the wealthy and educated citizens of the South included nearly all the political leaders that were looked upon by the northern soldiers as the treasonable instigators of the terrible war that had been forced upon the country, and that their property, if not their lives, was rightfully beneath the hand of the avenger. In addition to this was the fact, patent and palpable, that to carry out their own purpose of destroying the Government they did not hesitate to

destroy their own property, as they had already done to a great extent throughout the city, which was likely to be swept again with shot and shell, if not by the flames, before the battle was over

As it was, there were comparatively few houses in the city that had not been struck one or more times by shot from the Union or Confederate cannon — by the former when trained upon the city to drive out the rebel sharpshooters on the 11th, and by the latter in trying to kill and demoralize the Federal forces after they had taken possession of the city

Some had been torn and shattered by the artillery, until little more or better than standing wrecks in the midst of waste and ruin. Several had been set on fire, and but for the timely efforts of the Federal soldiers the whole city would quickly have been reduced to ashes. So, rightly considered, the inhabitants of the city had quite as much for which to thank as curse the Yankee troops, since a home invaded is better than a home destroyed.

Just before dark, while the men were preparing for another sidewalk bivouac and speculating upon the probability of passing a night as undisturbed as the day, the regiment received orders to move; and reluctantly exchanging a supper of buckwheat fritters for the stern reality and hard experience of war, marched out again to the support of a battery near the canal.

Here it remained until about 9 o'clock, when a startling volley of musketry, a little to the left, breaks the stillness of the night, and immediately there is a commotion strange and unexpected in the city For some reason not easily explained — unless because suddenly awakened and frightened by the volley — the dogs commenced to bark and howl, filling the air with every note in the canine gamut, from the sharp, shrill snap of the stub-nosed pug to the deep-toned, doleful howl of the relentless bloodhound, until it seemed that every dog in the city, as well as many of the hogs and cows that joined in the chorus, had determined upon a midnight attack in the rear.

Concerning this loud outbreak of the brute creation Corporal Musgrove wrote as follows: "The dogs in the city set up the most hideous howling, the cows and even the pigs joining in the chorus. It seemed as if all the hosts of hell were let loose in the city."

Soon after this uproar of dismal and mournful sounds had subsided, the battery was relieved, and the regiment moved a little further into the open field and took position between Piatt's and Carroll's brigades near the canal.

Here the men rolled themselves in their blankets as they lay upon the ground, the wind blowing so hard that it was difficult to keep covered, and some, unable longer to keep watchful eyes, soon fell asleep, —

"Lulled by the night wind, and pillowed on the ground."

At 2.30 A. M., Colonel Potter received orders to occupy the ground between the reservoir and the Kenmore house, and to establish pickets from that house to unite with the pickets of Carroll's brigade. For this purpose Companies F and C were detached to hold that position, while the remainder of the regiment marched back into the city and formed a line on Princess Anne street, in front of General Whipple's headquarters and near the same place it occupied on the afternoon of Saturday.

Colonel Marsh was sent out to establish the line of the two companies, and by his orders twelve men in charge of Sergeant Randolph, of Company C, were advanced and deployed as a vedette line about fifty paces in front. Scarcely was this done when the moon, which was just coming up, as if unwilling to disclose their position to the enemy, covered herself with dark clouds, and soon the rain poured down in torrents, washing the earth from under the men as they lay still and watchful upon their faces on the hillside.

The situation of the Federal army was now becoming every hour more critical. To advance was impossible; to remain where it was much longer, defied fate and invited ruin; and to retreat was extremely hazardous.

It is no longer a secret that General Burnside, upon the disastrous failure of the 13th, became furiously impetuous and determined to renew the attack the next day regardless of the chances, if he had to lead the assault himself. And it is said that General Lee at a council of war on the night of the 15th, was advised by General Jackson to "drive the Yankees into the river" Lucky indeed for the Union army and cause, that the one did, and the other did not listen to his advisers.

At 5 o'clock the regiment left its position in the city and retreated across the river

But Companies F and C, where were they? Alas! they had been left without notice or warning of their danger, and were still in the face of the enemy, anxiously intent to discover any movement in their front, while all unconscious of the movements, more important to them, that were silently going on in their rear

But though left, they were not forgotten by Colonel Marsh, who asked permission of General Whipple to go back and take them off, but was refused for fear the attempt at so late an hour would hazard the safety of all the troops not yet across the river. Later, when most of the forces had crossed safely over, the request was renewed, but was again refused, as it was then almost daylight, and could only result, as was feared, in bringing a storm of iron hail upon the pontoon bridges and the regiments still within reach of the enemy's guns. Beside, the colonel was told by General Whipple, that his orders were strict to see that no field or staff officer of his command was left to be captured by the enemy, as the colonel would surely be if he made the attempt. But Colonel Marsh was not the man to let possible contingencies deter him from what he consid-

ered a present duty, or to excuse himself therefrom by pleading a major-general's approval or disapproval.

His resolution was fixed, but before he could act he must obey the direct command of his superior to cross the river with his regiment.

No sooner were his horse's feet on the opposite shore,—to gain which he was so impatient as to order an army blacksmith's wagon that impeded the regiment's progress to be thrown into the river, against the angry protests of the driver, who threatened to report him to General Hooker, — than he turned his head toward the city, and waiting only long enough to reply to Colonel Potter's remonstrance, "I posted the men there, and I shall take them off or be taken with them," he put spurs to his horse and dashed back across the river, ordering the men who had already commenced to take up the bridge to desist until he could bring down the troops that had been left.

Riding out as far as he dared, without attracting the attention of the rebel pickets, for it was now daylight, he dismounted, and hitching his horse, hurried forward on foot until near enough to whisper his orders to Captain Langley, of Company F, to notify Lieutenant Smith, in command of Company C, and all followed him as quickly and quietly as possible to the river It was now a race instead of a march, until the Rappahannock was once more between them and the foe from whom they had so narrowly escaped. But in the unexpected call and hurry to obey, the vedettes had been forgotten, and but for sheer good luck would have been captured. One of the men as he lay on the ground thought he heard some movement of men behind them, and reported the same to Sergeant Randolph, who sent back Corporal Osgood to the reserve to ascertain and report the cause. Daylight was already dispelling the darkness, and it took the corporal but a few minutes to discover that their reserve had left, and that a battery near by had also gone. Sergeant Randolph, who had served in the English army, was too good a soldier not to understand the full meaning of this, and lost no time in taking his squad, "single file, trail arms, double-quick," to the river, just in time to cross before the bridge was taken up, section after section being swung into the stream close behind them.

The eight companies that first crossed had marched some distance toward their old camping-ground before Sergeant Randolph and his men had left their posts in front of the enemy. And when they, with the two companies left behind, came in, led by their valiant rescuer, cheer after cheer rent the air for Colonels Potter and Marsh — for the former, because it was believed he had saved the regiment from useless slaughter, and for the latter, because it was already known, that he had saved two companies from certain capture. Sergeant Randolph also came in for his share of praise for his good judgment and prompt action in saving his men on the extreme outposts.

This was the first manifestation by the regiment of good will for Colonel Potter. Before this, for want of mutual appreciation, there had been but

little sympathy between him and his men. But the bond of heart-welding union then formed has never been broken.

After five days of severe exposure, and at this time of general good luck and good feeling, the colonel thought it a proper occasion for the commissary to roll out a barrel of whiskey, which was accordingly done, and dealt out to the men by the gill; many getting a double portion by drawing the rations of those who were temperance men in the army as well as out. But drenched to the skin as they were, and still raining, perhaps the men who refused their rations were more ultra and less reasonable than those who drank them.

Thus ends the history of the Twelfth at Fredericksburg.

CHAPTER IV.

The Mud March and Winter at Falmouth.

Upon returning to their old quarters it became known to the officers and men, for the first time, that a serious joke or an egregious blunder had been played or made by someone in their absence, as the bitter complaints of the sick who had been left behind as camp guard, fully attested.

It seems that on the second day after the regiment had left, an officer rode into camp, and told them that the orders were, that every man who could possibly walk and carry a gun should report to his regiment at Fredericksburg at once.

This, as can easily be imagined, created quite a commotion among the invalid home-guard, some of whom were doubtless stouter in body than at heart; and most of those who could, packed up and started, not, however, without many vehement protests and not a little grumbling from those who, being the best able to go, had the least reason to complain.

After marching as fast as they could — half of them nearly falling out by the way — the few that reached the river opposite Fredericksburg were a sick and sickly looking squad indeed.

No sooner were their presence and condition made known, than they were ordered back to their camp quarters again.

There was much indignation felt and expressed by the officers, and especially Dr. Fowler, at so cruel and unwarrantable an order; but no one seemed to know who authorized or who brought it. It not only unnecessarily harassed and exposed the sick, but left the camp and all there was left therein almost entirely unprotected. A court of inquiry was talked about among the officers, but nothing was ever done about it.

General Burnside had tried and failed, but the Army of the Potomac, though sadly diminished in numbers and wanting in *esprit de corps*, was still intact and strong enough to oppose any aggressive movement of the enemy.

The great question now asked in and out of the armies, both North and South, and that which especially troubled the minds of our chief directors at Washington was, "What next?"

The loyal North, still trustful of its ever true and loyal army upon which the Government now solely depended for a name and place among the nations of the earth, readily, though almost tremblingly, responded, "*Try again*"; and the brave and unconquerable heroes of that army,

whose names should be as imperishable as their deeds, answered back, "*We are ready, but give us a leader.*"

But those belonging to the anti-war faction of the loyal States, who loved peace so well as to be willing to accept it at the price of their country's dishonor and ruin, said the next thing to come would be what they had confidently predicted from the first, "Foreign intervention and a recognition of the Southern Confederacy"; that the "abolition war" must soon stop, or blood would surely flow in the streets of our northern cities.

To all this the great Head of the Nation, and commander-in-chief of its armies and navy, patiently listened, determined not to act, even in the direction of the popular demand, without the most careful and thorough investigation as to who was responsible for the uncompensated loss of life at Fredericksburg.

From this to the end of the year nothing of importance occurred in the army or of interest to the regiment, except a visit of Hon. John P Hale who was gladly received in the camps of all the New Hampshire regiments, and honored by reviews of most, or all of the division commands in which these regiments were found.

One could not help thinking of the time when he stood alone in the national senate chamber in his valiant fight for "free men and free soil," nor wondering at the mighty change in the public mind that a few short years had wrought.

Then, not only the Senate, but the House of Representatives, the executive patronage and power, the Supreme Court, and, greater than all, — and therefore here emphasized and personified, — *public opinion* were strongly and unitedly against him; now, all the other way, and the position that he then manfully took and bravely maintained single handed and alone, regardless of threats, obloquy, and ridicule, had not only the approval of every branch of the Government but was being defended by more than a quarter of a million men in the field.

January 1, 1863, those present for duty in the regiment appeared on dress-parade in dark blue dress coats, worn for the first time, and sky blue pants drawn from the quartermaster but a few days before.

They looked very much in color, though sadly wanting in number, as when they first donned their uniforms at Camp Belknap.

Colonel Marsh after the parade exercises made a short speech to the men, alluding to their fine appearance in their new clothes and good deportment, and ended by wishing them all a *happy New Year* The chaplain then offered up a fervent prayer for their lives, their homes, and their country

Thus pleasantly, if not auspiciously, commenced the new year that before its end was to bring so much suffering and sorrow to many brave hearts and loyal homes.

From this until the 20th the weather was quite warm and pleasant, and

General Burnside, determined to retrieve himself if possible, was making the days and hours busy with drills, inspections, and reviews, preparatory to another advance, which, as if the very fates were against him, was destined to be equally as ineffectual, though not as disastrous as the other

On the 16th came marching orders.

The regiment was to move "to-morrow at daylight with three days' rations and sixty rounds of cartridges." The 17th this order was countermanded, and another given to march at 10 o'clock the next day.

This order was also countermanded before the hour of its execution, but later in the day came new orders, positive and emphatic, to march at the hour of 2 P. M.

"No more fooling now," said the boys, "for you can always safely bet on the third time, even from 'Old Burned-Side.'" But new rulers break old rules, and so the old "third time" rule was broken that same day by another *countermand!*

At last on the 20th, after three or four days of strange delay in drilling his army to get ready before it started, General Burnside gave the fourth and final order to march, which this time was allowed to stand, so far at least as the Twelfth Regiment was concerned, until it had marched about half a mile, when a halt was called and continued through the whole afternoon and evening, and then — it marched back to camp again. If the reader could use his ears instead of his eyes and listen to what was then said by the soldiers he would soon learn the rank and file dialect of "the army in Flanders," and wonder how the Government could be so indifferent to the spiritual welfare of the army, as to allow but one chaplain to a regiment. He would also, if not too piously inclined, be greatly amused at the wit and sarcasm that the quick-tongued talkers would manage to sprinkle in between their impious expletives.

"Well, Bill, what in —— does this mean?"

"Mean? it's *mean* enough, God knows, in *one* sense, but it's too —— simple to mean anything like *common* sense."

"I can tell you what it means, Dick; it means that 'Old Burned-Side' forgot to countermand his last order to march, this morning. I was afraid he was making a —— fool of himself, by starting before he got ready, all the time."

"He's waiting now for his pontoons, I guess," chimed in the fourth, minus the oath.

"I should think from the present outlook (already raining) he'd better order mud-scows," replies the fifth, with more of prophecy than was then suspected.

"Oh, say, boys! can you tell me why this army is like a young frog?"

This conundrum comes from a new speaker, who had evidently been thinking while the rest were talking, for all things original are born of

thought, and is followed by several answers from as many comrades: "Because it is always out when it rains." "Because it is always found in a mud-puddle."

"We'll give it up, Artemus: why is it?"

"Because it's got a —— little head for so long a tail."

"Pretty good, my boy: hit him again."

And then there is a general laugh, followed by continued banter and debate, until the sweet-briars and laurel-roots are all emptied, and there comes the usual "tip-tap" reminder that silence and sleep is the order of the hour.

There was also much discussion among the men whether there would be another start, or attempt to start, on the morrow. And upon this question there was about an equal division, many reasons being given pro and con.

But at noon the next day, when it was quite unanimously agreed that there would be no further attempt to move for two or three days at least, the rain having poured down incessantly since the evening before, orders were again issued to march.

Amid a storm of curses, from officers and men, they reluctantly make ready again to meet the more pitiless storm of the elements raging outside.

After three or four miles of wearisome mud-punching, there is a spread of shelter-tents in the woods, beneath which seventy thousand men seek scanty protection from the cold, sleet, and rain of such a night as can only be fully realized by those who experienced it.

The next day comes and goes, but the Army of the Potomac moves not, for it is stuck fast in the mud. Never perhaps was a great army in a more helpless condition: and had not the same cause that made it so also prevented the enemy from moving, it could have been destroyed or captured like a fly in a spider's web.

The pontoon wagons, and the artillery that was to support the building of the bridges and passage of the troops, had nearly reached the river and were in plain sight of the rebel pickets, who jeered and joked with the advance of the unfortunate and dispirited army.

They would shout and laugh, and derisively ask: "Where did you start for this time, Yanks?" "Don't you want us to come over and help you pull your pontoons and guns out of the mud?"

The army having stopped, the rain stopped at last itself; and on the afternoon of the 23d the welcome sun made its appearance and lighted up a scene more easily imagined than described.

The ground, with its clay subsoil, was little better than a mire bed for man or beast. But while the former could manage most of the time to keep head and body above the surface, the latter, many of them attached to artillery or pontoon wagons, were literally buried up in the mud.

Here and there a pair of mule's ears might be seen sticking up, which

served to indicate their condition as well as locate their position. Eight or ten pairs of these animals might be seen hitched to one army wagon, the result of which would be to draw some of the hind mules in more than the wagon was drawn out. While the artillery horses, with double-hitch to each piece, would struggle and flounder along until they could hardly be extricated, after being detached from their loads. Many of the heavier guns had to be abandoned and left as they were, resting in the mud, with wheels buried beneath them, until they were dug out with picks and spades after the ground had dried sufficiently to haul them back to camp.

After one or two days' work building corduroy roads, in which the Twelfth bore a part, and a much needed reinforcement of a barrel of "Commissary," the army, all that had the strength to do so, returned to its old quarters.

And here, after four or five days spent in marching and countermarching as many miles, was the end of what will be known in history as Burnside's "mud march."

Although as humiliating as it was aggravating, bringing upon him the ridicule of both armies, it was probably well for the Union commander, and the cause for which he so long and ardently labored, and to which no heart was truer, though he sometimes doubtless erred, that the elements seemed to conspire against him. For another attack upon the enemy, with many of his generals opposed to him and his plans, and a growing want of confidence among the soldiers, must have resulted in another defeat, more disastrous perhaps than that of Fredericksburg.

On the 25th of January, by order of the President, General Burnside was relieved of his command of the Army of the Potomac, and Gen. Joseph Hooker appointed in his place; and the day following the latter assumed command, and issued an order announcing the welcome news to the disheartened thousands of the army, who listened and heard with joyful approval.

At this time the *morale* of the army was at ebb tide, and lower than ever before or afterward.

Everything was bad and rapidly growing worse, from Headquarters to the private on his "beat." The slaughter at Fredericksburg, followed by the "mud march," had so demoralized the soldiers that they had lost all confidence in their leader, if not in themselves; and an army without a respected head is but little better than a mob.

Nothing seemed to be looked after as it should have been, but everything was left to care for itself and drift undirected, except as here and there, generals of divisions and brigades would try to bring order out of chaos in their respective commands.

But worse than all was the miserable and shameful condition of the medical and sanitary department of the army.

Thousands died in the hospitals — many in their quarters where they

were allowed to remain, with only such aid and attention as their comrades could give, until death released them — in want of proper care and necessary food and medicines, for the lack of which there was no reason or excuse whatever.

Such a condition of things could not, of course, last long, and have any army left. Already had the work of disintegration commenced, and was making rapid progress, as well from active but dishonorable, as from passive and honorable means of diminution.

Desertions, encouraged and aided by letters and citizens' clothing from relatives or acquaintances at home, were becoming every day more numerous — as many as three hundred, as stated upon good authority, being marked "absent without leave" in a single day

At the same time, as already referred to, the list of mortality, considering the season and locality, was almost startling to contemplate.

One morning, seven of the Twelfth lay dead outside of the regimental hospital, and another died therein an hour or two later, before the others were buried, making eight, or almost one for every hour, that had been "mustered out" during the night, and whose cold and motionless forms awaited the parting salute by their sad and sorrowing comrades who had reason to be thankful that they were still among the living, and with strength enough left to bury their own dead.

Because so many who had started home on furloughs decided not to stop until they got to Canada the granting of furloughs was cut off entirely, so that no matter how urgent the necessity it was useless to apply for one.

Yet the deserter, when apprehended, was punished as for some minor offence, or not at all: and thus was sorrowfully exemplified the truth of the saying that "mercy to the guilty is injustice to the innocent."

Had the first soldier who, without palliation or excuse, deserted the flag of his country, been shot, as he ought to have been, and all others who dared to follow his example been served in the same way, how great would have been the beneficial effect upon the army, and how many noble and useful lives might have been saved.

If the reader could but realize what the sick and suffering soldier then so keenly felt, and not only the sick but others who knew that those, dearer to them than their own lives, were lying on beds of languishing and death without being allowed the privilege of administering to their comfort or of ever receiving their last farewell, then would this page be wet with many a tear

Some died in camp or hospital of little or nothing more than home-sickness. Yet let no one accuse them of want of courage, for had they lived they might have shown no want of it on the field of battle.

"Hope deferred makes the heart sick," but hope abandoned is an open grave.

And when, after long waiting the chance to return for a few days to

the dearest spot on earth to them, there came, instead of the leave of absence so ardently desired and so anxiously looked for, an order that no more furloughs would be granted, it froze up the blood valves of the heart; and the often heard roll of the muffled drum told how many were being thus needlessly sacrificed.

Some, stung to madness at the thought of home and the sick and dying loved ones there, heedless of every risk and consequence, answered not at the morning roll-call because already on their way without leave to that home in obedience, as they felt, to a Higher Power

For those who performed their mission of love and affection and immediately returned, it was well; but others who had not the moral courage to return and abide the result were obliged to keep hidden and disguised or go out of the country until allowed to return, as most of them did under President Lincoln's proclamation of pardon for all deserters who would return to their commands within a certain time.

But those dark and never-to-be-forgotten days of the Government and army passed slowly and sadly away, and soon after General Hooker became commander-in-chief hope revived, confidence was restored, and the long cold

> —"Winter of our discontent
> Made glorious summer by this son of York."

From the commissary came less whiskey for the officers, and better rations, including vegetables, for the men. Hospitals were renovated, new ones built, drunken surgeons discharged, sanitary supplies furnished, and the sick no longer left to suffer and die without proper care and attention.

Officers and men who from incompetence or disability could be of no further use to the service, were allowed to resign or were discharged, and those who were playing sick in hospitals were sent to their regiments for duty A limited number of furloughs were also granted to the sick and deserving.

In a word, a new order of things was established, and new life infused into every department of the army The cavalry, hitherto only such in name, was reorganized, and made one of the most effective arms of the service.

With a commander thus prompt and efficient, it is not strange that the Army of the Potomac quickly had a potential existence once more, and was soon ready for the field again.

During the interim between the "mud march" and active field operations under General Hooker, a period of little more than three months, but little of importance to the Twelfth occurred, and its history for that time will be correspondingly brief.

Every two weeks the regiment went out from three to five miles on picket, remaining out as many days.

The varied and sometimes severe experiences of picket duty on the Rappahannock during the winter of 1862–3 would fill a small volume of interesting reading by itself; but anything like a full history of the experiences of any one regiment would necessarily demand too large a share of the total quantity to allow the author to attempt it here. One or two incidents, however, will be written hereafter

When winter quarters were first established at Falmouth there seemed no lack of the necessary material to build and warm them, for it was in the midst of a vast forest of cedar and pine. But before spring the men wished they had been more sparing at first, being obliged to "tote" their wood a long way, or cut up the stumps and roots — some of the ground was cut over two or three times — that were left nearer camp.

In February, at date given, General Whipple, commanding the division, issued the following order:

HD. QRS. 3D DIV. 3D A. C.
CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, Va., Feb. 19, 1863.

General Orders, No. 17:

The following organization of Brigades is hereby announced, to continue in force until further orders:

1st Brigade.

86 Regt. N. Y Vols.
122 " Penn. "
124 " N. Y "
84 " Penn. "

2d Brigade.

1st Regt. U. S. Sharpshooters.
2d " " " "
110 " Penn. Vols.
12 " N. H. "

The ranking officers in each brigade will assume command thereof.

By Com'd of
BRIG. GEN. WHIPPLE.

(Signed) HENRY R. DALTON, *A. A. G.*

Before the battle of Chancellorsville the division was reorganized — the two battalions of United States Sharpshooters forming a third brigade, and the Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania Regiment being changed from the First to the Second Brigade.

The Twelfth until now had never been regularly brigaded, but had continued to be an independent command — a brigade by itself — and subject to no orders from any single-starred general unless acting as major-general commanding the division, as General Whipple — an old regular army officer and friend of Colonel Potter — was at this time.

Because of this fortunate fact being taken advantage of by Colonel Potter, the regiment was probably saved from useless sacrifice at Fredericksburg.

One of the brigade commanders who had been ordered to assault the enemy's works requested, more as a command than an invitation, that Colonel Potter join him with his "New Hampshire Mountaineers."

The colonel, looking sternly through his glasses, replied: "I take my orders from General Whipple, sir; and I don't propose to needlessly sacrifice my men while I have the power to avoid it."

This sensible reply, indicative of the true soldier, was overheard by some of his men, and by repetition from one to another, it soon came to be understood and believed that Colonel Potter had actually been ordered forward by proper authority and refused to go. And there are some who believe it even to this day.

The tide having turned in the colonel's favor, as referred to in the preceding chapter, it rose higher and higher until the little brooklet became a river, and lip praise around the camp changed, as will be seen, into something more tangible and lasting.

But the men and officers having learned to like Colonel Potter, began to question among themselves whether they had not done great injustice to Governor Berry by their manifestations of ill feeling and disrespect, for appointing him; and as serious reflection is the first step toward sincere repentance, the result was that a very respectful letter, signed by all the line officers, was sent to the Governor, "earnestly and cordially" inviting him to visit the regiment at his "earliest possible convenience."

In reply to this letter was received the following noble and patriotic response:

CONCORD, March 20, 1863.

To the Line and Staff Officers of the 12th Regt. N. H. Volunteers:

GENTLEMEN, — I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your very interesting communication of the 12th inst. with the gratifying invitation to visit your Regt.

I can assure you that were it in my power consistently to comply with that invitation it would give me great pleasure; and if I can arrange my business to enable me to do so, I will visit you at the earliest possible opportunity. In view of all the circumstances connected with the raising and organizing of your Regiment, your hardships, sufferings, and privations since you left your homes, with all their associations, and your native State, in all of which I have been anxiously interested and have deeply sympathized with you in all your movements and history, all which strengthen my anxiety to meet you.

I have mourned the loss of those noble men who have fallen from your ranks by death, as if they were "bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh."

Their lives have been offered a sacrifice on the altar of their country, for the rights and liberties of men. History will record their names, and their sacrifices are never to be forgotten. You, gentlemen, with the men of your noble regiment, and the many thousands engaged with you, are bravely trying to put down the most wicked and powerful rebellion ever known in the history of the world; and that to destroy the best government ever instituted by any nation on earth.

I am aware that in the performance of your duties, as privates and soldiers, you must suffer the hardships of the camp and breast the perils of the battlefield. But be of good cheer, "endure hardness as good soldiers," and I have no doubt that victory ere long will crown your efforts; our nation will be redeemed; the rebellion will be crushed; and union, peace, and prosperity again bless our now distracted and bleeding country

You are now writing history for generations yet unborn, who will rise up to call you blessed.

A united North, with a vigorous prosecution of the war, would very soon end the strife. But a divided North with rebel sympathizers in our midst will protract the struggle and add to the sacrifice of life. But I most devotedly believe a glorious future awaits the end of the war, and eternal disgrace and infamy awaits those dastardly rebel sympathizers and deserters of their country's flag in this her hour of peril and need.

Could the sun of my life go back twenty-five years, I would be in your ranks to aid you in the great struggle. But the sands of my life are too far run to aid you with my physical energy. My heart and sympathy are with you; and my constant prayer to Almighty God is for your health and prosperity and salvation through the war, and your eternal salvation in that better land where war is known no more.

With my kind regards for all the officers and soldiers of your regiment, I am, gentlemen, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

N. S. BERRY

To Capt. Thomas E. Barker and other officers of the Twelfth New Hampshire Volunteers, at Camp Falmouth, Va.

Eight days later, Governor Berry was a welcome guest in the camp of the Twelfth; and his reception must have been in pleasing contrast to those given him at Concord and Jersey City a few months before.

Lieutenant Durgin, whose tongue was always as ready and as keen as his sword, welcomed him with a short speech, quickly seconded by three hearty cheers by the men, who were now as ready to grasp the Governor's hand, as most of them did, as they once were to curse him, as many of them had.

During his visit he was invited by General Whipple to a review of his division, and the regiment appearing on that occasion in new hats and pants and white leggins, made a splendid appearance and were highly complimented by Generals Whipple and Bowman; the latter remarking that it was the finest looking regiment he ever saw. After the review was over, both of these generals and many of their staff officers, visited the camp of the Twelfth, and General Bowman delivered a very finely written address, eulogistic of the regiment, the State of New Hampshire and its honored and patriotic Governor, to which Governor Berry responded for the State, and Lieutenant Durgin for the regiment.

It is to be regretted that General Bowman's address was not procured and kept for the use that might now be made of it in this connection.

But the visit of the venerable War Governor of the Granite State — who is still living, though nearly five score years of age, in comparatively good health and strength of body and mind — was but the precursor of another visit to the army, a few days later, of one as warmly welcomed by General Hooker and the whole army, as he had been by Colonel Potter and the regiment — ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

April 6th there was, about a mile from camp, a grand review by the President, of all the cavalry. There were from fifteen to twenty thousand horsemen and six or seven batteries, and the tramp of the horses through the mud sounded something like the sound of a distant waterfall. It was a splendid sight to see; but most noticeable of all was the tall form of the commander-in-chief of the army riding on the right of General Hooker, with little "Tad" by his side.

The day following, the President, with General Hooker and a company of lancers for a body guard, rode through the different encampments. As he passed through the parade-ground of the Twelfth, already formed in line to receive him, it presented arms, and the salute was acknowledged and returned by the raising of his hat and a bow, while a half smile lighted up his sad and care-worn countenance.

In a complimentary order issued by General Hooker to the army by direction of the President, the Twelfth New Hampshire, the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth New York, and the United States Sharpshooters were mentioned as "deserving special praise for the clean and orderly condition of their camps, and the soldierly appearance and conduct of the men."

On the third day of his visit there was a grand review of the whole Army of the Potomac, excepting the cavalry, lasting nearly all day It took place on a large plain in sight of Fredericksburg, and was said to have caused quite an excitement in that city. Although each battalion marched in close order by division, at half distance, it was more than three hours before the rear one had passed the reviewing stand.

It was at this review, as now remembered, that a movement unexpected and out of the regular order occurred. At the firing of the artillery salute the horses and mules hitched to some of the baggage-wagons became frightened and ran away, smashing and clashing into each other, in spite of every effort of their drivers to hold or control them. Many of the men and horses were more or less seriously injured, and among them Levi Whitney, of Company G, who had his leg broken.

About this time Colonel Potter was made the happy recipient of a splendid horse, presented to him by the line officers as a useful token of their love and respect.

But the men of the musket were not to be outdone by a few shoulder-straps; and so each orderly sergeant held secret conference with his company, and soon the amount of $253 was raised to buy a saddle and bridle for the new horse, and Sergeant Seavey, of Company K, was

selected to go to Washington and procure it. To get a furlough, even for three days, when the army was just ready to move was next to impossible. But the sergeant, bound to receive no denial unless from the lips of General Hooker himself, quickly presented himself before that officer, who, after hearing his case, decided in his favor His instructions were to buy a saddle worth not less than $200; but such a one could not be found in the city, nor anything a quarter as good as he wanted.

Disappointed but not discouraged, he at last found a saddler who engaged for the sum of $200 to make him a saddle worth the money, although he only had two days and one night in which to have it ready

With one more hard struggle, which nearly ended in a fight, he succeeded in getting on board the boat with his saddle and bridle and a score of other things that the boys had sent for — among which was a bass drum for the drum corps, and a tenor drum for Walter Libbey, to replace the one that the boys had long joked him about throwing away when the shells struck the regiment at Fredericksburg — and before light the next morning he was back to camp, ready to deliver and report. That evening, just after dress parade, there was a large gathering around the colonel's quarters, and so well had the secret been kept that the other officers were as much taken by surprise as the colonel when Sergeant Dinsmore, of Company E, "in behalf of the *rank and file* of the regiment," presented him with a saddle and bridle which cost nearly as much as the horse they were bought to adorn.

The colonel was much affected, and when called upon for a speech could only say, with tears in his eyes, "You know I can't talk, boys, but from the bottom of my heart I thank you." The horse was now led out, all bridled and saddled, and the colonel was lifted into his seat, and requested to show himself. As the horse, thus richly caparisoned, proudly bore his grateful rider up and down the parade-ground, his bright silver trimmings reflecting the rays of the setting sun as he pranced at the loud cheers of the men, it was a picture which, could it have a lifelike reproduction now, the survivors of that hour would go a long way to see.

Sunday, April 26, the members of the Twelfth present had the pleasure of listening to an eloquent discourse by Elder John Chamberlain, from New Hampshire, his text being the first verse of the eighteenth chapter of Matthew He had a voice of remarkable clearness and power, and was gifted as a singer as well as an orator. He was the author of the celebrated "Railroad Hymn," which he sang on this occasion with fine effect.

But camp life was near its end, for Hooker was making ready for a move, and there was soon to be a different kind of music in the air.

CHAPTER V.

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

Of this great battle it may be truthfully asserted, that, notwithstanding all that has been said and written, it still remains a mystery

No two of the principal actors seem to be of the same opinion, as to the primary causes of the unfortunate result, though all admit that the breaking of the Eleventh Corps was accidentally the chief; nor do they agree upon some of the essential particulars, without which no correct opinion can be formed. And even the committee, appointed by Congress for the special purpose of investigation, did little more than decide, that the chief actor in this sad and bloody drama was not drunk, as had been charged against him.

It is greatly to be regretted that General Hooker, who had intended to give his own detailed account of this battle, with the reasons for his failure, died before the work was little more than in the expectation of his friends, who impatiently awaited it.

General Howard wrote a long magazine article that has been extensively published and read, but it is quite evident that he designed it more in justification of himself than as an explanation for others. And had Hooker lived to write his own history of that campaign, it is probable that the same criticism would apply, so natural it is to defend our own cause and course, especially when both are momentous, and the result disastrous; for few have sufficient moral courage to say with Frederick the Great, "I have lost a battle but the fault is all my own." But with every word a jewel of truth, and self secondary, no statement or description, however lucid and comprehensive, from the pen of General Hooker himself, could have satisfactorily accounted for his defeat on that sanguinary field.

The same mysterious Providence that humbled him by defeat there, but saved his army, by the death of Jackson, to save the country a few weeks later at Gettysburg, can alone answer the question why Hooker tried and failed at Chancellorsville.

"As Fate commands, our actions turn."

It said, "*Thus far, but no farther*," to the great Napoleon at Waterloo, and with the same unmistakable emphasis, "*Not yet*," to the heroic and impetuous Hooker at Chancellorsville.

As stated in the preceding chapter, it was evident that some important move of the army was about to be made, and this was now confirmed by an order to turn over all surplus baggage and clothing (including the woolen blankets of the men, and allowing officers only twenty-five pounds each to be carried on the teams) to the quartermaster to be sent to Norfolk for storage, and to be ready to move, in heavy marching order, with sixty rounds of ammunition, and eight days rations — three cooked, in haversack, and five raw, in knapsack — to every man of the rank and file.

The men had already seen service enough to take in the full import of this order, but the dull routine of camp life had become irksome, and they were getting half impatient for something less monotonous and more exciting, even though the work and risk be correspondingly greater. And hence the order, suggestive and significant as it was of what was to follow, when led by "Fighting Joe Hooker," who had issued it, found but few grumblers in the camps of the army, excepting some of the officers who did not like to be denied the privilege of transporting all the unnecessary baggage with which they had previously so loaded down the teams, that no sick soldier could get a chance to ride, no matter how desirous to keep along with his regiment, or how unable to do so without assistance.

Mindful of the loved ones left far behind, and of the dangers evidently but just before them, many of the more thoughtful improved the opportunity, the last perhaps they would ever have, to write letters home, telling of what was being done, and what was expected, while others purposely withheld such news or refrained from writing at all, lest it might cause unnecessary anxiety

Alas! in how many homes of the North to-day is carefully preserved the last missive of love and affection from a father, brother, husband, or son, dated "Falmouth, Va."

On the 28th of April, at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon, orders came to strike tents, and soon the regiment was forming in line, while the drum corps, at the suggestion of the sergeant-major — for it seemed like leaving home — played the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

In less than an hour all is ready, and the colonel, riding to the centre-front, gives the command: "Shoulder arms; right face; right-shoulder-shift arms; forward, route step, march," and "we are off for Richmond or the grave," as the boys expressed themselves.

After quite a long march, continuing into the night, the regiment halted and bivouacked near the river, and some four or five miles below Fredericksburg.

The next morning, before it was fairly light, the army awoke to a reveille of musketry, accompanied at intervals by a heavy artillery base, in the direction of Fredericksburg. A thick fog hung over the city and stretched along the valley of the Rappahannock.

This was looked upon by some of the soldiers as greatly in our favor, as under cover of it the troops could with greater security lay the pontoon bridges and cross the river. But had they better understood the game that was being played by their commander they would have known that the fog, by screening the movements of this part of his army from the enemy's view, was liable to materially interfere with, if not entirely defeat his plans, instead of assisting him to carry them out; for the main design of this movement on the left was to deceive, and not to surprise the enemy For this reason his artillery continued active, with no other object — Brooks' division of the Sixth Corps having crossed the river before light and driven back the enemy's pickets — than to indicate to the ear of General Lee what could not be seen through his field-glass, that the Union commander was intending to renew the effort of Burnside, to drive him from his position by attacking his right and centre. But Hooker had no thought of following in the bloody footsteps of his unfortunate predecessor. His plans reached farther, and promised far better results. However befogged the enemy, as well as his own men, in trying to divine his intentions, in his own mind all was bright and clear.

When, in a few hours, the morning mist obeyed the "Sovereign King of Day" and retreated from the valley to the cloud-capped mountains, it uncovered to the anxious gaze of General Lee a large part of the Federal army, massed on the opposite and lower banks of the river, and apparently making preparations to cross in force upon the bridges already constructed there, and turn his right flank.

Two divisions of the First Corps, with the Sixth waiting to follow, had already crossed the river, while the Third Corps under Sickles lay further back in reserve.

During this and the following day there was much marching and countermarching around and between the hills by infantry and artillery, and so manœuvered by General Sedgwick in command of this wing of the army, as to make it appear to the enemy that the whole army was concentrating here, and that a general attack was about to be made.

This last was true, but the Confederate commander was watching in the wrong direction; and, before he was aware of it, his left instead of his right flank was turned by General Hooker at the head of over forty thousand men at Chancellorsville.

Toward noon, General Whipple's division of the Third Corps moved about half a mile further down and nearer to the river. The day had been dark and cloudy, and the night coming in cold and wet, the men, in no happy mood, gathered around their camp fires and begun to discuss the situation and prospect of things.

Some of the nervo-sanguine temperament became impatient, and wanted to know what General Hooker was waiting for, and why he did not advance in force. And some ironically expressed the opinion that he had probably built two or three pontoon bridges, *a la* Burnside, to give

the enemy due notice that he was coming, and where he intended to cross the river. Later, as the rain increased, they feared it would be another stuck-in-the-mud tramp.

Others, more inclined to look upon the bright side, but equally in the dark, would banter their fault-finding comrades by telling them that "Old Joe" ought to have consulted them before he started, not only about the weather, but concerning his general plan of operations; that they had better write "Uncle Abe" how things were going, or *waiting* to go, and petition the clerk of the weather for a dry time to get back to camp in, etc., etc.

While others still, more matter of fact and philosophic, would calmly discuss the advantages and disadvantages of this and that plan of a campaign, and the relative probabilities of success should Hooker decide to adopt one or the other They rightly concluded that the move to the left was nothing more than a feint, but were wholly unable to even conjecture when and where the real attack would be made.

The next morning all that were able, crawled out from under their water-soaked shelters, some pleasant and smiling, but most of them cold, crabbed, and cross; and it was noticed, as they sat shivering around their slowly kindling fires, waiting for a dipper of hot coffee to warm them up, that the number of last night's grumblers had largely increased, while the jokes were less — though you could neither freeze nor drown out the irrepressible wit of some — and the reflective ones were silent.

Nothing, unless defeat, dampens the spirit of an army in the field like wet weather.

Slowly the morning hours pass, but the storm is over, and just as the welcome sun breaks through the scattering clouds — bright harbinger of the good news coming — a courier dashes into camp, and this is the glad tidings that he brings:

HD. QRS. ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, VA., April 30, 1863.

It is with heartfelt satisfaction that the commanding general announces to the army that the operations of the last three days have determined that our enemy must either ingloriously fly or come out from behind his defenses and give us battle on our own ground where certain destruction awaits him. The operations of the 5th, 11th, and 12th Corps have been a succession of splendid achievements.

By command of

MAJ. GEN. HOOKER.

S. WILLIAMS, *Asst. Adjt. Gen.*

No sooner was this published to the Third Corps, by being read in front of every regiment, than such a shout went up with a cloud of caps and hats, that one who was there lifts his pen and listens, half thinking he can hear it now.

How quick and great the change!

"A moment ago 'twas a drear, dumb show," but now —
The doubting and pouting together are shouting "hurrah for 'Fighting Joe.'"

All was enthusiasm and excitement now among the troops, as they impatiently awaited the momentarily expected order to march. It came at 1 P. M., and soon the whole corps were on the road to United States Ford. For twelve long hours, or until 1 o'clock the next morning, without a single halt of more than a few moments at a time, the weary but cheerful soldiers continued their march, bivouacking at last near Hartwood Church, and having by this forced march of eighteen or twenty miles, over a circuitous valley route that hid them from the enemy, placed themselves some twelve or fourteen miles nearer to and within supporting distance of Hooker's right, which they were to reinforce, and where their potent presence was soon to be felt, as well as needed.

This was the first forced march the Twelfth had ever made. But the inspiring send-off it received, lasted way through, and kept up the courage of the men. Besides, it was confidently believed that the Army of the Potomac had at last got a leader who knew what to do, and was going to do it. And it is quite as necessary to have confidence in your leader as courage to follow him. Certainly neither was wanting now, and never was leader or led more sanguine of success, or more willing to fight for it. But in war, if nowhere else, "it is the unexpected that happens."

The afternoon had been quite warm, and many wished before night that their overcoats were with their woolen blankets, on the way to Norfolk. And some, regardless of want or worth, forgetful of the night before and heedless of the nights to come, deliberately threw them away — to be picked up, perhaps, by other soldiers who had been without long enough to learn the need of them, or to lie until the army had passed, and then to be quickly gathered up by the close following citizens to be sent off to their relations and friends in the rebel army.

These ready finders of all our troops were foolish enough to throw away — although it was by no means always foolish to do so — were typical representatives of the "poor white trash" of the South in *ante bellum* days, and which are still to be found plenty in many of the southern states. An old horse or mule, sometimes, but oftener an old ox, a steer, or a cow, strangely tackled by means of an old harness or yoke, spliced together and tied up by ropes, strings, and pieces of twisted bark, to a primitive kind of a two-wheeled, nondescript kind of a cart, that no Yankee would care to make or imitate if he could, with an old man or woman or a young boy, and sometimes a girl for a driver and a cord or string of some kind tied to the bits or horns — as the animal motive power might belong to the equine or bovine order — for reins, and the pen-picture is by no means complete, but only a scratch-sketch of some of

the picking-up teams of the stay-at-home natives that used to follow our armies on their marches through the South.

Many loads of "Uncle Sam's" dressing goods were picked up in this way, not only of overcoats, but of blankets, dress coats and vests; and even of caps, boots, socks, shirts, and drawers, together with many other things of less worth, and the knapsack in which they had been carried, and all, that could be of any use to them, sent to help clothe the ill-clad soldiers of the rebel armies. And thus the clothing accounts of many of the Federal troops were often unwittingly duplicated for the benefit of the men they were fighting. From this source, and from what was robbed from our men who were taken prisoners, and stripped from the dead and wounded left on the field, the rebel soldiers received a large share of their clothing.

General Sickles, with his corps, being now within supporting distance, his troops were allowed to rest until 11 o'clock, when the bugle again sounds "Fall in," and soon they are crossing the Rappahannock at United States Ford.

Soon after crossing the river the column entered the woods, and word came back from the front to look out for the rebel cavalry that were reported close upon our flank.

Sound of distant picket firing could now be distinctly heard in the advance, and orders were given to load.

Just after this order was received, and while the men where executing it, there was a sharp and sudden crack of musketry, as it seemed, in the immediate front. For a moment it was thought that the rebel cavalry had opened upon us with their carbines, and some of the boys turned pale from fear for the first and last time through all the fighting and danger that they were in during their whole service in the war. A company or two in the next regiment ahead had snapped caps to clear out their gun tubes before loading.

"Only this, and nothing more."

This little incident shows how the best of troops may sometimes be thrown into disorder by an unexpected attack, just as the Eleventh Corps was on the day following.

Orders were next given to regimental commanders to keep their company files well closed up, ready to face, front or rear, into an unbroken line of battle at a moment's warning, as the enemy's cavalry was liable to charge upon the marching column and cut it in two, unless ready to receive them.

After marching two miles further, another halt was called, and the order given to unsling knapsacks, and stack them up in company files by the side of the road. One man from each company was left behind to guard them, and the regiment, now in fighting trim, excepting overcoats,

again marches forward, while the increasing musketry, interspersed with artillery, sounds "nearer, clearer, deadlier, than before."

Soon is seen the smoke of the skirmish line — for it is little more than a skirmish as yet — and then the brigade is deployed in line of battle, ready for action.

The lieutenant-colonel rides along in front of the Twelfth, saying, "Don't be frightened, boys; I never knew a battle to be fought when you expected it." This was done of course to strengthen the timid ones, if any such were there, but it had a quieting effect upon the nerves of all who believed, as most of them did, that the regiment would be engaged before dark. But Colonel Marsh proved as good a prophet as he was soldier; for as evening approached the firing gradually died away, "and about 10 o'clock," as writes one, "we marched back to our knapsacks."

Here, with the dead leaves upon the ground for a bed, and the green branches of the forest pines overhead for a covering, all slept, sound and undisturbed, through the night.

Early the next morning the men were aroused from their sylvan bivouac, and while awaiting the breakfast preparation of "Government Java," already simmering over the crackling fires, Lieutenant Elder Durgin, using a rotten pine stump for a pulpit, preached a five minutes sermon to the members of his company, and such others as quickly gathered round, telling them in his own earnest and impassioned style, that the day of duty and danger had come, and that they must shirk neither, but stand up and fight like men worthy to bear the name of "New Hampshire Mountaineers," and to prove themselves, on the coming field of battle, heroically true to their country and their God.

After transferring a liberal portion of their cooked rations from the full haversacks of "Uncle Sam" to the now quite empty, old-fashioned ones of their own that would hold the hot coffee that was now ready, thereby both lightening their load and increasing their strength to carry it, they strap on their knapsacks and return to the front. During the forenoon the regiment, moving with its brigade, marched up the plank road past the Chancellor House, halting and waiting at two or three places along the way, and near the hour of noon, filed off on a cross road, leading into the woods from a cleared elevation, now known as Hazel Grove.

While waiting here for further orders, and enjoying the refreshing coolness of the forest shade, no one suspected that, within less than half a mile of their pleasant and seemingly safe retreat from the mid-day sun, the advance of General Jackson's rebel troops, with muffled dippers and canteens, were silently but swiftly marching past our right flank, upon which, ere the setting sun, it was to fall like a thunder-bolt from a clear sky

So near indeed were some of our men, who had gone further into the woods in search of water, that they were discovered by Jackson's flankers, and only saved from death or capture by fear the latter had of mak-

ing known their near approach and thereby imperiling their own safety, and the ultimate success of the bold and hazardous movement of their determined leader.

The cursory picket firing of the morning, that for some time was anxiously listened to as prelusive of the expected battle, had gradually died away, until no sound of war was heard, and all was quiet along the silent course of the Rappahannock. But it was the storm-brewing calm, and the very air seemed tremulous with apprehension of coming danger.

While resting and waiting in the shade of the sweet-scented pines, and enjoying the rare opportunity of washing down their noon-day lunch with clear, cool water from a neighboring spring, the joke and laugh went round, and it seemed more like a school-boy's picnic, than a lucky hour's respite from the "rough and rugged ranks of war."

"This is too good to last," remarked one of the thoughtful ones, and it did not last, as will soon be seen; for even while the boys were enjoying their *post prandial* amusements, Colonel Potter, with the true instinct of an old soldier and Indian fighter, snuffed danger in the air, and taking a hint from one of the staff officers about the enemy's movements, went with him out beyond our troops, and putting his ear to the ground could distinctly hear the rumble of artillery passing by, and now and then the well known click of the wheel hubs against the shoulders of the axles.

This, with other information of like import, was soon communicated to General Hooker, and about the same time a part of the moving column was seen about two miles away, near the "Old Furnace."

About 12 o'clock General Sickles requested and obtained permission of General Hooker to advance with two divisions of his corps and intercept this column, and ascertain, if possible, whether that part of Lee's army was retreating, as some thought, from the direction of their march at the point where they could be seen, or whether it was circling round to attack our flank and rear.

General Whipple's division being selected by General Sickles as a part of his advancing force, the Twelfth Regiment was soon again beneath the sun's hot rays, trampling the dusty road in search of the enemy.

Smoke was seen rising in the distance, and the word came back from the front that the enemy was surely retreating, and burning his baggage to keep it trom falling into our hands.

This report was believed by many of the officers, as well as men, and even by General Hooker himself, as recorded by some of his corps commanders.

Among the men of the ranks there was a division upon the question between the old and the new enlistments; the latter beginning to hope that they would soon be in Richmond (as some of them were), while the former, who had served under McClellan and Pope, were less credulous, and did not believe that Lee or Jackson would run before they were hurt.

To the often repeated expressions of the more sanguine that "Hooker's got 'em"; "They conclude to 'ingloriously fly' rather than fight us on our own ground"; "The Johnnies don't like the relative situation of things as well as they did at Fredericksburg": "There is no *stone wall butting* or *stuck-in-the-mud nonsense* this time," etc., etc., would be heard the ready rejoinders: "Never crow till you're out of the woods"; "We have heard enough of this kind of talk before"; "You'll find out *before you know it* (many a true word is spoken in jest) that 'Old Lee' is neither a fool nor a coward, and that his men can fight equally well whether behind a stone wall or pine trees"; "Go slow, Joe, and let your hair grow; for don't you know that 'taint all so?"

But while sad experience had taught the volunteers of '61 not to expect an easy victory, yet remembering the prowess of their chief as shown in the battle of Williamsburg and other engagements on the Peninsula, and the laurels, yet green upon his brow, won on the bloody field of Antietam, they, in common with those who only knew him by reputation as "Fighting Joe," had full confidence that when an order to retreat, or an offer to surrender did come, as soon it must from one side or the other, it would not come from him.

In order to protect and cover his own flank while moving himself against the flank of the enemy, General Sickles, after marching a mile or more, ordered General Whipple to move his two remaining brigades —the other brigade, Berdan's sharpshooters, having already been detached to act as skirmishers and flankers — obliquely to the left of the road upon which he was advancing, so as to check any aggressive movement of the enemy from that direction.

Soon after leaving the road the two brigades were deployed in line of battle. Colonel Bowman's, of the Twelfth New Hampshire and Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania, forming the right in the order named. The One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania, of this brigade, had been left back to support a battery

In this formation, preceded by a line of skirmishers, the division advanced down through a ravine, across a brook nearly waist deep, and then ascended a steep and rugged hill, the side of which was so densely covered with trees and bushes, entwined and interlaced with vines and briars, that it was almost impossible to keep a single file together, to say nothing about a line of battle.

Gaining the top, the line, if such it could now be called, was reformed, while Company C, of the Twelfth, was ordered to deploy as skirmishers and move obliquely to the right for a short distance. Finding no enemy, or signs of any in that direction, it soon returned, and the line, swinging to the left, moved rapidly down the opposite side of the hill into a meadow across which the rebel pickets were exchanging shots with our skirmishers.

The bullets soon multiply, as the rebel reserve comes up, into quite a horizontal shower, but so quickly do the men obey the order to lie down,

and so closely do they hug the ground at the edge of the meadow, that only one man of the regiment was seriously wounded. This was Hutchins, of Company I, who was hit in the elbow by trying to see the "Johnnies" and avoid their fire at the same time.

This was the first time the regiment had come under musketry fire, although it had become well acquainted, if not too familiar, with solid shot and shell at Fredericksburg.

While waiting on the top of the hill for Company C to return from its reconnoissance, one of the non-commissioned staff of the Twelfth went forward to the skirmish line, where one of them, crouched behind a small boulder, was exchanging shots with a rebel sharpshooter across an intervening valley

"Cover yourself, *quick*, if you don't want your comrades to do it for you," cried out the skirmisher as he noticed the approach of his visitor But before the latter could fully comprehend the meaning of the warning words, to say nothing about time to obey them, there came a swift interpreter in the shape of a Minie-ball that whispered in his left ear, and reminded him, just then, that he might be wanted back with his regiment. He did not wait for another reminder.

Just as "von level sun" was sending the shadows of the forest trees across the meadow, there was a roar and crash of arms almost in the rear and seeming to come, as it really did, from the very place that the division had occupied but a few hours before. It was the first blast of the cyclone that swept the Eleventh Corps from its position on the right of the Union line like chaff from a threshing floor.

The solid columns of General Jackson's advance were now making too desperate and determined attacks upon the rear of our own army to allow further chasing after the rear guard of his, and the division was at once called back from its now dangerous position in front to meet a still greater danger in the opposite direction.

General Whipple now leads his command rapidly from the meadow back over the hill, and through the woods toward the clearing it had occupied at noon.

The Twelfth had not proceeded far when Colonel Marsh, learning that Companies F and G had been left, by order of Colonel Bowman, commanding the brigade, down in the meadow to cover his retreat, came riding back and found, as he feared, that these two companies had been left, and were still waiting orders a half-mile or more in the rear, where in a few moments more they would be marching to the rear of the rebel army as prisoners of war.

Ordering the sergeant-major to run, as fast as he could, toward the front of the column and get orders from Colonel Bowman, or one of his staff, to take the companies off, Colonel Marsh rode back over the hill, and waited with them for a reply to his message. He was welcomed with almost tears of gladness by the men who expected every moment to be

surrounded by the rebels who were already moving to cut off their retreat. Anxiously they waited, but not long, before they heard, as a voice from the clouds, the glad words that came down to them from the sergeant on the hill-top, "*Bring them up.*" The sergeant-major, well nigh exhausted by his long, hard run (for he had done his best, fully realizing the critical condition of his comrades), sat down and rested as he waited to accompany the little rear guard that was coming.

Soon he heard the double-quick tramp, and then the labored breathing from their hurry up the hill, and the next moment he was gladly with them in their rapid march to catch up with the regiment.

This was the second time that Colonel Marsh had saved two companies of the regiment by his vigilance and resolution, — Company F being twice rescued by him — for which he deserves full credit.

The shadows of night were fast gathering, as Colonel Bowman's brigade emerged from the woods. The blaze of musketry and the flash of artillery at Hazel Grove and in the woods along the plank road beyond, plainly told, even if no sound had been heard, of the fierce struggle between the Blue and the Gray for its possession. The stampede of the Eleventh Corps, flying panic-stricken from the field, followed up by the desperate energy of Jackson's charging battalions, crazy with the excitement of the chase — for it had been, thus far, more of a chase than a fight — had carried fear and consternation into the ranks of the Union forces and threatened, at one time, the safety of the whole army. But the stubborn resistance of Berry's veterans of the Third Corps with the bayonet, and the heroic sacrifice of Major Keenan and his brave four hundred, who, with their sabres, cut their way through the rebel ranks to undying fame, had given time for Generals Sickles and Pleasanton, by the most energetic efforts, to get together and align a sufficient number of guns to check the hitherto resistless tide of Jackson's exultant legions.

In the mean time, and at the most critical moment, when the sword of Damocles hung over the Federal commander, night and Jackson fell and the army was saved.

It was just after twenty-two pieces of artillery, double-shotted with canister, had covered the ground with rebel dead, and driven their surviving comrades back under cover of the woods, that the Twelfth reached the field of carnage, and was at once ordered up to the support of the artillery. It was placed in the immediate rear of one of the batteries, and Company F was sent forward and deployed near the edge of the woods, into which the rebels had just been driven, with orders not to reply to the enemy's fire, but to quickly fall back behind our batteries should he again advance in force during the night. This was to give the artillery another chance to reap a bloody harvest.

The Third Corps, of about fifteen thousand men, was now bunched up on a few acres of cleared ground, almost surrounded by the forest, filled with exultant rebels, who had already paralyzed and almost destroyed

the effectiveness of one corps, and now seriously threatened the safety of another.

Their charging screech and yell, that sounded like a commingled pack of wild-cats and wolves, had now ceased. But here and there in the distance a similar sound, in a minor key, heard at intervals until late in the night, told that the news of Jackson's great success was being heralded through their army, and, coming from almost every direction, reminded some of the Twelfth boys of the story of the lost traveler, spending a cold, sleepless night alone in the wilderness, surrounded by howling wolves and beasts of prey

These cheers — for such they were intended — heard in their rear as well as their front, were not very cheering sounds to the silently listening ranks of Sickles's brave men, who fully realized their situation, and seriously anticipated the struggle that awaited them.

Thus cut off, and nearly surrounded, with only a narrow neck of swamp land, almost impassable, connecting him with the main army, the question for General Sickles to answer was, how he could best comply with the last order from General Hooker, to save his command if he could. Having, through the medium of a courier sent across the swamp, obtained permission, he resolved to make a midnight attack upon the enemy, which was so gallantly done by General Birney's division, charging with fixed bayonets and uncapped pieces, that some of the Eleventh Corps guns and a part of the supply train lost by the Third Corps, were recaptured, and the enemy driven back through the woods beyond the plank road, thereby opening easy communication with Hooker's headquarters at the Chancellor House.

This brilliant charge was made just to the right of our own position, and, lighted up by the flash and blaze of the enemy's artillery and musketry along the dark edge of the dense forest, for a background, was a scene that no one who saw and may read these lines will fail to recall.

> "By heavens! it was a glorious sight
> For him who had no brother there."

Again the Twelfth Regiment was fortunate in being exposed only to the stray shots, instead of the direct fire of the foe, as it would have been had it arrived a little sooner upon the ground in the early evening, or had been a part of the charging column later in the night. But its turn in the sad havoc of war was soon to come.

The men, with their clothes still wet from fording the deep brooks in the afternoon, suffered much, lying with chilled limbs and shivering bodies, uncovered upon the cold ground, with no chance to warm or scarcely to move. Few, if any, closed their eyes in sleep during that eventful night. Had their physical condition allowed, their thoughts were too sadly busy for the mind to acquiesce. The events of the day, the situation of the night, and the unavoidable strife of the coming mor-

row, when the great battle so disastrously commenced, would be renewed; the piteous cries of the wounded, still lying uncared for around them, and the memory of home, and the loved ones there, whom, as all feared and many felt, they should never see again, all combined to give ample scope for serious reflection.

Although thus far there was greater cause for joy than sorrow in the ranks of the Twelfth, yet, as "coming events cast their shadows before," there was a general feeling of apprehension, that the morrow would bring, as it did, the harvest of death.

Just in rear of this night battle-line, for every man lay in file on his arms, there was an old stable, into which many of the wounded had been carried, and from which throughout the night came commingled moans and groans of the wounded and dying. The piteous, heart-piercing cries of one poor fellow, continuing until the angel of death heard and came to his relief, are still sounding through memory's half-deserted halls, and can only cease when he who heard them hears and feels no more.

Colonels Potter and Marsh, and the kind-hearted "Old Major," as he was called, walked up and down the line, telling the boys to keep quiet and sleep, if they could, and they would stand guard over them for that night.

They too well understood the meaning and effect of Jackson's unexpected attack, the critical situation of Sickles's command, and the terrible struggle that must soon ensue, to think of rest or sleep for themselves.

The moon, though full, soon veiled herself with thin clouds, which spread a shade of sombre sadness over the earth that seemed to foreshadow the coming strife.

But the slow and chilly hours of that night of doubt and fear went by at last.

> "And Sabbath's holy morn too soon appeared,
> To bring such awful strife."

As soon as light both armies were standing to arms and ready for action.

Sickles had received orders from his chief to withdraw, if possible, from his perilous position, and unite with the main army on his right. This was a request much easier to make than to comply with, and no sooner is the attempt made than the enemy objects, and the battle commences.

While the troops nearer to, or in the edge of the woods, are engaged in holding the forces of Jackson — now commanded by General Stuart — back at the point of the bayonet, the rest of the corps, not needed for immediate support, is being rapidly moved off to the new lines of defence, surrounding the open rise of cleared ground near the Chancellor House, known as Fairview.

Whipple's division being, as we have seen, in reserve, and farthest from the woods, was first to move. Down through a narrow valley of

swamp land, partly covered with bushes, regiment after regiment followed each other in quick succession, until it was evident that Hazel Grove was to be abandoned to the surrounding lines of "butternut and gray," who were eagerly pushing forward on three sides, impatient to possess it.

Hooker has been severely criticised for giving up that position, as it gave the enemy a convenient elevation upon which to mask his artillery and enfilade the Union lines.

But how he could have held it without sacrificing one of his best fighting corps, we have never seen or heard explained.

The Twelfth, passing for some distance beside a fence in this quick and short retreat, every man was ordered to shoulder a rail, the special purpose of which, to the explosion of a multitude of conjectures, was soon found to be the filling up of a miry creek so that the artillery could be safely hauled across. It was a novel but expeditious way of building a corduroy road, and proved useful to the builders as well as to the heavier arm of the service that was to follow

After marching about half a mile to the eastward, and on a line nearly at right angles with the plank road, on either side of which the Confederates were already savagely pushing the fight, the regiment was halted, faced into line of battle, and ordered to lie down just in front of a couple of batteries that had taken position on the crest of a low sand ridge, and which now opened a rapid fire upon the woods in front.

So close under the mouths of these guns did some of the men lie, that they were obliged to stop their ears and cover their faces to keep from being stunned and scorched by the terrific howl and fiery breath of these fierce bull-dogs of war.

But soon their full-vented fury was checked by the order to cease firing; and the regiment, marching by the right flank a few rods, is again faced to the front and advanced to the edge of a small stream — some of the right companies passing over it — and again ordered to lie down.

The battle was now raging fiercely all around, and especially so as regards the position taken by Colonel Bowman's brigade, his being the third and last line of battle. Let us take a sweeping glance of this position and its immediate surroundings, that the reader may better understand the situation, and realize as best he can in imagination, the introductory exercises of the occasion as witnessed and participated in by the Twelfth New Hampshire Volunteers.

The sun — not, alas! of Austerlitz — is now up, but the dew-exhaling mists mingling with the smoke of battle fill the air, through which his bright rays penetrate with a strange and lurid glare.

From the woods in front comes a continuous roll of musketry. On the right and left the sounds of deadly conflict come to our ears in startling detonations, now louder and nigher and now again decreasing and receding like the wind waves of a mighty tempest. A few rods to the rear a

score or more of brass and iron twelve-pounders are, with deafening reports sending twenty shells a minute over our heads, each screeching defiance to the rebel batteries, which, from the woods in front and from Hazel Grove elevation on the left, are as defiantly answering back and sending their bursting shells all around us.

Between the little stream, that smoothly and quietly glides along this "perilous edge of battle," as if undisturbed by the agitation of its kindred elements of earth and air, and the darker line of the forest, half a gunshot beyond, there is an open space of ground ascending gradually toward the woods, and thickly covered with dead sage grass, still standing stiff and straight upon its soft carpet of vernal green, and through which the leaden messengers of death are cutting their way into our prostrate ranks lying face to the ground and head to the foe.

Nothing but smoke can be seen of the terrible conflict going on in the woods in advance, but of its deadly strife the ear, though half-paralyzed by our own artillery close behind, too plainly tells.

Regiments, torn and shattered, are seen retreating on the right and left, but some in Zouave uniform with apparently full ranks falling back from the enemy before having hardly engaged him. The other two regiments of the brigade — Eighty-fourth and One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania — are no longer to be seen upon the left, having advanced obliquely in that direction into the fight, followed by Colonel Bowman, who leaves the Twelfth New Hampshire to look after itself.*

Along the open space in front, staff officers are swiftly dashing to and fro, and riderless horses running wild with fear; while back across it, wounded men in constantly increasing numbers are coming, and here and there irregular squads — mostly of blue, but some in gray — like fragments torn from the contending lines by the shock of battle, are seen hastily retreating.

On the right front, and about midway between the brook and the woods, lies another regiment, half-hidden in the tall, dead grass, awaiting like the Twelfth, the momentarily expected order to advance.

Such, briefly sketched, was the position and situation of the regiment on the early morning of the third day of May, 1863.

That it was not a very pleasant or encouraging one, the reader and writer will probably agree. It was certainly a realistic dramatization of the first part of Danté's *Inferno*, and such as none who were there would care to witness or listen to again.

Is it any wonder that some, who were not too anxious for their own safety to think of anything else, should have asked of themselves questions like these : "Was it to avoid such a scene as this, that He, who knew and saw all from the beginning to the end, said 'resist not evil?'" "Must reason serve when passion rules; and yet reason, a Godlike attribute of man that raises him above, and contradistinguishes him from

* See Colonel Hall's letter and Colonel Bowman's report, *post*.

the brute?" And more natural, if less philosophical: "*What would they think at home if they could see us now?*"

How long the regiment lay in this passive but trying position, obliged to receive but unable to return the enemy's fire, no one can tell or will ever know. To some it seemed not more than ten minutes, and to others an hour; probably half-way between the two extremes would not be far from the correct time. It was, at any rate, long enough to make many vacant places in the ranks of three or four of the companies.

Charles M. Gilman, of Company A; Winsor P Huntress, of Company B; and Henry R. Kidder, of Company D, were all struck in the head by musket balls and instantly killed. William B. Worth, of Company G, was shot in the side or breast, and died an hour afterward in the log house near by, while others were more or less severely wounded.

A staff officer now rides up to Colonel Potter, and informs him that the regiment at the right front — regard for the State that sent it out, as well as for its colonel and a few of its officers and men, require that its name be not given — is to advance first, and his to follow and support it. A few moments later, and the long and loud command of attention is heard from the colonel of that regiment, as he rises from the ground, but only a few of his officers and men are seen to obey his order by showing their heads above the grass: and despite threats, curses, and kicks, with sword-pointed pricks, and broadside slaps, the men do not and will not move forward, or even rise from the ground, choosing to die like cowards where they lay, rather than to stand up and fight like men.

Colonel Potter, seeing the vain attempt of getting the regiment that he was to follow started, called upon his own; and all, save the dead and dying, immediately arose and moved forward to the edge of the woods, along which a few trees had been felled the night before as a slight protection from the enemy's fire.

Here a halt was ordered, the colonel not caring to advance further, having already exceeded his instructions, without further orders. He had not long to wait: for scarcely had the wounded who had been disabled on the advance from the brook been sent to the rear, before another order was delivered by the same officer who brought the last — both coming direct from General Whipple — which, considering its import and consequences, is here given in full: "You are ordered, Colonel Potter, to immediately advance your regiment into the woods, engage the enemy there, and hold him in check *as long as possible*," or, as some remember it, "*until the last man falls.*"

Such an order, at such a time and place, was enough to make the stoutest heart quail; for obedience to it meant that upon one single regiment of less than six hundred officers and men, now for the first time under musketry fire, must soon fall the whole weight of at least three times their number of the powder-stained veterans of "Stonewall" Jackson, whose fall the night before they had sworn to avenge, and who were, at that

very moment, pressing eagerly and exultingly forward to complete a victory which they confidently and correctly believed was already within their grasp.

The reader will notice that the order was not to advance and drive the enemy from the woods. Oh, no! not that; for General Whipple did not need his field-glass, as he stood upon the top of the little hill in the rear of his batteries, to see how wide the breach that the Twelfth was now left alone to fill. But it must be filled, or his division would soon be cut in twain, and all his batteries, in the enemy's possession or flying from the field. And hence the emphasis that this staff officer gave to the last and most important part of the order. "Hold in check" were the words, and they implied all, and more, than could be expected from any single regiment, for any length of time. But he knew Colonel Potter and his brave and able assistant Colonel Marsh, both of whom had fought with him in Mexico; and he knew that they led men who were the descendants of the heroes of Bunker Hill and Bennington, and hoped that to such officers and men the words "as long as possible," or, "until the last man falls" might not be in vain, and he was not disappointed.

Here, so far as can be seen through the smoke of the conflict, the Twelfth stands isolated and alone; for even the cowardly skulks, who disgraced the flags of both their State and country, have disappeared to the flank or rear to save their craven hearts from the fate that awaited them in front.

Whipple's batteries, on the sand hill behind, are still being served as rapidly as the over-heated guns will permit, and the battle is yet raging unabated on the right and left, where our line is evidently being driven slowly but surely back.

Directly in front there is a lull, portentous of the fury of the quick recurring blast, whose coming is being heralded by that savage-like screech so well known to every old soldier as the "rebel yell."

With nothing confronting them, they are cheering at their success and are rushing onward to meet and defeat the next Yankee line that dare oppose them. Indeed, from the very start, after reaching the woods, it was for the Twelfth a forlorn hope.

"Forward," comes the quick and stern command from Colonel Potter, as he jumps forward himself from the top of the breastworks upon which he had been standing to get a better view of the ground before him.

The right and centre at once obey, but on the extreme left the line officers not hearing, or failing to repeat the order, there was a slight delay in the starting of that wing, which the sergeant-major perceiving, but mistaking the cause, stepped to the front of the left company and exclaimed "Forward, forward is the order; now is the time to show ourselves men."

But the men no less than the officers understood and realized their duties and dangers, and were as ready and willing to meet them.

Observing that he was ascending quite an elevation that grew steeper as he advanced, and wishing to reach its height before the enemy, Colonel Potter gives the order to "double quick," and in less time than it can be written the regiment gained the crest, and sent a volley of "buck and ball," flanked by rifle Minies, into the close advancing lines of their country's foes.

No sooner did Colonel Potter, who had gallantly led his command from the time it entered the woods, discover the enemy's near approach, than, facing about, he halted the regiment, more by the motion of his extended arms than verbal order, and, pointing with his sword to the line of "butternut and gray," said, "There the devils are, give them hell." The almost simultaneous volley that instantly followed must have sharply reminded some of them that the battle-field is about as near that woful place as any other spot to be found on this mundane sphere.

The right companies had no sooner given their first volley to the front than their attention is directed to quite a large battalion of the enemy marching obliquely past them, as if intending to outflank their position and attack them in reverse. Companies C, K, and B half face to the right and open a well directed fire upon their flank. At the same time one of our batteries, on or near the plank road, gave them such a grape and canister reminder of their temerity, that they went back over the hill much quicker than they came.

The musketry duel, that now ensued between the "New Hampshire Mountaineers" and the Virginia Chivalry opposed to them, was one of the most desperate and destructive, for the time and number engaged, that ever was fought on any battle-field of the war. It was the fiery impetuosity of the South against the granite endurance of the North, never, on a small scale, better illustrated.

Though not quite the irresistible meeting the immovable, it was a most desperate and determined "*I will*" against an equally determined and more stubborn "*you wont.*"

The men began to fall as soon as they began to fire, the line so rapidly thinning that, within one half-hour, fully one third of the regiment were killed or wounded.

Soon the tall, commanding form of Major Savage is no longer to be seen standing firm and resolute in the midst of the battle, for a bullet has pierced his lower jaw, compelling him to leave the field with a ghastly wound. His brother, Captain Savage, of Company A, is breathing his last beside the stream in the rear to which he has been carried. Captain Keyes lies dead on the battle-line, where he fell while defiantly waving his sword in the face of the foe. Captain Durgin has been shot through the body and lies dying, as supposed, at the foot of a tree; and Lieutenant Cram, just promoted from the ranks, is lying lifeless among his dead comrades, while Captain May, disabled at the edge of the woods, and

other line officers have been more or less seriously wounded, and every company has been two or three times decimated in its rank and file.

Yet the battle, so desperately begun, goes bravely on, the fire of the enemy seemingly increasing as that of the regiment diminishes.

About this time there was an attempt of about fifty of the enemy to make a charge upon our centre and capture the colors. But it was only an attempt, for part of the number turned back, when little more than well started, and the bravely foolish few who kept on, were most all cut down by the converging fire of the right and left centre companies.

Directly following this, as if maddened by their failure to either drive or capture, the storm of leaden hail that poured into the now fast thinning ranks of the regiment seemed like a withering blast that must soon destroy all opposition.

So hot was the fire upon the centre, that the color bearers were both wounded, and a few of the men on the right and left of the colors gave back a little, seeing which, Colonel Potter sprang forward and urged his men to stand firm and hold their line good. There was no attempt to retreat or purpose to yield any ground to the enemy, for every man standing, except the wounded, still faced the foe, but it was like the tough oak in the tempest blast, which bends but does not break.

A moment later and Colonel Potter himself was wounded and carried from the field, followed by Sergeant McDuffee, who, though severely wounded, still held on fast to his standard — the state colors — that up to this time he had bravely up-borne, a part of the time in advance of the line.

The national colors are still waving defiantly in their place on the battle-line, but the stout and brave-hearted Sergeant Tasker can no longer bear them, for he has been disabled by a severe wound.

Lieutenant-Colonel Marsh, who has been everywhere present on the right wing of the regiment directing the fire and praising the steady, veteran-like action of the men, receives a bullet in his leg just after the colonel was disabled by a similar wound, and is obliged to leave the field.

Captains Lang, Barker, and Shackford, all nobly worthy to command the heroic fighters of their respective companies, are no longer permitted, by reason of wounds, to lead them; while Lieutenants Smith, Huntoon, Edgerly, Tilton, Milliken, Sargent, Heath, Fernal, and Bedee have all received blood-signed and bullet-sealed passes to the rear, but the last named refuses to use his for that purpose, preferring to stay and fight with the few brave men left on the field, some of whom, like himself, are bleeding from their wounds.

Two first, and three or four second lieutenants — among whom are Morrill, French, and Dunn, not already mentioned — are the only commissioned officers now left alive on the field; and of the five and one half hundred of the rank and file that opened fire upon the enemy an hour and a half

ago, not more than one fourth remain to hold the ground upon which are lying so many of their dead and wounded comrades.

But still the fight goes on, and the steel-nerved and iron-hearted men from New Hampshire are proving about as firm and reliable, and making themselves a name as enduring as the granite of their native hills.

But the terrible experience of the last hour and a half has taught them a lesson that each one is now practicing: for every man has his tree behind which he is fighting, though most of the trees are too small to afford but a partial protection from the rebel bullets.

Some have already used their last cartridge, and are getting more from the cartridge-boxes of the dead. Many of the muskets have become useless and been discarded for others picked up from the ground, or taken from the hands of the wounded, while those remaining whole have become so foul that the cartridges can only be driven down their barrels by punching the ramrods against a tree.

From their advance into the woods up to this time the unflinching heroes of the Twelfth have breasted the battle-storm alone, no other regiment having been seen that wore the blue, except one belonging to another brigade, that had been lying in the edge of the woods, some distance to the right and rear, and which arose and gallantly charged the flanking column of the enemy, before referred to, just after its discomfiture from the oblique fire of the Twelfth and the battery that opened upon it, capturing one of the rebel battle-flags, and then fell back over the brow of the hill and was seen no more.

But now, or about this time, a Zouave regiment appears on the left and the remaining braves of the Twelfth, who have only been saved so long by fighting in Indian style, hope for such active coöperation as will at least engage the attention of the foe in front and detract somewhat his concentrated fire upon themselves. But their hope is vain, for as seen at the opening of the battle, there was more show than fight in most of the Zouave troops. No sooner do they get up near the level range of flying lead, than they flatten out upon the ground, under cover of the brow of the hill, where they remain a few minutes, and then rising up and discharging one volley — their bullets going fifteen or twenty feet above the heads of the rebels — they retreat, as their historian will probably say, quickly, but in good order to avoid capture. And such a statement, considering the situation, ought not, perhaps, to be considered altogether inexcusable, although it would be doing much less violence to the truth to substitute the word *fighting* in the place of "capture"; for there was quite as good a chance to practice the one at the risk of the other, as when the Twelfth was ordered in, and found not even the fragment of a regiment engaged with the enemy or anywhere in sight.

The situation of what remained of the regiment had now become desperately critical and hazardous — a mere handful of men trying to fill and hold a wide breach which must soon be closed up by the enemy

It is only a question of a few swift-flying moments. Yet more swiftly from the hot-barreled muskets of three or four score men, behind as many bullet-scarred and shell-splintered trees, round ball, buck-shot, and Minie-bullets are still being hurled against the foe.*

About this time Lieutenant Morrill, of Company D, seeing that but a score or two of men remained, and thinking doubtless that further resistance would be more foolish than brave, informed Lieutenant Bedee, commanding Company G, that he was the ranking officer left on the field, and that retreat or capture seemed the only alternative.

This officer, who had been too earnest and active in the fight to notice before that most all the officers were killed or wounded, and he in command of what was left of the regiment, at once aroused himself to a full sense of the responsibility so unexpectedly thrown upon him. But retreat being to him a better word for the timid than the brave, and remembering that the order to Colonel Potter was to hold the ground to the last moment, determined to continue the fight while he took a swift survey of the field, to see if that moment had actually arrived.

But fearing, from the way the bullets were still flying, that unless something was at once done there would be none left for either capture or retreat, he gave the command, "*Lay down*," wisely intending to save his men while he decided what to do. But Sergeant-Major Bartlett, who had been watching the enemy's movements, knowing that to obey the order would be but saving the few fortunate enough to be alive, for lingering deaths from starvation in rebel prisons, immediately sprang to the side of Lieutenant Bedee and commenced to remonstrate. But scarcely had he uttered a word before the latter, looking in the direction indicated by the sergeant's finger, where a force of the enemy could be plainly seen marching close around their left, instantly straightened up from his slightly bent position (as he stooped to listen to the sergeant who was shorter and stood lower), swung his sword around and high above his head, and, with a voice that must have been heard, if not understood, by the rebels themselves, gave this order: "RALLY *'round the flag, boys, and get* OUT *of this.*"

Thinking, by the first part of the order, that the lieutenant could see one of the flags somewhere there was a moment's delay in obeying the last and much more important part. But it was only a moment, or nearer the sixtieth part of one, before every man was using all the reserve strength left in him to "*get out*" in the quickest possible time.

Someone has said, who pretended to know, as being present, that the little squad left of the regiment retreated as coolly and deliberately as they fought; that they rallied around and formed a line on the colors, both in the centre, and marched out of the woods as slowly and in as good order as they marched in. This all sounds and reads well enough,

* Some of the rebels said after the battle, that it was the first time they ever knew grape and canister used by infantry.

but nothing could be farther from the truth. First, there were no colors in sight to rally round, and second, instead of "slowly" and in "good order," it was every one for himself, and the Devil, or one of his hell-pens of the South, for the hindermost.

How the state colors were saved by their gallant bearer has already been related, and how the stars and stripes were saved from capture will be found recorded in the history of the colors.

From the quick change of orders, and the vehement and explosive emphasis that Lieutenant Bedee put upon the word "out" in his last one, the men at once understood that retreat had been already too long delayed, and that it was their legs and not their muskets that must now save them. But they did not then know that the door to the narrow and only avenue of escape was swiftly swinging to its close.

Ten minutes later and it would have been shut and bolted, and every one captured or shot.

The enemy, on either side, was far beyond the position held by the Twelfth before that position was abandoned. On the right, he had advanced along the plank road, near which the regiment fought, more than half a mile to its rear, captured a part of a battery on Fairview, and was already engaging the rallying line of the Third Corps near the Chancellor House: while on the left, the rebel force had taken and held the whole of the ground from Hazel Grove, where the fight first commenced in the morning, to the western slope of the Chancellorsville plateau.

Thus it can be seen, as will be proved by the best authority, that the Twelfth for some time had been fighting and desperately trying to hold its ground in the very midst of the enemy: that it had fought for at least two hours, and held in check for that time a much larger force of the enemy, without assistance or support worthy of mention, and, except for a few minutes, single handed and alone; and that at the time of its retreat it was over half a mile in advance of the nearest organized Union force, small or great, in the corps, or anywhere in that part of the field.*

It should be stated here that, of the fifty men and officers that were taken prisoners in this battle, nearly all had been wounded and were captured as far back as the brook and sand hill directly in the rear of where the regiment was then fighting.

On the retreat, after crossing the brook, most of the scattered squad obliqued a little to the right, in order to flank the steepest part of the hill, and came very near running directly into the rebel lines; a sharp turn and a favoring angle of elevation saving many of them from the leveled rifles of the waiting rebels, who demanded their surrender.

Though thus narrowly escaping capture or death, their course was the best left them, for had they taken a direct one, many more would have been shot down before reaching the top of the hill. That any of the few who took the latter course lived to reach the Chancellor House is little less than a miracle.

* See General Sickles's statement and Captain Hall's letter at the end of this chapter.

That the national colors of the regiment, that went down with him who bore them, were not captured by the exultant and sanguine victors of the field, pressing close behind, ere they ever safely scaled the hill-top, was certainly providential.

When the nearly exhausted few — not more than twenty-five or thirty at the most — emerged from the ravine where they last encountered the foe, and showed their blue uniforms on the lower side of Fairview, the quick eye of General Sickles, who was watching the swift approaching lines of gray, caught sight of them, and spurring his horse to the front of his guns, double shotted with grape and canister, shouted out in frantic tones to his gunners about to pull the lanyards: "*Hold on there; hold your fire; those are my men in front!*"

The foremost line of the enemy — if line it could be called, for they came out of the woods in squads so eager were they in their pursuit — had reached the top of the hill, in plain sight of the reserve line of the Third Corps, when the small remnant of blue suddenly came into view but little ahead of their pursuers, and taking a diagonal course that brought them directly between the Confederate advance and a part of Sickles's artillery that in a moment more would have opened, as a few minutes later it did, and swept the field.

Thus by the quick eye and timely action of their gallant corps commander, the bullet-proof survivors of the last regiment of that corps to leave the field were rescued from final destruction about to burst from the muzzles of their own guns.

Seeing the reception awaiting them at the Chancellor House, near which General Sickles had placed his artillery, the rebels stopped to close up and reform their lines.

In the mean time Lieutenant Bedee, getting himself and men into something of the shape of leader and led, with Second Lieutenants French and Dunn and his lieutenant-colonel and major, had reached the reserve line and reported to General Sickles himself, who, amid the cheers of his men, rode forward to meet him.

"*What regiment, and where's the rest of it?*"

"*Twelfth New Hampshire, and here's what's left of it.*"

"*Fall in, my brave men, and help us hold this line.*"

"*But we're all out of ammunition, General.*"

"*Pass to the rear then, quick, and give my guns a chance.*"

A minute or two later and the rescued few were seeking a safe spot to rest in the woods in the rear, while our artillery was cutting wide gaps through the enemy's lines in the opposite direction.

The Third Corps, which from early morn had borne the brunt of the fight, and been pushed slowly back, until despairing of any assistance, it had here taken its last stand, its brave commander plainly seeing that his further retreat was General Hooker's defeat, for the Federal line would be severed at the centre.

He had called and called, but all in vain, for reinforcements; and even then a single division from the First or Fifth Corps, impatiently waiting within quick supporting distance for the long expected order to move forward to the relief of their comrades, would have changed the disastrous opening of the day into a glorious victory before its close.

But the decisive hour came and went, and with it the last chance to retrieve the sad fortune of that sad Sabbath service to the God of battles and His holy cause of freedom.

General Hooker, disabled by a shell, could no longer direct nor control; General Couch, second in command, did not know, it seems, what to do, nor have the courage to do what he knew; and General Mead, at the vital moment, while Hooker was still unable to act and Couch could not be found, though requested by his superiors and earnestly solicited by his subordinates, dare not take the responsibility, and refused even to send a single regiment from his own command to the support of General Sickles, whom he well knew was hard pressed and could not longer hold his important position.

"Thus all in vain are thousands slain,
For want of a little nerve and brain."

General Doubleday says: "The Third Corps left their last position at Chancellorsville slowly and sullenly. * * * A single division thrown in at this time would have retrieved the fortunes of the day."*

From what has already been written, it will be seen that when General Sickles retreated back to his last position, near the Chancellor House, he left one of his regiments, still stubbornly fighting the enemy in the woods, more than half a mile in front of his new line of defense; and, as will be seen hereafter, that neither he nor either of its own division and brigade commanders knew where it was, or what had become of it.

Why this regiment, whose actual part and place in the battle of Chancellorsville is but little better known now than then, so far as any official report of its heroic acts has ever been made, was thus left to fight out its own fate, without others to support or orders to retreat, is one of the many army blunders, softly called oversights, the cause of which thorough investigation would discover not far from the wall-tent entrance of official incompetency

One, who had the best mind and means to know whereof he affirmed, has said, "It was because the d——n staff officers didn't know anything." But, whoever was responsible, field commanders or their staff, the consequences were none the less lamentable, and many brave men of the Twelfth on this day, like scores of thousands during the war, were needlessly sacrificed.

And yet there are, perhaps, better reasons to pity than to blame; for it is only those rare intellectual faculties, that are still more rarely found

* See Scribner's "Campaign of the War," pages 50-55.

united in the same subcranium organization, that can make a great general.

And of the thousands of subordinate officers necessary to the make-up of a great army, there are comparatively few who are cool and collected enough to perceive their duty, and brave enough to perform it on the field of battle.

Scarcely had Lieutenant Bedee taken his little command through the line before he was hit in the head by a piece of shell, which crazed him for a time, and Lieutenant French, wearing straps without a single bar, had now the honor of commanding the regiment.

From colonel to a second lieutenant, twenty-eight officers reduced to two, and only about a score left together out of more than five hundred and fifty enlisted men that went into the fight, is a sad but truthful pen picture of the Twelfth New Hampshire Regiment as it fell back beyond the reach of rebel bullets at Chancellorsville.

CHAPTER VI

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

(CONCLUDED.)

The battle was now nearly over, and yet the day was not half spent. Wellington at Waterloo, when it seemed, as the sun was going down, that he could but little longer withstand the terrible assaults of Napoleon's victorious legions without immediate assistance, is said to have prayed for Blucher or night.

Hooker needed neither reinforcements to advance, nor darkness to cover his retreat, for thirty-five thousand fresh troops stood waiting at his elbow Why he did not use them will be considered later in this chapter.

The Confederates had "fought like devils," but the very desperation of their onslaught had well nigh exhausted them, and but little more than the momentum of the crushing and almost resistless battle-ball hurled by them with such force earlier in the day, was left to complete the victory

But the Federal troops had been as stubborn to resist as the Confederates had been impetuous to attack, and even more so in some parts of the field. The Third Corps held its ground for more than three hours against superior numbers on its front and flank, and exposed, part of the time, to an enfilading fire from the enemy's guns at Hazel Grove; retreating at last, as we have seen, "slowly and in good order," and wanting but little support to have held their position to the last.

Had the enemy followed up his advantage with the same boldness and energy that he showed and exercised in gaining it, the effect might have been a complete rout of the Union forces, and the result much more disastrous than it was.

That General Lee did not push his advantage Sunday afternoon evinced quite unmistakably that his best foot had been put forward at the start, and that the other was getting lame and weary That he was losing strength much faster than he was gaining ground was apparent to every corps commander on the field.

It has frequently been said by ex-Confederate soldiers who were there, and nearly always referred to by them when speaking or writing of this battle, that the Yankees fought more determinedly at Chancellorsville than in any other battle where they ever had the honor of exchanging compliments with them. And this is undoubtedly true, for in no other

battle of the East did the Union troops have so much confidence in their leader or so strong a hope of winning a complete and decisive victory

But however good their courage and strength, there were some regiments that, like the Twelfth, had long breasted the storm at the front, sadly wanting now that the battle for them was over, in the last named element of combativeness. The courage of the few brave "Mountaineers" who had escaped the terrrible carnage of the field, though somewhat diminished, was still sufficient again to dare, but their strength to do was almost gone.

No one who has never been there himself can have any adequate idea how exhaustive to the vital forces is the struggle for victory between contending forces on the field of battle. The muscular power is usually severely taxed by long and forced marches, and want of sleep and rest, before reaching the field of conflict; and then comes the great strain upon the nerves, without the aid of which all the muscles are but inert weight to cumber instead of aid. So that when the excitement of the battle is over, and the nerves relax, the combatant finds himself almost as weak and fatigued as if he had just recovered from a long sickness.

Such was the condition of the survivors of the Twelfth, as they passed through the reserve line to the rear and sought a place of rest in the woods beyond. It was at this time that Captain Hall, of Whipple's staff, who, by the order of his chief, had been for some time hunting for it, found the regiment and conducted it back out of range of the enemy's shells. Up to this time, nothing had been known of the position or condition of the regiment by either Colonel Bowman or General Whipple.

After several hours of rest, lying at full length upon the dry leaves, where most or all of them fell asleep, the fifty or more that had already found and gathered around the colors formed a rallying nucleus for those who were still hunting for the regiment; and toward night, they, with others that had come in, were ordered back to the river to find a place to bivouac and reorganize.

Marching slowly and wearily along, and halting every little while to rest, they at last reached the river, as tired as if they had marched all day instead of only two or three miles. Here fires were kindled and efforts made by those who were able — for some actually were not — to make a cup of coffee and to roast a piece of pork, for notwithstanding a large part of their five days' uncooked rations was still in their knapsacks, their stomachs were as empty as their cartridge-boxes.

About 12 o'clock that night the whole division was called to arms by a sudden and spiteful outburst of musketry on the picket line; but in a few moments all was again quiet along the Rappahannock, and the men gladly resumed their restful slumber.

The next morning's roll-call found but ninety-seven men and four officers of the Twelfth present for duty This remnant was organized into a small battalion of four companies, commanded by Lieutenants Fernal,

Smith, French, and Dunn; and Capt. John F Langley, who had been for some time acting as assistant inspector of the brigade, was returned to his regiment and took command. Lieutenant Dunn wrote in his diary, under this date: "Who would have thought, nine months ago, when I enlisted as a private, that I should have command of the remnants of two companies of the regiment now?"

General Whipple, having got the regimental fragments of his division into marching shape, if not fighting condition, once more, advanced again to the front. But he had fought his last battle, and this was his last march. An hour or two later he was shot by a rebel sharpshooter, and, while being carried from the field, expressed the hope that he might live long enough to give Colonel Potter and his brave men a just report. That he did not is greatly to be regretted. But the fact that, while bleeding and dying, the thought should have even entered his mind, to say nothing of its open expression as one of his last and most earnest wishes, proves conclusively that he fully recognized and appreciated their heroic deeds and great services, and had determined that full justice should be done them upon the lasting records of their country.

There was no fighting during the day, and the whole division was privileged to rest in reserve. At midnight, when all save the corps commanders and the watchful pickets were sleeping, a council of war was held in the tent of the commander-in-chief. Of all the things done, or left undone, in General Hooker's whole military career, none, as it has seemed to many, was so indefensible and so strangely in contrast with himself — read and judged by his past military record — as his decision, with three to two of his corps commanders against him, to retreat without further effort from the battle-field of Chancellorsville.

The following was a day of preparation to do what the previous night had decided. One hundred men from the Twelfth — leaving but a guard behind — in charge of Lieutenants Fernal and Smith, were sent down near the river to throw up entrenchments. They were ordered to leave their knapsacks, muskets, and all equipments except their canteens in the care of those who were to remain in camp.

Near noon, thick, threatening clouds quickly gathered overhead, from which soon fell such torrents of rain as drenched everything above the ground and flooded that. An army overcoat was about as much protection against it as a linen duster in a smart April shower. In short, it was the eruption of an aerial volcano from which came not only a deluge of water, but fish, toads, frogs, and snakes, that are not supposed to have their habitations above. Fish six or eight inches long were found on the ground after the shower.

This cloud-burst, as it seemed to be, though anything but pleasant to the men watching or working in the trenches, was a merciful God-send to the wounded, many of whom were still lying on the field unprotected, except by the shade of the trees. It allayed the inflammation of

their wounds, checked the fever that was burning them up, and gave them a fresh and bountiful supply of ozone from nature's own laboratory Thus by the copious tears that the heavens shed upon the wounded and dying, after every great battle, are the sufferings of thousands relieved, and the lives of hundreds saved.

As night approached it had become an open secret to even the rank and file, that a speedy retreat was contemplated: though some would not allow themselves to believe what, at the same time, from accumulating evidences, they could not well doubt.

The men on detail had not yet returned, and much anxiety was expressed lest their muskets, equipments, and knapsacks would have to be destroyed. These fears were realized when, just as it was growing dark, orders came to destroy everything that could not be carried.

Knapsacks were piled up and burned, together with what muskets and equipments remained after the men had taken as many as they could or would carry across the river. Many a dearly cherished keep-sake or picture of mothers, wives, and children at home, or who had gone to their long homes since the Twelfth boys last bade them adieu were consumed in the flames that burned up their knapsacks and clothing. Some of their owners, finding that the army was to retreat, and permission to return for their knapsacks denied them, took their chances to do so; despite orders to the contrary, and hurried back in the darkness to find only a pile of smouldering ashes in the place where they had left them.

From about 8 o'clock until near midnight the regiment stood in line, under a drizzling rain, ready to march, with strict orders for no man to leave the ranks. This delay was because of the swollen condition of the river, making it almost impossible for the pontonniers to keep the bridge from being swept away. But bridge or no bridge to retreat over, sleep the men must have, for they were falling asleep and into the mud at the same time. The men were therefore allowed to lie down, in place, and sleep in the bed of mud and water until between one and two in the morning, when they were aroused from their water-soaked and mud-stuck rubber blankets, and started at last for the crossing. It was all daylight before the regiment recrossed the river, on the safe side of which were found some of its officers and men pleading sickness or slight wounds as an excuse for not being in the fight at all or leaving the regiment and field before their comrades who stuck by the colors, and whom they now seemed very glad to see and join on their homeward march back to camp. A field hospital had been established here which the rebels a day or two before had shelled. A squad of rebel prisoners near by complained for being exposed to the fire of their own guns. "I reckon *youans* can stand it if *weuns* can" was the mimicking response of one of the wounded lying helpless on the ground.

It was a long, hard march, through mud beneath and rain above, from United States Ford back to the old camping-ground at Falmouth.

Not even the glad thought that they were still alive, and marching toward safety and rest in their old quarters, was enough to sustain many of those who had not half recovered from the shock and strain of battle, and they were obliged to fall out all along the march, some within sight of their own company grounds, their wearied limbs being unable to sustain them further without rest.

It was late in the afternoon before the wet and wearied few who were strong enough to keep along with the colors, ended their slow and toilsome march: and sad and solemn indeed was the scene of their late happy encampment, now silent, tentless, and disconsolate.

As the shades of evening gathered around, and no sound of fife or bugle reached the ear, it seemed like the silent, solemn gloom of the grave.

But the men were too tired even for serious reflections, and as soon as their shelter-tents could be spread as a roof over their water-soaked quarters, they lay down in their wet blankets to steam and dream away their first full night's rest since the last they spent there.

For the following two days the usual routine of camp duties were entirely suspended, and rest alone was all that was required of officers or men.

But what a solemn, death-like silence reigned. The camp seemed like a graveyard, and every tenantless and dismantled quarter, with its walls and chimney standing as left, like a tombstone.

Who that was there ever did or ever will forget the first roll-call in that camp after its reoccupancy?

With tearful eyes and choked utterances the living present respond as their names are called, for the occasion too sadly reminds them of the brave and loved comrades and tent-mates among the absent wounded and the dead. And when at the close of the same day the drum-corps, for the first time after its return, played the "retreat"; it sounded like a funeral dirge.

The following memoranda are copied from the author's diary:

May 7, 1863. — Rained last night, cloudy and sombre like to-day. Tremendous cold storm; everything drenched and covered with water and mud. It is sad and gloomy, like a funeral, as indeed to us it is, of many brave and cherished comrades. The many vacant quarters in the company lines tell but too plainly of the terrible havoc of war.

May 8, 1863. — Rain again in the night, and another dull and cloudy day. It seems as if the heavens weep by night and put on the veil of mourning by day in sorrow for the fallen heroes, who but yesterday were here, but to-day sleep beneath the blood-soaked sod where they fell.

On Saturday news came that Chaplain Ambrose was killed near the Chancellor House, where he had been last seen, assisting the wounded off the field.

The next day the chaplain of Berdan's Sharpshooters kindly volunteered to preach a sermon of sympathy and consolation to the sorrow-stricken remnant of the once large and happy family of the Twelfth; and the skeleton squads, marching out of the company grounds to form a regimental line, for the first time since the retreat from Chancellorsville, was a sight too sad for eyes undimmed with tears.

The day following, the whole division was called out to listen to the announcement of General Jackson's death.

On the 15th the camp was joyfully surprised by the arrival of Colonel Potter and Chaplain Ambrose from the battle-field; the former a paroled prisoner and badly wounded, on his way to Washington, and the latter safe and sound, though believed to be dead, to continue his work of mercy and kindness in hospital and camp.

The loss of the colonel to the regiment was deeply felt, but the loss of the chaplain would have been much more lamented.

"It seemed good to hear his voice again" wrote one of his little flock after listening to his first sermon to them after returning to camp.

From the 18th to the 24th the men were busy tearing down and clearing away the old quarters, mostly unoccupied since the battle, and erecting new and smaller ones, to accommodate the few left for duty

About this time a petition to Governor Berry was circulated and signed by most all of the officers and men, asking that the regiment be sent home to recruit.

This, as understood, was favorably received, and but for the early move of the army in the chase after General Lee toward Washington, efforts would have been made through the War Department for that purpose.

A letter was received from Governor Berry stating that he would try and get permission for the regiment to go home and recruit, or a place for it in some fort. There was some fear that the regiment would be broken up and the men put into other organizations. This, as the reader will remember, would have been a violation of the original compact, and the venerable and patriotic Samuel Berry, of Barnstead, N. H., wrote a letter to the Governor, earnestly remonstrating against such a course and eloquently pleading that its record, though brief, was too glorious to end until the war ended.

May 27th, there were only one hundred and twenty-seven men for duty Three days later the whole regiment — one hundred and twenty-six men and five officers — went out on picket for the same length of time. It was fine weather and some of the younger ones amused themselves, when not on duty, in building miniature dams across a creek, and erecting rude mill structures thereon with improvised gates, water-wheels, etc.

Colonel Berdan, noticing the playwork while riding by, stopped and curiously inspected the same, and then remarked, "None but New England boys could do that," and expressed the hope that he should see them building real mills on a larger scale some day Though a matter

of little or no importance, it is alluded to here because it illustrates how little things are noticed by great men, and especially if they happen to tangent upon or come within the circle of their own genius.

Colonel Berdan was a New England boy himself and had passed some of the happiest of his youthful days in constructing water-wheels of different kinds and sizes and seeing them revolve in the little brook that ran close by his father's house. It was the first indication of that inventive and creative power that afterward produced the Berdan rifle, which was adopted by the Government, and many other useful inventions that gave him a national reputation. In the battle of Chancellorsville he commanded the Third Brigade of Whipple's division. This brigade was composed of the First and Second United States Sharpshooters, and were armed with Sharpe's breech-loading rifles. The men wore a dark green uniform, as least likely to betray their presence and position to the enemy when lying in the grass or skirmishing through the woods. Selected, as they were, from among the best shots in the army, and armed with the best small arm then in general use in the service, with a chaplain who sometimes went with them to the front, carrying a telescope rifle with which he could dismount a general field officer a mile or more away, it is no wonder that they were greatly feared by the rebels who called them "Green Coated Devils," or "Snakes in the Grass."

They were chiefly employed as skirmishers and flankers, for which places they were especially fitted, but sometimes, as in Chancellorsville, presented themselves in solid line of battle. It is hazarding but little to say that no body of troops of twice their number did more effective service.

June came in with a hurricane wind that filled the tents with dust and sand and blew over many of the chimneys. The tent ropes of the officers' quarters had to be tightened by driving the stakes more securely into the ground, and extra efforts were necessary to keep the regimental hospital tent from blowing down.

It had been warm and dry for some time, with a few days exceedingly hot for May, and the dust, which had been getting daily more and more unpleasant and annoying, filling the air at every movement and slight breeze, was now up and out in full force, as if on a holiday march, and sweeping down the parade-ground in solid, cloud-like battalions at every recurring gust. Of course such violent exercise of the aerial element soon produced perspiration, and the next day it rained.

The regiment was called into line at the first dawn of light on the morning of the 4th, and stood to arms ready to march at a moment's notice for two hours or more. This was because of a reported movement of the rebel cavalry

June 5th, heavy firing was heard in the afternoon in the direction of Fredericksburg, and it was soon correctly reported in camp that a part of our forces had again crossed the river at or near that place.

It was now quite evident to General Hooker that the Confederate army was on the move, and this reconnoissance across the river was to ascertain if anything more than a strong picket show had been left at Fredericksburg. Finding the enemy still there in force, General Hooker, though satisfied that a part of Lee's army had been withdrawn, decided to wait and watch until he could get more definite information of his movements. He soon became convinced that the army of Northern Virginia with Lee at its head was moving rapidly northward. It could mean but one thing, and that, another bold raid into the North.

The next day occasional firing was heard at or near Fredericksburg, and the sick in camp were removed to the division hospital. It was useless to dispute, for indications and reports all pointed toward that conclusion, that another campaign was about to open and that there was more hard marching and fighting soon to come for the Army of the Potomac.

Letter from Colonel Hall.

The following is from a letter written March 21, 1892, by Col. Daniel Hall, late Department Commander of New Hampshire, G. A. R., who was captain on General Whipple's staff at the battle of Chancellorsville:

I well remember the Twelfth Regiment and when it was posted in the edge of the woods below the Chancellor House. It got separated, by some chance, pretty essentially from the rest of the division. I rather think its separation was brought about by its fighting better and more doggedly maintaining its position. Part of the division was on the right and part on the left of the plank road, and not closely connected. The Pennsylvania regiments (very small ones) brigaded with the Twelfth were not ranged with it on the line of battle, but, as I now remember, were posted in reserve or to guard its flanks and were dispersed or driven back before the Twelfth was.*

General Whipple and his staff were attending rather more to the rest of the division, because, as I remember perfectly well, he had full confidence in the Twelfth and its commander, Colonel Potter, and believed it would hold its ground as long as possible.

After our line was broken almost everywhere and the army was practically driven from its position, and a retreat or rout was imminent, this regiment was still maintaining itself and had not given up its ground. Then, when about the whole line had retreated toward the Chancellor House, the situation of the Twelfth began to be a matter of inquiry, and steps were taken by General Whipple to save whatever might be left of it. I cannot say that I carried any order to the regiment, for it was fighting alone and not under the orders of any immediate superior — Colonel Bowman, commanding the brigade, had lost connection with it — but I remember finding the remnant left of it after it had got back as far as the Chancellor House, and of taking it off the field. My impression is that I was then acting under orders of General Whipple to find and save the regiment, if I could, and get it to the rear where we were trying to gather up the fragments of the division.

* See Colonel Bowman's report.

This was toward or about noon. At 2 o'clock, or thereabouts, the whole army fell back into a new line of intrenchments toward the river.

Of the remarkable gallantry and stubbornness of the New Hampshire Twelfth that day there is no question. It was matter of common talk among us, and General Whipple was proud of the conduct of the regiment; and after he was wounded the next morning by a rebel sharpshooter, and knew that his wound was mortal, he spoke in warmest terms of praise of the regiment and of Colonel Potter, wishing that he might live long enough to do him and his brave men justice.

Though not a field officer was left, and scarcely a line officer, and nearly three fifths of its entire number were killed or wounded, the regiment came up the slope to the Chancellor House in fair order amid the fire and shouts of the exultant rebels swarming out of the woods but just behind them.

Colonel Bowman really gave no direction to the Twelfth that day, after the first formation in the early morning, and it was not under his eye at any time after, during the battle. I also remember what a magnificently large regiment of stalwart men it was when it first came to the front, and what a splendid body of men — nearly six hundred — that went into the fight, and came out with less than two hundred effectives left. * * * I wish I might help by my testimony to do that justice to the gallant Twelfth New Hampshire which my lamented friend, General Whipple, did not live to do.

The foregoing letter, though written nearly thirty years after the battle, and almost wholly from memory, is remarkable for its correct outline of the situation and its general accuracy. In the absence of any official report of the important part taken by the regiment in that battle, except so far as incidentally referred to, it supplies a great want, and is especially valuable to the author of this history to confirm many statements of his concerning the Twelfth at Chancellorsville, that otherwise might be considered as written with more regard for the credit and good name of the regiment than for the simple truth.

Indeed, so nearly do these statements and the letter agree, in several essential particulars, that one might think that the same person had written both, or that one had been written to correspond with the other; although the fact is, that the author of each wrote in entire ignorance of what the other was going to write or had written.

With the exception of the correction of one date, and a slight change in one or two minor particulars, the letter, as originally written at the solicitation of the author, and as here published with his sincere thanks to Colonel Hall, in behalf of every surviving member of the regiment, is the same.

Official Reports of the Battle.

The following extracts from the official reports of the corps and brigade commanders, together with a brief extract from the report of the assistant adjutant-general of the division, will be found useful, as well as interesting, in assisting the reader to a better understanding of what has already been written in this and the preceding chapter.

It is extremely to be regretted that no official report, further than found in the following extracts, was ever made of the heroic part the Twelfth bore in the battle of Chancellorsville.

General Whipple, who knew better than any other general officer of the difficult and almost impossible task that stern necessity imposed upon it, when, in want of any other troops present, he was obliged to order it in to do the part and hold the ground of a whole brigade, did not live long enough, though it was his dying wish that he might, "to do justice to Colonel Potter and his brave men."

Colonel Bowman, commanding the brigade, knew little or nothing of what the regiment did, or even of its position after he left it at the brook in the early morning, and therefore could make no satisfactory report of it. Colonel Potter was severely wounded and sent to Washington; but for his not making a report and giving his brave men the credit that belonged to them, after he had sufficiently recovered from his wound to do so, there seems to have been no excuse and the wrongful neglect can neither be explained nor justified.

General Sickles in his report, after giving the movements of his corps from the time of its breaking camp at Falmouth to the forenoon of Saturday at Chancellorsville, says:

My attention was now withdrawn from Chancellorsville, where Berry and Whipple remained in reserve, by several reports in quick succession from General Birney, that a column of the enemy was moving along his front toward our right. This column I found, on going to the spot, to be within easy range of Clarke's battery (about 1,600 yards), and Clarke so effectually annoyed the enemy by his excellent practice that the infantry sought cover in the woods or some other road more to the south, while the artillery and trains hurried past in great confusion, endeavoring to escape our well directed and destructive fire.

This continuous column — infantry, artillery trains, and ambulances — was observed for three hours, moving apparently in a southerly direction toward Orange Court House on the Orange and Alexandria railroad, or Louisa Court House on the Virginia Central. The movement indicated a retreat on Gordonsville or an attack on our right flank, perhaps both; for if the attack failed the retreat could be continued. The unbroken mass of forest on our right favored the concealment of the enemy's real design. * * *

At noon I received orders to advance cautiously toward the road followed by the enemy, and harass the movement as much as possible. * * *

I then directed Whipple to come up within supporting distance. Reaching the iron foundry, about a mile from his first position, Birney's advance was checked by a twelve-pounder battery of the enemy, which, at short range, from Welford's house near the road, poured in a destructive fire. * * *

The considerable intervale on the left between Birney's and Williams's divisions of Slocum's corps yet remaining unoccupied, I was compelled to draw largely from my reserves (Whipple) to enable me to connect on the left with Slocum.

Referring to the attack of Jackson, he continues:

Returning to the front, I found every indication that looked to a complete success as soon as my advance could be supported. * * *

Regarding the movement opportune for the advance of General Pleasanton with his cavalry and horse battery, I was about to dispatch a staff officer to bring him forward, when it was reported to me that the Eleventh Corps had yielded the right wing of the army to the enemy, who was advancing rapidly, and, indeed, was already in my rear.

I confess I did not credit this statement until an aide-de-camp of General Warren of General Hooker's staff confirmed the report, and asked for a regiment of cavalry to check the movement. The Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry was immediately sent by General Pleasanton, and brilliantly was the service performed, although with fearful loss. I had only time to dispatch staff officers to recall Birney and Whipple, when the enemy's scouts and some dragoons disclosed themselves as I rode toward the bridge across Scott's Run for the purpose of making dispositions to meet and arrest this disaster. Meeting General Pleasanton, we hastened to make the best available disposition to attack Jackson's columns on their right flank. I confided to General Pleasanton the direction of the artillery — three batteries of my reserve, Clarke's, Lewis's, and Turnbull's, and his one-horse battery

The only supports at hand comprised two small regiments of cavalry — Sixth New York and Seventeenth Pennsylvania — and one regiment of infantry — One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania — of Whipple's division.*

Time was everything. The fugitives of the Eleventh Corps swarmed from the woods and swept frantically over the cleared fields in which my artillery was parked. The exulting enemy at their heels mingled yells and volleys, and in the confusion which followed it seemed as if cannon, caissons, dragoons, cannoneers, and infantry could never be disentangled from the mass in which they were suddenly thrown. Fortunately there was only one obvious outlet for these panic-stricken hordes, after rushing between and over our guns, and this was through a ravine crossed in one or two places by Scott's Run. This was made impassable by the reckless crowd choking up the way.

A few moments was enough to restore comparative order and get our artillery in position. The enemy showing himself on the plain, Pleasanton met the shock at short range with the well directed fire of twenty-two pieces, double shotted with canister. The rebels pressed by the plank road rapidly, and as General Pleasanton justly observes in his report —

"They advanced in silence and with that skill and adroitness they often display to gain their object. The only color visible was an American flag with the centre battalion. To clear up this doubt my aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Thompson, First New York Cavalry, rode to within one hundred yards of them, when they called out to him, 'We are friends; come on!' and he was induced to go fifty yards closer, when the whole line in a most dastardly manner opened on him with musketry, dropped the American colors, and displayed eight or ten rebel battle flags."

Lieutenant Thompson escaped unhurt, and our batteries opened on the advancing columns with crushing power. The heads of columns were swept away to the

*See mention of in preceding chapter.

woods, from which opened a furious but ineffectual fire of musketry. Twice they attempted a flank movement; but the first was checked by our guns, and the second and most formidable was baffled by the advance of Whipple and Birney, who were coming up rapidly but in perfect order, and forming in lines of brigades in rear of the artillery and on the flanks.

My position was now secure in the adequate infantry support which had arrived, and the loud cheers of our men, as twilight closed the combat, vainly challenged the enemy to renew the encounter.

Of the midnight attack made by his forces he says:

It is difficult to do justice to the brilliant execution of this movement by Birney and his splendid command. Wood's brigade formed the first line, Haymen's second, about one hundred yards in the rear, pieces all uncapped, and strict orders not to fire a gun until the plank road and earthworks were reached; the movement to be by the right of companies. On the left a wide road led through the woods perpendicular to the plank road on which the Fortieth New York, Seventeenth Maine, and Sixty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers were pushed forward by column of companies at full distance.

The night was very clear and still; the moon, nearly full, threw enough light into the woods to facilitate the advance, and against a terrific fire of musketry and artillery — some twenty pieces of which the enemy had massed in the opening, where General Howard's headquarters had been established — the advance was successfully executed, the line of the plank road gained, and our breastworks reoccupied. * * *

All our guns and caissons, and a portion of Whipple's mule train were recovered, besides two pieces of the enemy's artillery and three caissons captured.

As the following, in reference to the next day's fight, will be instructively interesting to most of the readers of this book, and of special interest to all the survivors of the Twelfth, particularly to those of them who fought there, it will be given in full:

At daylight on Sunday morning I received orders from the general-in-chief in person to withdraw from my position on the plank road and march my command by the most practical route to Fairview, and there occupy the line of intrenchments along the skirt of the woods, on both sides of and perpendicular to the plank road; my artillery to occupy the field-works on the crest of the hill in the rear of the lines of battle. Major-General Berry I found already in position in the front line with the Second Division connecting on his left with Williams's division — Twelfth Corps.

An examination of his disposition left me nothing to desire.

General Whipple commenced his movement from the Wilderness (the place it occupied Saturday night) by the left flank, preceded by the artillery of his own and Birney's division, except Huntington's battery, which was well posted on the right flank to cover the withdrawal of the columns.

Birney followed in good order. When the rear of his column (Graham's brigade) had descended into the ravine, the enemy fiercely assailed Graham and Huntington's battery, but were handsomely repulsed. Directing a battery to

open fire from the crest of a hill to the left of the Fairview house (meaning the Chancellor House) and a brigade to be formed in column of regiments within supporting distance of Graham, he was withdrawn in good order, though not without considerable loss.

Huntington's battery, of Whipple's division, swept with a most destructive fire the plain upon which the rebels deployed for their attack on Graham. In withdrawing over the branches of Scott's Run, this battery lost some of its horses and material. Along the heights in front of Fairview, commencing near the plank road on the right, were Dimick's and Osburn's batteries; near the dwelling Randolph's and Clarke's were posted; on the extreme left of the crest Seeley, Lewis, Livingstone, and Puttkammer in reserve. Huntington was sent to the ford. The Third (Mott's) Brigade, Second Division, after the retreat of the Third Maryland, moved forward to the breastworks by the command of General Mott, and drove the enemy back upon himself with incalculable slaughter.

The Fifth New Jersey advanced into the woods, beyond the line of breastworks, capturing many prisoners and colors. The Seventh New Jersey vied with the Fifth in repelling the rebel masses. Graham's brigade (the One Hundred and Fourteenth, Fifty-seventh, Sixty-third, Sixty-eighth, One Hundred and Fifth, and One Hundred and Forty-first Pennsylvania Infantry) was almost immediately sent to the front to relieve one of General Slocum's brigades which was reported to me to be out of ammunition.

The First Brigade (General Franklin commanding) of Whipple's division, in two lines — the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth and Eighty-sixth New York and One Hundred and Twenty-second Pennsylvania — supported Berry on the right of the plank road most gallantly.

The battery on the left of the road and in the rear of the line having been withdrawn, these regiments relieved the front line on the left of the road, and by a brilliant charge drove back the enemy who was coming down the road and over our breastworks.

It was in this charge that the intrepid Lieutenant-Colonel Chapin and Major Higgins were wounded, the former mortally.

The Second Brigade, Colonel Bowman commanding — the Twelfth New Hampshire, Colonel Potter commanding; One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania, Lieutenant-Colonel Crowther commanding; and the Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania, Lieutenant-Colonel Opp commanding — formed the third line in front and to the left of the batteries at Fairview.

These troops behaved with the utmost gallantry and were boldly led, maintaining their ground to the last, under the most adverse circumstances.

Their loss was necessarily severe. Besides Lieutenant-Colonel Crowther, who was killed, Colonel Potter, Lieutenant-Colonel Marsh, and Major Savage, of the Twelfth New Hampshire, and Major Jones, of the One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania, were all dangerously wounded.

The sharpshooters, under Colonel Berdan, supported the First Brigade, throwing out a strong line of skirmishers to the front in the woods. These splendid light troops rendered the most efficient service.

Major Hastings was severely wounded while upon duty with his battalion.

The vigor and tenacity of the enemy's attack seemed to concentrate more and more upon my lines near the plank road and on my left flank.* As fast as their

* It will be remembered that the Twelfth fought on the left of and close to the plank road.

lines were broken by the terrible fire of artillery and musketry, fresh columns were deployed.

My last reserve — Wood's brigade of Birney's division — had been sent to support Berry on the right of the plank road, but the heroic commander had fallen in the thickest of the fight, while Wood was on his way, who failed to get into position before the enemy had turned Berry's left flank, which was held by the Third Maryland, of the Twelfth Corps.

Thirty cannon, in commanding position and admirably served, inflicted terrible blows upon the enemy. Often repulsed by the concentration of this fire and by repeated charges of infantry, his exhausted resources enabled him to press forward rather in crowds than in any regular formation.

Colonel Bowman, in his very brief and somewhat indefinite report of the battle, after referring in a few words to the advance of his brigade and its position Saturday afternoon and night, continues as follows:

In the evening we fell back and lay on our arms until daylight, when the entire brigade — the One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania had rejoined it on its retreat from the woods in the afternoon — was directed to march in the direction of the brick house (meaning the Chancellor House), and to form the third line of battle in front our batteries, placed on a hill.

I had no special orders from General Whipple, excepting that it would be expected of me to support the batteries. But I had hardly made the proper dispositions of my command, when (the enemy having made a vigorous attack against our left) I saw our troops on both sides of the creek break and run, without giving the enemy a single volley. Under these circumstances it was obvious that unless this calamity could be repaired instantly our left would be turned at the very beginning of the engagement. I could not at that moment obtain the advice of either my division, or corps commander. The enemy was seeking the very cover abandoned by our troops to be used against us. There was no time for delay, and I ordered the One Hundred and Tenth and Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers (these being nearest thereto) into the position abandoned as above stated.

For a moment it was doubtful if we could get there before the enemy, but just then General Whipple appeared, and urging us on, we secured the position, and held it.

By this circumstance my command was divided. The Twelfth New Hampshire Volunteers became engaged subsequently, and lost heavily. Colonel Potter, Lieutenant-Colonel Marsh, and Major Savage were all badly wounded, and of twenty-one officers and five hundred and thirty-seven enlisted men of this regiment who went into the fight, there remain only five officers and two hundred and twelve men now present for duty. The One Hundred and Tenth and Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers held their position for nearly two hours, and until our artillery on the hill had been withdrawn. * * *

My command having been separated by the circumstance alluded to, and anticipating my inability to be present constantly with all portions of it, I instructed Colonel Crowther, the senior officer, to hold the position at all hazards until it became absolutely impossible and then to retreat, but unfortunately he

did not discover in time our line broken on his right, and that he was flanked on his left, and before he was aware of it he was called upon to surrender by an overwhelming force of the enemy. This proposition was responded to only by a hand to hand encounter, in which he bravely fell, and out of which about one half of the command at that point escaped, bringing many prisoners with them. The fate of the balance is unknown.

From this report it is seen why and how the Twelfth became separated from the rest of the brigade, and had to fight its battle alone: but it does not so clearly appear where Colonel Bowman and his staff officers were after he left Colonel Crowther in command of his two Pennsylvania regiments. He says: "Anticipating my inability to be constantly present with all portions of it (the brigade), I instructed Colonel Crowther," etc. Now the Twelfth was the only portion left of the brigade, for there were but three regiments in it, and if Colonel Crowther, as senior officer, took command of and was looking after two regiments, what hindered Colonel Bowman from looking after the other?

Or, if he could not possibly do so himself, where were all his staff officers and aides-de-camp? It is safe enough to presume, that had the Twelfth been at that time as far to the rear as it was in front of the main line of battle — meaning the front line of intrenchments, to hold which the Pennsylvania regiments had been ordered to the left — it would have had no reason to complain for lack of attention from either general or staff officers.

Assistant Adjutant-General Dalton, of Whipple's staff, refers in his report to Bowman's brigade as follows:

> The second brigade was placed in position supporting the batteries on the left and front of the white house (meaning, as presumed, the Chancellor House).
>
> This position was a critical one, the troops on either flank having fallen back, and the batteries having been withdrawn; but the brigade held its ground successfully until nearly flanked, when it retreated to the lines of the army. In this movement the brigade was constantly engaged in fighting and suffered heavily, losing more than half of the command. Out of seven field officers, five fell, either killed or wounded.

This report of Captain Dalton's, dated May 10th, shows how little he knew of the action of the brigade after it had taken its position in the morning, and how little was known of the position and action of one of its regiments as late as seven days after the battle. What he says, excepting as to position first taken by the brigade and loss of field officers, applies only to the two Pennsylvania regiments, and does not touch the Twelfth at all. Yet it is of some importance here, as cumulative evidence, because, when taken in connection with Colonel Hall's letter and Colonel Bowman's report, it proves conclusively the correctness of the author's pen picture of the situation at the time the Twelfth was ordered into the fight, viz.: that the regiment, after the detachment of the other two bat-

talions, was left substantially alone to stem the tide that was rolling in upon them from a broad unguarded front. "This position," he says, "was a critical one, the troops on either flank having fallen back and the batteries having been withdrawn."

But if that position was a critical one, as indeed it was, what shall be said of the position of the Twelfth more than two hours afterward — if the Colonel is correct in his time — when it stood fighting seventy-five rods at least in advance of its first line of battle, *with both its flanks firmly held by rebel troops!* The part of the brigade of which he speaks fell back long before the remaining and most tenacious part did, and no inference intended that *any* part of it did not fight *well*, either

General Sickles's Testimony

General Sickles, when asked at the time of the Third Corps reunion in Boston, if he remembered anything about the Twelfth New Hampshire Volunteers at Chancellorsville, responded as follows:

"Yes, sir, I do; I know that it was the last regiment that left the field that day When I had formed my last line near the Chancellor House, and my artillery was just about to open on the rebel lines that came pressing out of the woods at the foot of Fairview, I noticed a little squad of blue emerge in sight over the hill on our left front; and putting spurs to my horse, I rode in front of my batteries and ordered the gunners to hold their fire as there were some of my men between us and the rebels. I was interested to know what regiment the men belonged to, as I supposed all my troops had fallen back some time before that, and when they came up I found they belonged to the Twelfth New Hampshire Volunteers."

He was then told that his statement explained what some of the Twelfth boys who were in that squad had said about him at the time.

"What was that?" inquired the general.

"They said, and have often since referred to it, that you were riding up and down in front of your line, bare-headed and swinging your hat, and crying out: 'Fall in, fall in here, men! These are *my* guns!' Understanding you to mean for them to fall in and help support your batteries."

"No," laughingly replied the general, "that wasn't my object, nor quite my words, though I can see how they could easily have understood me so. What I did say was, '*Hold on there, gunners! Hold your fire! Those are* MY *men!*'

"The little squad (for as I remember it there wasn't much more than a baker's dozen left of them, was there?) sprang into sight all at once and entirely unexpected to me, and, if I hadn't seen them just as I did, there wouldn't have been anything left of them. But such is war, and its losses and dangers. O, yes, I certainly know and shall never forget so much about your regiment at Chancellorsville."

The Chancellor Estate,

upon which the main battle was fought, and from which it took its name, was formerly owned by George Chancellor who settled there about eighty-five years ago. He was a rich planter, owning a large number of slaves, and built the

large and imposing structure standing there until consumed by the flames at the time of the battle, and long known as the "Chancellor House." The place itself with its surroundings, was called Chancellorsville; but this name was not usually applied to the house until after the war.

This house was situated at the intersection of the old turnpike and the plank road, both leading to Fredericksburg, and on the direct route from that city to Orange Court House and Gordonsville. It was a great resort for planters and business men who lived in or between those places, though never used as a regular hotel. It was built mostly of brick, and was one of the largest and best finished "F F V"* mansions in the State.

The house now standing on the same spot, a printed engraving of which is here seen, was built up from the old walls of the west wing that were left standing, and is about one third the size of the original one. The estate included about eight hundred and fifty acres, and had remained in the Chancellor family about fifty years, being sold just before the war. It is now, unless recently sold, owned by W N Wyeth, of Baltimore, Md., but is under the care and supervision of Vespacian Chancellor, grandson of the original owner, and nephew of Maj. Sanford Chancellor, whose widow, Fanny E., and family resided there at the time of the battle.

After the war she resided for several years with her husband's nephew, above named, where the author had the pleasure of seeing and conversing with her October 3, 1888, and where she continued to reside until her death a few years later, when almost eighty-three years old. In answer to the question, "I suppose you still very vividly remember that day and its terrors?" she replied with a voice tremulous with emotion as well as age, "I guess, indeed, I *do!*" placing such a forcible but sad and shuddering emphasis upon the last word, as to almost make the listener think he was on that field again, and could see the flames consuming the house above her head.

There had been so many different stories told and published about the burning of the building, and of whom and how many were in it beside the wounded soldiers at the time it caught fire from the rebel shells that were raining upon it, that it had become doubtful if any of them were true.

It appears, however, upon investigation, that not one half the truth has ever been told. When the battle commenced on Sunday morning there were thirteen or fourteen persons in the house that were living there and in houses near by, and all females but two — a boy and a baby. These were Mrs. Chancellor, her six grown up daughters, her son about sixteen years old, two of the neighbors — one with a baby in her arms — and two or three colored servants.

When the fire of the enemy was directed against the house, these helpless noncombatants went down into the cellar, where they remained until driven out by the flames.

At the time the house caught fire the Union lines had been pushed back across Fairview, and the building was exposed to a most destructive fire from the enemy's guns, some of which were now occupying the very ridge in the woods where the Twelfth but a short time before had been fighting. More than this, it was within the sweep of the rebel musketry, bullets constantly striking the house or flying swiftly past it.

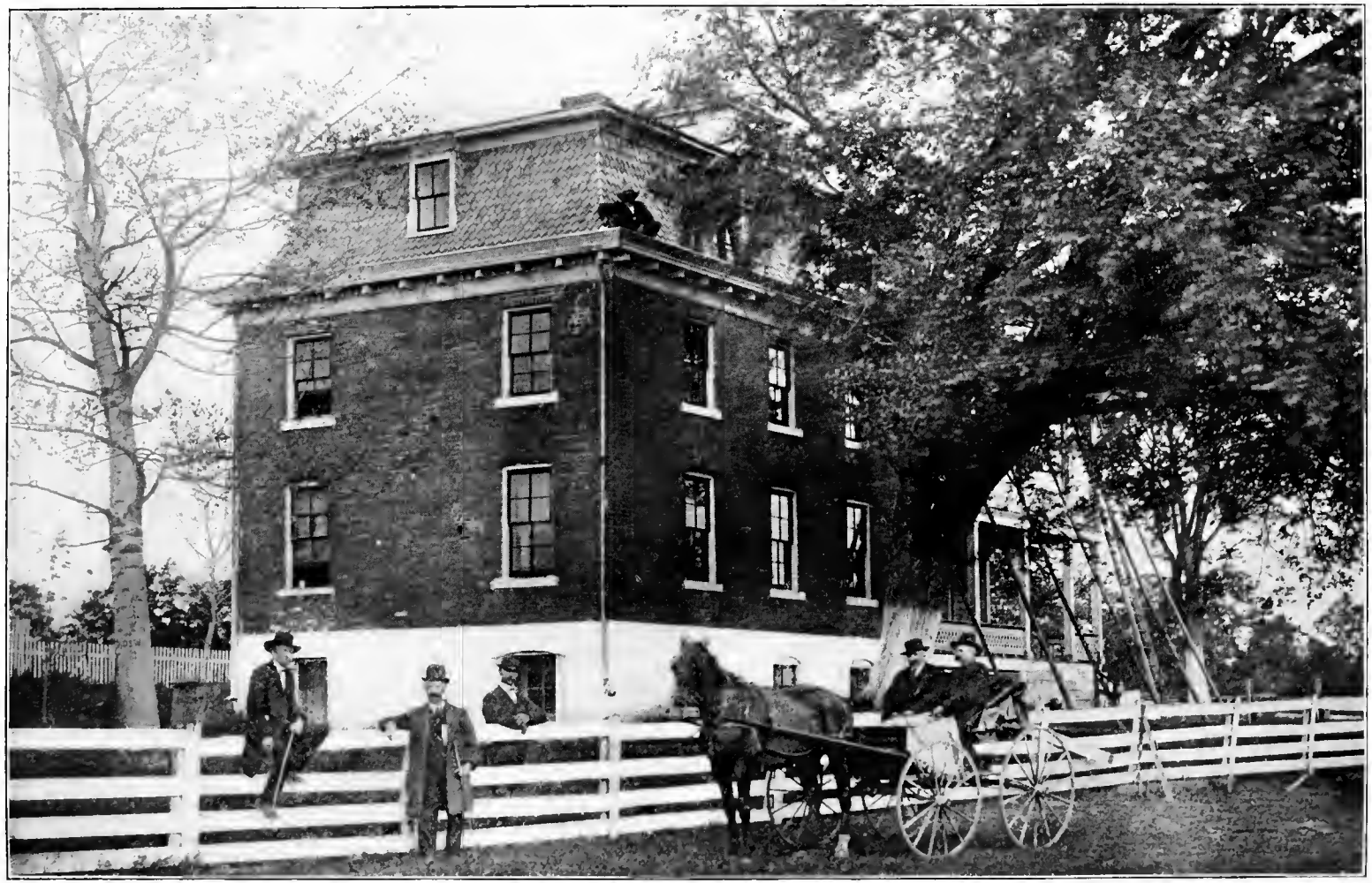
*First Families in Virginia.

They were advised therefore by Colonel Dickinson, of Hooker's staff, to wait awhile and see if the fire inside could not be put out or kept under control before taking the chances of what, as yet, was a more dangerous, if not hotter fire outside. But soon the flames had made such progress that it was evident they must leave the house or be burned to death and buried in its ruins. The wounded, among whom were Colonel Potter and several of his men, had been all removed, and now the women, assisted and encouraged by Colonel Dickinson and a brave and kind hearted drummer boy (who has visited the family two or three times since the war, but whose name cannot now be recalled) ascended from the cellar and made ready for their fiery exodus. Fortunately the rebel artillerists, seeing the house in flames, had ceased to make it a target for their guns, and the musketry fire had considerably diminished. Now, then, was their time if ever, for the flames were now fiercely raging above and around them, except the side toward which they hastened for egress, and pieces of the burning ruins were already falling upon their heads.

As the mother at the head of the family reaches the door, she takes one wild look and hesitates; and though the scorching flames are making every moment's delay perilous, it is no wonder that she pauses. The terrible fear of herself and children being burned to death, that was impelling her swiftly on, is, for the instant, forgotten at the awful scene of destruction, carnage, and death that now presents itself before her. What a situation for innocent, inoffensive, and helpless humanity was this! What a picture for a master artist's brush! The terror-stricken mother, standing on the threshold of her own home, that is fast crumbling into fiery ruins above her head, with her six daughters and youthful son clinging to or clustering about her, and her servants and neighbors pressing close behind, needs but the smiling face of the baby that, all unconscious of danger, is securely covered and closely hugged to its mother's bosom, to complete the group. But this is but the centre-piece of the picture, and we leave the rest for the imagination of the reader; for the whole scene no pencil can sketch, no brush can paint, and no pen describe.

Leaving the house, conducted by the gallant colonel, and assisted by the drummer and other soldiers, the pitiful group, hurrying rapidly forward and keeping the burning house between them and the bullets that were still coming from the enemy's front, at last reached the protection of the woods, all untouched by the flying missiles of death, but by no means unharmed. One of the daughters was so greatly excited and frightened that the blood ran from her nose and mouth, and it was feared she would bleed to death before it could be stopped; and one of the old family servants was so terrified that she lost her reason, and never recovered it to the day of her death, that occurred a few years later.

This house was occupied by General Hooker as his Headquarters, and where he was disabled for some time from holding the command of his army. He was struck by a piece of wood that was split off by a solid shot or shell from one of the posts of the piazza, near which he was standing, and while just about to mount his horse. He was picked up by some of his staff and carried into the house, where for a time he lay in a semi-conscious condition, from which it was feared he would never recover. But soon rallying, he called for his horse, as the idea of what he was about to do when hit, came back to his mind; and, in spite of every remonstrance, mounted, with the assistance of his officers, into the



THE CHANCELLOR HOUSE.

saddle, and rode a piece into the field. The pain from reaction of the shock was so severe, however, that he had to return to the house again.

Colonels Potter and Marsh and several other wounded officers and men of the Twelfth were in the house about the time it caught fire, and when one of the chimneys was knocked down, the fire-place tumbling into the room where they lay, making such a jar and noise that it seemed as if the whole house were falling down upon them. It was in this house, also, that Chaplain Ambrose and Surgeon Hunt worked so bravely and nobly for the suffering wounded, not leaving it until forced to by the flames.

It has been stated upon the authority of Surgeon Jamison, of Whipple's division, that Captain Angle and three other commissioned officers of the Eighty-seventh New York Regiment were burned to death in this house. This, as hoped, was not correctly reported, although, in the hurry and confusion, it is not altogether improbable that some of the living wounded might have been left there to be consumed by the flames.

The picture of the building here seen is from a photograph taken at the time of the visit of the survivors of the Twelfth Regiment and others to the battle-field, October 3, 1888, and shows upon the staging and roofs, the workmen who were then shingling the house, the team of Vespasian Chancellor, superintendent of the estate, with Mr. Chancellor and Reuben T Leavitt of the Twelfth in the carriage, and two other ex-members of the regiment — Frank L. Hughes and the writer hereof — sitting on the fence.

The brick end of the building, shown in the picture, is the part of the old building left standing at the time of the battle; and the dark spots thereon are solid shot thrown by the Confederates, and that are still to be seen sticking into brick walls.

Jackson Monument.

It stands within a few feet of the plank road, about a mile west from the Chancellor House, and less than eighty rods from where the Twelfth New Hampshire Volunteers fought on the morning of the third day of May, 1863.

It is built of Virginia granite, stands about twelve feet high, and has upon it the following inscriptions:

On the side of the pedestal facing the road, in large capitals, is the name "Jackson," and on the die above are the words, "On this spot fell, mortally wounded, Thomas J. Jackson, Lt. Gen., C. S. A., May 2d, 1863." On the east side, "'There is Jackson standing like a stone wall.'— Bee at Manassas." North side, "'Could I have directed events, I should have chosen, for the good of the country, to have been disabled in your stead; I congratulate you on the victory which is due to your skill and energy.'— Gen. R. E. Lee." West side, "'Let us pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees'— his last words."

There has been considerable dispute, even by the Confederate soldiers, as to the exact spot where Jackson fell, many claiming it was thirty or forty rods west from where the monument stands, and nearly opposite where the Twelfth lay in support of the batteries Saturday night. It is also a question that can never be answered with certainty, whether he was killed by Federal troops or his own men, but probably by the latter.

After Thoughts of Chancellorsville.

"Can I go to Haverhill on this train?" the writer once hastily inquired of a ticket master just as a train was about starting from the depot, meaning simply if it was the Haverhill bound train.

"Well, I don't know," replied the ticket agent, smiling at the way the question was put, "we can *start* you in about two minutes, but *getting* there, you know, is quite another thing."

It was just after two or three serious accidents on that and connecting roads, and the long, uncertain answer to the question was easy to understand, even without the special emphasis that was given to the above italicized words.

Thus it was when "Fighting Joe Hooker," with men and mules packed with ammunition and rations, started for Richmond. His plan of the campaign was good, his combinations timely and well ordered, and his start-out in every way promising. But the history of the Army of the Potomac had been one long chapter of defeats and disasters, from Bull Run to Fredericksburg, to say nothing about the "mud march"; and General Hooker, with this dark chapter before him, and knowing that he had not only General Lee and his army in the field but General Halleck and his staff at Washington to contend with, was weighted down with fears and doubts from the hour that the great responsibility rested upon him.

Had he had the same confidence in the courage and ability of his men that they had of the same qualities in him, the result would have been much more satisfactory, even if the objective point of his campaign had not been reached.

When the sun of that sad Sabbath day went down, notwithstanding the ill-fortune that had compelled him to contract his lines, and yield a large portion of the field, he had at least seven out of ten chances still left to him.

Though several of his corps had been roughly handled, and were consequently more or less disabled, yet his army was by no means defeated.

Even the Third Corps, that had borne the brunt of the battle, was in as good a condition to renew the fight Monday morning as one half of the rebel forces. The remark has often been made, that Hooker was a good fighter, but he lacked the ability to command a great army. And such will doubtless be the verdict of history, notwithstanding the acknowledged fact, that his move against the Confederate army — then behind its blood-cemented defenses at Fredericksburg, and separated from him by a wide and swiftly flowing river — was so ably planned and brilliantly executed, that when he halted his advance force of forty thousand men at Chancellorsville, he had more than half a victory won, without the loss of a single man or gun.

If this was not generalship of the highest order, then search history, and tell where, from Alexander to Bonaparte, you can find it.

And as a further reply, if any more is needed, to the charge of incompetency, another important fact, though not so often considered, may be presented, viz.:

Joseph Hooker was the only general of the Union army who ever proved himself to be more than a match for his great antagonist, the hoary-headed Nestor of the Rebellion, Gen. Robert E. Lee, in the great game of strategetics, from the time the latter took command of the Army of Northern Virginia to the time he surrendered it at Appomattox.

If Hooker showed no ability in this, then was Lee greatly in want of it.

Instead of General Hooker being unable to command so large an army as the Army of the Potomac, he was probably, everything considered, the ablest commander it ever had, excepting General Grant.

And yet, because he failed once, and was not permitted to try again, he must take his place in history as a failure.

"So much to fortune and to fate."

The world judges its great actors by the results of their efforts, when oftentimes nothing could be more unjust; and the muse of history thinks herself justified in simply recording the common opinion of the public mind, regardless of the correctness of that opinion, and only too careful to suppress any opinion of her own that may chance to run counter to it.

But was Hooker in nothing lacking? By no means, for it is only the centuries that produce a military genius.

But first, as referred to in the preceding chapter, he was sadly lacking in strong and efficient corps commanders who had the ability and courage to take command of the army even for a single hour, though that was the crisis hour of the battle, and their chief lay prostrate from the effects of a shot from the enemy's batteries.

And thus was the grand reserve of over thirty-five thousand men, that Hooker had purposely held back to decide the battle and give him a complete victory, allowed to remain inactive while the rest of the Union troops were being driven from the field.

General Hooker was also lacking in the good-will and hearty coöperation of his superior in rank, General Halleck, who was chiefly instrumental in getting him removed from the command of an army that he had so skilfully handled as to restrict and control the movement of the enemy, and compel General Lee to turn back and retrace his steps from Harrisburg, that he had hoped to capture, and fight a battle before he was ready, and upon ground not of his own chosing.

But if Hooker himself was lacking, as already admitted, it was not in ability, but in courage, the very last thing of which his bitterest enemy would have ever thought of accusing him.

But between the courage here referred to, and what is generally understood by the name, there is a very great and important difference. Courage to meet personal danger, or face death on the battle-field is one, but not the only kind necessary for a great general to possess.

The surgeon who has the courage and nerve to bravely stand, and cooly act at his post of duty, while the shells of the enemy are bursting over his head and all around him, may not, at the same time, have the courage to cut the mangled limb from the wounded body of the poor suffering soldier, although he knows it is the only chance to save him, but fears that he will die upon the amputation table, with the warm blood of his victim upon his hands, if he undertakes it.

"How dare you take such a risk"? said one of Cromwell's officers to him as he was about to order his soldiers to enter the halls of the King's Parliament.

"I dare do anything to attain my object" was the reply of the lion-hearted leader of the *Iron Sides*, and, instead of being hung for treason, he became Lord Protector of the Realm, and, when he died, was buried with the greatest honors in Westminster Abbey.

Had Hooker been as willing to take the risk and the responsibility as Lee was in ordering the last desperate charge at Gettysburg, or as Grant was in swinging his whole army south of the James, after his bloody repulse at Cold Harbor, leaving Washington and the whole North almost entirely unprotected, the end of his campaign, so brilliantly entered upon, would probably have been as glorious as its beginning was propitious, and Richmond his reward.

It was the courage of his convictions that would have prompted him to act, regardless of all consequences, that was chiefly wanting.

A good general, it is said, will look out for his lines of retreat, but he is a better one who, when the exigency demands, dares, like Cortez, to burn his bridges behind him, determined to go through or go down, but never to go back.

Had the rising waters of the Rappahannock swept away, as they threatened to, the pontoon bridges at United States Ford, after the great rain of Tuesday afternoon, it would have been of the greatest advantage to the Union commander, for the new and necessary kind of courage, born of desperation, that it would have inspired in him, was all that was needed.

Advance or surrender would then have been the stern alternative, and who that was there can doubt which it would have been, or what would have been the result?

In technical terms his strategetics were most admirable, and his tactics, though they have been severely criticised, were in the main good, and would have succeeded, despite the crippling of his right wing by the unexpected attack of Jackson's army, had they been tenaciously adhered to and vigorously carried out to the end. And it would not be claiming very much to say that he was the superior of General Halleck, even in logistics.

Had he supplemented his encouraging and somewhat boastful announcement made to his army three days before the battle, by another the next day after, stating, in substance, that he had started for Richmond, and was going there in spite of anything the enemy had done, or could do to prevent him; that although the Rappahannock was behind him, and what was left of the rebel army in front, he proposed to move forward again at once, with nearly forty thousand fresh troops to take the advance; and called upon his troops for one more effort to make his words of promise good, Chancellorsville would not now be found recorded in history as a Confederate victory.

But it must be admitted, even by his most enthusiastic admirers, that in *stubbornistics*, that part which though not found in the books of military science, nor taught at West Point, is none the less essential, for it made Grant invincible, he was again somewhat lacking.

But what has seemed strange to many was his neglect to carry out his original plan of battle to keep a heavy force in reserve, by forcing a desperate fight from those engaged, and then, when the enemy was well nigh exhausted, letting that reserve sweep clean the field.

This, as will be remembered, was the kind of battle-plan that, with the eye of genius to direct and the "Old Guard" to execute, made Napoleon Bonaparte the greatest military chieftain of modern times, and would as surely have given another star of rank to Hooker, and been another step toward that lofty summit of enduring fame later reached by the less brilliant but more determined hero of Vicksburg and Appomattox, had the thirty-five thousand fresh troops been ordered

in. But those who wonder at this fatal neglect upon that day, and think because only a part of his army was engaged when the whole of it was so badly needed, that he had more men under his command than he had the capacity to well handle, forget, or never knew what has already been referred to, that at this critical and decisive moment he was lying prostrate and senseless inside the Chancellor House, with no one who dared to act in his place, and that before he had sufficiently recovered to again take command it was too late to retrieve the day.

This very important fact is not, it seems, sufficiently considered in discussing the causes of Hooker's failure at Chancellorsville, and especially as bearing upon the final result of his campaign in retreating from the battle-field.

While every one, who knows anything of the history of this battle, acknowledges the damaging if not fatal effect of this accident to him, as determining the battle on Sunday, few or none seem to give it any serious thought as connected with his decision to retreat the following day. And yet it needs no physician's certificate to convince any reasonable person that from such a severe concussion of the brain as prostrated and paralyzed him on Sunday noon, he could not have so fully recovered on Monday night as to have his mind as clear and his nerves as strong as if nothing had happened to him.

The great French captain, whose name was once the terror of Europe, and is still the wonder of the world, said that in battle five minutes may decide the fate of empires; and if it is the five-minute acts that decide great battles, what shall be said of the loss of a full hour at the very crisis point of the contest? Certainly there was a fate in this, if in all else Hooker was at fault.

Moreover, he had been driven from the field for not being able to do the very thing that Lincoln had suggested to him, to put in all his men; should he now disobey his written injunction, twice repeated, to "beware of rashness?" The safety of the nation was in his hands, the responsibility a great and grave one, and he in no physical or mental condition to either decide or act.

And so we end this second chapter on this great battle and the part taken in it by the Twelfth Regiment, as we commenced the first, and say that He, who in His wise providence so often contravenes the ablest plans and strongest purposes of man, can alone answer the question why Hooker failed at Chancellorsville.

CHAPTER VII.

The Gettysburg Campaign.

This chapter commences with the first movement of the regiment in that severe campaign that culminated in the great and decisive battle of Gettysburg.

On the tenth hour of the 10th day of June, 1863, but little more than a month after the bloody field of Chancellorsville, marching orders were received, and the next day the Twelfth broke camp, about 3 o'clock P. M., and marched to General Birney's Headquarters, where it, and the Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania joined the First Brigade of the Second Division, commanded respectively by Gen. Joseph B. Carr and Gen. Andrew A. Humphreys.

The Third Division of the Third Corps had been so broken up and cut to pieces at Chancellorsville — its commander being killed, its brigades reduced to regiments, its regiments to companies, and the companies to mere squads of ten or fifteen men — that it was disorganized, and the remaining fragments of it put into the First and Second Divisions.

It was supposed from this that the move was only for a change of camps: and the men loaded themselves up with everything that might possibly be of some use to them in the new quarters which they expected they were to establish, but half a mile away.

No sooner was this pleasing delusion of only a change of camping ground, so far dispelled as to indicate, instead, a change of base for the whole army, than the work of unloading commenced, and continued through the long hours of that hot afternoon, until, when the welcome bivouac gave rest to weary limbs at Hartwood Church, late in the evening, little or nothing, save gun, equipments, and blanket roll — the soldier's absolute necessities on the march — remained of the pack-mule load with which they started.

"We are in for it again, and God only knows when and where we shall come out," was the remark of one member of the Twelfth, and he simply expressed the serious thought of all. Yet though speculation was rife, and the cause and purpose of the sudden movement was freely discussed, not one in the whole army, including General Hooker himself, knew enough of the plan or design of the enemy to enable him to any more than guess what would be the objective point.

Certain it is, that no member of the Twelfth, when he left camp on that day at Falmouth, Va., had the faintest idea that his next permanent

camping ground would be at Point Lookout, Md. And it is equally certain, that some of the most brave and patriotic, had they known the terrible marches but just ahead of them, would never have started, but took the advice of Dr Fowler, and went to the Potomac Creek Hospital.

Though sick and unable even for light duty in camp, they wanted to keep with the regiment as long as possible. But every day left one or more of them behind to die or to be taken along on teams or in ambulances, until they could be sent to some general hospital, or left at some place on the march where they would be cared for. And a few, with pluck and nerve remarkable, were enabled by the assistance of their comrades and the kindness of officers, who let them ride in their own saddles or got them a chance to ride on the teams, to keep along with the regiment, either holding their own, or even gaining strength when strong men failed, and fought for victory and peace on the field of Gettysburg, where some of them sealed their heroic record of fortitude and patriotism with their life's blood.

From Hartwood Church the march was resumed at 6 o'clock the next morning; and, though the day was exceedingly hot, twenty-six miles were marched, through clouds of dust, on the Warrington and Alexandria turnpike, without halting, except for a few moments at a time.

The regiment passed Kelley's Ford about 5 o'clock P. M., and crossed the Orange & Alexandria railroad, near where it spans the north branch of the Rappahannock, just as it was getting dark.

An hour or two later the brigade filed off into a field and stacked arms, as it was supposed for the night. But hardly had the men stretched themselves out upon the ground to rest, before they were called up, ordered into line again, and obliged to march about three miles further before making a final halt, near the middle of the night, at Beverly Ford.

This was one of the hardest marches ever made by the Army of the Potomac.

A day's halt here was absolutely necessary to allow time for the men, who were obliged to fall out, to come up and get sufficiently rested to proceed. A cavalry engagement had occurred at this place a few days before, and wounded horses, left to their fate, were found near the battle-field.

In the afternoon a part of the Twelfth went out near the river on picket, and at night there was a detail from the regiment, and others in the brigade, to throw up a redoubt.

The next day was the Sabbath, and it proved, unexpectedly, to be what it was designed for — a day of rest. But when evening came, at the hour of 9, another start was made, and a night's march ended at 7 o'clock the next morning at a place about half way between Rappahannock Junction and Catlett's Station.

A few hours of rest and sleep were given the troops here, and then

twelve more long miles to Manassas Junction were painfully measured out by weary limbs and blistered feet, with only a short stop at Bristoe Station for "hard-tack" and coffee refreshments. This was a harder march even than that of the 12th, for the men were not in so good a condition to make it, their feet being so badly blistered that some left blood in their tracks through the hot sand.

The heat was intense, and the dust almost suffocating; and but for the use of handkerchiefs, wet as often as possible, and worn over the faces of the men, the number that were obliged to fall out would have been greatly increased.

It was past midnight before guns were stacked, and their weary bearers allowed the restful sleep of the bivouac.

From 9 o'clock Sunday evening to the hour of this last halt, the regiment had marched between thirty and forty miles, with little rest by day or sleep at night, and "tired nature's sweet restorer" was never a more welcome guest.

General Humphreys, commanding the division, referring to this march says:

"It was painful in the extreme, for owing to the continued drought streams, usually of considerable magnitude, were dried up, the dust lay some inches deep on the road-way, and the fields were equally uncomfortable. The suffering from heat, dust, thirst, fatigue, and exhaustion was very great. It was near midnight when the division reached Manassas Junction, after a march varying in the different brigades from twenty-five to twenty-nine miles."

General Carr, the brigade commander, writes about it as follows:

"This march was one of the most severe in my experience; the air being almost suffocating, the dust blinding, and the heat intolerable. Many men suffered from *coup de soliel*, and a large number sank by the wayside utterly exhausted."

It was now not only evident, but beyond dispute, that however urgent the call the infantry could not much longer respond, at the exhaustive rate of the last few days.

The great military train was being propelled at a dangerously high mark on the gauge, and it became absolutely necessary, to keep it longer united on the track, to "slow up."

If the river fords and mountain passes must be guarded and defended, to insure the safety of Washington or other northern cities, the cavalry must be depended upon to do it, until the slow but stubborn musketeers could get up. So Tuesday was a day of rest, the only move by the Twelfth being a change of camping ground to get nearer water.

On Wednesday, the 17th, the division moved slowly forward, crossing Bull Run at Blackburn's Ford about noon, where a short halt was made, and the rich pleasure of a cool, cleansing bath was greatly enjoyed. It was an ablution long to be remembered, and its effect, sup-

plemented by a haversack lunch, was so refreshing and invigorating that the afternoon march to Centreville seemed but a pastime as compared with some of the days just past.

Remaining near Centreville until nearly dark the next day (for which all were thankful, for it was extremely hot), the regiment moved a mile or two nearer the village during a severe thunder shower which commenced before starting, the water running in brooklets under the shelter-tents.

Here was the first opportunity since leaving Falmouth of mailing letters home.

It rained hard during the night, and the next day's march of twelve miles to Gum Springs was through mud and water instead of heat and dust. During the day the mercury fell thirty or forty degrees, and so great and sudden a change of temperature in a few hours, followed by a cold storm that set in just as the troops had pitched their tents, caused much suffering during the night among the rank and file, who, like most of the Twelfth, had nothing but a rubber blanket and piece of shelter-tent to serve as both bed and covering. Sadly, indeed, did they now need the overcoats and woolen blankets they had thrown away.

But let no one censure them for their seeming folly or imprudence, for the want of them now, great as it was, could not half compensate for the burden of them through the terrible days of their march hither. Men are not often so wisely prudent as to save for a future contingency that which is a source of present misery. The crew of the sinking ship do not hesitate to throw overboard the cargo, because some part of it may be needed before the voyage is ended.

The whole region of country along the line of the last few days' march was marked by sad evidences of war's desolating hand. All along the railroad were the ruins of houses, mills, cars, stations, and bridges that had been burned, and old soldiers pointed out several fields of sanguinary encounter.

The Third Corps remained in camp at Gum Springs for several days. It was a dreary, dismal, swamp-like place to stop in, but the stop was now of much greater importance to man and beast than the place. The woods around were filled with guerillas, and several Union soldiers who had straggled from the line or encampment, were found lying dead in the woods with a bullet hole through their heads or bodies, or hanging from the limbs of trees. Had they never been found, they would have been recorded as "absent without leave," and their children, if any, and relatives would always have had to bear the stigma of their being deserters. Such is war, and so little is it known, in some instances, of the actual facts in accounting for the men.

The second day at Gum Springs artillery firing was heard at Snicker's Gap or Aldie, and soon the whole division was ordered out, and a line of battle formed all around the open ground of the encampment; and every day thereafter, the Twelfth, with other regiments, stood to arms, ready to

repel an expected attack of Stuart's cavalry. Hundreds of sick, from the different commands, were sent off to general hospitals from this place, a number of whom were from the Twelfth.

On the 25th the division moved northward again, and for the next few days marched with greater rapidity, if possible, than before. Space and time were now important factors in General Hooker's calculations, for the whole rebel army was on the north side of the Potomac before midnight of the 26th; and close following, as well as watching, on the part of the Union commander, had become a vital necessity, since upon his vigilance and activity, as well as ability, depended the future destiny of his country.

From Gum Springs to Edward's Ferry, a distance of fifteen miles, the troops were hurried forward, with only a few five-minute halts to take breath. Immediately crossing the Potomac at 5 P. M. on a pontoon bridge, without stopping long enough even for a sip of coffee, the division at once entered upon the famous "tow-path march," following the Ohio and Chesapeake canal ten or twelve miles further to somewhere near the mouth of the Monocacy river, where the troops bivouacked between 12 and 1 o'clock the next morning.

The adverb "somewhere," above used, has a special signification in this connection, which will be better understood a little further on. About dark it began to rain, and soon the path was but a narrow stretch of mud, trodden by many thousand feet into mortar-like consistency.

After marching all day, with no time to rest or eat, a slow march on a moonlight night and on a hard and wide road would have been severe enough, to say nothing about nature's urgent call for sleep, when the toilsome day has passed and pitying night is not allowed to give relief: but when the long march ends not with the day but continues mile after mile and hour after hour, through rain and mud and enveloped in Cimmerian darkness, with no time or place to rest, and no prospect of soon getting a chance to, while the mud that clogs and burdens the already overtaxed limbs gets deeper and deeper on the earth beneath, and the rain pours down incessantly from the heavens above, human patience and endurance become exhausted, reason and mercy remonstrate, and the end, however near or desirable, must wait the necessary time and means. Such, most decidedly, was the conclusion of the suffering veterans of General Humphreys's command on that terrible night's march.

Whether Washington stood or fell, the nation survived or perished, they would not, because they could not, go any further without rest. So, at least, all felt, and many truly thought, for to them rest was an absolute necessity. But some had the courage and strength to hold out longer than others; and when one was obliged to stop, his comrade or tent-mate, rather than leave him alone and uncared for, would stop with him, while others near by and just on the point, perhaps, of giving up themselves, would stop with them; and so, at first by twos and fours, and then at

last by tens and scores, the men fell out and found, where best they could, a resting place for the remainder of the night.

Still the general and his staff rode on, as if unmindful of his suffering followers, or thinking, perhaps, he had them now where they could not straggle, until, when he halted about midnight at the mouth of the Monocacy, they were scattered, and most of them soundly sleeping, all along the river's bank from there back nearly half the way to Edward's Ferry. And this is how *near*, as before referred to, the division got to the Monocacy that night. Many incidents, both serious and amusing, of that memorable march might be related. Several slipped or stumbled in the darkness, and fell into the canal. Two or three of the Twelfth happening to have a piece of candle each in their haversacks, lighted and stuck them into the muzzles of their guns, and in this way lighted up the pathway for themselves and comrades.

It has been said that General Humphreys purposely took the narrow tow-path ridge between the canal and the river that it followed, instead of a good, wide road on the other side of the river, to prevent straggling. If this was true, he doubtless saw, when he awoke the next morning, where he missed it.

But, whatever his object, the result was the same, and he has left on record his confession of the severity of the march. He says, "The whole command, officers and men, were more exhausted by this march than by that of the 14th and 15th." The reader has but to refer back to his testimony upon what the soldiers suffered on that march to understand somewhat of their misery and suffering in this.

The statement will not probably be contradicted, that no division of the whole Army of the Potomac, from its first organization to its last triumphal march through Pennsylvania avenue in Washington, ever made so long a march in so short a time, under equally adverse conditions of weather and roads.

"Where is the regiment?" asked one of the Twelfth boys, who had fallen in the rear, of Captain Langley, about 11 o'clock on that never-to-be-forgotten night. The captain, who was riding back to find out the same thing that was inquired of him, replied, "The colors and a dozen or so of the boys have halted a few rods ahead, but the most of them, like yourself, are somewhere in the rear."

"*Hardest march yet*," was the italicized comment of Captain (then Sergeant) Johnston in his diary, and his was but the opinion of all who were in it. The greater part of the next forenoon was lost to the progress of the division by its commander trying to be too smart the day previous, it being nearly 10 o'clock before there were enough together to make a start, and marching during the rest of the day and evening only about seven miles to Point of Rocks, Md., to allow time for those still behind to catch up.

In the next three days the regiment marched with its brigade from

Point of Rocks, Md., through Jefferson, Burkittsville, Middletown, Frederick City, Walkersville, Woodsborough, and Ladiesburg to Taneytown, Penn., — a distance, by the route taken, of not less than fifty miles.

Although the ratio of time to space in these forced marches was not in exact harmony with the will or wishes of the weary, foot-worn men who made them, yet the knowledge that they were once more in "God's country" and on freedom's soil, as evinced by the welcome greetings and enthusiastic receptions that awaited them at every hamlet and village through which they passed, revived their spirits and strengthened their courage as they onward marched; while responsive strains of music from regimental drum corps and brigade bands, amid the waving of handkerchiefs and miniature flags in the hands of smiling-faced women and bright-eyed children, and the hearty "God bless you" from aged matrons and sires, thrilled the soldier's heart anew with patriotic pride and devotion, and made the hours and miles pass more quickly by But best of all, the recent rain prevented the usually thick and choking dust from rising, and the weather was pleasant and cool for that latitude and season. Near Crampton's Gap the brigade encamped on the battle-field of South Mountain, and the Twelfth, and the Sixteenth Massachusetts Regiment were sent out a mile or two toward the top of the mountain on picket, and formed their reserve camp on the old battle-field surrounded by the graves of the dead, and near the spot where the brave General Reno fell just as the golden rays of the setting sun crowned the summit with the glorious halo of victory

In starting with the sun from Frederick, on the morning of the 29th, the First Brigade moved out first, and the Twelfth, being on the right of the brigade, led the division and the whole corps in the order of march that day; and upon its reaching Taneytown at 6 P. M., it was immediately detailed for provost duty, which gave its members the freedom of the town, while the other troops, encamped outside, were not allowed to enter.

This was rare good luck for the boys, who had long before learned by experience the great advantage of being at the head instead of in the rear of a moving column, and who quite as quickly appreciated a change of army fare for the more relishable, if not as healthy, doughnuts, cakes, and pies with which the glad citizens freely supplied them.

On the 30th the whole corps remained at or near Taneytown most of the day, a part of it, however, after marching and countermarching through the town, moved forward on the Emmitsburg road as far as Bridgeport.

Two days before, General Hooker had been superseded by General Meade and there was, as yet, some doubt in the minds of the corps commanders as to where the latter intended to concentrate his forces for the battle which they plainly saw must soon be fought. Hooker's removal was generally looked upon, in the army, as a grave mistake.

Receiving no order during the day and night, General Sickles advanced his corps, the next forenoon, as far as Emmitsburg, where he received

orders to move toward Middleburg, between which place and Manchester, on the line of Pike's creek, General Meade had decided to meet and defeat, if possible, the Confederate army under General Lee.

But before Sickles could move, he received a dispatch from General Howard, stating that his and the First Corps had been attacked by the enemy in full force at Gettysburg, and calling urgently for help. The situation was perplexing, but the gallant commander of the Third Corps was master of it. Knowing that, under the rules of war, it was discretionary with him to obey the order or the call, he promptly decided on the latter; and in less than an hour his whole command, excepting one brigade and battery that was left to guard the wagon train, was marching swiftly toward Gettysburg.

The student of history can now readily perceive the wisdom of his course; for had General Ewell been allowed to follow up his success that afternoon, or General Longstreet attacked early the next morning, as ordered and expected to by General Lee, the saving presence of the "Old Third," with no other corps within supporting distance, would have been of the greatest importance. It was 1 o'clock in the morning of Thursday, July 2, when the Twelfth reached Gettysburg and bivouacked with its division at the left and rear of Cemetery Hill, the only ground then held by the Union forces.

At the same hour General Meade and staff arrived from Taneytown and immediately made a moonlight inspection of his lines, already formed by Generals Howard and Hancock, who informed him fully of the enemy's position so far as developed and of the general outline of the field.

The Third Corps would have been in position before midnight, but for its leading brigade running into the enemy's lines, and only escaping by a quick and noiseless retreat — dippers and canteens being so muffled or secured that they could make no sound by striking against each other or the equipments — for a distance of two or three miles into another road. It was every moment expected that the enemy would open with his artillery that was planted to sweep the road; but the quick-witted reply of a staff officer, who learned by the inquiry made of him by a rebel picket that he was riding into the enemy's encampment, had aroused no suspicions in the minds of some Confederate officers near by, who heard the answer to the challenge, that the approaching column was not a part of their own army, and before they were undeceived, if, indeed, they ever were, it was too late to give their departing visitors even a farewell shot.

The toils and hardships of the hardest march ever made by the Army of the Potomac were now about to merge into the dangers and sufferings of the greatest battle in which it was ever engaged, or that was ever fought on the American continent. Yet, such had been the extreme severities of that march, though seemingly strange, it is strictly true, that the sound of cannon was welcome music to many in those veteran ranks; for it told them that the place of rest was near, though it might be their last resting place on earth.

One battle had been fought and lost, the day before, by the advance corps of the Union army, but the great and final struggle was yet to come. Every officer and every man not only understood this and was prepared to meet it, but felt, as well, the supreme magnitude of the issue and its far-reaching results for the weal or woe of their country, and in no small degree of the whole human race.

It has been remarked that at Chancellorsville the fates were against us, but smiled upon us at Gettysburg. And such was the wide difference of fortuitous circumstances that contributed to a humiliating defeat upon one field, and a decisive victory upon the other, it is but natural that such a thought should have found expression. But at no time or place, in the battle of Gettysburg, did fortune favor more, than when Longstreet, the Achilles of the southern army, after Jackson's fall, "sat sulky in his tent" until late in the afternoon, instead of attacking the Federal left wing early in the morning, as he had been ordered by General Lee the night before.

Had this been done, with the coöperation of General Hill's corps, as intended and expected, and while a part of the Union army was yet on the march to the field of battle, there would doubtless have been no need of the desperate charge of Pickett's division on the following day, for there would have been no opposing forces there for him to have charged against.

Though glad to longer sleep after the exhaustive march of the day and night before, the fearful expectation of an early attack by the enemy, before the other corps came up, would not permit it; and as soon as daylight, the men were aroused from their sound slumbers, and soon the aromatic fumes of the Java berry, steeping in thousands of tin dippers, pervaded the morning air

Breakfast over, and while the rays of the rising sun were lighting up a cloudless sky, the First Brigade — General Carr's — unstacked muskets and stood to arms. All was quiet, and naught but the troops near by gave any sign that that pleasant summer's morn was to usher in such a day of awful strife.

About 8 o'clock the brigade marched forward a short distance toward the Emmitsburg road and formed the first line of battle of any part of the Third Corps that day The rest of the division was, at this time, massed in the rear. About 9 o'clock De Trobriand's brigade and Smith's battery of the First Division, that had been left back at Emmitsburg, arrived on the field, and each side and angle of the "Diamond Corps"* was complete again, and ready to make its mark.

The sun gets higher and higher in the heavens, and still no battle opens on the earth below, where nearly two hundred thousand men are marshaled and stand waiting "in dred array" for the coming conflict. The Union forces are in constant expectation of moving against or receiving an attack of the enemy

* Name given to the Third Corps from the shape of its badge.

Noon by the sun whose hot rays are fast ripening the fields of wheat that spot the landscape, and which are soon to be crushed down and trodden into the earth, and yet, save fitful outbursts here and there along the picket lines, there is no sound to break the portentous stillness of that midday hour and warn the waiting ranks of the coming storm.

Yet all know that it must soon break in all its fury upon them, and expectantly listen to hear the quick, running notes of the skirmish prelude swell into the grand but solemn diapason of battle.

A little past 12 o'clock General Humphreys advanced his command toward the front and formed his full division for action, with his First Brigade in the front line, which when deployed with one regiment — Seventy-first New York, Second Brigade — on its left, just filled the space allotted to his division by General Sickles.

The Second and Third Brigades were massed in the rear ready to deploy into lines of battle when needed, at intervals of about two hundred yards. About this time General Carr ordered the First Massachusetts to deploy as skirmishers and cover his front. In this position and formation the division remained until a few minutes after 4 o'clock, when it was ordered by General Sickles to move forward to the Emmitsburg road and connect with the First Division — General Birney's — on the left.

This brought the left of the leading brigade close up to an old log house near the road and in the rear of which was quite a large apple orchard. In this orchard Seeley's battery was posted, just to the left of the log house, and the Twelfth placed to support it. A detail of one hundred men from the Sixteenth Massachusetts were ordered to occupy the log house and make holes between the logs to shoot through. This regiment at that time was next on the right of the Twelfth, and the Eleventh New Jersey on its left. The Emmitsburg road, at this place, runs along on the crest of quite a ridge, so that Humphreys's advance to it was seen by the enemy, and opened upon by two of his batteries — one at the left and one almost directly in front. The latter was soon silenced by the well directed shots from Seeley's guns; but, until this was done, the position of the Twelfth was far from being a very pleasant or safe one. The artillery duel between the two batteries brought the regiment in direct range of the shots from the rebel one, but fortunately none were seriously wounded.

The regiment remained in the orchard for an hour or more, when it moved obliquely to the right a few rods and took position on the road just to the right of what is now known as the Smith house.

The battle was now raging with increasing fury on the left, where Birney was vainly trying to hold his own, assisted and encouraged by General Sickles, who was giving his whole attention to what, as yet, was the most exposed and hardest pressed part of his line.

As at Chancellorsville, the Third Corps was again destined to receive the first attacks, and withstand the most determined assaults of the enemy

But in this battle, as claimed by General Meade and his friends, it was more the unwise choice of its commander than unavoidable necessity that gave it so dangerous a prominence on the field, as not only to invite its own destruction, but to hazard the safety of the whole army

On the other hand, General Sickles and his favorites assert that, but for his bold decisive action in taking the advance position and bringing on the battle when and where he did, the first day's battle at Gettysburg would have been the last, as General Meade was already seriously contemplating a retreat; and, if the Confederates had attacked before he had a chance to fall back that night, Little Round Top, the key to the position of the Union army, would certainly have been lost to him. General Sickles also claims that the position taken by him was in accordance with Meade's orders.

But whether by or against the orders of General Meade — for there has been much dispute about it — it was none the less a bold and dangerous one, inviting attack upon both sides of the exposed angle at the Peach Orchard, while supported upon neither. But, if a tyro in the science of war selected it, heroes held it; and it was only taken from them by overwhelming numbers of Longstreet's veteran legions after a most determined and stubborn resistance. It was the attack upon this angle at half past three o'clock P. M. that opened the second day's fight at Gettysburg

After a sharp reminder from the enemy's artillery that General Humphreys was advancing his division upon dangerous ground, the rebel batteries ceased firing in that direction, and turned their attention to General Birney's position upon which his infantry were now making desperate assaults.

For nearly two hours more the men of the Second Division, excepting the Third Brigade which had been sent to assist Birney, lay inactive along the Emmitsburg road listening to the sound of battle on their left, which, in the mean time, had increased into such a roar and crash of arms as to make even the veteran's heart to tremble, who, with quickening pulse and thrilling nerves, awaits the coming tide of awful carnage that is crushing the fatal angle like an egg-shell, and will soon strike them with irresistible force and power

And still the roar of battle, every moment increasing in volume and intensity, continues until the Peach Orchard, where fought the gallant Second New Hampshire, and the Wheat Field, where the "Fighting Fifth" stood and its heroic colonel fell, are both in the possession of the enemy The Union battle-line has seemingly been bent back upon itself, until the sound of conflict first heard upon the left now comes from far around toward our rear

It is now nearly 6 o'clock. Sickles, with his shattered leg, has been carried from the field, and Barksdale, of *ante-bellum* notoriety as a "pro-slavery fire-eater," whose troops were foremost in the attack, has sealed his convictions with his life's blood.

"Is there no force of the enemy on our front. Have they received a check on our left, or are they getting ready to attack our flank?" "Have we got to fight here, or shall we be ordered to fall back before we are surrounded?"

These were the questions eagerly asked and doubtfully answered by the officers and men of the whole brigade as well as of the Twelfth Regiment, as all began to hope that the day might close and leave them out, though many were more willing to meet the worse than longer dread it.

"If it must come, let it come now," said one of the impatient ones; and come it did, with a furious force that scattered the skirmish line like strands of straw, and struck the main line a staggering blow.

Front, left, and close pressing upon the rear, the battle-blast strikes and circles around Carr's brigade, twisting it up and forcing it back into the very vortex of the tempest.

With impetuous energy Perry's and Wright's brigades, of Andrews's division, charge over the ridge in front, that has hidden them from view, and strike with sudden violence the whole of General Humphreys's front along the Emmitsburg road.

Held in reserve by General Longstreet, their corps commander, whose part and purpose was to turn the Federal left, these victors of many a hard-fought field, had been listening to the sound of their advancing lines, until victory seemed again about to rest upon the Confederate banners, and theirs the proud and special mission of performing the last and crowning act.

With screeches and yells, mingling with the volleys of musketry, they press on against a storm of canister and Minie-balls that is lining the opposite side of the highway with their wounded and dead; for they are now face to face with men who, though less sanguine of success, are no less brave and determined.

But this was not all, nor the worst. While Anderson, unseen and unheard, was approaching in front, the attack, for a time delayed, had been renewed upon the left. Barksdale's Mississippians and Kershaw's South Carolinians, who joined hands and crushed in the angle at the Peach Orchard, no longer held back from fear of being flanked and possibly captured themselves by reinforcements from the Federal right, and, having strengthened their re-formed lines by fresh troops, are now pushing forward with great energy and determination, at right angles with the Emmitsburg road, with little now left to oppose them from the Peach Orchard to Humphreys's left.

General Birney, now in command of the corps, perceiving that something must be done, and that quickly, or Humphreys's left would soon be broken in and doubled up, and his whole division at the mercy of the enemy, but knowing nothing of Anderson's close advance upon his front, orders General Humphreys to throw back his left so as to confront and

stay, if possible, the rushing, crushing tide that is about to break upon it from that direction.

This order proves to be a very unfortunate one, for before it can be executed, or even communicated to General Carr, Wright's brigade of Georgians has attacked his front, and Barksdale's command is crowding upon his flank.

Scarcely has the Twelfth opened fire upon Wright's attacking columns, when Captain Langley, commanding the regiment, receives the order to *change fronts to the rear;* and no wonder that he is almost afraid to attempt its execution, though he has assured General Carr that his men can be relied upon, for the order at such a crisis meant much more than the reader, unless himself a veteran, can possibly understand.

To unflinchingly face danger and death is one thing, but to turn your back thereto and stand firm and unshaken is such a different and more difficult thing, that only the bravest of the best disciplined troops can be relied upon to do it.

It is also well known that no troops will long withstand an attack upon their flank.

Yet here are men that while breasting the full blast of the raging tempest of battle in their front, and staggering under a terrific assault upon their flank, are called upon to execute one of the most dangerous and difficult movements that can be made by any soldiers while under fire.

It was hardly possible that any regiment, much less a whole brigade, could remain intact while endeavoring to obey the command, and it seemed but the folly of madness to attempt it. But the attempt was made, and while partially successful in the movement, the result, as might have been expected, was sorrowfully disastrous. It was simply swinging open the gate to the enemy; and the order to retreat, which almost immediately followed it, but an invitation for Anderson's brigades to walk through and occupy the ground that it was no longer possible for Humphreys's troops to hold. Had the last order come first, as it doubtless would, had General Birney known of Anderson's close advance, the almost helpless situation that the regiments of General Carr's brigade soon found themselves in, might have been partially avoided.

But no order at all would have been much better than both, for what might have been for awhile withstood, until reinforcements could have been ordered up to cover a retreat, now poured its almost unobstructed torrent of destruction through the widening breach, sweeping regiments and batteries and finally the whole division in confusion from the field.

No, not all, for some — too many, alas ! remain ; and the ground where, but a few moments ago, in life and hope they stood, is now covered with their bodies rent and torn — the dying and the dead.

But where is that little band of the battle-scarred survivors of Chancellorsville, scarcely larger than a regimental division, that had there stood like a granite rock in the very centre of the shock?

We have, so far, said but little of them as a separate regiment in briefly describing the position and part taken by its brigade and division, because, like all the rest of Humphreys's command, it had nothing to do, and was but little exposed to the enemy's fire until it moved up to the support of Seeley's battery in the apple orchard. Here it first came under fire for the day, and was for a time exposed to quite a severe cannonade from a battery of the enemy, engaged in exchanging salutes of solid shot and shell with the battery it was supporting, as already mentioned.

After taking position on the Emmitsburg road, as previously referred to, the Twelfth was but little exposed to the enemy's guns, until just before the attack of the rebel infantry in front.

His artillery was then turned again upon Carr's brigade, which was at last to take its part in the contest, and the regiment was again exposed to his shells. Turnbull's battery had taken position next on the right of the Twelfth, and Seeley's still held a position a few rods to the left. This made the position of the regiment a trying one, located as it was between those two batteries, both of which responded to the rebel guns, and of course drew their fire upon them.

But the fear of killing their own men, about to attack on two sides, was the saving hope of the regiments on the left of the brigade, that were the first to receive and resist those attacks, for most of the shells went harmlessly over the heads of the men, exploding among the troops in reserve.

But they had been fortunately saved there, only to be terribly cut to pieces a little later: and the chance to fight was never given them until the musket balls had done what the cannon shot had threatened.

The Twelfth, in the attempt of the brigade to avoid the coming cyclone by changing front, and then to extricate itself by retreating, was caught and hurled into the very vortex of the battle, where helpless, like the rest of the brigade, to either withstand or defend, it was so badly shattered and scattered that when, a few moments later, it again faced the foe, but little more than a sergeant's squad of it was left to unite with other regimental fragments of the brigade, and advance with reinforcements from the Second Corps that had come up, and help retake the ground that had been yielded.

Lieutenant French, commanding Company F, was shot through the head just as he was receiving from Captain Shackford — then acting as major — the order to change front, and fell lifeless at the captain's feet.

About the same time both the state and national colors went down, their intrepid bearers falling almost at the same instant. Sergeant Howe fell dead with the state colors still held in his death grasp, as if his last thought was for their safety, and Sergeant Parker, mortally wounded, yielded up the flag of his country into other hands only when his own could no longer hold it; while Corporal Brown who reached to take the flag fell lifeless himself in the act of doing so. Corporal Knight was

also killed, and most or all the rest of the color-guard were either killed or wounded.

Captain Shackford and Lieutenants Morrill, Marsh, ——— had been severely wounded, and other officers slightly, leaving Lieutenant Fernal almost alone in command of the few brave men of the regiment who were left together on the field.

Within a radius of a few rods from where the colors went down in blood, there were more men of the regiment left dead and dangerously wounded on the ground than are now left to defend them. And such was the proportional loss of the other regiments on the left of the brigade. But, although by one fell swoop, the black-winged angel of death and destruction had covered the plain with the wounded and slain, yet not all that were missing could he count among his victims. Many are prisoners in the enemy's hands and soon to be retaken: many others have been unavoidably separated from their regiments and each other, and will soon join their comrades who are now once more beneath their banners that are still waving defiantly in the smoke of battle; while others still are skulking in the rear, or playing sick or wounded in field hospitals — a disgrace to themselves, their regiments, their state, and their country

With scarcely more than a color-guard Lieutenant Fernal would have been justified in leading his men to the rear, instead of the front; but he was not the man to do that without orders, so long as he had a man left. Stung with madness at the wretched work of giving away so much ground at such a sacrifice, like a lion fully aroused, he shook his sword defiantly toward the enemy, and then waving it over his head as a beckoning sign to his men and with a trumpet shout "*Come on*," he led his little band of veteran heroes straight back over the field of their discomfiture — for they felt they had not been defeated — increasing his command with released prisoners from his own regiment as he advanced and helping, in no small degree for the smallness of his force, to drive the rebels whose turn it was now to run almost as quickly from the field as they had taken it.

This was done by the second line of reinforcements, the first having been used up in staying the tide that was now turned back. But neither the first nor second counter attack would have been successful on this part of the line had not the rebel forces that had so easily broken and swept it back become broken and disorganized themselves by their impetuous onset and too eager pursuit.

How many other regiments of the brigade, if any, rallied and retraced their steps back nearly to the positions they had first held is not known; but certainly none did it quicker or with a less number of officers and men than the Twelfth New Hampshire.

The whole corps, or what was left of it, was now ordered to fall back to the main line, where, beyond all question, it should first have been placed, and to which it should have retreated before its right wing was nearly as badly crippled as its left had been. But if Sickles was in

fault, Meade was by no means blameless; for where the greatest responsibility rests, there the greatest care is required; and though the former had repeatedly requested an inspection of his position, the latter had neglected to do so until the enemy's guns opened upon it, and then it was too late.

The following description from the pen of Col. J B. Bachelder, historian of the battle of Gettysburg, gives a good idea of the perilous position of the Twelfth on the afternoon of the second day:

The Twelfth New Hampshire was at that time attached to the Second Division, Third Corps, commanded by that gallant soldier, Major-General Humphreys. It formed a portion of Carr's brigade, of which the First, Eleventh, and Sixteenth Massachusetts, the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania, and the Eleventh New Jersey Volunteers were the remaining regiments — a brigade sustaining a record second to none in the Army of the Potomac. This brigade held the extreme right of the Third Corps, and was formed along the Emmitsburg road, slightly on the posterior slope of a ridge supported by the New York "Excelsior" brigade. Graham's brigade of Birney's division lay on its left and held the *salient* of the line at the Peach Orchard, against which General Longstreet made a furious assault with Barksdale's and Wilcox's brigades, breaking the infantry lines, forcing the artillery to retire, and carrying the position, thus threatening General Humphreys's left, and compelling him "to change front to the rear." During the execution of this difficult evolution, Longstreet's victorious troops continued to advance, their attack seriously embarrassing the movements of Humphreys's division, and at the same time Perry's and Bright's brigades which had advanced under cover of the ridge attacked Humphreys's right. It was a fearful moment and will be remembered by every participant as one of the most trying, thrilling, and exciting scenes of their experience. General Humphreys could readily have withdrawn his command, but such an act would have endangered the success of the battle and perhaps the loss of the army; and he instantly decided to hold the enemy in check, even at the sacrifice of his own life and his whole command, until a new line could be formed in his rear, which was subsequently done and brought up by General Meade in person.

General Humphreys, placing himself in the midst of his command, was everywhere present, sustaining and encouraging his men. His officers fell thick and fast about him. At this moment Captain Chester of his staff was seen to spring with a convulsive start. Turning to his commander he said, "General, I'm shot." General Humphreys, who had noted the gallantry of this officer, sprang to his assistance, clasped him in his arms, and sustained him in the saddle until Captain Humphreys, his son, could take him in charge. An orderly took the horse to lead him from the field, when at that instant a round shot killed the horse and carried away the orderly's head.

At this moment General Humphreys's horse, bleeding from seven bullet wounds, was struck by a shell and springing convulsively into the air, threw his rider violently to the ground, but fortunately without seriously injuring him. Just then Captain Humphreys was shot through the arm, and General Carr and Captains McClellan and Cavada each had their horses killed.

A portion of the guns of Turnbull's battery retired through the infantry with a

prolonged firing as they went. Others were drawn off by members of the Sixteenth Massachusetts Regiment, and some were captured. It was then that General Barksdale fell mortally wounded.

In the very centre of this terrible conflict stood the Twelfth New Hampshire Regiment, while thick and fast fell its brave and gallant members.

After sunset Anderson's division, heavily reinforced, made a last determined attack upon this part, now nearly the centre of the Union line, which it succeeded in breaking, and frightening General Meade so badly, when the important information reached him, that he at once ordered General Pleasanton to get ready to cover a retreat with his cavalry But General Wright, whose brigade had actually pierced the centre of the Union line, not being properly supported, was obliged to fall back, and Pleasanton s orders for retreat were countermanded.

And thus, by the temerity of a rebel brigadier, and the timidity of the Federal commander-in-chief, the Union cause was made then and there to tremble in the scale of battle, and to come nearer perhaps being lost than when Pickett, on the following day, proudly led his brave and battle-bronzed legions against the cannon-crowned crest of Cemetery Hill.

But how little did Meade's army then know of the peril of that hour

General Carr's brigade, before this, had been ordered back into the reserve lines, and the Twelfth took no part consequently in the closing strife of this memorable day.

General Humphreys, referring to the enemy's attack upon his division on the second day, says:

> Seeley's battery had now opened upon the enemy's infantry as they began to advance. Turnbull's battery was likewise directed against them, and I was about to throw somewhat forward the left of my infantry and engage the enemy with it, when I received orders from General Birney (General Sickles having been dangerously wounded and carried from the field) to throw back my left and form a line oblique to and in the rear of the one I then held, and was informed that the First Division would complete the line to Round Top ridge. This I did under a heavy fire of artillery and infantry from the enemy, who now advanced on my whole front. * * *
>
> My infantry now engaged the enemy s, but my left was in the air (although I extended it as far as possible with my Second Brigade), and being the only troops in the field, the enemy's whole attention was directed to my division, which was forced back slowly, firing as they receded. * * *
>
> At this time I received orders through a staff officer from General Birney to withdraw to the Round Top ridge.
>
> This order I complied with, retiring very slowly, continuing the contest with the enemy, whose fire of artillery and infantry was destructive in the extreme.
>
> Upon arriving at the crest of the ridge mentioned, the remnants of my division formed on the left of General Hancock's troops, whose artillery opened upon the enemy, about one hundred yards distant.
>
> The infantry joined, and the enemy broke and was driven from the field,

rapidly followed by Hancock's troops, and the remnants of my two brigades, who took many prisoners and brought off two pieces of our artillery which had been left after all the horses were killed. * * *

It was now dusk and the contest for the day was closed. Its severity may be judged by the fact that the loss in killed, wounded, and missing of my division — five thousand strong — was two thousand and eighty-eight, of whom one hundred and seventy-one were officers, and one thousand nine hundred and seventeen enlisted men. * * *

The fortune of war rarely places troops under more trying circumstances than those in which my division found itself on this day, and it is greatly to their honor that their soldierly bearing sustained the high reputation they had already won in the severest battles of the war.

General Carr, in his report, refers to the attack of the enemy as follows:

My left first became engaged, and its position was held until the regiment on my left (the Collins Zouaves, of the First Division) gave way, when the enemy advanced in considerable force on my left flank, which compelled me to change my front; but no sooner was it accomplished than the enemy made his appearance on my right flank, pouring in a most destructive cross-fire.

Notwithstanding my apparent critical position I could and would have maintained my position, but for an order received direct from General Birney, commanding the corps to fall back to the crest of the hill in my rear.

At that time I have no doubt that I could have charged on the rebels and driven them in confusion, for my line was still perfect and unbroken, and my troops in the proper spirit for the performance of such a task. In retiring I suffered a severe loss in killed and wounded.

Although General Carr may have been somewhat over-sanguine of his ability to long maintain his position, or to drive the rebels back "in confusion" by a charge. Yet there is no doubt that a vigorous effort either to hold the enemy in check or to drive him back, at that time, instead of retreating, would have resulted in inflicting a much greater punishment upon the enemy with but little, if any, heavier loss to his own command.

So few of each regiment were left from among the killed, wounded, and scattered, to rally around their colors, that when the division was re-formed to advance against the enemy, it looked like a line of color-guards, so thick were the battle-flags in proportion to the number of men.

Though more than two thousand men of the division had fallen or been disabled, and nearly half as many more were prisoners in the enemy's lines, where two guns had been left, yet not a single flag had been lost.

How the colors of the Twelfth were saved from capture will be found written in their history in another chapter.

At early dawn the next morning, July 3d, the men awoke to a reveille of booming cannon on the right, where Gerry and Green of the Twelfth Corps had commenced the work of retaking the ground that they had been obliged to yield to Ewell's forces the night before.

"Turn out here, boys; don't you hear the partridges drumming? Early birds catch the worms you know."

"Catch the D——l you mean," comes the quick reply from one who is more cross than polite for being so early aroused from his slumbers.

"Well, I guess *he's* catching *them*, by the sound over there, and he'll have us all before night, or his imps, the 'Johnnies,' will, if we don't look out."

"That's what I'm beginning to think, comrades," chimes in a third. "Don't you remember what I told you last night? Yesterday they got 'way round our left, and after they finished up the job with us, they attacked our right, where they are at it again this early in the morning: and before noon they'll have both our wings clipped and crippled so we can neither fight nor fly, and then the last one of us 'll be bagged."

"Begins to look as if you'r more'n half right, Bill, by thunder," breaks in a new voice, "and when this army goes *up* the Union goes *down*."

"Yes, like Lucifer, never to rise again," suggests one of the officers, who has been listening.

"Let me tell you, boys, it is now or never If we can't win a victory here, on our own soil, we never can.

"This, in my opinion, is the beginning of the end. This battle-field is the turning point; and I believe this day's struggle, already commenced, will decide the battle."

"Don't you think, lieutenant, that our army is getting the worst of it so far, from all appearances?"

"Well, I must confess that indications, so far as we can see or understand them, are not very favorable; but it's very little we know of the actual situation and condition of things, considering the whole field, and the relative strength and positions of the two armies.

"If all our forces are united here, as they certainly ought to be by this time, I don't believe 'Old Lee' has got men enough to defeat us, if General Meade half knows his business, and dare let his army perform it."

"Yes," remarks another officer; "but that fatal '*if*' has so many times defeated this army in other battles, that I almost tremble for the result of this. The appointment of Meade in place of Hooker, just on the eve of battle, was anything but a pleasant surprise to the whole army, and certainly has not improved its confidence and spirit. For one, I cannot otherwise than consider it a great mistake. What has Meade ever done to bring him to the front in such a crisis as this?"

"Nothing," comes the quick response from half a dozen at once; and two or three of them attempt to supplement their emphatic negatives by further expression of their feelings and opinions on the subject, each too earnest in giving his own to regard the efforts of the others. But notwithstanding the mixture of words, the common import was easily under-

stood — that Hooker's removal, right on the eve of battle, was another blunder of silk-stocking dictatorship at Washington, and the appointment of Meade a postscript stumble in the same direction, both on the brink and toward the fatal abyss.

To this there was no dissenting voice, though by this time quite a crowd had gathered: but the officer who had first spoken, now slowly and reflectively speaks again:

"Well, boys, that all may be, and this very day prove your words prophetic, but certainly none of us desire it. Blunder or no blunder, our trust and our duty is the same. If our leaders are wanting, we must not be; if others let loose, we must all the firmer hold on.

"Though this Army of the Potomac has been often defeated, as we know, it has never yet been destroyed, which is a greater wonder; but has been preserved, and is here in force and power to-day to perform, as I can but believe, its great work and mission of saving this mighty republic for the light and hope of centuries yet to come.

"If this nation is to go down in blood into untimely oblivion, neither Meade nor Hooker, nor all the military strategy of the world combined can save it. But if it is to rise triumphant over all its enemies, as God in his mercy and wisdom has we trust decreed, then, as you read on your hymn book covers, —

> 'To doubt would be disloyalty,
> To falter is a sin.'

"Before yon rising sun shall set, the Southern Cross will be broken, and the Southern Confederacy receive a blow from which it will never recover."

The young lieutenant, in his patriotic fervor, had become earnestly eloquent; and what had begun in joke and fun ended so seriously impressive that it needed only the chaplain's *amen* to fitly close the morning exercises.

It was well that the rest of the army was as ignorant as the Twelfth of how near their leader came to being frightened from the field but a few hours before, for he who thinks he is going to be beaten is half defeated already.

The firing on the right increased as the morning hours passed, heavy volleys of musketry plainly telling that it was something more than an artillery duel, and it was anxiously listened to by many thousands, in both armies, all earnest to know which side was gaining ground. About 10 o'clock the firing mostly ceased, and smiling faces in the Union ranks proclaimed the welcome news that the rebel forces had been driven back on that part of the grand battle-line, until our troops had regained all that they had lost the night before.

In the centre and on the left all was quiet, or comparatively so, and the question that each officer and man wanted answered now was, whether

the terrible storm of battle had spent its force or another destructive blast was yet to come.

General Meade wisely decides to wait and see, or, rather, his corps commanders, at a council of war held the night before, had so decided for him.

His right wing, though somewhat cramped, is still strong; and the result of the severe struggle there, just ended, relieves him of present fear of its being turned and taken in reverse. His left is safe, for Little Round Top, now impregnable, guards and protects him there; while his centre still occupies the vantage ground of Cemetery Ridge, and presents a strong and defiant front.

As he listens to encouraging reports from all parts of his line, and especially from his right, his face brightens and puts on a more hopeful look than at any time before since the battle commenced; while General Lee, though silent and calm as usual, shows in his impassive countenance that he is less quiet in mind than in manner. But hoping to crush, and hazarding the rebound, the Confederate chieftain has decided to strike one more blow; and, taking a sweeping glance with his glass along the Union line, as he stands at 12 o'clock in the cupola of the college building on Seminary Hill, determines upon what part of the line the blow shall fall. Failing on the right and left, he concludes to make his final effort against the Federal centre; and, one hour later, one hundred and fifteen of his guns open upon General Hancock's position on Cemetery Ridge, from the crest of which nearly as many respond. The artillery duel that was now fought, for nearly two hours, across that valley of separation, tearing, crushing, and rending earth, rocks, and trees, exploding caissons, dismounting guns, and killing men and horses upon the opposing elevations, never before shook the earth upon any section of the American continent.

And yet it is but the thunder-roar of the lightning-charged tempest that is soon to sweep this valley of death, and burst in terrible and almost resistless fury against the steel-lined ridge that will draw its lightning and break its force.

It comes; it strikes and breaks through! but is itself broken and shattered in the attempt; and the most threatening battle-cloud of the Rebellion, rolling up from the southern horizon like a billow of fire, has been met and dispelled by the cold mountain air of our northern skies.

Behold the bow of promise and rejoice! The nation has this day had a new birth, and her redemption is assured.

The Third Corps, during this attack of Pickett — which for boldness, brilliancy, and desperate determination finds no parallel on so large a scale in the annals of modern warfare — held the reserve lines of support and was not engaged, but was more or less exposed to the enemy s artillery preceding the charge, some parts of it suffering severely General Carr's brigade was moved to the centre about the time the charge was

made. One or more of the Twelfth received slight wounds as they lay upon the ground on the rear side of the ridge, but most of the shells either struck and exploded on the ridge, or went far above and beyond them.

Everyone felt that the crisis-hour of the battle had come, and such was the anxiety for the result that some of the regiment, had not their sense of duty been stronger than their fear of danger, would have left their place in the ranks and ascended the hill into the very cloud-burst of iron hail, that they might see with their own eyes what was being so desperately attempted by the enemy on the other side. But they knew not how soon they might be called upon to help stay the flood-tide of the Rebellion, and each one felt, as never before, an individual responsibility commensurate with the magnitude of the struggle and the consequences of the issue.

The Army of the Potomac, from its first organization, had always been superior to its leadership, but never more so than upon this, its first great field of victory Here, as never before, it depended upon itself, regardless of any commander, and here for the first time it proved itself more than a match for its hitherto successful antagonist, the Army of Northern Virginia.

Though seeing nothing of the attack or the repulse, yet to the veterans of the Third Corps, who lay eagerly listening in the rear, all was as plainly understood as heard. The first guns, speaking from the rebel lines, proclaim a decision of their bold commander to strike once more for victory before he yields the field to its brave defenders.

The number of these guns, the rapidity of their fire, and the concentration of their aim, all unmistakably announce that a desperate and determined infantry attack is to be made upon our centre, as had been expected. The vigorous and defiant response of our artillery all along the line informs the rebels that the "boys in blue" are determined too, and ready to receive them.

But what means this sudden silence of our batteries, while the enemy's guns still continue to throw their iron missiles of death and destruction faster than ever, as it seems, into our lines?

Out of ammunition? Impossible! But one reasonable explanation can be given. It must be to allow time for the guns to cool off, and get ready for more effective service that will soon be needed. Yet the fact that some of our batteries in the centre, where the enemy's shells fell thickest, are still active, is a little difficult to understand.* But soon they, too, are silent, and there is a perceptible diminution in the cannon chorus on the rebel side. Can it be only a parting salute, intended to deceive and intimidate General Meade, so that the Confederate commander can more safely withdraw his army from the front? Or is it to attract and draw the Union forces to one point, while General Lee is getting ready to attack them in another?

* Some of Hancock's guns continued to be served after all the rest had ceased firing.

Something more than either, undoubtedly, for such a mighty volume of sound, and so long continued, cannot all be mere *brutum fulmen;* nor has heaven and earth been shaken just to produce a cloud of smoke and dust for the enemy to hide behind.

Soon the Federal guns open again, and the enemy's too; but the former, gradually increasing in number and rapidity of service, plainly tell that the rebel infantry is advancing to the charge, and that the hour of imminent peril for the army and nation is at hand.

And when, a few moments later, our batteries burst into one terrific grape and canister crash, while the enemy's guns are silent, and then a roll of musketry is heard along the ridge, it is known to all that the moment of the life or death struggle has come, and the men listen with breathless fear lest they next shall hear the rebel screech instead of the welcome cheer.

"Hark! Hear that infernal yell?"

"Yes, but it's only their charging yell, for there is no break or check to our infantry fire yet."

"But there is now; O, if we could only see!"

"Patience, comrade, and be calm and we shall soon know—"

"*That the victory is ours, thank God, for there's the sound that I've been listening for.*"

And long and loud the triumphant shout goes up from that blood-crimsoned but victory-crowned crest, and is soon caught up and echoed and re-echoed until the whole army knew, as well as the survivors of that heroic phalanx that had received and repelled that all-pending charge, that Lee's last desperate effort had failed and the field of Gettysburg was won.

From the foregoing, some idea may be gotten of the Union soldier's reflections and knowledge concerning the progress and result of that momentous struggle of the third day at Gettysburg, known as Pickett's grand charge, though he had no means of information except the sounds that came to his ears.

And thus ended, what has already been accorded to it by the pen of the historian, and what it will ever remain so long as the history of nations exists, one of the great and decisive battles of the world. But though taking, at once and undisputed, a place in the first class, yet its proper place or rank therein, time, reaching into the distant future, can alone decide.

The spot where General Armstead fell — the high-water mark of the great American Rebellion — was not only the pivotal point of this battle and the war, and therefore the grave of slavery and the birthplace of universal freedom on Columbia's broad and beautiful domain, but it was and is the real Itasca from which now flows and shall continue to flow for centuries to come, a stream that shall purify her cities and replenish her fields; and make even her barren mountain tops and her desert plains fur-

nish sustenance for millions now unborn, and her valleys and prairies to blossom as the rose.

Could the patriot heroes who yielded up their lives upon this battle-field have seen, with their last wishful look, the greatness, grandeur, and glory that their life's blood was to purchase and secure for the countless generations of coming time, they would have died, as some of them did, with a smile of satisfaction upon their countenances.

The next day was the glorious Fourth of July, and a glorious day indeed it was for the nation, with her banners floating triumphantly over the field of Gettysburg and upon the ramparts of Vicksburg.

Early in the morning Captains Thomas E. Barker and Edwin E. Bedee arrived on the field, having recovered from their wounds received at Chancellorsville, and the former immediately took command of the regiment.

The Twelfth, like all the rest of the army, except the cavalry, remained all day inactive on the field, for it was not known certainly until the next day that the enemy was retreating.

During the afternoon and night the rain descended in torrents, filling the burial trenches that had been dug before the rain commenced; and some of them, filled with dead bodies, but left uncovered, presented a sickening sight the next morning amid the horrors of war.

But from sounds, not less than sights, will some of the fortunate survivors of that battle remember with sad hearts that field of suffering and death, even after the cannon and musket were silent, as they hunted by the moon's pale light for comrades who had fallen in the strife of the day. Cries for water, groans of agony, and prayers for mercy and relief by death, could be heard from every direction.

But when all such pitiful sounds have ceased and solemn silence reigns, one visit to a battle-field while the dead are yet unburied is enough for a lifetime.

> "When all is past, it is humbling to tread
> O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead."

As showing the terrible realities of war, and its attending hardships and suffering that end not with the battle, the following graphic description from the pen of General Imboden, of the Confederate army, who had charge of the long train of the wounded that left the field of Gettysburg at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the 4th of July on its retreat southward, will be found especially interesting:

> Shortly after noon the very windows of heaven seemed to have been opened. Rain fell in dashing torrents, and in a little while the whole face of the earth was covered with water. The meadows became small lakes, raging streams ran across the road in every depression of the ground. The storm increased in fury every moment, canvas was no protection against it, and the poor wounded lying upon the hard, naked boards of the wagon-bodies were drenched by the cold

rain. Horses and mules were blinded and maddened by the storm and became almost unmanageable. The roar of the winds and waters made it almost impossible to communicate orders; night was rapidly approaching and there was danger that in the darkness the confusion would become "worse confounded."

About 4 P. M. the head of the column was put in motion and begun the ascent of the mountain. The train was seventeen miles long when drawn out on the road. It was moving rapidly and from every wagon issued wails of agony. For four hours I galloped along, passing to the front and heard more — it was too dark to see — of the horrors of war than I had witnessed from the battle of Bull Run to that day. In the wagons were men wounded and mutilated in every conceivable way. Some had their legs shattered by a shell or Minie-ball; some were shot through their bodies; others had arms torn to shreds; some had received a ball in the face, or a jagged piece of shell had lacerated their heads.

Scarcely one in a hundred had received adequate surgical aid; and many had been without food for thirty-six hours.

Their ragged, dirty, and bloody clothes, all clotted and hardened with blood, were rasping the tender, inflamed lips of their gaping wounds. Very few of the wagons had even straw in them, and all were without springs. The road was rough and rocky. The jolting was enough to have killed strong, sound men. From nearly every wagon as the horses trotted along such cries and shrieks as these greeted the ears:

"O God! Why can't I die?"

"My God! Will no one have mercy and kill me, and end my misery?"

"Oh! stop one minute, take me out and leave me by the roadside to die."

"I am dying! I am dying! Oh, my poor wife and children! What will become of you?"

Some were praying, others were uttering the most fearful oaths and imprecations that despair could wring from them in their agony.

Occasionally a wagon would be passed from which only low, deep moans and groans could be heard.

No help could be given to any of the sufferers. On, on, we must move on.

The storm continued and the darkness was fearful. There was no time even to fill a canteen with water for a dying man; for, except the drivers and guards, disposed in compact bodies every half mile, all were wounded in that vast train of human misery.

No language can convey an idea of the horrors of that most horrible of all nights of our long and bloody war.

The ground where the regiment lay, or tried to that night, was almost flooded with water, and some of the men stood up or sat down on stumps or stones, while others soundly slept, stretched out at full length in mud and water beneath, and a constantly increasing supply of the latter freely bestowed upon them from the heavens above.

It would not take more than one ngiht's bivouac like this, without any part of the experience of the day before, to make some of those who seem to think that the Government is too liberal in bestowing pensions upon the Union soldiers to seriously reconsider the matter for the remain-

der of their lives, and, dying repentant, leave all their property, in trust, for the aid and support of soldier's homes.

As soon as light enough to see, a move was made to higher ground, but the regiment still remained in the woods. The forenoon was spent by the men in trying to get warm inside and dry out, for notwithstanding it was in the hot month of July, the men had been so drenched and soaked that all were more or less chilled.

Two days more passed and no movement of the army, although on the 6th several orders were received to be ready to march at a moment's notice, but as often countermanded.

A statement was circulated on this day that our cavalry had destroyed the enemy's pontoon bridge across the Potomac at Falling Waters. It might as well have remained untouched, so far as any advantage therefrom accrued to our army.

By 3 o'clock on the morning of the 7th the Third Corps was getting ready to move; and, half an hour later, it was on the road to Emmitsburg, where the First Brigade halted until 1.15 P. M., and then pushed on to Mechanicstown, a distance of eighteen miles, and bivouacked about a mile from the town.

The 8th brought rain and sunshine with a continuation of the march southward as far as Frederick City, the march commencing at 6 o'clock in the morning, and ending at 10 o'clock at night.

The next day General Carr took command of the division, General Humphreys accepting the position of chief of staff to General Hooker.

At 5 o'clock in the morning the troops were again on the road toward Middleton, reaching there a few hours later Here rations were issued, and, after a brief rest, the march was resumed at 10 A. M. and continued to South Mountain. Starting again at 6 P. M., another march of four miles was made over the mountain to Fox Gap. It was nearly 9 o'clock before the Twelfth encamped for the night, but a short distance down from the top of the mountain.

On the 10th Gen. Henry Prince assumed command of the division, and General Carr was returned to his own brigade.

It was nearly 10 A. M. when the division again moved forward, marching down the west side of the mountain to Keedysville; and halting there from 1 to 5 P. M., it moved to near Sharpsburg, crossing Little Antietam on a stone bridge, and bivouacking about a mile beyond at 7 o'clock in the evening.

Here rest and sleep were expected, but instead of either there came at 10 P. M. an order to move again; and, without even a resting halt, five miles more were left behind, the division finally stopping not far from Boonsborough about 3 o'clock the next morning.

The whole division here bivouacked in a large wheat field upon which the wheat had been cut and stacked up to dry.

No small share of the wheat was utilized as beds for the weary men, and feed for the tired and hungry horses.

This was a hard and trying march; but it was chasing Lee back into Virginia, instead of following him on his raid into the North, and the courage of the troops was good and helped them along.

During the day, which was very hot, the men suffered considerably, but the four hours halt in the afternoon greatly relieved them.

During the march some of the old troops found themselves again on the battle-field of Antietam.

During a short halt made near where the battle commenced, these old veterans, as they felt themselves to be, related many incidents of that battle; and much was said by them in relation to the merits and demerits of General McClellan, and the gain or loss to the country arising from his retirement from active service. There was a wide difference of opinion noticeable even among his old soldiers; but the majority seemed to think him too slow a coach to run on the Richmond route.

For the next four days the army made but little progress, the Third Corps remaining nearly stationary.

The reason for this will soon be apparent. It seemed as if General Meade were waiting for the rear guard of the retreating rebels to safely pioneer his advance. It was only necessary for Lee's rear guard to face about, to at once check Meade's pursuit, and the generals in command of the advance Union forces were constantly warned not to bring on a general engagement. It was the hare following the bear, so far as the two commanders were concerned.

At Falling Waters there was some growling by the bear, as he turned around and showed his teeth, and immediately, as if badly frightened, a part of Meade's army — one division at least — took the back track and marched swiftly through Tilghmanton and Fair Play, over the battle-field of Antietam again, to Sharpsburg, bivouacking about two miles beyond the town at 1.30 P. M.

This, however, was on the 15th, two days after Lee with his main army had crossed the Potomac at Williamsport without serious molestation from a victorious pursuing army, reinforced by several thousand men, close upon his heels.

The reason of the previous delay of several days was now easily understood by the privates as well as the generals. Lee's pontoon bridge across the Potomac at Falling Waters had been destroyed by our cavalry by direction of General French, acting without orders, and the heavy rains had rendered the river unfordable.

Escape for the defeated, retreating, discouraged, and almost exhausted rebel army now seemed impossible; and the end of the war appeared nearer than ever before since its commencement.

Here stern necessity compelled General Lee to face about and stand at bay It was a trying and critical situation and condition of things for the

Confederate commander — nearly out of ammunition for his guns, and quite destitute of food for his men, with a swollen torrent deep and wide before him, his bridges burned, and a powerful and exultant army close upon his rear and crowding him to the very verge — but the Federal Chief, as if too magnanimous to make an enemy's necessity his opportunity, though that was the very game he was trying to play, stood accommodatingly back, and kindly and patiently waited three or four days until his unfortunate antagonist could build log rafts and improvise bridges to get his men and guns across!

Of all the blunders that the Government, its officers and generals, ever made during the whole war — and there were many — none, certainly none, can reasonably compare with this. To the careful and unbiased student of American history, it must and will stand out as the most conspicuous and inexcusable of them all.

It is sad to contemplate how many thousands of lives might have been saved, and the incalculable amount of suffering and sorrow that might have been avoided by ending the war at Williamsport instead of Appomattox.

Lincoln was so greatly and painfully disappointed, that with all his kindness and forbearance, he could not withhold an official expression of his feelings, in terms implying strong dissatisfaction of Meade's lack of courage and energy in following up Lee's defeated and dispirited army, after its final repulse at Gettysburg. It was a just and deserving rebuke, and was so keenly felt by General Meade that he at once tendered his resignation, which, however, was not accepted.

Of this "marvelous escape," as it has been called by an eminent historian, no one had greater cause to complain than those of the rank and file who by their long suffering and heroism had made that escape impossible, if anything had been done to prevent it.

True it was, and gladly so, that Lee's hitherto victorious legions had met with a signal defeat, and the free North was no longer invaded or threatened by their presence; but the richest fruits of this great victory, that the Union Volunteers had won at such a sacrifice, were allowed to drop unplucked and rot upon the very soil that had been enriched by their own blood, and the blood of their dead and wounded comrades.

And it is in their behalf, and in justice to their memory, that this defenceless delay and neglect — little better, if not "worse than a crime" — is especially alluded to in this history. Whoever else was at fault, sure it is that he who carried the musket was not.

Among all the questions of fact and theory, or of imaginary speculations, as to the whys and wherefores of the great error of permitting Lee's army to cross the Potomac, no one has ever dared by tongue or pen to even insinuate that those who really had the work to do of stopping him, were not only then and there ready and willing to perform it, but were impatient to attack, and dissatisfied and indignant that they were not allowed the privilege of doing so.

The average judgment of the rank and file of that army then, as many times before and afterward, was incomparably superior to that of its commander, with all his corps advisors. And if General Meade had consulted them, stating the whole facts of the situation as far as he knew them, instead of his major-generals, and acted accordingly, Lincoln would have had no reason to have bitterly complained of the result.

But, as before referred to, now that it was too late for special good and but little danger of doing the enemy harm, there was great haste manifested. The run from Falling Waters to Sharpsburg — for it was more of a race than a march — was a painful reminder of some of the forced marches toward Gettysburg a week or two before. No time was given the men for several hours to eat, drink, or rest.

With no breakfast to start on, and no halt for dinner, on, on, they push their weary way, while constantly from the head of the column comes back the order "Close up, close up," it is no wonder that some, thinking that without adequate cause they were being treated more like "dumb driven cattle" than human beings, grew savagely cross, and that the murmur of their grumbling protests grew louder despite the efforts of the officers to check it. If the game had not already escaped, there would have been some reason for the mad chase. Nature's calls for rest and food were urgent and imperative, the latter being answered at the expense of one or two sutlers, whose stock in trade was soon disposed of by involuntary distribution.

The morn was cloudy, but the day clear and hot, and the suffering great. This was followed the next day by a hard, toilsome march, of twelve or fifteen miles, over South Mountain and through Brownsville to Pleasant Valley; and on the 17th the Third Corps crossed the Potomac at Harper's Ferry and encamped for the night on Boliver Heights.

As the troops marched past the engine-house where "Old John Brown" heroically defended himself against the combined attack of the state militia and citizens, they struck up the old refrain connected with his name; and who that chimed in on the chorus, as all did, could help thinking it true in a broader sense than ever dreamed of that

"— his soul is marching on."

Again on the Virginia side of the river, the march was continued through Hillsborough, Wood Grove, Upperville, Piedmont, Markham, Manassas Gap, to Wapping Heights and Front Royal.

At two or three places along this route, the Twelfth bivouacked near where the regiment encamped the fall before on its march from Berlin to Falmouth. "Much of the way," writes one of the Twelfth, "was hemmed in by hills and mountains, and reminded us of our own mountain home."

Blackberries, large, ripe, and delicious were very plentiful, and the many fruit lunches that the boys were privileged to enjoy at every halt

and camp along the march proved of great value to them both as a food and a medicine. Many who were suffering from stomach and bowel affections were greatly helped or entirely cured.

Concerning the engagement near Front Royal, called Wapping Heights, the following description from the diary of Captain Musgrove will be found both accurate and interesting:

Early Thursday morning, July 17th, we started again, and leaving the Warrington road, took the one leading through Manassas Gap to Front Royal. The road was up and down steep hills, over rocks, and through brooks. The road thus hard and the day hot, we were glad to halt and stack arms about four miles from Front Royal. Here the cavalry men told us that the "Rebs" were but two or three miles in advance, and soon we saw a part of the Third Brigade advance as skirmishers and very soon open fire. They continued to advance and the reserve to follow up, with the remainder of the brigade in line of battle.

We had a fine view of this advance. As expected, our turn to move forward soon came. The enemy fell slowly back for about a mile, we following, when the firing commenced to grow warmer, and the enemy opened upon us with their artillery, but fell short of reaching us and did us but little harm.

We took quite a number of prisoners as we moved onward. Two rebels, when they saw a captain fall in our lines, threw down their guns and ran and helped him to our rear, thus getting into our lines.

Darkness coming on, we lay down to rest on the ground by our arms, with equipments all on, ready to spring into line at a moment's warning. We had no permission to sleep, even in that condition, but as the order was to rest, and fatigued as we were, we soon fell asleep and did not wake up until morning, although we lay on the rocks upon the side of a hill so steep that we had to get our heels against a stone to keep from sliding down.

We expected a renewal of the fight the next day, but in the morning there were no rebels to be found, and we advanced to within a mile of Front Royal, when a single shell sent over by the enemy caused us to halt, form a line of battle again, and in this way we moved forward upon ground perfectly awful to march over. When we got to the town we halted, and a cavalry force was sent ahead, but discovered no rebels this side of the Shenandoah river. We then retraced our steps, and marched back about eight miles where we encamped for the night. Yesterday we marched about sixteen miles, halting for the night within six miles of Warrington, where our regiment did picket duty, starting again this morning about 5 o'clock.

We supposed we were to have a rest at Warrington, and draw some shoes and clothing, which we were really suffering for. My feet had been so sore for several days as to give me great pain every time I stepped. Instead of resting, we passed through the town toward Culpepper It was hot and dusty, and we were so worn out that it seemed impossible to move any further. In this condition we were taking a short rest, and the bugle had just sounded for us to "fall in," when an order came for our regiment to proceed no further, as we were detached from our brigade and ordered to report to General Marston. It was said we were going to Point Lookout to guard prisoners; and if ever news was gladly received by weary soldiers, this was by us. Yet we hardly dared to

believe it true, but we were glad for a change of some or almost any kind that promised a little rest.

We have already marched back here to Warrington this afternoon, and are now waiting for the train.

From Wapping Heights to Front Royal the First Brigade took the lead, advancing part of the way in line of battle over hills, rocks, and through brooks, swamps, and ravines; but finding nothing to fight, formed into column and marched back to Markham and encamped for the night. The next day it started again at 4 A. M., and marched through Piedmont and Salem to White Plains, where the Twelfth Regiment went on picket and was exposed to a severe shower during the night.

Little did the rain-soaked and march-worn sentinels of that weary but watchful picket line think, as they stood as faithful but almost disheartened outposts on that wet and gloomy night, that they were so near the end of their long and wearisome marches, and that before another night should come they would be relieved from the tiring toils of war in the field, and preparing to leave the Army of the Potomac for a pleasant place of rest and safety in camp.

Coming, as it did, all unexpected, the order for the Second, Fifth, and Twelfth New Hampshire regiments to be detached from the Third Corps and to report at Washington for guard duty, seemed too much like a dream or idle camp story to be credited; and not until the Second and the Twelfth found themselves on rail *en route* for the Capital, that congratulations were exchanged and the realization of the welcome truth begun to be felt.

At noon of the 27th the Second and Twelfth regiments bade farewell to Meade's army, and took the train for Washington, followed by another train loaded with prisoners captured at Wapping Heights and Front Royal. The train stopped at Warrington Junction until 5 o'clock, and then proceeded to Alexandria, arriving there about sunset. Here another stop was made, and some of the sick sent in ambulances to general hospitals in the city They would have fain kept along with their old comrades, but their condition was too low and feeble to go further, and "we said good-bye, to some of them, forever."

Here also, as at Warrington before starting, the rebel prisoners were greeted and feasted by the citizens, from whom acts of kindness and words of love and sympathy, by men, women, and children who soon gathered around, evinced how strong and bitter was the feeling they still cherished against the Union and its organized power that had conquered their army at Gettysburg, and were now bringing back their fathers, brothers, and sons as prisoners of war.

It was nearly midnight when the trains reached Washington. Here again there was a welcome greeting for the guarded Gray, but none for the conquering heroes in Blue, who had so long and faithfully guarded

the National Capital itself, and who had, but two or three weeks before, saved it from capture on the field of Gettysburg.

From the almost sumptuous supply of food and clothing that the prisoners received from relatives and friends, and the complaint that some of them made, that it was hard to be held as prisoners of war in their own city, one would have supposed, without other means of knowing, that he was in Richmond instead of Washington. And this was by no means the only squad of rebel prisoners captured and sent North among which could be found former residents and natives of the city Eliminating the colored population, and at least three out of every five of the residents of Washington at the commencement of the war were outright Secessionists.

If he who never marched in the ranks would learn a sad lesson of the frightful scourge of war, he can study and fully understand it by the following truthful illustration.

But little more than nine months before, the Twelfth Regiment had left Washington with nearly one thousand strong and hardy men, to bear its part of the burden of toil and danger that rested upon the Army of the Potomac. Now it returns with nearly a score less than one tenth of that number, sick and well, and breaks its ranks at the "Soldier's Rest" with only *sixty-nine muskets in stack!*

No wonder that Lieutenant-Colonel Marsh, who had not seen the regiment before since he left it on the field of Chancellorsville, exclaimed, "My God! Is this all that is left of the Twelfth New Hampshire?" and cried like a child; or that Captain May, who left it at the same time and rejoined it here, when he saw the ragged and haggard condition of that pitiable remnant — some of them not able to be outside of the hospital and all without clothes or money — pulled out his pocket-book and said, "Here, boys, help yourselves," giving and loaning to the amount of several hundred dollars. With memory active to draw the contrast between then and now, it was a sad and sorrowful picture indeed.

For forty-seven consecutive days the regiment had been in active campaign service, most of the time on the road or the battle-field, making many forced marches by night as well as by day; and the condition of the men was one of actual destitution and suffering. A single glance could reveal enough, but could not all discover; for it required a much closer and more searching inspection to perceive the worst, that could only be realized by the sense of feeling, as well as of sight. The tired, haggard look; the worn-out shoes, affording but little or no protection to their feet; and the dirty, ragged clothes, scarcely sufficient to cover their bodies and screen them from the burning rays of the sun, — all told the same story of hardship and suffering.

But the toils and dangers of the march and the field were now over with them for awhile; and the discomfort and misery of their bodily condition were also soon to end by an expurgation of water and fire, as will be referred to in the next chapter.

But if the war-worn veterans of the Second and Twelfth regiments had much reason to rejoice, those of the Fifth had more; for no sooner did they reach Washington than they were ordered to proceed to Concord, N. H., to rest and recruit, where they could all get a chance to visit their homes. They did not rejoin the brigade at Point Lookout until the 13th of November.

The next day after their arrival an amusing incident occurred among the men of the two regiments which, though it may not serve "to point a moral or adorn a tale," is nevertheless significantly illustrative of not only how little a thing can frighten the brave, but of how closely connected the lachrymose and ludicrous phases of our lives sometimes appear.

The Second and Twelfth regiments were quartered in the same barracks and close together; and some one in the latter regiment, in the still hour of the night when all was quiet, accidentally hit one of the guns that were stacked at their feet, causing three or four of the gunstocks to fall with a crashing noise upon the floor. Instantly both regiments were upon their feet and groping and grasping in the darkness for their guns, which some got hold of and were actually in the act of using them against each other, before they became sufficiently awakened to remember that they were in Washington city instead of on the vedette line in front of the enemy

And thus ended with these two regiments, as well as the Fifth, the memorable Gettysburg campaign.

CHAPTER VIII.

Point Lookout

At 6 o'clock P. M., on the 30th of July, 1863, the Second and Twelfth regiments, with about two hundred prisoners, embarked on board the steamer "John Brooks," at 7th street wharf in Washington, and were soon moving down the Potomac, bound for Point Lookout, Md., and arriving there about noon the next day

This place had been selected by the Government for the location of a large prison encampment which Gen. Gilman Marston, through the influence of Governor Berry and others, was now authorized to establish, and to take with him, for that purpose, the three New Hampshire regiments that had suffered the most in the field.

To troops that had seen so much of the dark, rough side of a soldier's life, and had just been through the hardest campaign of the war, it was a military paradise, where they could find and enjoy, in quiet safety, the rest and relaxation that their nerves and muscles so greatly needed, and which the mind did not fail to appreciate.

Washed by the waves of the Chesapeake on one side, and separated from Virginia by the broad mouth of the Potomac on the other; within a few hours' ride by sail or steam of Washington and Baltimore; with a nice picnic cluster of pine trees on the extreme point to sweeten the air and shade the ground, and excellent facilities for boating, fishing, and bathing, it had long been a favorite resort for pleasure seekers and invalids from both cities. But never did it afford more heart-felt relief and gladness than to the war-worn veterans who now possessed it.

Could the many loved comrades, left buried behind, have been there to enjoy it with them, their cups would have lacked only the sweet pleasure of home to have overflowed with joy and gladness.

This peninsula point, being all surrounded by water except a narrow neck, easily guarded, on the north, and so favorably situated, near the theatre of war and the base of supplies, as to save long transportation of either the prisoners captured, or the rations to feed them on, it was, perhaps, considering security, convenience, and comfort, including the mild climate and healthy location, the best place for a large camp and general depot for prisoners of war that could have been selected.

The first thing of importance after landing, and it was very important to health and comfort, was a general slaughter by fire and water of "gray backs."

Thousands were drowned in the Potomac into which the boys rushed at the first breaking of their ranks after landing, and a thousand times as many more were consumed in the big bon-fire of coats, pants, vests, shirts, socks, shoes, and caps that was kindled the next day when the quartermaster stores were distributed, and each man had the happy privilege of receipting for a new suit of clothes to take the place of the dirty, ragged, vermin-infested ones that they now gladly committed to the flames. And if there were a few articles of clothing that escaped, because thought too good to be thus destroyed, they were at once cleaned and purified by a grease-extracting and life-extinguishing souse and boil in soap-suds.

Dressed *cap-a-pie* in cloth and leather new, with faces shaved and hair cut and combed, the boys looked as much better as they felt, and would hardly have been recognized as the same "Dirty Dozen," as someone called them, that arrived in Washington a few days before.

There was to be no more skirmishing for "gray backs" now, either of the two or six legged genus, and the entire relief from the hardship and danger of the one, and the annoyance and discomfort of the other, was better appreciated than words can well express.

No sooner were the regimental camps laid out, and tents erected (which were no longer the dog-kennel shelters, but the much more commodious and comfortable "A" tents) than work was commenced on the stockade around the prisoners' quarters.

This consisted of pine logs split in the middle, and cut long enough to trench fast in the ground, and leave ten or twelve feet above as the height of the pen. On the outside of this stockade, near the top, was built a staging about four feet wide for the sentinels to walk on.

To thus circummure a space of ground big enough to accommodate several thousand men was no small undertaking, and an invitation was given to the "Johnnies" to assist.*

This at first they indignantly declined, not deeming it good military manners to be asked to help build their own prison; but, getting tired of waiting, they at last concluded to bend their backs and bear a hand.

In the meantime a detail of twenty men was made from the regiments to act as mounted scouts in the country above the Point, and watch for any contraband trade or suspicious acts of the inhabitants, most of whom were in active sympathy with the South.

There was, however, but little fear of any rescuing force from that direction, as the narrow neck, above referred to, of only a few rods in width, was guarded by artillery and a block-house: while the constant presence of gunboats in the Potomac made any like attempt from the Virginian shore equally hazardous.

The camp was divided into company quarters, each occupied by one hundred men in charge of a sergeant.

* The prison pen was afterward enlarged by a post and board fence.

Strict police and sanitary regulations were enforced, good food and pure water amply supplied, and nothing for the health and comfort of the prisoners was wanting. In fact, with good "A" or "Sibley" tents to shield them from the sun, and shelter them from the storm, and warm clothes in winter to take the place of their ragged "butternut and jeans," they were all much better provided for than when in their own army, and many of them better supplied than ever before in their lives.

A JOLLY JOHNNY REB.
(As he looked upon his arrival at camp.)

This treatment, so different from that of our own starving comrades in the prison pens of the South, and so much better than expected by the rebels themselves, soon made its impression, and had a favorable effect upon the recipients. Sectional prejudice and hatred, engendered or intensified by the war, soon softened into respect, and even friendship, and a great change came over the vision of their dreams.

Not only were their hurts softened, but their minds were opened; and being both convicted and convinced their conversion was radical and reliable, as their future acts and conduct proved. They had, at last, by kind treatment and the new light given them by contact with their hitherto hated and despised Yankee foes, got their eyes open, and could now plainly see, what they never had or could before, that theirs was, as some of them called it, "the rich man's war and the poor man's fight."

Many of these, willing to prove their faith by their works, took the oath of allegiance, and, exchanging the rebel gray for Union blue, enlisted into the Federal service where they served faithfully until their discharge. Two full regiments were thus raised, and being commanded

by men commissioned from the ranks of the Second, Fifth, and Twelfth regiments, were sent to the western frontier to fight the Indians.

They were known on the war records as the First and Second United States Volunteers, but were called by the boys, "Galvanized Yanks."

A few of them enlisted into the ranks of the Second Regiment, as willing then to fight for the stars and stripes as they had been to battle for the stars and bars, and it is testimony of record, that "braver and truer men than they proved themselves never fought beneath the old flag."

Most of them, however, who took the oath of allegiance went into the northern states and found work wherever they could, not daring to return to their homes in the South, even if they had been allowed to do so.

In taking the oath they were required to answer several questions, and the answers to these had to be sent to Washington and approved before applicants were given their liberty

These questions would, of course, be answered favorably whether the applicant was acting in good or bad faith, so that this particular care and formality was all absurdly useless.

The actions of these men, who were healthy and comfortable, were in marked contrast to those of our own army in rebel prisons, who, though suffering every discomfort and misery, many of them actually starving, chose to thus suffer and die rather than by any act or word to show themselves disloyal to their country and its flag.

But while thousands were thus happily disposed of, three times as many more remained under guard. Squads and companies of from fifty to five hundred were coming in every week or two to take the place of those going out, leaving an average in camp of about five thousand; although at times, toward spring, there were more than double that number to be watched and cared for

With this large number together, it is not surprising that, however good their rations or kind their treatment, there should be many discontented ones, and some who were willing to take the risk of an attempt to escape rather than remain longer in confinement.

These few had only to plan and lead, and the rest of course would follow; and hence the greatest vigilance was required to detect any indications of this kind, for five or six thousand men, who had learned to scorn and defy death in the ranks of Longstreet and Jackson, against as many hundred, though armed, taken by surprise, would have had more than even chances of exchanging the fortunes of war, and making prisoners of those who were guarding them. This once accomplished, their final escape into "Dixie," with the whole of Southern Maryland ready to assist them, would have been the easiest part of the undertaking.

Hence the great danger, especially before the arrival of the Fifth Regiment, was from a sortie from within, instead of an attack from without. That such an attempt was at one time seriously considered, and really intended, there is but little doubt.

Strong suspicions, founded on several minor but significant observations, at last ripened into evidence too positive and direct to be unheeded.

The two guarding regiments — Second and Twelfth — were ordered under arms, with muskets loaded, and two pieces of artillery, double-shotted with canister, were placed so as to sweep the gateway, while the prisoners were all marched out of their quarters, a company at a time, and a thorough search was made of every tent and the whole prison ground.

Several muskets were found, but how they got there was a mystery; and quite a number of their bunks, when uncovered, were found to be boats roughly constructed from pieces of hard-tack boxes and boards with the cracks tightened with grease and soap, and holes cut through the sides near the top for the oars which were also found all ready for use. It was further discovered that they had dug a tunnel nearly to the outside of the stockade. This was easily done without attracting particular attention, as they, for some time, had been allowed to make sun-burnt brick from the clay found in their enclosure, to use themselves or to sell to the officers to build chimneys with to their winter quarters.

The prisoners had been doing quite a business in this line, but after the discovery of the tunnel, no more brick-making was permitted in the rebel camp. This source of revenue being cut off, more attention was given by them to the manufacturing of rings, fans, pipes, chains, charms, etc., which they readily exchanged with their blue-clad guardians for "greenbacks" or government scrip.

In this kind of work they evinced, many of them, considerable skill and ingenuity. One of them manufactured a clock that would keep very good time, and another constructed a miniature steam engine which would run, and, considering the material and tools he was obliged to use, was quite a curiosity

Beside the evidently concerted plans and efforts to escape, just referred to, there were many other attempts made by two, three, or more, at a time. These attempts — nearly always unsuccessful — were usually made by dropping out and hiding away while outside of the stockade for wood, water, or bathing, and, if not found before dark, taking their chances of escaping during the night into Maryland. At one time an attempt was made to bribe the guard, which being reported, the soldier was instructed the next time he went on guard to inform those who had tried to bribe him that he would let them out if they would double the amount offered. This they agreed to do if he would allow double the number to pass out.

The bargain being at last made, before the next relief came round, ten of the liberty-seeking "Johnnies" were outside of their pine-log surrounding; but, before they knew it, found themselves inside of a circling line of mounted patrolmen, who, with loaded carbines, commanded them to halt. Two weeks in the guard-house on half-rations was their reward.

At another time two or three who had dropped out from a squad, that

was out for some purpose, were allowed to remain, as if unnoticed, until late in the night, when, thinking it safe to make another move toward their final escape, they crawl out of their hiding places in the bushes, stand erect for a moment or two and listen, and then, with low-bent bodies, and cat-like steps, move silently forward, but only for a few steps, before the "zip" of bullets over and around their heads causes them to fall to the ground and beg for their lives. One of these was shot by an officer in the Second Regiment, after he had cried for quarter. It was a mean and cowardly act.

A few experiences like these, and one or two others related in the chapter of anecdotes, had a tendency to convince the discontented ones that it was useless for any of them to attempt an escape from Point Lookout, which though a good place to stay at, was a very bad place to start from.

To show the deplorable condition of the poor whites of the South, under the slave-holders' *regime*, it may be properly referred to here, that not more than one third of the prisoners could write their own names. It was only by this wide-spread ignorance through the slave states (for this class included nearly the whole white population, except the slave-owners and their families) that the Rebellion was made possible. And hence it is plainly seen how necessary to the welfare and safety of free people is the general diffusion of knowledge.

Religious services were held every Sabbath in the prisoners' camp, the chaplains of the different regiments taking turns in conducting them, and fervent interest was frequently manifested, especially among the soldiers from General Jackson's command, who had imbibed somewhat of the Christian zeal of their great leader

They said they used to have great revivals in their corps when Jackson was alive and mingled with them. No wonder that his soldiers followed him until they fell dead in their tracks, as they were said to, on their forced marches around our right flank at Chancellorsville, or that they fought with such desperation in that battle to avenge his death; for religious zeal, as the history of the world shews, is one of the strongest motive powers of the human heart. It was this that made the armies of Constantine and Cromwell invincible, and caused the vain sacrifice of millions during the Crusades.

But Christian interest and efforts were not found in the prison camp alone. By the efforts of Chaplain Ambrose and others, money was raised by subscription, and quite a commodious chapel was erected, where, in bad as well as good weather, religious services could be held. Before this, when pleasant, meetings had been held in a small grove of pines near the camp of the Twelfth.

The new chapel was dedicated Sunday, December 27th, a minister from New York preaching a very interesting sermon from Matthew, twenty-first chapter and twenty-second verse. On the second Sabbath in January the

chaplain delivered one of his ablest discourses upon the words: "For every house is builded by some man, but he that built all things is God," and brought out, among others, the beautifully illustrative idea, that the lowest and hidden stones are those of the foundation, and therefore nearest "The Chief Corner Stone."

Quite a church of humble and devoted worshipers in the Christian faith was organized from the Twelfth and the other two regiments, which, without schism or discussion, excepting upon one question, grew up and flourished.

The question alluded to was upon the propriety of excommunicating the venerable Sergeant Osgood, of Company C, who, it was discovered, was a believer in universal salvation.

This was deemed to be too dangerous a doctrine to be tolerated, much less to be openly communed with, and so without any other charge against him he was voted out.

It was not until the 13th of November that the Fifth Regiment arrived from Concord, N H., where, as already noticed, it had been for three months on recruiting service. It had partially filled up its own ranks out of the bounty-jumping class of recruits, and brought along with them nearly three hundred more of the same kind for the Second and Twelfth regiments.

This was the beginning of grief, as will be seen, for all the old members of the brigade, although the veterans of the Fifth had learned enough about their new associates, before leaving Concord, to quite correctly estimate their value as soldiers.

But to the others it was an unexpected opening in camp of the fabled jar of Epimetheus, from which came nothing good but hope, and the hope, as expressed by one, was that these new recruits might all desert to the enemy, as the quickest and most effectual way of putting down the Rebellion.

Most of these recruits were called "subs." This nick-name was applied to that class of the *genus homo* known on the army enrollments, under the draft act, as "substitutes"; and considered, either as a contraction of that word, or as a *prenomen* in the original language from which it is derived, was well chosen and peculiarly applicable.

The word *sub*, as is well known, is a Latin preposition and means, in the English language, *under* or *below;* but how far in that direction it is possible for the human race to go on this mundane sphere before the final drop into the fathomless depths of perdition, no one can have any adequate conception who never had anything to do with those strange specimens of abnormal humanity that were sent out in the fall and winter of 1863–4 to fill up the skeleton ranks of the old regiments.

Congress had made a law, authorizing a draft to fill up the quotas of the different States, by virtue of which every man, with few exceptions, whose name was drawn, and was physically able, had to "play or pay,"

as the phrase went, — go to the front and play ball with the "Johnnies," or pay the sum of three hundred dollars, and stay at home with his neighbors.

This law, however necessary a draft of some kind, was both unwise and unjust. It was unwise, because the Government wanted men more than money, but got, of course, just the reverse; and it was unjust, because it wrongfully discriminated in favor of the rich as against the poor, allowing him, who could best go, to stay, and obliging him, who had most need to stay and provide for his family, to go. Failing to get the men, the law was amended by striking out the commutation clause, and requiring men instead of money; so that he, who should be drafted, must either go or send — stand up and face the music himself, or hire someone to do it for him. Hence the name substitute will be found to have had a military as well as a literary signification; for although the man of money had to *stand* the draft, it was his poor neighbor who had to "*stand the racket.*"

Although the draft act, as amended, had the effect of putting more names upon the muster-rolls it compelled the poor man to do the fighting. And, since nothing can prove practically right that is morally wrong, it will soon be seen that the last law was quite as impolitic as the first; and that while names may swell the list, the character of the persons to whom they apply has no little to do with the final result.

Almost immediately a brisk business of hunting up substitutes was started, the demand, at first, being far ahead of the supply, making prices high; and soon there were found in every city, and many of the towns, one or more of those self-styled patriots who are always willing to serve their country when there is more money than danger in the business, and who were known as "substitute brokers." This business, as it was conducted, was much more lucrative than honorable.

It started even before the draft was enforced by getting men to enlist in towns that had voted enormous bounties for volunteers, although they might have never heard of the town before, the broker getting his subject for two or three hundred dollars — sometimes much less — and pocketing eight or ten hundred dollars for his part of the transaction.

After the draft act they became more expert in their profession than ever, often getting from three to five hundred dollars in exchange for the price of a few glasses of whiskey, and a few dollars for car fare and safe custody of their victim, until they could get him into the safe keeping of the recruiting-camp guards.

These brokers ransacked the dens of infamy and crime in the larger cities of the North to find those, no matter how mean or degraded, who could be induced for money to enlist for three years, or during the time necessary to find a good chance to desert.

Many were procured by consent of state authority, the convicted criminal choosing to enlist and fight awhile for the nation at sixteen dollars per month, rather than work for the State a few years for nothing.

When the latter class could not be found, and the former were too high priced to leave a good margin on the profit side of the brokers' ledgers, resort was had to getting their victims drunk or drugging them; and by these means thousands were forced into the service. Many of this class were sailors, and some of them, aside from their habit of too often "doubling the horn," being neither vile nor vicious by nature, like those with whom they were thus unconsciously united, made very good soldiers.

But taking the substitutes together, it can be truthfully said, that such another depraved vice-hardened and desperate set of human beings never before disgraced an army To send such vile rubbish to take the place of the fallen brave, and fill up the ranks of the veteran heroes who still remained, was an insult to them, and a desecration to the memory of their late comrades. It was what neither the cause nor the occasion either justified or demanded.

They represented the lowest class of almost every nationality, though some of the worst were of good birth and education, and, lacking neither courage nor wit, were naturally the instigators and leaders of every scheme and effort to evade duty or desert the service. Some of their plans to effect the latter and main purpose, to grab the bounty and jump the service — as many had repeatedly done before, and hence called "Bounty Jumpers" — in shrewdness of conception and boldness of execution were worthy of a better motive, and had well been imitated, on a larger scale, in the strategy and tactics of more than one of our commanding generals.

Two or three, here given as illustrations, all happened in one car, loaded with "subs," and *en route* for the front, in charge of an officer who had stationed a guard at either door.

Although a free ride, it was in the wrong direction to be enjoyable; and some had taken the precaution to take with them a thinner suit, of any color but blue, to put on whenever the climate got too hot for them.

One of these fellows, with citizen's pants under his others, improved the first chance to change and exchange as follows: Noticing that the officer had become so much annoyed by persistent efforts of the newsboys to get into the car at a certain city that he threatened to kick from the platform the next one that came on, one of the "subs" saw with a quick eye of perception that his time had come. Reaching out of the window, he bought the whole stock in trade of the first news-paper boy that came along. Then quickly pulling off his outside pants and turning his coat and cap inside out, with a bundle of papers under his arm and one half spread out in his hand, he started for the door crying out, "*Times*, *Herald*, *Tribune*," and running purposely against the officer who, thinking he had got into the car at the other end, and being thus rudely jostled, actually grabbed him by the shoulders and with a shove and a kick gave Mr. "Sub" a very acceptable send off, while a roar of laughter arose from his comrades inside which the officer did not just then fully appreciate.

Another took off his coat and hat, rolled up his sleeves, and stepping into the middle of the car, while the guard was not looking, and when it was getting about dark enough to light up, he climbed upon the seats and, taking a lamp in each hand, walked boldly out past the guard into the streets of the city

A third one went up to the guard at the door, and said he wanted to see the lieutenant; and while the officer comes in on one side, he, with a quick push and a spring, goes out on the other into the darkness of night, while the sword and the gun, thus so quickly discomfited, were left to discuss their individual stupidity and relative responsibility Again, as the cars were starting, a "sub" entered the saloon at the end of the car where immediately a window was heard to crash, and while the guard jumped for the coat tail going out of the window, two or three more coat tails went out of the door. And thus from one closely-guarded car, half a dozen or more of these recruits escaped on their way to the front. It is safe to say that of this class of recruits assigned to New Hampshire regiments, not less than thirty per cent deserted before joining their respective commands, and one half as many more before the close of the war.

According to the Adjutant-General's reports over thirty per cent of all the recruits, including volunteers and drafted men, were deserters, most of whom were substitutes, who did not constitute much more than one half of the whole number of recruits. From this it will be seen that the above estimate of forty-five per cent of this class being deserters, is probably much below the correct figures. Fortunately, or rather unfortunately — for they were not worth the trouble of keeping — Point Lookout, with the narrow neck of land, double guarded, was not a good location for bounty-jumping. Yet quite a number tried it, and while some cleared the line, others, not so smart, fell short.

One day a coffin was made by one of the carpenters in which to bury, as he supposed, a comrade who had just died in the hospital. At the next morning's roll-call one of the new recruits was not present, nor could he be accounted for, until it was discovered that the coffin, which had been left outside over night, had also disappeared. To use a coffin as a boat was a novel idea, and although not exactly according to the original design, answerd the new purpose well enough to flank the guard and land its living occupant safely across the inlet that helped hem him in.

At another time three from the Twelfth had by some means evaded the guard, got up into Maryland, and well started, as they thought, for the North; but they were apprehended by the mounted patrol, and started on the back track. One of them, not relishing so sudden and unexpected a "right about face," took vengeance on his captors with his tongue, using the most insulting and abusive language. Being repeatedly warned, without effect, he was brought back to camp very silent and submissive, and buried the next day His name was John Lee, and he was shot by Peter Gravlin of the Second Regiment.

The old soldiers of the brigade were not, at this time, in a very good-natured mood toward their semi-barbarous allies; nor was there any reason why they should have been. Before their advent, common toil, hardship, and danger, for months and years, had made them a band of brothers. Between the officers and men there existed the most perfect confidence and friendship. Punishment was uncalled for, as disobedience, demanding it, was unknown; and camp guard had long been a thing of the past. The men went and came almost at their pleasure, subject of course to such restrictions of time and place as their duty required; and the roll-call was more a matter of form than necessity, for if one was absent it was understood that he would be on hand when needed.

The all-perverting "sub" came and everything was changed. No pleasure or privilege for the boys in camp any more, for the hard lines and severe discipline of military necessity apply with a rigidness never before required.

The little boats — mostly "dug-outs" — that had lined the shores, and in which they used to row, sail, fish, and gather oysters at their leisure are all "contraband" now And the short pleasure trips up into the country, even to the little villages of St. Mary's and "The Pines" to have a home-reminding chat with the girls, and get a wee sip of "apple jack" as an appetizer, are no longer had, except at long intervals, for they now have the double duty to perform, of guarding the "subs" as well as the "rebs." But to keep them from running away was by no means the worst part of the job that these new comers furnished. To make them obey orders and perform duty, neither the patience of Job nor the wisdom of Solomon could avail without severe discipline, and even then some of the obdurate and case-hardened proved more than a match for their company commanders. Punishment, however severe, was utterly futile, either to reform the offender or as an example to his comrades.

The writer remembers one fellow that stood on tip-toe, tied up by his thumbs, until so near death as to be past all suffering, rather than consent to return a watch that he had stolen, or even tell what he had done with it; and although suffering the most excruciating pain of reaction, after being cut down, he was ready to repeat it and die rather than give or own up by a single act or word.

Though these attempts to compel obedience by punitive measures were generally as useless as they were common — the recipients taking them like their rations, as part of the regular bill of fare — yet it was deemed necessary, in order to keep up a show of discipline; and the ingenuity of the officers was heavily taxed to find ways and means of punishment commensurate with the multifold and daily increasing offenses.

Some days one might see two or three of them sitting astride the ridge-pole of an officer's quarters with a weight attached to each foot, so they could keep their balance and not be blown off, while they were permitted to enjoy, to their heart's content, a cool, refreshing breeze from the bay.

At the same time, perhaps, could be seen as many more marching up and down the company street or regimental parade ground, in heavy marching order — their knapsacks filled up with rocks.

Now and then there would be a squad drill of the offenders in slow time: so slow in fact that there would be but one beat to the measure, and that a "dead beat," and the measure being a barrel with both of its heads knocked out, and a "dead-head" put in, and having written upon it the crime or offense that its hooped-up incumbent had committed.

These were but a few of the many ways devised to punish for minor offenses; but the "buck and gag," tying up by the thumbs, and standing, heavy weighted, on the chimes of a barrel, were among the more severe methods of compelling obedience. Sometimes the nature of the offense would suggest its own correction; as when one day Captain Bedee discovered that some of the "subs" of Company G had turned boat-makers, two boats already completed being found in their tents and used as bunks to secrete them until a favorable opportunity to test their capacity by a trial trip across the Potomac. Determined, after so much patient care and toil, that they should not miss their ride, as they had their calculations, he compelled four to carry a boat, two at each end, while two more rode in it, dextrously plying the oars as if pulling for their lives on the water, as they probably would have done a few nights later. Then he would reverse the order, letting two of the carriers ride and row awhile, and the riders take their places, thus making them lug or tug, until, like the frogs in the fable, what was fun for the boys was death to them.

But however much they were found wanting in almost every element of honor or manliness, with one thing they were well supplied, and that was "greenbacks."

With no relatives that they cared for, and no friends they dared trust, they took their bounty money along with them, and, judging others by themselves, dared not carry it in their pockets, but concealed it about their persons in every way conceivable. Some kept it in their stockings, others in the lining of their boot-legs, and a few sewed it up in their neckties; but the most of them carried the larger part of their greenbacks in a waist belt that they wore next to their bodies. Despite all these precautions many had their money, as well as their watches, stolen by their brother comrades. But while stealing from each other was common, gambling was their pastime. A single instance will illustrate both.

A poor simple-minded German, who had been drugged or lied into the service, had three hundred dollars stolen from him one night, and suspicion rested upon a "sub" in the same company by the name of Curley who was one of the meanest and toughest specimens of his class. He was arrested and a drumhead court martial instituted by the company commander to try him. In the course of the investigation, although no adequate proof of his stealing the money was educed, it was ascertained that he had gambled his comrades out of several thousand dollars that he

had sent in separate packages to different banks in the North, not daring to keep it with him.

From what has already been written it will be easy for the reader to believe that there were many desperate and dangerous criminals among them who would not hesitate to commit any crime that passion, avarice, or revenge might incite them to.

The same Curley, just mentioned, made a cowardly attack upon Captain Barker on the night of the landing of Butler's troops at City Point, and might have seriously injured or killed him, but for the quick interference of one of the lieutenants who discovered his purpose before he could effect it.

Another one stabbed Lieutenant Gale of Company B, the arm that received the knife thrust, saving the body that was aimed at from a dangerous wound. The next moment the assaulting "sub" was subverted and subdued by a stunning blow from the fist of the great and strong Sergeant Piper of the same company Several felonious assaults were also made upon members of the Second and Fifth regiments.

November 22d a detachment of two officers and forty men from the Twelfth, accompanied by a gunboat went up the Potomac to St. George's Island to capture some Confederates said to be encamped there, and returned the next day with about thirty rebel deserters and blockade runners. The day following the return of this party, there were several colored refugees and escaped Federal prisoners arrived in camp from Richmond. The refugees and prisoners had helped each other in their flight; but the latter were under the greater obligation, as they would never have gotten away but for the assistance of the former.

One day more, the 26th, and the three regiments were all enjoying a good Thanksgiving dinner; for parents, wives, and children in New Hampshire had not forgotten those of their own blood and kin in the army who could now be quickly reached by express transportation.

As they partook of the stuffed chickens and other good things from home, they could not help thinking of the many thousands in the army less privileged than themselves; and memory helped draw the contrast between this and their last Thanksgiving at Falmouth.

Every few days a fresh supply of "subs" or "rebs" would arrive in camp, but the latter were by far the more welcome.

December 23d, as a climax of several preceding days of severely cold weather, came the first snow for the season, followed that night by General Butler and staff, who, after inspecting the encampments, departed with the snow the next day, taking with him six hundred rebel prisoners for exchange.

On Christmas day there was much sport among the boys of the regiments, a regular programme of amusements being very pleasantly carried out at the encampments of the Second and Fifth, in which the Twelfth participated. Among other things to make sport, were the greased pig

and pole, wheelbarrow and sack races, and wrestling; Walter Libbey of the Twelfth winning the belt as champion wrestler.

On the 12th day of January, 1864, a force of about three hundred infantry, half as many cavalry, and a section of a Rhode Island battery left the Point at 5.30 A. M., under convoy of two gunboats, for a raid into Virginia. This force was made up from the three regiments; the detail from the Twelfth consisting of Captains May and Bedee, Lieutenants Smith and Sanborn, six sergeants, eight corporals, and one hundred privates.

The object of this expedition, which was led by General Marston himself, was to capture a small force of rebels that were stationed, as understood, near the Rappahannock river, and to do such other damage to the material supplies of the enemy as might be found practicable. Although the rebel encampment did not in any way contribute to the success of the Yankee enterprise, its occupants concluding to run rather than fight, yet the raid was not entirely a vain effort, saltworks and tanneries being destroyed, and several rebel soldiers, among whom were a major and captain, who were at home on furloughs, were captured.

Nor was this all that was captured, for when the command returned on the afternoon of the 15th, the quartermaster's and commissary's stores were increased by a fresh supply of horses, mules, and cattle, to the number of fifty or more, that had not been raised on the Maryland side of the Potomac; while the company cooks were amply supplied for a few days with fresh meat of various kinds, besides beef, to cook for a rich change of rations for the men. In fact, the whole thing proved to be but little more than an organized foraging expedition, which the officers and men enjoyed so much that they all, who still survive, relish the memory of it even to this day

Though the infantry marched thirty-five or forty miles from the river and back again in less than three days they were but little fatigued, for every man, for much of the way, was mounted — some on horses, some on mules, some on jacks and jennies, and some on the seats of sundry kinds of two and four wheeled vehicles, drawn by anything of locomotive power, no matter whether it was a brindle steer or a jackass.

This was not quite General Marston's way of conducting a campaign; but he, as presiding officer, had but little power to shape the action of the committee on *ways* and *means*, especially when that committee was self-constituted, and comprised his whole command.

In number the gain and loss of this movement was about the same, one man being accidently killed, and ten or twelve of the "substitutes" deserting; but in rank and worth the exchange was all, excepting the man killed, to the advantage of the raiders; for one rebel soldier was a greater loss to his army than a dozen deserting recruits was to ours, to say nothing about the rebel major and captain.

On the 23d of February the Thirty-sixth Regiment of United States Colored Troops arrived to take the place of four or five hundred men of the brigade who were furloughed to go home and vote at the state election on the second Tuesday in March.

The next day the home-bound veterans left the Point about noon on board the steamship "Admiral Dupont," an English built vessel, intended and used — until captured by our navy — for a blockade-runner, and finally lost at sea in the summer of 1865. It was indeed an ill-fated steamer from its launch into the water to its last plunge beneath the waves.

The first look at its black hull, as it lay off the Point that morning, was enough to raise apprehensions of danger in the minds of some who were about to embark upon her for the longest sea voyage of their lives; and, before two o'clock at night, they found themselves struggling for life in the dark, cold water of the ocean.

While in or near Hampton Roads, whither it proceeded before steering direct for Boston, it run into or against a sailing craft of some kind, the bowsprit or jib-boom of which raked its hurricane deck, tore off one of the wheelhouses, and swept several of its boats, in which a number of the soldiers were lying, into the water. The tearing, crashing noise heard by those below, who had just sought their berths for a night's rest, was startling in the extreme, and caused for a few moments quite a panic. It seemed to them as if the great steamer was being crushed and shivered from stem to stern.

Some, who were asleep in the small boats, swinging upon the davits, when the vessels collided, were thrown with sudden violence into the water before they knew where they were or what had happened. By the prompt action of the two boat crews all except two were rescued from the imminent peril of a watery grave. That more of the many on top of the steamer were not either killed or drowned was certainly not less strange than fortunate.

All were glad when, after a rough and sea-sick voyage up the coast and around Cape Cod — with one night's delay at Holmes's Hole on account of the weather — they found themselves at last safely anchored in Boston harbor. Though glad indeed to escape the perils of the sea, and to be where they could breathe fresh air once more, they were still more so at the brightening prospect of soon being in the arms of mothers, sisters, and other loved ones who impatiently awaited them on the hills of old New Hampshire.

But we will here leave the lucky soldier boys to enjoy their few days' furlough amid their relatives and friends at home, and return to Point Lookout to find many of their comrades in quite a different humor for being left behind, because, as they claimed — not perhaps without some foundation — they were suspected of not being of the same political complexion as most of those who went. But New Hampshire then was

the first to speak in the Presidential contest, and her utterance from the ballot-box was taken as the keynote of the campaign.

As she spoke on the 8th of March that year the loyal States responded, and more than ever before or since in the history of our country the voice of the people was the voice of God.

The weather was very mild and pleasant most of the time during the winter, but there were several severe storms, some of which swept across the Point with such violence as to blow over many of the tents of officers as well as men, and flood them all that were located on lower ground near the river, as were many of those of the Second and Twelfth regiments.

To be thus suddenly uncovered to a deluge of rain by a tent-snatching gust of a hurricane gale in the middle of the night, and before one could have time to get out of his bed and into his clothes, was a more expeditious than pleasing way of using hydropathic means to arouse the soldier from a sound sleep, and prepare him for immediate action. It was, moreover, such a cold-water douse as seemed not especially conducive to either comfort or health, and one not likely to be recommended by the most pronounced and zealous advocate of the water-cure system who had once tried it himself. But after all it was but one of the many unpleasant incidents that are not uncommon to every soldier's experience, and created more amusement than sorrow. But such were terrible nights for the storm-beat sentinels upon their elevated walk around the prison camp, exposed to the full and unobstructed sweep of the pitiless blasts of the raging tempest. There was no retreat or cover for them from the furious elements, for greater instead of less vigilance was demanded when the storm king ruled the night.

This location seemed to be the very play-ground of the winds, chasing to and fro between the river and the bay: and when they gathered on the broad expanse of the Chesapeake for a grand race across the Point and Potomac, on their course westward, there seemed to be more fury than fun in the contest. Remindful of this is the following found in the author's diary under date of December 15th:

"Very windy; the tents shake and flutter as if in a passion of madness."

On the afternoon and night of the 22d of March occurred the first and last snow storm, of any account, for the whole winter; but it was severe enough to make up for the past, and remind the men of some of the vernal equinoxtials in New England.

The wind, as usual, was present for duty and took an active part in the work of distribution, forcing the snow into the tents, and piling it up against them on the outside.

The snow remained upon the ground on the afternoon of the 24th in sufficient quantity to furnish an ample supply of ammunition for the great snow-ball battle between the Second and Twelfth regiments.

Of this famous engagement "Private" Haynes in his history of the Second says:

"The battle was contested upon either side with as much valor and stubbornness as was ever displayed where more deadly weapons were used, and quite a respectable list of wounded was rolled up. Black eyes were plenty in both regiments for some days, and the surgeons state that there was also an unusual demand for sticking plaster."

But he does not tell upon whose standard perched the victorious eagle, nor even intimate which army held or claimed the field.

A more extended and complete account of the fight will be given in another chapter.

As connected with and explaining the visit of General Butler, previously referred to, the following from his own pen* will be found interesting:

In December, 1863, I made two personal inspections at Point Lookout of the condition of the rebel prisoners of war. I went into their camp, which covered some acres and was well laid out. There were tents to accommodate all of them, placed upon a perfectly proper camping ground laid out in streets. At the corners many of the prisoners gathered around me, and I asked them to state to me any complaints they had to make as to their clothing, food, or anything else. They all said they had no complaints to make, except that, as the weather was cold, they wanted more firewood than our army regulations allowed.

I then subjected several of them to a personal inspection, with their leave, examining even the condition of their gums; because, in looking over their rations, I had come to the conclusion that it was possible that not sufficient fresh vegetables had been given them, and that I might find, as I did, slight indications of the scurvy by the conditions of their gums, their complaint of the stiffness of their joints, and from the fact of their growing too fat from being without exercise.

I said to them: "Upon your pledge that you will take no improper advantage of the concession, I will permit you to furnish yourselves with as much firewood as you choose to burn, the fire to be raked out after taps. I will direct that a number, not exceeding one hundred of you, whom your officers will detail — for I suppose you have some organization — may go out and cut from a neighboring forest, which belongs to a secession friend of yours, as much wood as you like; and four mule teams with a wagon to haul it in will be furnished. And this may be done every pleasant day. But this must be upon a solemn pledge that none of you will attempt to escape when allowed beyond the camp fence for this purpose. If any man forgets this pledge it will result unfavorably to you, because I shall direct that no more shall be allowed to go out, and you will be left with only the regulation amount of wood for your use."

This they all agreed to with great alacrity, and they treated me with the utmost respect and grateful kindness. General Marston was in command of their camp; but I did not take him with me, because I wanted them to feel at liberty to make any complaints without his knowing who it was that complained.

On returning to the office, I detailed my visit to General Marston, expressed my thanks to him for the fine condition of his command, and suggested to him that I thought he ought to make fresh vegetables a part of his rations, that it did

* "Butler's Book," pages 612-614.

not appear that any increase in the amount of food was necessary, but rather a decrease.

He replied that he had no authority to issue such rations. I answered that he might do so, and I would see that the proper measures were taken to have his account allowed. I then said to him: "I have some knowledge, derived from my knowledge concerning sailors, especially whalemen, of the necessity for some prevention for the scurvy, and therefore you had better send north for a schooner load of onions for their rations, and they had better be served raw, cider vinegar to be served with them; I know of no better anti-scorbutic than these, save, perhaps, lemon juice, which would be too expensive. I also informed him that he might draw upon my provost fund for the expenses. No better hearted man lived than Marston, and he joyfully undertook to carry out the orders.

From that hour I never had a complaint of the treatment of prisoners at Point Lookout, although many hundreds passed through Fortress Monroe on their way to be exchanged, and I sometimes saw them on the flag of truce boat.

I heard of but two disturbances in the camp. [He did not hear of all then.] One was when, unfortunately, one man did not return with the chopping party There was great excitement, and some inspection of the guards, until the reason of his absence was ascertained. The poor fellow had lost his way He came into camp a couple of hours later, and was joyfully hailed by his comrades. The other was when it became necessary to change the regiment guarding them for one of colored troops. A number of ill-advised men made public declarations that they would not be guarded by negroes, and one night, when they should have retired at taps, a noisy demonstration was made. That was officially stopped in the most effective manner

I had twenty-five hundred Confederate officers, more or less. [One half less would be much nearer the correct number.] They occupied the buildings erected for hospitals, as we had very few sick prisoners, and very large provisions had been made for hospital purposes. I never received any complaint from them. Many of them, I trust, are alive and well. With them there was never any disturbance but this once.

The colored sergeant in charge directed an officer to retire to his quarters after taps, according to the regulations, and that respectful order was greeted with "Get out, you d——d nigger, why do you speak to a gentleman?" and the officer jumped upon the sergeant, who at once used his revolver very effectively That being reported to me, I ordered an investigation by a commission composed of five officers, two of them were prisoners; and upon their unanimous report I sustained the sergeant, and ordered any other to shoot under like circumstances.

The parenthetical phrases in the above quotation are, of course, the author's; and two or three more might have been interpolated to give the reader a still more correct statement of the condition of things therein referred to.

Concerning, however, the acts and feelings, born of deep and bitter prejudice, of the southern soldier or citizen against the negro's occupying any other position than that of a slave, much more might be truthfully written. The bare idea of having them made their equal, in any part or

plan, was too extremely repugnant for a moment's toleration; and to be obliged to acknowledge them their masters, even as a military guard, was insufferably humiliating. But on the other side, the colored soldier when he found himself recognized as a man, by being clothed in the white man's uniform, armed with the musket, and protected by the stars and stripes, was naturally proud and elated: and oftentimes, doubtless, when placed in command over the Confederate officials, to whom he was but yesterday a cringing vassal, he did not fail to show his importance by a most willing and too ready exercise of his authority

So quick a change from the bottom to the top, that poor, despised race of the South had never hoped for or dreamed of: and when it came, the next greatest wonder to the change itself, is that they manifested, under the new order of things, as much prudence, moderation, and forbearance as they did. Justice on the page of history has never yet been done them.

Another mighty revolution, in some respects far greater than the first (though the revolting element was of far different origin), by a terrible earthquake shock of war, compared with which the former was almost an imperceptible tremble, had forced the "bottom rail on top." And who shall dare say that the black sycamore of the swamps, though long down-trodden in the mud, when hewn clear of its rotten sap by the strong arm of self-reliant manhood, dried out and seasoned by the sun of freedom, and polished by the brightening processes of experience and education, will not prove as valuable a material in the upbuilding of our new temple of liberty, as the white oak or hickory of the hills, that has never been stained by lying on the ground. Time may, indeed, prove the latter the less enduring, by reason of a dry rot at the heart, not now so easy to be discovered: for

> "'Tis in the heart true worth exists,
> However skins may differ"

While at Point Lookout many of the sick and wounded, who had been absent in hospitals or on furloughs, returned to the regiment, glad to be with their old comrades once more, though not yet sufficiently recovered, some of them, to do duty Among the latter were Major Savage and Captain Durgin and several non-commissioned men and privates. By the addition of these, who were most heartily welcomed, and the new recruits, who were received as goats among sheep, the regiment was increased before spring to the minimum number requisite to a full complement of field and line officers. There was, consequently, a large number of commissions signed and forwarded by Governor Gilmore for members of the Twelfth, some of whom had long expected them; while others, just as deserving, were greatly disappointed, as doubtless some had reason to be, because there were none for them. As many as fourteen commissions were received in a single day But all could not be officers, although nearly every man of the original enlistment, who was

then present for duty, was both competent and worthy to carry the sword instead of the musket.

During the fall and winter there were many visitors from the North to the different regiments of the brigade, the Twelfth having its full share. Among them were Governor Gilmore, Larkin D. Mason, state agent, to look after the sick and wounded, who is still living in Tamworth, N. H., and Miss Harriet Dame, whose whole time was given to the care and comfort of New Hampshire soldiers in the field as well as in camp and hospital, and whose noble efforts in their behalf will be gratefully remembered by many long after she has gone to her reward.

Of the Twelfth visitors there were many, coming from different parts of the State, and representing almost every station and profession of life, the clergy, however, predominating. But none were more welcome than the ladies, wives of the officers, who not only came but stopped a while, some of them remaining all winter The first to come were Mrs. Barker, Mrs. Winch, and Mrs. Sargent, who were soon followed by the wives of Major Savage, Doctors Fowler and Sanborn, Captains Shackford, Lang, May, Fernal, and Huntoon, Lieutenants Dunn, Milliken, Sanborn, Steward Hunt, and Woodbury Sanborn.

Their presence greatly enhanced the social enjoyments of the camp, which, by their enlivening influence, soon resulted in numerous levees and dances of the officers, and made army life much more cheerful and homelike to all; for a "bevy of fair women" for the boys to meet and greet with a smile and a salute, was a pleasing episode of a soldier's experience. But every pleasure has its pain and every rose its thorn; and when spring called these officers again to the field, the parting was sadder, to some, than when they left their wives at home and started for the scenes of war, for they felt, as it proved, that they would never meet again, —

> "Unless it should be, where the spirit free,
> Would know and claim its own."

Contraband Camp.

Soon after the arrival at Point Lookout it was found necessary to establish a camp for the fast accumulating numbers of negroes that came into our lines, and, adopting the name given by General Butler at the beginning of the war, it was called "Camp Contraband." There was a constant effort of the slaves to get into the Yankee lines at every opportunity from the first march of the army southward, which, had it not been discouraged by the very unwise practice of sending them back to their masters as fast as they came in, would soon have resulted in a great advantage to the Government. But it took the loyal North about two years to see the folly of fighting the rebels with one hand while feeding them with the other, so sensitive was the public mind upon the subject of human slavery.

While it had polluted the South, it had, to a dangerous extent, contaminated

the moral sentiment of the North. A hundred years hence, the student of history will read with astonishment the record of the slave power in this country. The poisonous viper — first loathed, then tolerated, and at last nurtured, and even worshiped — had been suffered to drag its slimy length along, until it had wound its deadly coils around both state and church. And at last, when irritated by an opposition that threatened to arrest its attempt to reach over and around the yet free soil of the common domain, it madly struck its deadly fangs into the very vitals of the Commonwealth. And then the Government, as if to oppose the effect would remove the cause, tried to cauterize the wounds with the fire of war, while the viper was not only allowed to live, but actually assisted to strike!

But two years and a half, in the dear school of experience, had taught the Nation a lesson from which it was now beginning to profit. Beyond the rebel picket line the colored man felt himself no longer a slave, and when under the protection of the stars and stripes he became at once the Nation's ward — his ultimate status to be determined by the result of the war

The able-bodied among them were rapidly and gladly exchanging the Confederate hoe for the Federal gun; while others, of both sexes, were made useful and self-sustaining in many ways and places. And, under the wise supervision of some of our department commanders in the Southwest, their labor, in raising and saving the cotton, tobacco, corn, and cotton crops upon the deserted plantations, was of great value to the Government.

The arming of these men to help fight the battles of the Union, without the existence of which the liberty they sought would have been but a wicked mockery, was the signal for the most violent abuse and bitter denunciations of President Lincoln's administration from Jeff. Davis & Co., and their sympathizers in the North. They said it was instituting savage butchery in place of civilized warfare, and was an insult to the bravery and intelligence of the Union soldiers, for which, all at once, they seemed to have great love and respect. And some few there were, even in the ranks of blue, who though loudly declaiming, at first, that they would "never fight by the side of a nigger," were glad, before the war was over, to screen themselves behind his back. But the mad howl that came up from the Confederate States was music to the ear of the reflective patriot, for he knew it was but a prelude to the long sad wail of despair that must soon follow.

The slave-owners, and those having the care of the plantations during the war, used every means to keep the slaves from running away into the Union lines; but their promises and threats, as well as their oft repeated stories of the terrible treatment they were sure to receive at the hands of the inhuman Yankee, were all in vain. One of these slaves, who, by his intelligence, had become the *toto factum* of one of the large plantations of Eastern Virginia had, with great caution and shrewdness, planned and made all necessary arrangements for the escape of some thirty or forty men, women, and children; and so cleverly had the whole matter been managed, that but a few hours before the darkness of the night that was to cover their flight, his master had manifested especial confidence in him, not doubting but the false promises and representations, so frequently made to him, were implicitly believed and relied upon. But the next morning he awoke to a realizing sense of the fact, that the deceiver himself is sometimes deceived. The name of this slave was George Gaskin. An affecting incident of the landing and death of his aged grandmother — supposed to be over a

hundred years old — at the camp on the Maryland side of the river, is related elsewhere in this history

These refugees continued to come in until at times there were not less than two thousand of them in camp, although they were constantly being taken out as called for or needed in other places. Some were sent North to earn a living as servants and laborers; some at once found places as cooks and waiters for the officers in the army; while a large number were constantly employed by the Government in driving teams, loading and unloading boats and cars, chopping, shoveling, etc.

But the ablest bodied among them, of the right age, were enlisted into the military service, and, officered by men taken from the ranks of the veteran regiments, proved themselves worthy of the freedom they were willing to fight for on the field of battle. Two full regiments were enrolled from this camp, while the brigade remained there; and it is not known how many enlisted afterward before the close of the war. Some, apparently stout and sound, were found upon examination, to use the words of one who saw, "all broken to pieces" from cruel and abusive treatment while in bondage. But most of them bore no such marks of cruelty, and acknowledged that they were very well treated and cared for by their masters; and when asked why then they ran away, would respond: "'Cause, Marsa, I wants to be free."

A visit to this camp was much pleasing, more instructive, and most interesting. One of the leading manifestations of these people was their eagerness to learn to read; and the rapid progress they made was scarcely less surprising. The old would vie with the young to improve this first privilege of their lives to acquire the rudiments of that knowledge which they seemed to feel and know had given the whites their superiority over them, and a want of which was the chief cause of their degraded condition. To see old men and women with their heads white like wool, striving hard to learn the letters of the alphabet, that they might set an example to the younger, and perhaps get so they could read a little in the Bible themselves before they died, as they would express themselves, was a sight that could not fail to convince the observer that the negro was quite as late a descendent of the ape as the white man.

There, among the rest, was old "Father Willoughby," as he was called, a veritable "Uncle Tom" in Christian goodness, and something of a Socratic philosopher in his way Of his intellectual ability it is sufficient here to say, that our noble chaplain, Ambrose, who was himself a logical reasoner, and spent much of his time in giving mental and religious instruction to these people, said that never did he feel his own inferiority more than when talking with this untutored slave at whose feet he could daily sit and learn wisdom. Original ideas would drop like uncut diamonds from his lips, needing only cutting and setting to become bright jewels of thought.

But in describing the colored man of the South, as seen by the Union soldier, we need hardly refer to his most distinguishing characteristic, since everybody who has ever heard or read of him knows that it is as natural for a negro to love fun as for a Jew to love money. And the plantation "Sambo" of *ante-bellum* days, despite the hard lines of toil and suffering that environed him, would make the evenings merry with frolicsome sports and amusements.

Closely allied with this, and in fact an inseparable part of it, was their love of

music and song; and to hear some of their melodics sung by ten or a dozen of them, with banjo or tambourine accompaniment, is a treat to those who never before came nearer to anything of the kind than a minstrel show. If the reader could take a night trip up or down the Ocklawaha river and listen to the plantation songs with their joyous refrains, sung by all the boat's crew, male and female, circled around a blaze of pitch pine knots, kept burning on the hurricane deck to light up the dark and tortuous course of the steamer, he would both see and hear what memory would never fail to reproduce so long as he should live.

It was this innate propensity of the colored race to be always found on the smiling side of life — to play the fiddle or the banjo, "pat the juba," and dance the clog — that led, or mis-led, many to believe, what the southern planter claimed, that the slave was altogether happy and contented in his condition of servitude, and that his freedom would prove to him and his owner both a sorrow and a curse.

More than a quarter of a century has passed since the chains of their thraldom were snapped asunder; but, so far from the prediction being verified, there is probably not a person, white or black, in the whole South, not excepting Jefferson Davis himself, who is not glad instead of sorry that the "curse" — not of freedom, but of human slavery — is forever removed from our fair, prosperous, and promising domain. But this sketch of the "Contraband" would be incomplete without a few words about his religion, or rather his devotional exercises; for his religious belief was substantially the same as that of his master who generally belonged to the Methodist Episcopal church, the great schism in which, on the question of slavery, was the first important step toward the still greater political rupture between the North and the South that soon followed.

Emotional by nature and credulous from ignorance, it is not strange that their religious ideas were considerably mixed up with superstition, and reached much farther into the mystic regions of the wonderful and miraculous than would be thought reasonably necessary and proper among them to-day.

One Sabbath afternoon Lieutenants Prescott and Bartlett attended one of their meetings, held in the chapel-tent of their encampment. Some fifty or more of men, women, and children were present, and all except the visitors took an active part in the exercises. These consisted of preaching or exhorting (perhaps the latter is the more appropriate word), praying, singing, shouting, moaning, groaning, and weeping, all timed, emphasized, and intensified by shaking hands, stamping the feet, nodding the head, swinging the body, and other strange and erratic motions and gesticulations, repeated over and over until they would work themselves up to the highest pitch of frenzy. Some of them would drop unconscious upon the floor as if dead, while others would go into hysterical fits, as it appeared to their Gentile listeners, and then it would be lively work for the brothers and sisters to manage them. It was, of course, a strange sight for the officers, and so different from anything of the kind ever seen before that it made a lasting impression upon their minds.

One large, fat woman who was "taken wid de power," as they called it, was so violently demonstrative in the corporeal expression of her spiritual ecstasy that it took three or four strong sisters to so far match her new-born strength, as to keep her within the bounds of personal safety, to say nothing about church propriety. While intently watching the operation of the "power" upon the

woman, a tall young man, standing just in front of where the visitors were sitting, fell back prostrate upon the benches as if dead, and then the shout went up: "Thank de Lord, another sinner down!" But he had only been struck by the "power" which instead of producing death was the first outward sign, as they believed, of everlasting life.

Their sacred hymns, like their plantation songs, were nearly all chorus, being little more than the repetition of one or two lines of the same measure, with now and then the variation of a new word or line. One of these as sung by them on this occasion was worded as follows:

Come, all ye folks, come along wid me,
For I's goin' to jine wid dat army;
Goin' to jine de army of de Lord,
For I's goin' to jine wid dat army

Come, brother, come, come along wid me,
(*Chorus.*)

Come, sister, come, come along wid me,
(*Chorus.*)

Come, sinner, come, come along wid me,
(*Chorus.*)

And so the verses would be continued and the words repeated until it seemed as if there was to be no end.

In singing this and other similar songs, as many as could (probably all had there been room) would form in a ring, join hands, and keep time by the swinging of their arms up and down like a pump-handle hand shake, and giving the downward beat vehemence enough to sway the body and jerk the head in so forcible and vigorous a manner that, but for their strange and amusing appearance, would have been almost as painfully tiresome to observe as to perform. This they would prolong, accompanied by the stamping of feet, at every swing of the arms until quite exhausted. Then they would fall upon their knees, and, as soon as sufficient breath was recovered, some one would lead in prayer to be followed by others too full of the spirit to withhold until the first one had got through, and then came a test trial of lung power in praying, as there had already been in singing.

And yet, with all here written, and much more there witnessed, there was in every word and act such a serious earnestness, and fervent spirit of reverence and devotion that what, under other circumstances, would have been a most amusing free exhibition of the oddities and follies of an ignorant and superstitious race, was at this time and place too seriously impressive to admit of either ridicule or criticism.

Whatever may have been the effect of this meeting upon those who participated in the exercises, one, at least, of those who only saw and heard, learned a lesson that he has never forgotten. And he questions not that many aristocratic members of our rich and fashionable churches in the great college-honored cities of the North, and perhaps some of the ministers, might learn a lesson of Christian humility, and be brought to a keener sense of their own moral responsibility, could they attend one of these meetings, and listen to some of the simple-worded, but fervently eloquent and soul-touching prayers, so sincerely and earnestly offered up by these poor, illiterate worshippers.

CHAPTER IX.

From Point Lookout to Drury's Bluff

At noon on the 11th of April, 1864, the steamer "Thomas A. Morgan," already loaded with the Twelfth, leaves her moorings at Point Lookout and steams down the Chesapeake towards Yorktown, where she drops anchor about 8 o'clock in the evening. Although it seemed almost like leaving home, after eight months so pleasantly passed in contrast with active field service, yet, to the new members at least, it was like the son's first leaving the paternal roof—sad to leave, but glad to be away In the hearts of many of the recruits, however, there was no feeling of sadness, for they now saw some prospect of finding what they had so long been waiting for—a good chance to desert—which they soon began to improve.

During the afternoon a regiment of colored troops were met, on their way to take the place of the Fifth Regiment, then under marching orders. The Second was already at Yorktown, having left the Point four days before.

As soon as light the next morning the regiment disembarked and lay outside of the old fortifications until 7 A. M., when it marched to Williamsburg, a distance of twelve miles, and stacked arms for encampment near the old battle ground, where, nearly a year before, the brave followers of Hooker and Kearney, directed by General Heintzleman, so stubbornly held the field against a large portion of the rebel army To the old members of the Second every thing was familiar, and called up afresh the sad memory of many a brave comrade who fell on that sanguinary field.

The Second and Twelfth, with the One Hundred and Forty-eighth New York Volunteers, were united at Yorktown, forming with the Eleventh Connecticut, that soon after joined, the Second Brigade in the Second Division of the Eighteenth Army Corps, commanded respectively by Generals Wistar, Weitzel, and Smith. At Williamsburg "A" tents were drawn, and from the care and pains taken in laying out and fixing up the encampment, there seemed some ground for believing the otherwise very improbable camp story, that the brigade was expected to remain here for several months. This was told, of course, as a mere blind to the rebel citizen spies, who were ever ready to watch and report to their generals every movement of our troops.

From the 12th to the 24th the men were kept busy in company, battalion, and skirmish drills, target shooting, and picket duty. There were, sometimes, four drills a day, which the old members felt as another burden brought upon them by the new recruits.

On the 24th orders came to send all surplus baggage to Yorktown, and exchange "A" tents for shelters. This had a business look to it that could not be mistaken: and now the "subs," several of whom had already deserted since leaving Point Lookout, began to sift out faster than ever. It was evident that something must be done, or the roll of recruits in the Twelfth would diminish *pro rata* with the Second, from which over a hundred had deserted in three days. A general court martial was instituted by order of General Wistar, of which Lieutenant Bartlett of the Twelfth was appointed judge advocate, and several of the apprehended deserters were tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be shot, subject to the approval of the President. Two had already been shot in the Second, and two more apprehended at the same time were executed on the 29th in the presence of the brigade at Williamsburg. This was the first time that the Twelfth had ever witnessed an execution of the extreme penalty of military law, and the scene is still quite vivid in the minds of some who saw it.

The spot having been selected and two graves dug, the regiments of the brigade are marched out at the hour appointed and formed into three sides of a hollow square, facing inward, with the newly-dug graves in the middle of the open side. Soon the "mark time" beat of the muffled drum is heard, and the condemned men, riding on their rough-made coffins, and guarded by twelve soldiers, selected from the Second Regiment, as executioners, slowly approach the square, and entering at one end of the open side, are driven round the whole distance of the other three sides, close in front of the lines. As they pass along, their countenances are closely scanned by every soldier, eager to read therefrom the emotions of the soul within. One of them, with downcast, sorrowful gaze looks as if he realizes his situation, and that the woeful sorrow for the past, that has brought him here, is nearly equal to the dread of the terrible present that is now before him. The other acts more like one riding to a circus than his own grave. A brutish grin is on his face, accompanied with an indifference of demeanor that seems half real and half affected. The teams are halted in front of the graves, beside which the coffins are placed, and the victims, dismounting from the cart, remain standing while the provost martial reads the death warrant and a prayer is made by the chaplain. They are next seated upon their coffins, their caps removed (the heedless one, bound to die game, taking his off himself and throwing it for some distance), their eyes bandaged with handkerchiefs, and now the dreadful moment of death-waiting suspense has arrived. The provost steps to one side a few paces, raises his hand, and twelve muskets instantly come to a "ready"; a little higher the hand,

and the muskets are aimed and waiting: his hand drops, and Owen McDonald and James Scott fall over their coffins into eternity

Some days, when going out on picket, the detail passed through the city of Williamsburg This is one of the oldest places in the country, the seat of the once celebrated William and Mary College, and for more than three quarters of a century the capitol of the Old Dominion, "the mother of presidents." And what a picture lesson for the intelligent New England soldier to study! The college, the oldest except Harvard, and once the richest in the country had long existed only in a building and a name: and now, with only a part still standing as a solemn mockery of its former greatness, the main building being burned the year before, with dilapidation painfully visible on every side and *Ichabod* written too plainly over all, the question would constantly arise in the mind, what is the cause of this great change, while Cambridge, Dartmouth, and Yale, where the rich slave holders had for years sent their sons to be educated, are in the full measure of their usefulness? To this inquiry responsive Reason could give but one reply: It was the blighting institution of human slavery

On the morning of May 4, orders were received to march at noon, with four days' rations: and while camp-fires blazed high with every combustible thing left in camp, the regiment right faces into column and is soon moving past Fort Magruder toward Yorktown. After marching about two miles to the Whittaker House, General Wistar's headquarters, where the rest of the brigade, now including the Eleventh Connecticut, was in waiting, a halt was ordered: and no further move was made until dark. The command then turned to the right into the woods, and marched silently and swiftly to Grove Landing on the James river, and about 10 o'clock went aboard transports and lay at anchor for the night. After leaving the Whittaker House great caution was required to make no noise, and the men were not allowed to build fire enough to boil their usual dipper of coffee before embarking

This movement of the brigade was made under special instructions from General Smith to General Wistar, dated May 3, as follows:

"Your command will march so as to arrive at Grove Landing when it is fairly dark to-morrow evening, at which time you will commence to embark. You will make your men comfortable. Show no lights, and permit no noise. About 2.30 A. M. — 5th instant — you will move out into the stream so as to fall in rear of Heckman's brigade when it comes. Some signal will be designated to you by telegraph, by which you will know his rear boat."

It will be seen by this order in connection with the break-camp bonfire, previously alluded to, that Butler and his generals had much less fear that the enemy should know that some of their troops were leaving, than that he should find out where the most of them were going. But how General Smith expected his brigade commander to make his men "com-

fortable," without a spark of fire to cook or warm by, is not quite so easy to understand.

The next morning was clear and pleasant, and as soon as light, boats of all kinds, from a freight barge to an ironclad ram or a double-turreted monitor, were seen coming up the river, increasing with the hours, until when at 8 o'clock, the "Ocean Wave," loaded with the Twelfth, swung into line, the river was filled with the fleet of General Butler, the ironclads and other war vessels, including the captured rebel ram "Atlanta," under the command of Admiral Lee, taking the lead. In the meantime a small force had been sent by transports up the York and Pamunkey rivers to White House Landing to attract the attention of the enemy in that direction, while two flanking forces of cavalry, commanded by Colonel West and General Kautz, moved out from Williamsburg and Suffolk and advanced up the north and south sides of the James. The destination and purpose of Butler's expedition, to march quickly into Richmond by the back door, while Lee was busy keeping Grant out of the front one, was now apparent to his followers, who hitherto had been as much in the dark as the rebels. The plan, suggested by General Butler and approved of by Grant, was a good one: but whether to succeed or not depended, like all other military moves of the kind, almost entirely upon the celerity of its execution.

The fleet came to anchor about 9 o'clock in the evening at Bermuda Hundred and City Point, near the confluence of the Appomatox river with the James: and about three hours later, during which time the pioneer corps were busy constructing a temporary wharf, the "Ocean Wave" moves up to the landing, and the regiment is soon again upon *terra firma*- where, after marching about a mile, the men were glad to find a chance to sleep. But their rest was short and sweet, for at half past three the next morning they were aroused from their slumbers, and by six were on the road toward Chester Station on the Petersburg & Richmond railroad. After marching about four miles Heckman's brigade, in the advance, forms a line of battle in the woods in front, and soon the familiar sound of "popping corn" is heard, telling that his skirmish line has found the enemy During the afternoon a part of the Second Brigade was brought up in line of battle on the left and two companies of the Twelfth sent out as skirmishers. Toward night there was quite heavy firing on the advance right, and the remainder of Wistar's brigade, including the Twelfth, was aligned for action, and held in reserve: but the enemy fell back and the first day toward Richmond ended with but little results. That it had been a complete surprise, however, to the rebel authorities there was ample evidence. Houses were found vacated, with every indication of having just been left by their occupants, the dishes and victuals on the table, in one or two of them, showing that their breakfast had not been finished.

A large mansion pleasantly situated on a high plateau near the

Appomatox, was owned and occupied by a rich planter by the name of Cobb. The engineers, having fixed upon this spot as the best place for a redoubt, ordered the house demolished, which was done mainly by a detail from the Second Regiment, encamped near by, and the well filled up with bricks. A negro hut left standing, was used, for a while, as a signal station, messages being sent and received from a small platform built across the ridge-pole. Later, a small fort was thrown up where the house had stood, and close by a signal tower, one hundred and thirty feet high, was erected, from the top of which Petersburg was in plain view, and the steeples of Richmond could be distinctly seen in a clear day without the aid of a glass. This was known as "Cobb Hill Station" or "Butler's Tower," and was the chief point of attraction to all visitors from Washington and the North until the close of the war It was used both as an observing and transmitting station, and was for some time in charge of a signal officer detached from the Twelfth, and especially instructed for that service.*

Some of the negroes, having more love for the Yankees than their masters, managed, in the hurry and confusion of the escape of the whites, to hide away or linger behind until they were out of sight, and then come into our lines. One who had been a slave on the Cobb plantation, was noticed by his owner, or one of his family, just as they were leaving the premises to the fate of war, quietly sitting down beneath a tree, and making no effort to get away And when admonished to leave at once or the "Yanks" would have him, replied: "No use to run, Marsa, for 'pears 'o they 're go'n' all o'er creation, and will have us all, soon 'r later, anyhow." There was both wisdom and wit in this rejoinder, which showed, moreover, that Tom — for that was his name — understood the situation full as well, if not better than his master. He afterward acted as cook and groom for the signal officer above mentioned, and proved himself as true and faithful as a servant as he had doubtless been as a slave. But when his master ran away from him, instead of he from his master, he felt himself under no obligation to follow after, and turn his back upon the long-wished-for opportunity for gaining his freedom that was now present for his embrace.

Another, who came in from Petersburg the next day, reported consternation there among the inhabitants, as they expected an immediate attack by our forces, while the city was in an almost defenseless condition, there being nothing but an improvised force of citizens and a few soldiers to defend it. He also said that General Beauregard had just arrived in the city.† Here then was a golden opportunity fast slipping away An hour's delay, now, meant a year more of agony and desolation to the Nation, and another holocaust of death, already commenced in the terrible struggle of the Wilderness. The key was in Butler's hands, and had he

* See picture, description, incidents, etc., under the head of "Signal Service in the Army."
† Beauregard did not arrive until the 10th.

quickly turned it the right way the country and the world would long ago have placed his name with Grant's, Sherman's, and Sheridan's. That night a portion of his army should, as it doubtless could, have slept inside of the fortifications of Petersburg But delays are dangerous, and never more so than in an attempt to surprise a vigilant and powerful foe acting on the defensive in his own country

The next day occurred the skirmish fight, known as the battle of Bermuda Hundred, in which Brooks's division drove back the thin lines of the enemy, and took possession and tore up two or three miles of the Richmond & Petersburg railroad. Although the Twelfth was in line of battle to support the attack, if needed, it was not engaged. General Ransom, in command of the rebels, having managed to get two or three batteries down from Richmond the night before to use until an infantry force could be collected, there being then only about twelve hundred men to confront our whole army, it was thought, judging by the artillery fire, that quite a heavy force was ready to resist our advance ; and most of the day was spent in entrenching, to prevent being pushed back by an imaginary foe, instead of pushing forward and capturing the real one. Brigadiers and their staffs were riding in every direction, and commands of infantry and artillery hurried to the front, as if on the eve of a great and decisive battle. The next day was Sunday, but how different from that peaceful, quiet day at home ! About half of the regiment were sent out on picket, and the rest were employed in assisting the pioneers and on fatigue duty There was a vigorous attack now made upon the woods, and the sound of axes and falling trees, heard on every side, reminded one of the musketry and artillery of battle. The wounded of the day before were carried by to the rear early in the morning, and the morrow would doubtless increase the number, for at 6 o'clock P. M., there was an order to move by light the next day, with one day's rations and in light marching order General Butler, impatient of longer delay, had determined at last to throw forward his whole force, and effect, if possible, more decisive results.

"General Smith was to endeavor to reach the railroad bridge over Swift Creek, supported by General Gillmore on the left, toward Chester Station." *

Petersburg, it seems, was then the objective point. Gillmore reached and destroyed several miles of the railroad during the afternoon, while Smith engaged the enemy at Swift Creek.

The plan was "to pass Swift Creek, reach the Appomatox, and destroy the bridges across it; while General Hinks, with his colored troops, was to move on the south side of the river upon Petersburg itself, and create a diversion, if he could not take the city, while the enemy was defending the line of the Creek." *

The Twelfth moved with the rest of the division at daylight: and,

* General Butler's account.

preceded by Brooks's division, marched down the turnpike, as soon as reached, toward Petersburg.

The day was much too warm for comfort, even in the shade, and there was an uninviting prospect of having warmer work than marching for the boys to do before night. Several were more or less seriously affected by the heat, among whom was Major Langley, who was taken sick just as the regiment was going into action; and Captain Barker took command as the next ranking officer. Although the former now and then assumed command after that, when the regiment was on the march or in camp, he never was present with it in any battle after the first day at Gettysburg, the danger and responsibility always devolving upon Captain Barker.

After marching six or seven miles, General Brooks found himself confronted by the enemy who immediately opened fire with his artillery, supported by quite a large force of infantry. General Weitzel at once moved forward and deployed Heckman's brigade of his division, with its centre on the turnpike, where he posted one section of Follet's battery. Wistar's brigade was ordered up in support of Heckman, but not yet deployed. The division moved forward in this way until it came up with Marston's brigade of Brooks's division, and while his command was getting into position, General Heckman advanced his skirmishers, and opened fire with his artillery. The fire of the enemy increasing, our brigade (Wistar's) moved forward and deployed on the right of Heckman's; and the veterans of the Twelfth soon found themselves exposed to lead as well as iron once more, while to the recruits it was a new experience that blanched the faces of some of them.

The regiment now advanced into a narrow strip of woods, through which the roar of battle came with frightful intensity.

There was heavy musketry in the immediate front, and spiteful Minies were hissing all around; but the most of them passed harmlessly overhead or buried themselves in the pine trees. The Twelfth was near the extreme right of the actual battle line, and was preceded by the Eleventh Connecticut, which received the first fire of the enemy, and must have suffered considerable loss. It soon fell back in some confusion, and the Twelfth advanced and took its place.

At about this time there was a charge of some South Carolina troops against our centre, upon and near the turnpike, which was repulsed by Heckman's brigade, assisted by Wistar's; and the enemy was then driven back in confusion to some distance beyond the church, leaving the ground covered, in places, with their dead and severely wounded.

The rebels in the immediate front of the Twelfth had taken a position behind a rail fence, within less than fifty yards from the edge of the woods; but they fell back in a few minutes after the regiment opened fire upon them, being outflanked by the advance of Heckman's brigade, after having repulsed the charge above referred to.

Just before the Eleventh Connecticut fell back, quite a laughable incident occurred in the successful effort of a lieutenant and a sergeant, of Company B, both undersized, to swing into line by their coat tails, two overgrown musketeers of that regiment — one of them an orderly sergeant — who had faced about and started for the rear

This engagement, which is recorded in history as the battle of Swift Creek or Harrowfield Church, was short and sharp: and, according to rebel authorities, their retreat, if followed up, might have resulted in the capture of Petersburg

A short time before forming a line of battle, but while within reach of the enemy's artillery, George W Clark, of Company E, lost his right arm and leg by the explosion of a shell. He was at the time sitting upon the ground, surrounded by several of his comrades: but none, except himself, were seriously injured. He said it was a personal call for which he did not feel especially grateful. Several others of the Twelfth were wounded during the engagement, but none mortally

A remarkable coincidence of this battle, in relation to the contest between Massachusetts and South Carolina troops, will be related later in this history

The church from which this battle takes its name, and around which the battle fiercely raged, is still standing, unrepaired, and plainly shows by the many bullet holes in both sides, that it stood for a while between the contending lines. When visited a few years ago by Lieutenant Rufus E. Gale and the writer, it appeared as sombre and solemn as a tomb: and not strangely so either, for memory repictured the dead and dying who had once filled and surrounded it. To the surprise of the visitors, who walked over the distance, it was found to be but two miles from Petersburg city, between which and the Union army, at the time of the battle, there existed but nearly vacant works of defense, and a small defeated and retreating force of the enemy Only two miles of almost unobstructed way, and more than twenty thousand comparatively fresh troops, leaving ample reserves, to fill it; and yet that most important plain, vitally so to the Confederate cause, left unmolested!

General Butler — being misled, as he says,* by false reports from the Army of the Potomac, from which he believed that Grant was driving Lee's forces, defeated and demoralized, rapidly southward — concluded, before the light of the next day, when he was to have pushed forward toward or into Petersburg, to change his plan of operating any further in that direction, and turn his course toward Richmond, in or around which he expected to join his army with that of the Potomac, and give a finishing stroke to the rebellion.

That night the men slept on their arms, but were called up three or four times to repel an expected attack. There was a detail from the regiment the next morning to help bury the rebel dead, with which the

* See many pages of explanation in "Butler's Own Book," which should be read by every survivor of the Army of the James.

ground in front of Heckman's brigade was nearly covered. "That man is alive," said a soldier to an officer of the Twelfth as he was carefully finding his way across the ground. "What man do you mean?" "The one you have just stepped over" A glance at the upturned face and then, "Yes, in Heaven, I hope." "But he *is* alive: you get down and see if he isn't." And true as it was strange, though looking to be as dead as his comrades around him, closer examination showed that he still breathed, fourteen hours after having the back part of his head torn off by a shell! Sad and sickening as was the sight of the battlefield, a more pitiable one was presented in the old church near by, filled with the Confederate wounded. How quick the hatred of man turns into tender compassion at such a sight as this; and something comes up from the depths of his soul, where dwells the germ of immortality, that says: This is all wrong: man was not made to kill his fellow man. An hour, perhaps, ago, and at bayonet points they seek each other's lives; but now, like noxious vapors of the night exhaled in the morning dew, the base passions of the human heart are washed away by tears, and the brute is a man again.

About noon, while the rays of the mid-day's sun were almost hot enough to liquify the air, the Twelfth, with the rest of the brigade, started on a forced march of four miles up the turnpike to reinforce General Terry who, in command of a part of the Tenth Corps, was heavily engaged with the enemy at Lempster Hill. This was the severest test of physical endurance that the regiment was ever called upon to make, in the same length of time, on a march. No man that fell by the wayside that afternoon, and there were many, could be accused or suspicioned of "playing it." Almost as consistent to accuse a company of hunters, who had run through a North Carolina pitch pine conflagration, of pretending to be overcome by the heat. Indeed, the comparison is but a part of the reality, for when the brigade came up to the scene of action the underbrush of the woods that had been set on fire was still burning, and into these woods, from which Terry's men had been driven, a portion of the reinforcements, among which was Company B of the Twelfth, was obliged to advance to form a skirmish and picket line.

"Stand it for half an hour if possible, and you shall be relieved," were the words of Captain Barker to the nearly exhausted men of his old company as they advanced into the smoke and fire. With their blood already boiling within their veins, it seemed impossible for them to bear up under the terrible ordeal, and withstand both the heat of the sun and the flames. And so it proved: for the lieutenant commanding the company, hurrying back and forward to have his command connect — before the enemy should again attack — with the details from the other regiments, snapped the over-strained cord of his physical endurance, and he fell exhausted upon the ground, feeling, as he afterwards expressed it, as if every drop of his blood had instantly turned into ice water. This

instance is given to illustrate the experience of all in a greater or less degree, as they were more or less able to withstand the heat and toil of the day. Captain Barker, in a letter home, writes that "over one hundred of the regiment were prostrated by the heat on the 9th and 10th." The enemy having been repulsed, the brigade, after a few hours' rest — as necessary as desirable — marched back in the evening to its late camping ground.

The officer above referred to by a quick and free application of cold water upon his head recovered so that he was able to return to camp with the regiment by riding on a cannon, but has probably never fully recovered from the effects of the shock to this day.

On the 12th another advance was made by the whole army, but this time toward Richmond: the Eighteenth and Tenth Corps forming the right and left wings. Day had but just dawned when the Twelfth started again in search of the enemy. The turnpike was soon reached, but not now, as on Tuesday, to burn and choke in the sun and dust, for the clouds that had obscured the one had already commenced to secure the other; and rain and mud, however disagreeable, was a most welcome change from the scorching sun and suffocating dust. In line of battle, with the Second Brigade in the lead and the Twelfth in the front line, the division advances up the turnpike some three or four miles with but little opposition, the enemy falling slowly back. Now and then the scattering skirmish fire would thicken into volleys, as if the resisting force had taken a position and intended to hold it; but no sooner would the reserve come up to the relief of the skirmishers, than the enemy would fall back again, showing that they were fighting to gain time for reinforcements before daring to risk a general engagement. Thus were the rebel troops driven back about four miles to Proctor's Creek. Here night found the picket lines of the two armies so closely confronting each other that orders were given to shoot at anything that approached without calling a halt. A detail from the regiment went on picket.

The temperature had fallen rapidly during the day, and the night set in cold and rainy. It is hard enough for men in the front line, as was the Twelfth, to be obliged to lie all night on their arms in the cold drenching rain; but for the picket, who has to stand where the snap of a twig beneath, or the fall of a limb or piece of bark from above, vividly suggests to his mind the stealthy advance of a rebel in front, and where the blaze of a match to light his pipe, unless carefully covered from sight, is at the peril of his life, it is even harder. Sometimes imagination will give human shape to the darkness in the direction of the sound, and then, without a word, he takes deliberate aim at nothing, and discharges his musket. This, of course, is followed by shots from the enemy's pickets, answered by our own; and soon the reserves are roused up and stand to arms an hour or more. But this night the heavy fall of rain drowned out all other sounds, save the dismal howl of the wind through the forest trees, and no false alarm disturbed the tired soldiers' rest.

The 13th, so far as the Twelfth and rest of the brigade participated, was but a repetition of the day before, the rebel lines, closely contesting every foot of ground before yielding it, were driven back to the Relay House, half way on the turnpike between Petersburg and Richmond, but only a few miles nearer either place than where the troops landed at Bermuda Hundred seven days before. The rain continued to fall during the day and night, yet a bow of promise appeared to the mental vision when the news came that Grant was driving Lee back, and had "captured forty guns and six thousand prisoners." News of this kind, whether true or false, was generally believed by the soldiers, for a report of what we ardently wish we easily believe; and something of this kind was needed at this time to cheer up the half desponding officers and men, who had already begun to fear that Butler had lost the key to the rear entrance, and if Richmond was taken at all that spring it would be by the Army of the Potomac, and not by that of the James.

On the 14th occurred what is referred to by some of the southern authors as the attack upon Fort Stevens, but to which the Twelfth Regiment has given the name of the Battle of the Relay House, as it was near the latter that the affair commenced early in the morning, by a loss in the regiment of one man killed and several wounded, and ended in the afternoon by the capture of the fort in the assault upon which it took a conspicuous part.

The outer line of the enemy's defenses, on a commanding ridge of land, were abandoned after a slight resistance, as General Beauregard "thought it better to concentrate his troops" before risking a general engagement,* and the Army of the James, now extending from that river or near it, across and for some distance beyond the turnpike, advanced slowly and cautiously over the next rise of ground, running back from the river nearly parallel with the first, and known as Drury's Bluff. The Twelfth, still in the front line, advances through a piece of woods, where the spiked tops of the felled trees made further progress both difficult and dangerous, and suddenly debouches close upon the glacis of a small fort. Fortunately the guns of the fort just then were too busy in another direction to turn their attention upon the "Mountaineers," otherwise the fighting record of the regiment, without new recruits, would have ended then and there. But the situation was too perilous for such good luck to continue long, and no sooner was the clear ground reached, where a rapid advance upon the fort could be made, than two howitzers open fire at short range with shell and scrapnel upon them. It seemed now as if little less than annihilation would be the fate of the brave men, who, stern and steady, were moving into the very jaws of death. The first shell passes over the heads of the men and explodes just in the rear.

The rebel gunners, firing from the parapet of the fort at so short a range, had miscalculated the angle of depression, and cut their fuse cor-

* Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government, by Jefferson Davis.

respondingly long: the second, third, fourth, and fifth, each coming closer and bursting nearer than the preceding one, until the last barely grazes the low bowed heads of the men and explodes but a few feet in their rear The last? Would it had been so! but before the Union sharpshooters, who had crept up under the fort, could silence the guns, another shot strikes in the front of Company G, and nine more men of that ill-fated company are left behind to find their way or be carried to the field hospital, where one of them, A. H. Prescott, soon after expired.

The rebels, finding capture or evacuation the only alternative, chose the latter, and fell back into another and larger fort, from which they opened a destructive fire upon such troops as, in the attack upon the smaller one, had come within range. This exposure, which was shared by the Twelfth, was, however, of short duration: for one or two of our batteries concentrating their fire upon it, this fort — called by its defenders Fort Stevens — soon became as silent, although still occupied, as the other: but not until its flag staff had been twice cut off, and a heavy explosion, thought at the time to be its magazine, had taken place within its walls from the excellent practice of our artillery

It was during the artillery fight between our batteries and this fort that one of the Union officers made himself most unenviably conspicuous by riding daringly and defiantly into the very face of the enemy Mounted on a large white horse and wearing a broad-rimmed white or light colored hat, but without coat or vest, he galloped off in easy "cow boy" style towards the fort. Rebel minies warned him back, almost as soon as he started; but unheedingly he rode on, not even quickening the pace of his steed, straight toward the smoke-wreathed mouths of the enemy's guns. It was thought at first that he was the bearer of some message from General Butler to the commander of the fort, perhaps demanding its surrender; but as he displayed no flag of truce, except that his white horse and hat might be acknowledged as such, this idea of his purpose soon gave way to one of intense curiosity as to what it might be. After approaching to within a few yards of the fort, he veers off to the left, his horse now being urged onward both by the sting of his fearless rider's spurs and of bullets from rebel sharpshooters in the fort and in the trees beyond, and taking a circuitous course between that and the fort just captured, rides around the latter and back into the Union lines none the worse, but all the better for the entertainment he had given the many lookers-on in both armies, for it evidently had sobered him off a little. The horse, the only one of the two to be either pitied or praised, was severely injured and lamed, when near the fort, by a bullet in the shoulder: but succeeded, apparently by great effort, for one of his legs was almost useless, in bringing his master safely out of the danger so foolishly incurred. Some have said that the rider was a staff officer, acting sober-minded and under orders: but it is not easy to be thus convinced, for there was neither sense nor service in the undertaking

About noon the long, cold rain storm broke and scattered in fugitive clouds, and soon the sun shone out again clear and hot, much more needed and less dreaded by the tired, water-soaked soldiers than when he disappeared three days before. The soldier, as well as the sailor, has reason sometimes to thank God that he can see

"The glorious lamp of heaven, the radiant sun"

once more and feel his genial rays.

It was this afternoon, after the firing had subsided to now and then a crack from sharpshooters on either side, that Jefferson Davis, who had come down from Richmond to consult with General Beauregard, supposing his forces still held the advance line of defense, came near walking into our lines. Had the fact been then known, our pickets could have easily brought him in and introduced him to General Butler, who would undoubtedly have gladly given him safe passport back to — Washington.

It had been a severe day for the regiment. From light till night it had been facing and fighting the enemy, without chance to eat, drink, or rest; while its loss had been one killed and ten or twelve wounded, one mortally and one dying soon after.*

Under date of May 15, we find the following written in one of the diaries before us: "Sweet day of rest to some but not to us"; and from another: "Last night the enemy tried to drive us back, but in vain — shells fell thickly around us": while from a third we read: "Not much doing; skirmishing going on all day" These extracts, taken together, need but little explanation to give the reader a good idea of the situation. Although there was but little done, compared with the three preceding days, it was far different from the quiet Sabbath rest of home; and the attack of the night before, followed up by the constant activity of the opposing skirmish lines through the day, were premonitory vibrations of the coming earthquake shock that rendered vigilance too rigid and exacting to allow that relaxation of nerve, without which mere muscular inertia is like hanging up the bent bow, that it may swifter send the arrow when it is again used.

There was no attack or advance made or attempted on either side. It was the lull before the storm. Smith and Gillmore, fearing it, suggested to General Butler, it is said, the propriety of entrenching; but were given to understand that *hearts* and not *spades* were trumps in the Army of the James. When, a few hours later, he saw so many brave hearts left to be covered up by the rebel spades, he doubtless thought differently The officers and men of the regiments, receiving no orders but thinking it prudent to throw up some means of defense, went to work, where they could, and built up a kind of breastwork of old logs and poles, which served them a good purpose the next day

*See table of losses.

CHAPTER X.

Drury's Bluff and Port Walthall.

Butler's army was now resting upon dangerous ground. Beauregard, one of the ablest of the Confederate generals, had arrived upon the field early on the morning of the 14th, and a few hours later Jeff. Davis himself was there, holding consultation with him. Their forces were gathering from all directions, and concentrating upon Butler's front, with a well defined purpose of turning one or both of his flanks, cutting him from his base and destroying his army. How dangerously near they came to doing it is now well known history.

A little past midnight on the morning of the 16th of May orders came from brigade headquarters to Captain Barker to tear down the telegraph wire along the turnpike and stretch it, a little less than knee high, about eighty paces in front of the regiment. This order was at once given to Lieutenant Bartlett, and selecting three agile young men from his company, one of whom was John D. Sherburne, of Company F, to assist him, the telegraph poles were climbed and wire enough detached to stretch two lines instead of one, which was accordingly done, the second line about half between the first and the line of battle. The ground in front had been cleared a year or two before, so that while the stumps made good posts to securely fasten the wire, the thick growth of sprouts completely hid it from sight. Although protected by only a low line of logs and sticks, such as could be easily gathered and thrown up scarcely high enough to cover the legs, yet, with this double line of wire within close musket range in their front, the Twelfth alone, with flanks secure, could have withstood a good portion of the rebel force. It was the only time that the regiment ever fought the enemy at an advantage of either works or position, and never before did it inflict so great a punishment at so little cost.

Three or four hours later, but before the light of day had scarcely penetrated the dense fog, that had intensified the darkness of the night, there was a screech and a roll of musketry on our right and centre, and soon our pickets came running in, closely followed by the flash-marked lines of the enemy in rapid pursuit, hoping evidently to attack our main line before fully prepared to receive them. At the same time their artillery opened upon our lines with deadly effect, showing that they had the exact range of our position and were ready for action the day before.

The men jumped to arms, half awake and half dreaming, hardly having time to fully realize the situation before the rebel infantry burst out of the fog upon them.

The pickets from the Twelfth, in command of Lieutenant Emery, of Company F, not knowing that the wire had been put up between them and the regiment, had a rough but amusing experience in running against and tumbling over two lines of it in their hasty retreat. So quickly and unexpectedly did they go down, upon striking the first wire, that some thought they had been shot, and all had their legs more or less severely scraped and bruised.

While the attack is made, almost at the same time, along the whole line, its chief weight falls upon the Eighteenth Corps, forming the right wing and holding the ground between the turnpike and the river General Heckman's brigade on the extreme right is soon driven back and he with many of his men captured. The enemy now concentrates upon our centre, and the storm of battle beats upon Wistar's and Burnham's brigades on the right and left of the turnpike with redoubled fury Charge after charge was made, first on one brigade and then on the other But four New Hampshire regiments, with as many more from New York and Connecticut, were there; while on or near the turnpike were aligned four twenty-pound Parrott guns and two or more ten-pound Napoleon pieces of Ashby's and Belger's batteries, presenting a dangerous front.

This strong array of infantry and artillery, protected by the hidden line of telegraph wire, within easy range of the ranks of musketry, was a little too formidable even for a triple number of fiery Southerners; and their efforts to break or drive back the Yankees at this point were all in vain.

General Ransom, the Confederate commander on the field, seeing his troops as often repulsed as they charged, and attributing the chief cause to our artillery — knowing nothing of the more potent but silent line of wire in the bushes — ordered that the guns upon the turnpike be silenced by sharpshooters, and if possible, captured. This made the position of Companies C and G, on the left of the regiment, not only uncomfortably warm, but, for a while at least, dangerously hot; and there was a sharp contest for the guns in which the battery was getting the worst of it, the gunners being nearly all killed or wounded, and the only officer left obliged to fall back and leave his guns, already silent, within a few yards of the enemy Seeing this, Captain Bedee of Company G, and Lieutenant Sanders, in command of Company C, followed by eight or ten men as brave and determined as themselves, rushed forward, manned and served some of the guns so promptly and efficiently that the charging rebel force that had so nearly captured them, was driven back, and the battery, for the time being, saved.

Before this, however, there had been two charges upon our brigade, both of which the Twelfth had its full share of work in repulsing. But

the best and the most unyielding and destructive line of battle that the rebel forces had to meet that day was the telegraph wire, and had it been stretched in front of Heckman's brigade as it was in front of Wistar's the result might have been a Union victory. As before stated, the Twelfth was protected by a double line of this wire; and with a few logs behind which the men, by kneeling down, could load and fire without much exposure, their position was secure against many times their number attacking them in front. When, therefore, after having easily repulsed the enemy, the order came to retreat, it was reluctantly obeyed with many exclamations of surprise and dissatisfaction.

It was the only time that the regiment was unwilling to be relieved from the front line, either in the field or the trenches; but this was so greatly in contrast with any battle experience they ever had before that they actually enjoyed the fun more than they feared the danger; and, besides, it seemed too bad to abandon the field to the foe when, so far as could be observed, everything on that part of the field warranted an advance rather than a retreat. Notwithstanding the advantage gained by the enemy on the extreme right, by the capture of General Heckman and a part of his brigade, it would seem that if the order to fall back was not premature, the continuation of that retrograde movement to the relinquishment of all that had been gained by five days of continuous fighting, and until the Army of the James was completely penned in and "bottled up," was, to say the least, ill-advised. That there was scarcely an attempt made in any considerable force to follow up our retreat is explained by the report of General Ransom, who, under General Beauregard, had the immediate command of the rebel forces engaged. From this report we learn that a vigorous advance, instead of disgraceful retreat by our army would probably have changed the result of the conflict.

After falling back through a narrow strip of woods and across an open field, the artillery of the division was aligned on a ridge running parallel with the belt of woods, and the Twelfth and some of the other regiments of the brigade ordered to lie down just in front of the guns. Soon the rebel skirmishers were seen slowly and cautiously advancing. Waiting until a portion of their line had reached the edge of the woods, from the cover of which they did not seem inclined to show themselves, the officer in command of the batteries gave the order: Half-second fuse: fire; and a deafening roar, a blast of hot air, and a "swish" of shells just above our heads, and we laugh to watch the effect of their bursting upon the Johnnies, jumping, dodging, and running among the trees. This was the last seen by us of the gray uniforms that day, although we remained in position there for several hours; and near night marched back to our old camp ground again. The men were so tired and worn down from want of rest and sleep that some were unable to march after the excitement of the battle was over, and had to be carried back in

ambulances: one officer who was unable to walk, but disdaining to take a sick man's conveyance, rode back to camp on one of the cannon.

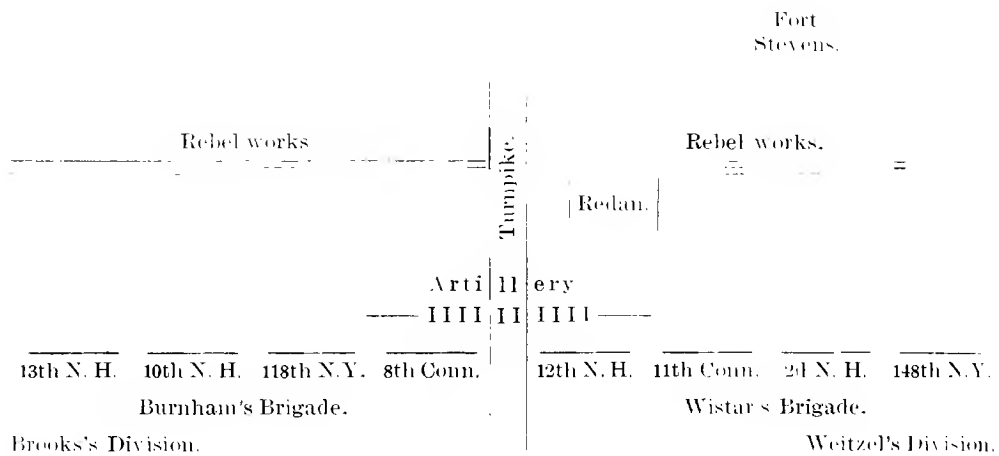
General Beauregard, finding that his adversary was either too weak to do, or too timid to dare — both equally ineffectual in war — determined to follow up his advantage: and, being reinforced by General Whiting's command that had failed to come up from Petersburg in time for the battle, he resolved to attack General Butler again before he could have time to strengthen his entrenchments. It was now, per force of necessity, that *spades* were *trump* and *hearts* obliged to sadly *follow suit*. For two days and one night the men — first altogether, and then by short reliefs — were incessantly at work throwing up a strong line of breastworks with redans and bastions, except when obliged to drop the spade and grab the musket to defend themselves against the attacks of the enemy They worked with their equipments on and their guns close at hand, ready to take and fall into line at a moment's warning. The Twelfth was called out to resist attacks three or four times: and once, during the night of the 19th, it was double-quicked about half a mile toward the right to help repulse what seemed a determined attempt of the enemy to break through that part of the line.

The next day the regiment moved camp to its proper place in the line of works, which were soon completed. There was some fighting on the right, however, before night, the enemy reluctantly giving up their attempts to break through.

Of the 21st the reader may learn from the following entry in the author's diary: "The boys resting in camp, and they need it badly Last night was the first we have been allowed to sleep all night for three weeks or more." It had, indeed, been a hard campaign, considering the time and territory occupied and the little or nothing accomplished.

The following account of the engagements at Drury's Bluff is from letters of Colonel Barker, then captain in command of the regiment, written on the field, the 15th, and the day after the retreat:

Close under cover of a rebel earthwork which we captured yesterday does the Twelfth New Hampshire hold position this morning. Early yesterday our lines were ordered to advance and take the rebel works, just through a belt of woods on our front. As I advanced my regiment through to near the edge of the woods there loomed up before us about three or four hundred yards from the opening a small fort or redan, on which floated a rebel flag, and from the embrasures of which belched forth intended death and destruction for us; but we were so near, and the shooting so high that without halt or hesitation we moved on over the glacis, which, by the way, was so obstructed by fallen trees that our movement was necessarily very slow. Through fear of capture the rebels beat a hasty retreat, leaving this work to us; but about seven hundred yards beyond, from another fort with embrasures for six guns, they opened fire upon us. We came to a halt in position, where, lying, we were slightly protected from their fire. Let me give you an idea of the position:



You will observe that Wistar's brigade (ours) is at the right of the Richmond and Petersburg turnpike, left resting on it; on the left is Burnham's brigade of Brooks's division, right resting on the pike. In front of the Twelfth you will observe the fort we captured, from which our sharpshooters pick off the gunners from the fort beyond. You will also notice that Brooks occupies the rebel rifle-pits, which, I can assure you, are very formidable. The short marks indicate our battery, four twenty-pound Parrott, four ten-pound brass pieces, and two small guns all trained on the rebel fort. [This, as will be seen, refers to the 14th.]

During a portion of the day the rebs poured a terrific fire upon us, but very soon our sharpshooters got in their work and silenced most of the guns in the fort by picking off the gunners. During the day we shot away their colors several times and blew up what some thought was their magazine, but this could not have been.

It is quite amusing to see how jolly the boys are under fire. One of the sharpshooters told me that he fired one hundred and twenty rounds of ammunition and took aim every time.

[The following refers to the 16th:]

As promised in my last letter, I will in this give you the particulars of yesterday's fight. As I wrote you, but little else than picket firing was carried on during the night; but at a very early hour in the morning, before light, the rebels opened several pieces of artillery upon us, and the fact that nearly every shell burst among and about our guns and artillery horses was good evidence that their gunners were experts, and knew how to get range, even in the dark. The fourth or fifth shot blew up one of our caissons, killing several men and horses, and producing the most intense excitement. For a long time we were idle, not knowing where to direct our fire. The rebs were approaching under cover of the darkness, and we were quite ignorant of their position. As soon as the day began to dawn and the fog, which was very dense, began to lift, we discovered the rebel sharpshooters, less than a hundred yards away, picking off our gunners and battery horses. I immediately directed Company G (Captain Bedee) and Company C (Lieutenant Sanders) to engage those gentlemen, and drop every man that showed his head above the earthworks, a little to our left, to which they had advanced and taken shelter behind. I cautioned the men to waste no ammunition, but take deliberate aim at every shot. After one of the brass pieces at our

left had been abandoned by its officers and men, Captain Bedee with a few of his men worked it on their own hook, delivering to the Johnnies charge after charge. While this was going on I observed to our right, and just in front of the Eleventh Connecticut, a rebel regiment advancing; between the two was a thick growth of high bushes, so that within fifty yards neither regiment could see the other. I ordered the right wing of my regiment to open an oblique fire upon them, and at the same time a regiment appeared at our left upon which I opened fire with my left wing. Both regiments were so near that I could easily count the stars upon their battle-flags. The Eleventh Connecticut on learning of the presence of a regiment of the enemy on their front, opened so hot a fire upon them that they broke and ran, and while retreating the slaughter we made among them was terrible.

After all the battery horses had been killed, I sent word to General Wistar and suggested that some means be provided to take the guns to the rear While awaiting his orders I took a part of one company and dragged one of the Parrott guns on to the turnpike, ready to be taken away

The men were greatly disappointed at having the order for retreat announced, for everyone felt confident of our ability to hold the position. I called the regiment to attention, faced them about, but, reluctant to give up the position, faced them again to the front, and for a moment hesitated, hoping that the order might be countermanded; finding the lines to our left retreating, I concluded there was no alternative for me but to obey orders. I again faced the men about and retreated in as fine order, almost, as if on parade; and from the fact that very little damage was done to us while retreating, I was more than ever convinced that we had most essentially crippled the enemy During the morning engagement my regiment expended nearly sixty rounds of ammunition per man, and to very excellent advantage. Our loss was only one killed, nineteen wounded, and three missing. After the first retreat we manœuvred about until nearly night, when, for some reason, we returned to camp.

The Twelfth New Hampshire has been in the front line of battle for five days without being once relieved, and every day under fire, losing two killed, twenty-nine wounded, and three missing.

We have been in sight of and within eight miles of Richmond, and fought a battle, in which, it seems to me, the enemy suffered the greater loss — three to one.

Comparative quietness prevailed for the next few days after the enemy s failure to break through our lines. The Army of the James was safe but powerless, for it could no more get out of the pen into which it had been driven, than the rebel forces could get in. About this time came news from the Army of the Potomac that Lee was retreating across the North Anna, and then it was hurrah for Grant, and a groan for Butler Although the rank and file of an army are supposed to obey all orders and question none, to do everything and know nothing, or as poetically put:

"Theirs not to question why,
Theirs but to do and die."

Yet with the education and intelligence of the average Union volunteer, it did not take long for a northern army to understand final results, if they did not always comprehend the wisdom of original designs.

It was known to the soldiers then, as well as afterward, that Butler's campaign was a sad failure; but the reasons why were not so well understood. Those in the army and out naturally attributed the cause of the defeat of the Army of the James, from which so much had been expected, to the inability of its commander, and such has been the popular belief even to the present day But the history of that campaign, when carefully read and considered, will do much to greatly modify, if not entirely reverse, what has so long stood as the public verdict.

It now appears from the official records, lately published, that Butler had enemies inside, as well as outside his intrenchments, to fight against: and that his two corps commanders, Smith and Gillmore, were quite as much, if not more, interested to defeat him, as the enemy

These generals, instead of showing themselves the true and trusted right and left hand advisers and supporters of their chief, as was all the more needful and expected, from his own inexperience in the field, seemed to take pleasure in seeing him thwarted and defeated in his plans, even though the enemy would be greatly benefited thereby. This, upon the authority of General Grant, seems to be especially true of General Smith, who, "whilst a very able officer, is obstinate, and likely to condemn whatever is not suggested by himself," as written by Grant himself to General Halleck, concerning the inefficiency of the Army of the James, arising from the very troubles between Butler and his commanders, here referred to. He was afterward sent home in disgrace by General Grant, upon unmistakable evidence of treachery and falsehood, which too plainly showed the character of the man.

If Butler's own account of his campaign is true, there was hardly an important order that he gave to either of his corps commanders while they remained with him that was executed promptly and vigorously as it might and should have been. But however this may be, there are few who fought in the battle of Drury's Bluff, and have taken pains to inform themselves concerning it since, but will agree with the following extract from General Heckman's account of that battle and comments upon the result:

> The press and the histories of the war blame Butler with the severest language, and even now the nation at large call him "Bottled-up-Butler." But the opinions of intelligent officers who fought in the campaign, and who judged it impartially from a military point of view, as well as the facts, will rather lay the fault at the door of his corps commanders, Generals Gillmore and Smith. They did not seem to comprehend what was to be done, and then failed to coöperate in what attempts they did make.

But with all this and much more that might be written in excuse for Butler and his futile efforts south of the James, the fact still remains that

he was by no means blameless. Knowing, as he did, the prejudice existing among nearly all the regular army officers against civilian volunteers holding important commands, and how sensitively adverse they were to being made subordinate thereto, he could not otherwise than have plainly seen and sorely felt afterward, as he ought to have known at the time, that some of his acts and words toward his two highest officers were, to say the least, very injudicious.

Most prominent and damaging to himself of all, was his not very respectful and very unwise reply by letter to some written suggestions submitted by them for his consideration on the night after the engagement at Swift Creek. In the absence of any plan of operations, that they claimed to know of, "further than to cut the Petersburg and Richmond railroad," they had suggested to Butler the propriety of crossing the Appomatox river, on the next day, and cutting all the roads that came into Petersburg on that side, as the quickest and easiest way of capturing the city itself. This, though respectfully recommended over their joint official signatures, instead of being kindly and gratefully received, was haughtily rejected and ignored: and they received a sting of insult as well as injury, by being accused, in the same letter, of "vacillation" and "infirmity of purpose."

In the rejoinders that both Smith and Gillmore made to this almost abusive reply to their well meant suggestions, the latter seems to take no offense, but the former, after referring at some length to the facts and situation, uses the following significant language:

> I have made this long explanation for peculiar and private reasons, and can only say in conclusion, that as I have never before been accused of infirmity of purpose, I shall not take the charge as seriously affecting my military reputation.

Here was the keen edge of a highly tempered blade dangerously touched. It would have been better for General Butler to have turned it against the foe instead of himself. He had unwittingly provoked the anger of one who could neither forget nor forgive. After this he tried both coaxing and threatening, but to no purpose, for Smith did about as he pleased. Butler soon saw his mistake, and must have bitterly deplored it, for none could better realize than he, that it not only made an enemy of his ablest general whose friendship he so badly needed, and lost to him Petersburg, when almost within his grasp, but it was the beginning of that unfortunate and humiliating end, first of his campaign, that promised so much and effected so little, and finally of himself as military commander.

None, we think, conversant with General Butler's military history of 1864, will seriously question the truth of the assertion, that while his failure at Fort Fisher was the ostensible occasion, it was by no means the chief reason of his removal from command in the field and retirement to

private life. The real cause lay much further back, and General Smith, as it appears, had no little to do in preëstablishing it.

So much has been written in reference to General Butler and his corps commanders that the readers of this history — especially the survivors of the Twelfth and the descendants of them and their dead comrades — may know, or take pains to more fully inform themselves, why the Army of the James, numbering over thirty thousand men, did so little toward putting down the Great Rebellion of 1861.

While, as we have seen, Butler was not all to blame, as the rank and file and most of the officers of his army (ignorantly believing what his next ranking generals were only too glad to have them) used to think, yet it must be admitted that he was not "the right man in the right place," and that Grant himself was some to blame for ever having put him there with such a man as General Smith.

In explanation and verification of the author's statements in relation to the battle of Drury's Bluff, and especially to those relating to the effectiveness of the telegraph wire as a line of defense, and the struggle for the guns upon the turnpike, the following extracts and quotations from official reports of generals and commanding officers upon both sides, will be found both serviceable and interesting. As bearing upon the precarious situation of Butler's army, alluded to at the commencement of this chapter, is the following from General Smith: *

> On the morning of the 15th, my position gave cause for anxiety On my right, extending to the river and up to Drury's Bluff, was an open, undulating country more than a mile in width, and offering every facility for the movement of a column on our right and rear. This was covered by one hundred and fifty mounted men of the colored cavalry. My troops were all in one thin line, without reserves. * * * *
>
> On reporting my weak and exposed condition to General Butler, I was informed that three regiments were at the Half-Way House which could be used as a reserve.
>
> During the day I had instructed Generals Brooks and Weitzel to gather telegraph wire from the turnpike road, and stretch it among the stumps in their front.

Here reference is made to a foot-note, which gives the origin of the wire-line idea and the reason, as given by Smith, why it was not stretched in front of Heckman's brigade. As there has been much dispute about both of these subjects, the note is here given in full:

> In 1883 General Butler claimed the credit for the use of the wire, and intimated that in Heckman's case his order in reference to it was not carried out. The fact is, there was not wire enough to go round. Brooks and one brigade of Weitzel were so near the enemy that I was fearful they might be run over Heckman was not in such danger of a sudden rush, and so the wire was used in the direct front in contact with the enemy

* Century Company's War Books, Vol. IV page 210.

General Butler in his autobiography ridicules the lack of wire statement and remarks: "How that can be I do not understand, for there was nine miles of wire to be had for the taking and the time in which to do it was more than ample."

He therefore expresses his surprise and regret that Heckman's front, "where there was almost a necessity for a double line of wire," was left entirely exposed, and says it was "for some reason never yet satisfactorily explained."

But whatever the reason, accidental or intentional — and it sometimes seems that it must have been the latter — one thing is certain, that there was no lack of wire when it was procured for one regiment; and from the fact that none had then been taken down near where the line crossed the turnpike, it may reasonably be inferred that the Twelfth was the first regiment to use it.

But who first thought of the idea is quite as much a mystery as why Heckman did not have the benefit of it. General Butler says that General Smith ordered it, "at the suggestion of General Weitzel," and Weitzel says he ordered it "at the suggestion of the major-general commanding the corps," who was General Smith; and Smith, as we have seen, while he corroborates Weitzel — making two to one against Butler — does not deny but some one suggested it to him, although he leaves it to be understood that he was the originator; and, although there have been many claimants for the honor, including all grades of rank from major-general to a private, the weight of evidence, so far as it is competent or worth considering, is heavily in favor of General Smith, into whose prolific mind the happy thought probably first entered.

But whoever it was that first thought of making a Yankee skirmish line out of a telegraph wire, the line, wherever formed, proved a most effective one. Generals Brooks and Weitzel reported, says their corps commander, "that not a man was driven from their lines in front, and that the enemy, in falling over the telegraph wire, were slaughtered like partridges."

General Weitzel, after referring in his report of May 22 to the crushing of Heckman's brigade, continues:

> The other seven regiments of my line did not move until after they had twice repulsed the enemy with terrible slaughter — they being piled in heaps over the telegraph wire — when we were ordered back.

In his supplementary report of the 29th he adds:

> I have just received full files of Richmond papers, from the 16th to the 28th. The force that attacked my division was six brigades of infantry, one unattached regiment of infantry, and three batteries of artillery, all under the command of Major-General Ransom. His entire loss was near three thousand by official lists. They have about five hundred of my own men prisoners. General Heckman, who was captured in the fight, sends word that Gillmore could easily have gone

in. They speak of the wire as a devilish contrivance, which none but a Yankee could devise.

To oppose this force of six brigades and one regiment General Weitzel had but two brigades and three regiments, making about two to one against him, assuming that the brigades and regiments were about the same size, but it is probable that the disproportion in men and muskets was not so great.

Captain Ashby, commanding Battery E, Third New York Artillery, whose four twenty-pound Parrott guns were planted on the turnpike reports that —

Shortly after resuming my position on Monday morning, the 16th, the enemy opened upon me with a heavy fire of artillery I immediately replied with all my guns. Under cover of this fire and a heavy fog, a large force of the enemy advanced up the road and charged on the battery. At the same time their artillery ceased firing, and changing the direction of my pieces, I ordered them to be charged with canister, which was poured into the columns of the enemy As they advanced the first charge was repulsed, but they only retired behind the line of breastworks, from which they poured continuous volleys of musketry. The fog and smoke were so dense that they could not be seen, and their exact position was doubtful. Very soon they charged again. As long as the canister held out I used it, and when it gave out ordered percussion shells to be used. At this time I was struck in the head by part of a case-shot and carried to the rear. * * * * Only one gun was saved.

[This was the gun that was hauled to the rear by the men of the Twelfth.]

Col. R. H. Keeble, commanding the Seventeenth and Twenty-third Tennessee regiments, in his report to Gen. Bushrod R. Johnson, brigade commander, refers to the capturing of the guns on the turnpike, just to the left of the Twelfth, and the telegraph wire, as follows:

When the battle on the 16th commenced, my orders from General Johnson were to move down the turnpike by the left flank until I reached the outer line of fortifications, when I would halt, front, and move forward in connection with General Ransom's division. Long before I reached the outer line of intrenchments I discovered that the enemy were still occupying our works with a battery of seven pieces (Parrott guns) planted in the centre of the turnpike, a little beyond the fortifications.

We, however, continued to move forward under a perfect shower of grape, canister, and minie-balls, which swept up the turnpike. Reaching the trenches, a line was immediately formed, confronting the enemy, and here commenced and raged for two hours, or two and a half, one of the most desperate actions in which I have ever been engaged. The enemy were in strong force under our trenches, and his battery, above alluded to, played upon us most furiously

He here claims for his men the chief credit for "silencing and capturing their (our) battery of seven pieces, one of which was brought to the rear by a detail from my own regiment."

While it is evident that his claims are somewhat too extravagant to be readily granted, as shown by his count of the guns captured and his own reference to a counter claim of "some other brigade that *passed over the ground*" (?), still it is probable, from time and incidents referred to, that his command of Tennesseeans — than whom no better marksman could have been found in the whole rebel army upon the field — did more, by picking off the gunners with their brave and persistent close-ground skirmishers, toward capturing the battery referred to, than Hoke's whole division of four brigades, one regiment, and three batteries, had or could have done by charging upon our supporting lines.

Colonel Keeble, continuing his report, says:

> The enemy, to impede our progress and advance upon them, had obstructed the road with telegraph wire in order to trip up the men. The trick (emphatically a Yankee one) was, however, soon discovered and surmounted. While the fire was thickest and hottest, some stragglers from another command, who had sought refuge in a ditch at our rear, raised a shirt in lieu of a white flag. This gave the enemy great encouragement, but on being discovered by the men of my regiment, every one called out: "*Tear it down, tear it down!*"
>
> Lieutenant Waggoner, of my regiment, immediately rushed to the recreant and pulled it down, being wounded in the attempt.

It will be noticed that he refers to his command as a "regiment," instead of a battalion, and speaks of "obstructing the road" with the wire, thinking, evidently, when he wrote, that the wire had only been stretched in front of the batteries to protect them from being captured by a charge.

The signal of surrender that he refers to explains, if he is correct, why it was raised, and gives a far different reason than that supposed by some of the Union troops who saw it. It had long been believed by them that it was but a ruse of the rebels, attempting, as they had done before, to gain by strategem what they could not easily accomplish by honorable fighting

But the most amusing part of the colonel's report — as it must appear to every ex-Federal soldier then and there present — is the quick and easy way his men seem to have "discovered and surmounted" the Yankee wire trick to trip them up. That they soon *discovered* and at the same instant *surmounted* it — giving to the latter word its derivative meaning — will not be *seriously* questioned; for, although something, in effect, like a *mountain* in their way, they very quickly went *over* and about their length *beyond* it.

They "surmounted" this novel trick of war about as successfully as a green boy rider would the old trick of a vicious broncho that had learned to "buck" and kick at the same time — *mount* upon the animal's back, and go *over* his head in *one time* and *two motions*.

Radically defined, then, according to its compound derivation from the Latin original, the word *surmounted* was very aptly applied; but quite a

different meaning was clearly intended, though not so truthful, for the wire was in no place cut, broken, or passed for any distance until after our troops had fallen back.

Of the brave and timely action of Captain Bedee and Lieutenant Sanders, and some of the men of Companies C and G, in manning one of the deserted guns on the turnpike that belonged to Belger's battery, and in trying to save one of the heavier twenty-pounders of Ashby's battery, General Weitzel, commanding the division, takes notice in his report by copying from General Wistar's, as follows:

> Capt. Edwin E. Bedee and Lieut. James W Sanders, both of the Twelfth New Hampshire Volunteers, with some men from the same regiment, for some time loaded and fired one of the guns abandoned by Battery F, First Rhode Island Artillery. They report one of the officers of the battery as lying concealed in a ditch during the time. The same officers limbered up a twenty-pound Parrott gun of Ashby's battery, deserted by its gunners, and moved it by hand some distance to the rear on the turnpike, where they turned it over to some men of the battery with instructions to take it to the rear, which was neglected, and the piece abandoned without spiking. Captain Barker, commanding the Twelfth New Hampshire Volunteers, had previously thrown forward sharpshooters, who dispersed and drove away the enemy's sharpshooters who attacked these guns.

In a letter published in the "Boston Record," Captain Barker, in referring to this laudable effort of some of his officers and men to have artillery practice on the field of battle, relates the following amusing incident and the official notice of the valiant act to which it relates:

> While directing the management of one of the abandoned field-pieces, Captain Bedee, unfamiliar with that branch of the service and anxious to have it worked as rapidly as possible, was greatly surprised and not a little annoyed at its recoiling so far every time it was fired; and, with an expression more emphatic than pious, ordered it placed against a stump to prevent it from backing out of the fight. He was reminded by one of his men, who knew more about the science of gunnery than he did, that if he wanted to disable the gun, that would be about the quickest way to do it.
>
> For their distinguished services at the battery on that day, both Captain Bedee and Lieutenant Sanders were complimented in general orders.

Another incident mentioned in the same letter and referring to the same officer we will here give.

While the regiment was falling back from the front line, that it had so easily held, General Butler, with his full staff and several orderlies, came riding along, and, either for the joke of it or to make a show of his self-composure, spoke to the men and said: "Oh, don't be frightened; don't be frightened, boys!"

Without waiting to hear any more which the general was seemingly intending to say, Captain Bedee, who had already heard enough of that

kind of talk, in the ill-tempered mood that he was in, for retreating, as he believed, without cause, quickly replied:

"Who in h—l, sir, *is* frightened? I don't know of anybody, unless it's some of our commanding generals."

"What are you falling back for, then?"

"Under orders, sir, of course; and if you did not give them, you had better find out who did."

General Butler probably thought so, too, for he put spurs to his horse and rode on.

Supplementary to the letter above referred to, which would be given here in full but for repetition — its most essential part having been already written — we find these lines:

> Recent conversation with a Confederate officer who participated in the charge on our front at the battle of Drury's Bluff, fully corroborates my estimate of the situation, and his admission as to the damage inflicted to their charging column even exceeds my own conclusions; but, he added, "We got even with you at Cold Harbor."

On the 26th of May occurred the wasp-nest affair at Port Walthall. General Wistar's brigade was called up about 3 o'clock in the morning, and started out to make a reconnoissance in force toward Petersburg, the real object of which, as supposed, was to ascertain the position and strength of the enemy in that direction, General Butler, as it seems, having decided to make one more effort to capture that place. Crossing a branch of the Appomatox, a skirmish line was sent out, and the Twelfth advanced in line of battle, Captain Barker thinking it time enough to halt and load when the skirmish line should find the enemy While thus moving carelessly forward there came, all at once and with startling suddenness, a shower of hissing minie-balls, followed by the roar of musketry. Company B, the right company of the regiment, had just reached the crest of a little hill, within plain view and close range of the enemy, when the volley struck them. Every man of the company went down, and all killed or wounded as then supposed by their commander, judging from the way the bullets pinged the air around his own head. Seeing that some of the men were beginning to get up, he ordered them to lie flat, and was just getting down himself when a German recruit by the name of Lindner, who was mortally wounded, exclaimed: "Oh! For God's sake, help me, Lieutenant!" That dying cry — once heard, never forgotten — pierced the heart of the officer, and for once he cared no more for rebel bullets than for drops of rain. To stand erect, where perhaps a hundred men or more were watching for the show of a head as a target for their rifles, was, to say the least, not a very enviable attitude to aspire to; but with scarcely a thought or care for anything but the dying man, he jumps to his feet, and with the air hot around his head by friction from flying lead, he starts for and reaches him untouched.

No sooner do the rebels see, as they plainly could, what the officer was doing, than their firing stopped almost as suddenly as it commenced: and the officer, after easing the position, and comforting, as best he could, the wounded men (another recruit by the name of Furguson being also dangerously wounded) went back over the brow of the hill, hallooed to Captain Barker, in command of the regiment, to send up the stretcher bearers, they having fallen back out of range at the first volley. It was five or ten minutes before they brought up the stretchers, upon which the suffering and helpless men were placed and borne away to an ambulance.

During all this time, except when over the brow of the hill after the stretchers, the lieutenant was standing or walking about within speaking distance of the enemy: but not another shot was fired at him, who now laid down with his men and awaited the order, that soon came, to fall back. Knowing that the first sign of any movement would bring upon his men another shower of lead, he ordered them to imitate the crawfish in manner as well as direction of going, and crawl backward until over the crest of the hill and below the line of the enemy's fire.

The question will naturally arise, where was the skirmish line? As it is not well for the historian to write more than he knows, however strongly, at times, he may be tempted, the answer must be, that he has never yet found out. It was then said that the regiment had run over it, while the men were hiding in the bushes: but it is more probable that none was ever sent forward. The only casualties were the two before mentioned, and two or three more slightly wounded, all in Company B. Had the waiting enemy not been so quick to act, but withheld his fire until other companies had come into range, the loss must have been many times greater. Having found the enemy sooner than expected, the search then and there ended, and before dark the regiment was again back behind the breastworks.

While the men of Company B, as well as the rest of the regiment, were lying flat on the ground upon the hill above referred to, a lone horseman was seen riding up a narrow ravine on the right and directly toward the position of the enemy. He would have been quickly warned of his danger and motioned back by the observers, but they were powerless to do so. On he rode, seemingly unconscious of all danger, each step of his horse conveying him nearer to the head of the ravine, where he could not escape being seen and shot at by the vigilant foe but a short distance beyond. He was watched, of course, with constantly increasing fears for his safety as he advanced toward the danger line. A moment more and both rider and horse go down, just as two or three almost simultaneous musket reports came from the rebel line. Both man and beast are supposed to be killed or severly wounded, but no—only one, and that the horse, has been disabled, for the rider, so quickly dismounted, is seen to rise to his feet, and after first looking at his horse and then toward the enemy, who could no longer see him, drew his revolver, put

an end to the suffering of his struggling mute companion, and with a sad good bye, doubtless felt in his heart if not expressed by his lips, turned back down the ravine, and was soon lost to view

This little incident, while it may not seem to an old soldier worth the time and ink required to write it, is given here as but one of the many similar ones that might be related as interestingly illustrative of army life to those who then were but children, or had not been born.

The camp of the Twelfth at this time was in a pleasant pine grove that so nicely shaded the men from the rays of the sun, that when, on the following day, orders came to pack up and move at once in heavy marching order, there was much wishing that war was something more than narrow chances and sudden changes.

General Butler, having now failed to capture or assist in capturing Richmond, and feeling sore at his discomforture at Drury's Bluff decided to make another move against Petersburg, hoping by taking advantage of the departure of rebel troops that were being sent to reinforce Lee against Grant, he would capture the city and thus retrieve himself for all the public would naturally blame him for since he took command of the army

But while he was diligently watching for his opportunity and studiously planning how best to take advantage of it, his rising hopes of effecting his ardently desired purpose were all nipped in the bud by Grant's unexpected call for sixteen thousand of his best troops as will be seen in the following chapter

It certainly did seem as if the very fates were against him.

CHAPTER XI

Cold Harbor.

May 28, 1864, in compliance with orders received through General Halleck from Lieutenant-General Grant, the Eighteenth Corps marched to City Point, where, reinforced by Ames's and Devens's divisions of the Tenth Corps, it embarked the next morning for White House Landing, on the Pamunkey river, for the purpose of joining the Army of the Potomac, that was then crossing the Pamunkey near Hanovertown. The whole force consisted of sixteen thousand infantry, sixteen pieces of artillery, and a detachment of about one hundred cavalry, all under the command of the Eighteenth Corps commander, Gen. W F Smith.

About 2 o'clock on the afternoon of the 27th the Twelfth Regiment broke camp and marched about four miles to Point of Rocks, where it crossed the Appomattox about dark, and arrived at City Point between 9 and 10 o'clock that night. It rained hard during the night, and this, with deep mud and deeper darkness, made the march anything but pleasant, and the night's bivouac was even more disagreeable than the march.

Early the next morning the regiment embarked on the transport steamer "G. A. Deveny," and soon the whole command was on its way down the James, bound for some place to the rank and file unknown. But speculation was of course rife, and conjectures plenty as to their destination and the cause of their leaving. Some thought it meant a change of base for the whole army that had so signally failed to accomplish its mission, and that Bermuda Hundred and City Point were to be evacuated. Others thought that Washington was again threatened by another rebel raid, and that the Eighteenth Corps was on its way to the rescue; while others still guessed rightly and exclaimed, "Once more for the Army of the Potomac, boys! We are going up to help Grant finish up the job with Lee."

They little thought how worse than useless their efforts to help would prove, and that they, instead of Lee's forces, would be the ones to be finished up. But among the things, much thought and talked about, was the wide [redacted]rence between what was expected and what had been effected since they were last afloat upon the same river, less than a month before. The one was *up*, and the other was *down*, in more senses

About 5 P. M. the little fleet of transports lay off Fortress Monroe, and, after an hour or two on the bay, rounded into the mouth of the York river During the night's voyage up the river the men slept on board the boat, as best they could, and the rising sun greeted them at West Point. One brigade under General Ames, convoyed by one or two gun-boats commanded by Captain Babcock of the United States Navy, had been sent ahead to this place to cover the landing here, or at White House, as might become necessary The tortuous course and frequent shoal waters of the Pamunkey made the passage up this river difficult at times even for a mud-scow, to say nothing about a small fleet of barges, schooners, and steamboats, many of which were more or less impeded in their progress. Some got hung up on snags or stuck in the mud, and had to back out, side off, lighten up, or be pulled along by tugs and other boats until they got into deep water again. Yet nothing very dangerous or damaging occurred, as no torpedo was struck, and the soldiers, not being used to either salt or fresh water navigation, were both interested and amused in the ways and means employed to overcome all obstacles that the river was so well supplied with.

One incident, which was especially amusing to some of the Twelfth boys who saw and heard, was the way that Surgeon Fowler got one of the hospital boats that he was in charge of pulled out of the mud in which it had stuck, by assuming dictatorial authority, and actually scaring the commander of another boat, loaded with troops, to do what he had just refused to, which was to heave to, throw a tow line, and pull him out. One would have thought, to have seen the doctor straighten up and to have heard him talk, that he was Medical Director of both the armies of the James and the Potomac, and that a refusal to obey his orders by any officer of the army or navy, of lower rank than a major-general or a commodore, would cost him his commission.

The brigade arrived at White House about noon, and the Twelfth disembarked about two hours later. The men were glad to be on shore again, for it was very hot, and they had been very uncomfortable, crowded together between decks, where they were driven by the stifling stench below and the scorching rays of the sun above. After landing, the brigade, now under the command of Col. Griffin A. Steadman, Jr.,* moved a short distance across and east of the railroad, where it remained, to the wonder of all the troops, not only until dark, when they feared they would have a hard night's march instead of a quiet and refreshing sleep, and the next morning, when they expected to march sure, but until 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the next day This delay, though not understood then, was because the corps commander was awaiting his ammunition and baggage train, still on transports and not yet arrived. During the night several more of the substitutes, thinking doubtless that they were farther North than likely to be again very soon, if they

* Assumed command May 18.

remained longer in the army, decided to detach themselves therefrom by "leave of absence" of their own granting.

After waiting impatiently until 3 o'clock, as above stated, General Smith, who had during the night and morning received three copies by as many different couriers to march to New Castle, concluded to wait no longer either for his ammunition or further instructions that he had sent for, and moved his command forward as rapidly as possible on the hot and dusty road to that place. The march was continued until 10 o'clock that night, when the Twelfth bivouacked with its brigade at or near Cross Roads and three miles from New Castle, on the south side of the Pamunkey river. It was fortunate, on account of the extreme heat, that the march did not commence sooner in the day, unless the troops had started at 3 o'clock in the morning instead of that hour in the afternoon, and thus saved in time what they were obliged to make up in speed. The distance marched was about fifteen miles, but many of the men, judging from their fatigue, thought it nearer twenty-five.

The further orders that General Smith had been instructed to await at this place came at daylight the next morning, directing him to proceed at once to New Castle Ferry, and there place his command between the Fifth and Sixth Corps. Because of the urgency of this order the troops, most of them, moved without breakfast on the morning of June 1, but the Twelfth and its brigade had just time to wash down a bite of hard-tack with a sip of coffee before the "fall in" order came to them. After reaching the Ferry, where, instead of finding the Fifth and Sixth corps, no troops were to be seen, it was ascertained that there had been a big blunder by somebody in using the words "New Castle" instead of Cold Harbor in the last order of march, and the whole command had to "right about" and march back several miles to where it started from in the morning, and then set out again on another road. The mistake was a bad as well as a big one for the Eighteenth Corps, for it not only lost to the troops time and distance enough to have nearly reached Cold Harbor, but obliged them to march in the hottest part of the day, and in the rear of the Sixth Corps, which they otherwise would have preceded: and to march behind a large body of troops on such a day as that, is something more than the reader, unless a veteran, can fully understand. The memory of that day's march will exist so long as any man, who was in it, continues to live. During the middle of the day the temperature, even in the shade, must have been close up to, if not above, blood heat: and following much of the time, as the troops had to, directly in the rear of the baggage train of the Sixth Corps, the dust was worse, if possible, than the heat.

Captain Barker wrote on the 2d:

> Marched and countermarched nearly all day, yesterday, to get here (Cold Harbor), and through the densest clouds of dust that I ever saw. I could not see the length of a single company

General Smith says:

The day was intensely hot, the dust stifling, and the progress slow, as the head of the column was behind the trains of the Sixth Corps. The ranks were consequently much thinned by the falling out of exhausted men.

Doctor Sanborn, of the Twelfth, reports that the surgeons were kept busy in attending and passing to the rear "the poor fellows who, overcome by heat, were constantly falling out, some of whom dropped down and died from sunstroke."

It was nearly 4 o'clock before the corps arrived at Cold Harbor and joined with the Army of the Potomac, a part of which was already engaged with the enemy. In a short time Brooks's and Devens's divisions advanced and became heavily engaged with the intrenched forces in their front, forcing them back into ulterior and stronger lines of defense. Martindale's division* was held in reserve on the right, but the Second Brigade was deployed, and the Twelfth anxiously waited, not to be led forward as they expected to be, but for some change of position that would cover them from the severe fire of the rebel batteries to which they were exposed. Twenty solid shot or shells, by actual count, passed between the Twelfth and the One Hundred and Forty-eighth New York, beside many others that passed over or fell short; yet no one of either regiment, so far as known, was injured. It seemed as if the enemy was practicing to see how near he could come and not hit anybody. A little later the brigade advanced a short distance into the woods, where it remained all night, the men sleeping on their arms, ready to resist an attack that might be made upon them at any moment.

The next morning the Twelfth threw up an intrenchment and lay behind it all day, except fifty men who were sent out under Captain Fernal as skirmishers some two hundred yards in advance of the regiment, and about twice as far from the enemy. Some were wounded, but none killed.

There was heavy firing at times during the day upon the left, and a constant sputtering of the skirmishers and sharpshooters all along the line. About 2 o'clock P. M. there was a heavy outburst of artillery so near to the Twelfth that the men began to think that they would soon be called upon to advance; but it was a false, if not foolish, alarm, so far as they were concerned, which soon subsided with the noise that caused it. But there were other reasons than continuous powder explosions along the lines to keep the men apprehensively on the alert, for the air was full of rumors of expected or intended charges from one side or the other, and not all unfounded either; for during the day and night previous there had been as many as three orders received by General Smith and other corps commanders to prepare to attack at a certain hour, and each one countermanded except the last, which was to attack at 4.30 the next

* Commanded until May 20 by General Weitzel.

morning. How unfortunate for General Grant and his army that this order was not also countermanded!

Toward night there was quite a shower, which was most gratefully welcomed, and would have been received as a perfect "Godsend" had it come a day or two before, when the men on the march were suffering so severly from heat and dust.

Another night had now come, and a solemn one indeed it would have been to many thousand brave men could they have known that it was the last one that would ever come to them. Many, however, had that impression concerning themselves, too strong and deep to admit of sleep, and some such there were in the ranks of the Twelfth New Hampshire.*

June the 3d, 1864, was a terrible day of sacrifice and suffering for the Army of the Potomac. It was undoubtedly the greatest and most inexcusable slaughter of the whole war Even Grant himself made public record of his sorrow for ever having ordered the charge that caused it. It was a forlorn hope for nearly the whole length of the line, and for many brigades and divisions certain destruction to prolong the mad attempt to carry the enemy's works in their front. It was like a person attempting to kick, with his bare feet, the bottom out of an iron kettle full of scalding hot water, the portion of the foot and leg saved depending mainly upon the depth of the kettle and the instinctive quickness of his locomotor muscles.

Into just such a seething caldron did the brave Colonel Steadman, using a ramrod for a sword, lead four regiments of his brigade, massed in column by division and headed by the Twelfth New Hampshire, in the early light of that fatal morn. In less than ten minutes from the word "Forward," there was no brigade to be seen, and of its leading regiment nearly one half lay dead or disabled on the field, while of the remaining scattered ones, two at least out of every ten were more or less severely wounded.† Some of these poor victims of a great and lamentable error lay within a few yards of the enemy's works, the living not daring to show any signs of life for fear that a rebel bullet would number them with the dead. Here they who continued to survive were obliged to lie all day upon the burning sands and under the scorching rays of the sun until night or death brought them relief. One poor fellow (we forbear to give his name because of relatives still living) who had been hopelessly shattered by a shell, was seen to forever end his sufferings, that he could no longer endure, by deliberately cutting his throat with a jackknife.

To give a description of this terrible charge is simply impossible, and few who were in the ranks of the Twelfth will ever feel like attempting it. To those exposed to the full force and fury of that dreadful storm of lead and iron that met the charging column, it seemed more like a volcanic blast than a battle, and was about as destructive. The men went down in rows, just as they marched in the ranks, and so many at a time

* See "Presentiments," in another chapter. † See table of losses.

that those in rear of them thought they were lying down, either from instinct or command, to avoid the fire that they could no longer withstand.

Sergeant Piper, of Company B, says:

> The men bent down as they pushed forward, as if trying, as they were, to breast a tempest, and the files of men went down like rows of blocks or bricks pushed over by striking against each other.

Lieutenant Jewett describes the men in his division as falling "half a platoon almost at a time, like grain before the reaper or grass before the scythe."

Sergeant Tuttle, of Company K, says:

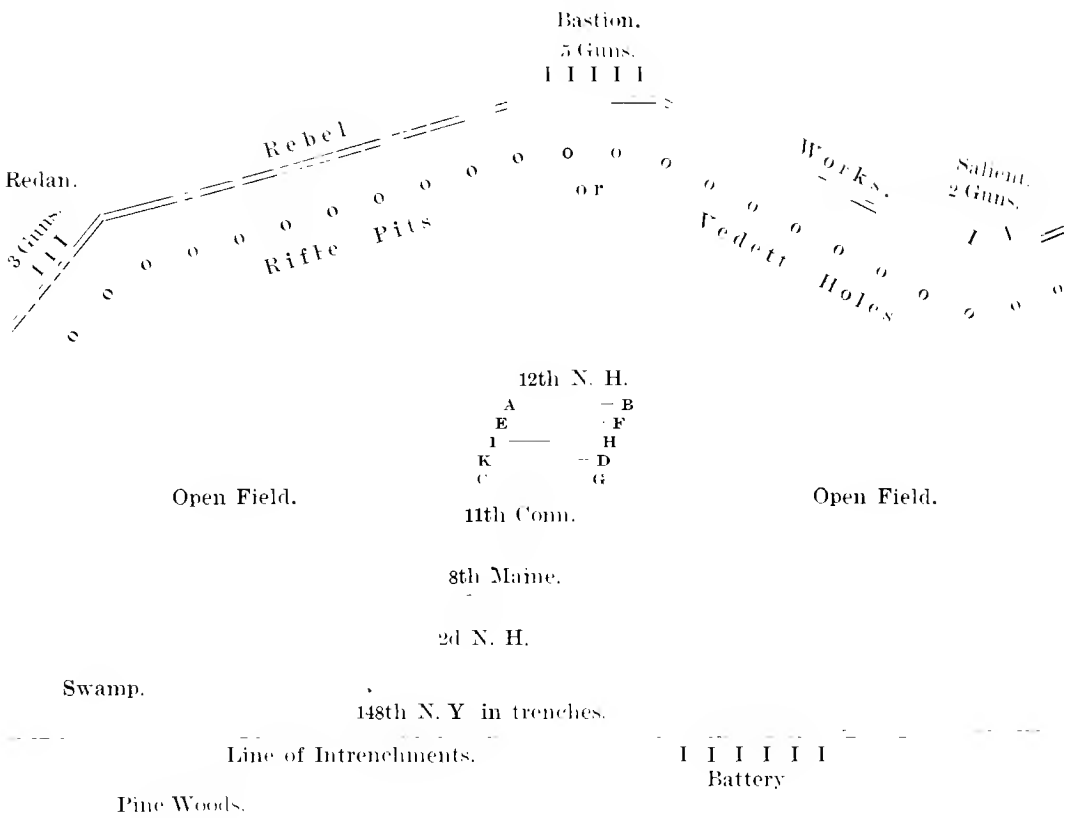
> I thought the order was to lie down and dropped myself among the dead, and did not discover my mistake until my living comrades had advanced some little distance beyond me.

A. J Farrar, of Company H, with many others, thought the same thing, when, as he expressed it, "I saw them all go down."

But Captain Barker in command of the regiment, knowing of course that no such order had been given, but supposing the men were lying down of their own accord to avoid the withering blast of the rebel batteries, yelled out with angry vehemence to Captain Bedee, leading one of the divisions, to bring his men up and forward into line, pointing at the same time with his sword to several files who had just fallen flat upon their faces. The next moment Captain Bedee was among the prostrate men vainly trying by a vigorous use of his sword and feet to do as he had been ordered. "I soon found," as he afterwards told Captain Barker, "that nothing but the judgment trump of the Almighty would ever bring those men upon their feet again."

The regiment went forward until literally cut to pieces or torn into fragments, and had no semblance of form or organization left; and the other regiments of the charging column, not caring to imitate its example, though comparatively intact, quickly sought shelter with the survivors of the Twelfth, behind the entrenchments in the woods from which they had emerged but a few moments before.

The following outline diagram, as sketched by Sergt. Benjamin B. Clarke, of Company G, the day after the battle, will assist the reader in getting a correct idea of the relative positions of the regiments of the charging column, and the line of works and artillery of the enemy at the time the charge was made.



The letters to the right and left of the straight lines representing the divisions of the regiment, show of what companies those divisions were formed and their flank positions. The One Hundred and Forty-eighth New York Regiment were sent forward as skirmishers, but never went farther than the outer line of intrenchments, the other regiments going over them when they made the charge. To advance a massed column of troops into such a semi-circle of destruction as here portrayed, with front and back flanks entirely exposed to the converging fire of eight or ten pieces of artillery and more than half a mile sweep of battle-lined musketry, was something fearful to even contemplate, but how much more so to actually experience none can tell save those who were there. No wonder that Captain Barker who had a heart to feel as well as courage to act, when he saw the field covered with his own brave men and heard the cries of the wounded, some of whom were less fortunate than the dead, stood up before his superiors in rank while the enemy's shot was still flying around him, and wounding some of his listeners as he spoke, and denounced in righteous wrath the general, high or low, who was guilty of ordering such a murderous charge as that. He was so highly wrought up by his anger and the excitement of the occasion, that he declared with an oath that he would not take his regiment into another such charge, if Jesus Christ himself should order it.

Captain Barker, as hereafter seen, was decidedly opposed to making the charge, massed in column, and so expressed his opinion. Adjutant-Gen-

eral Reynolds referred to Napoleon, as making all his charges in solid column, and thought it the most effectual way "The most effectual way of murdering men, I agree, and there is the evidence of it," sharply replied the captain, as he pointed to the field in front, thickly spotted with the dead and wounded. The next moment General Reynolds was wounded in the shoulder, from the effects of which he afterwards died.

Notwithstanding the bloody repulse of the Union troops the whole length of his line, although the Second, Sixth, and Eighteenth corps had been chiefly relied upon for the grand charge, General Grant with characteristic stubbornness allowed General Meade to order the attacks renewed; and repeated efforts were made to get the corps commanders to push forward other heavy assaulting columns, either in concert as at first attempted, or independent of each other as at last directed, but all to no effect. These generals had no heart to see their brave troops so needlessly slaughtered again, and they too well appreciated the intelligence and temper of the men they commanded to believe they would obey an order for another such charge should it be made. In fact it might be stated upon good authority,* that the men "unanimously refused to obey any such an order, for they knew success was hopeless and refused to be sacrificed to no purpose." Yet there were constant movements, feints by brigades and divisions in the different corps, which kept the Confederates constantly on the alert and the artillery on both sides unremittingly active. Grant, convinced at last that he was attempting the impossible, ordered a cessation of "all further offensive operations," and directed that corps commanders "entrench their positions and that reconnoissances be made with a view to moving against the enemy's works by regular approaches."

And thus ended the battle of Cold Harbor Nearly fifteen thousand, or enough to populate quite a large city had been cut down or disabled in the prime and pride of their manhood, and this appalling sacrifice without the slightest advantage gained, or a single point or purpose effected! Many regiments had suffered severely, but none had lost so many in proportion to its number engaged as the Twelfth New Hampshire. Such was the hopelessness of their undertaking and the peril of their position as they debouched from the woods at the head of the charging column, that one of the Confederate officers said to some of the regiment on the day of the truce for burying our dead, "it seemed almost like murder to fire upon you." "Thousands slain and nothing gained," must be the short but true verdict of history upon the last effort of General Grant to crush out the Rebellion by defeating its main army before it fell back to meet him again, behind still stronger works on the other side of Richmond. The following extract from a letter written by Colonel Barker headed and dated: "*In a trench one hundred yards from the rebel skirmishers, June 4, 1864,*" explains briefly the part taken by the Twelfth:

* Greeley's American Conflict, Vol. II, page 582.

At 4 o'clock yesterday morning our brigade left our breastworks, marched a few rods to the left and at about 5 o'clock started on a charge with pieces uncapped and bayonets fixed. The One Hundred and Forty-eighth New York Regiment had deployed as skirmishers. Next in line followed the Twelfth New Hampshire in column by division, followed by the Eleventh Connecticut and the Eighth Maine with the Second New Hampshire in the rear. We passed through a distance of some four hundred yards with but very little loss. As the One Hundred and Forty-eighth appeared at the edge of the open field volley after volley belched forth from the rebel works about five hundred yards ahead and the regiment gave way I tried my best to get Colonel Steadman, commanding column, to deploy; for I deemed it rashness to charge the enemy's works so strong and threatening in column. He would not allow it but said, "*go as you are*," and we did go into the most deadly fire that ever met an opposing force on the field of battle; and when within about fifty yards of the enemy's works that we were all rushing for, a battery opened upon us with grape and canister on our left and musketry from the right. Seeing that to advance further in this formation was annihilation to the regiment, I endeavored to deploy the column, but it was too late, it could not be done. The men fell back and what were left, about 110, re-formed in the rear of our breastworks.

The color bearer, Sergeant Hoyt, was shot and got separated from the regiment and for a time we thought we had lost our colors, and not until we had formed in support of Stanard's brigade did we know where they were. Then a corporal by the name of Wallace, of Company K, came bringing them in and presented them to me. You ought to have heard the glad cheers with which the old flag was greeted.* I made the corporal color sergeant on the spot, placed him in the centre of the remaining little squad and told them to consider themselves all the color guard. I sent out last night a detail to bring off the wounded who had lain on the field all day where many doubtless died before they could be rescued. Up to the present time we know of twenty killed, eighty wounded and about one hundred missing; about all the last are probably killed or wounded.

The following graphic description of this battle from the pen of George E. Place, of Company B, is taken from his personal experience in the war, the remainder of which will be found in a subsequent chapter:

A cannonading was going on as we reached the field. [Afternoon of June 1st.] We halted at least two miles from where the rebel guns were in action; yet an occasional shot came quite near us. One missile struck and buried itself in the ground about twenty feet from me, and not over six feet from where a comrade was standing. It was dug out, and proved to be a shot from a Whitworth rifle gun. Presently we moved on, and took up a position, "resting at will," in some pine woods where occured that terrible enfilading fire from a concealed rebel battery. Colonel Barker was standing near me, and I heard him remark, that he thought he had experienced some heavy artillery firing at the battle of Bull Run, but none equaled the closeness of that fire, yet strange as it may appear, as far as I could learn, not a man of the regiment was hurt while in that position. The shot were evidently all solid, as I do not recollect hearing

* The regiment had no State colors at that time.

any explosion of shells. One shot struck a tree ten inches in diameter at about eighteen inches from the ground, not over four feet from where I was sitting, cutting it half off. I heard some of the boys express a wish that a charge would be ordered on that battery, as they would rather do that, than lie quietly there and be murdered in cold blood. After about half an hour we were ordered to advance, and so we got out of range. We moved on a few rods and halted again. While there, some movement on the picket line called out several volleys of musketry, and the bullets came spatting around quite thickly. "Sherb" Locke was sitting at my left; a bullet struck his tin dipper which was fastened to his haversack, making of it a shapeless mass. My elbow was so near the dipper as almost to touch it.

And now I will pass on to that fateful morning of the third of June. We are in line of battle, "close column by division." We are ordered to take the caps from our guns, and fix bayonet. We are now in the woods, and can see nothing of the rebels. Every thing is quiet. Ah! it is such occasions as this which try men's nerves. I made a study of the faces around me. Every face was more or less pale, but all had a determined look, except a New York recruit by the name of Hayes. He was trembling, and his face was pale as death. I encountered him not long afterwards in the field hospital. He was unharmed. I questioned him some, and was satisfied, from his evasive answers that he had skulked out of the fight. I learned afterwards that he deserted about that time — probably that night. Thus we stood, all ready for the charge; I know not how long, but it seemed a long time to me, for at such a time, with men's nerves strained to their utmost tension, a minute seems an hour. Finally, the Colonel drew his sword,— "*Forward, march*," and the regiment started. We had not gone ten feet, when a rebel battery on our left flank opened fire. I wondered how the rebels knew so soon that we had started, for being in the woods, they could not see us. The guns were so arranged that the iron storm swept past us about two rods in front. How it crashed and howled through those pine trees! For a moment, the regiment quailed and halted. As it did so, I turned and looked at Colonel Barker. I shall never forget the expression that came into his face as he beheld that halting. His eyes dilated, and it seemed as if I could almost see the fire flash from them. He flung his sword above his head and shouted with a voice that seemed as if the rebels must have heard,—"Forward!" Instantly the regiment started again, yelling as it went. There was no more halting after that, until, swept down in killed and wounded, it lost all semblance of order, and could do no otherwise than fall back. That artillery discharge was immediately followed by the opening of musketry. I passed close by one of the vedettes in a rifle-pit, hugging to the ground as close as he could, and trembling like an aspen leaf. Past the vedettes, we immediately enter an open field. It is bare of vegetation. All over that field little puffs of dust are thickly rising, occasioned by the rebel bullets striking the ground. A line of breastworks runs zig-zag; one in front, the other on our left. We cannot see a man in these works, for a dense cloud of battle-smoke rests all along the line. From the works in front, and the works on our left, arose a musketry fire so heavy, it seemed almost like one continual crash of thunder, while artillery on our left poured in the shells. Just as we entered the field, a shell plunged into the ground at the left of our column, and immediately burst, throwing the dirt and pebbles all over us.

Some small missile struck me just under the left eye, causing a sharp sting, and I felt the blood trickling down my face.

James Rollins was at my left, Charles Marden next to him, and the next beyond, Charles Bunker. Soon after we got into the field, Rollins threw up both hands, uttered a yell, and fell over on his face. I thought surely he was killed, but found him afterwards in the field hospital. A bullet had gone through the calves of both legs. I looked for Marden and Bunker to "dress" by, but they were missing; indeed, there was such a wide gap on my left (I was almost on the right of the column) that I thought I had fallen behind my column, and hastened to catch up, only to find myself in Company A, who were in the front column. We were now so near the breastworks that I could see the flash of their musketry quivering through the bank of smoke that lay above them, like lightning through a cloud; and I was just thinking of the hand-to-hand struggle that would come when we reached the breastworks, when a bullet went through my right arm. My hand instantly flew open, and my gun dropped to the ground. All the fingers on that hand turned back to nearly a right angle with the back of my hand, and quivered, caused, probably, by a sudden contraction of the muscles. I thought for a moment, that my arm was broken, and I caught hold of my fingers and straightened them out. About this time, the regiment began to fall back. Just before I reëntered the woods a flank bullet grazed the small of my back. It left quite a scar, which is there to-day As I received that third blow, that old, familiar expression, "hit 'im agin, blue jacket, he's got no friends," passed across my mind. I reached the field hospital, and sat down among a group of wounded men, so as to get my wounds dressed. As I raised my eyes, I saw I was seated near an amputating table. The spectacle was too harrowing, and I arose to go away, but immediately grew faint, and had to sit down again. I was compelled to sit there nearly an hour before my condition would allow me to go away Twice during the time I was there, a load of arms, legs, hands, and feet, was carried off on a shelter tent and dumped into a ravine.

The battle indeed was over, but the suffering and agony of the poor wounded men, who still lay upon the field where they fell, did not so quickly end. Hardest of all, worse even than the dreadful charge itself, was the sight of comrades and tent-mates, endeared by many kind, unselfish deeds and cherished for their brotherly care and affection, lying helpless in their suffering within plain sight, with no means or power to aid or even comfort them by an assisting hand or sympathetic word. Many of the wounded left on the field and unable to get under cover, were deliberately shot dead by the inhuman rebel wretches; and this was done so long after the charge and its excitement was over that every such shot made the one who aimed it little better than a cold-blooded murderer So worse than savages and revengefully malicious were some of those heartless fiends in human shape, that they not only shot at those who showed any signs of life, but amused themselves by making targets of the bodies of those that were dead. A number of the Twelfth received their death wounds from these cowardly miscreants, and some that, but for them, might have recovered from their wounds received while advanc-

ing in the charge. Of all the means, persuasive or coercive, that could have been used to induce soldiers of that army, who had once breasted the storm, to make another determined charge upon the enemy's intrenchments, none would have been half as effective as an appeal to that deep feeling of commingled pity and anger that was created by the suffering condition and inhuman treatment of their comrades who lay between them and the foe. "Revenge or death" would, at that time, have been a most potent battle-cry, and nerved the best and bravest of the troops to desperate and determined efforts to break through the enemy's lines or perish, like their comrades, in the attempt.

As showing the situation of the Twelfth during the whole day after the fatal attack, as well as of the silent and suffering ones who lay upon the field where they fell, for five days and four nights, except when rescued by their comrades, under cover of darkness, we quote the following from General Smith's account, already referred to in this chapter:

> At the close of the battle the front of General Martindale was less than two hundred yards from the enemy's line, and in the open space between were many dead and wounded. For three days no cessation of hostilities was asked for; and common rumor gave as a reason that there was fear of a refusal, as there were no dead or wounded of the enemy between the lines to be cared for. Some of our wounded were brought in by men who risked their lives in the act, and some were rescued by digging trenches to them. The groans of such as could not be reached grew fainter and fainter until they ceased.

Here then is such a picture of war as does not often present itself even to the veteran of a hundred battles. Two armies so closely confronting each other that their main lines in some places are scarcely a rifle shot apart, and the exposure of a hand or head, upon either side, is pretty sure to result in a furlough for thirty days or eternity; while upon the narrow space between, in plain sight of both friend and foe, are lying thousands of the dead, wounded, and dying, all stricken down from the ranks of one of the opposing armies, and all unprotected and uncared for.

That the wounded were thus allowed to remain in suffering helplessness upon the field day after day, unless sooner rescued by their pitying comrades, was because of such a shameful and criminal negligence as no common words can fully and justly characterize. And this we say, more in sorrowful remembrance of the dead who there suffered and died, than from any feelings of angry indignation that the same remembrance can, after so many years, quickly revive in the minds of the living. For ordering the charge, or ever allowing it to be made at the time and place it was, there may perhaps be found, among all the surrounding circumstances, some show of excuse, if not of justification; but for permitting wounded heroes of that charge to suffer and die as they did, one must search in vain for either one or the other. Fears of refusal were certainly no excuse for not asking, when both mercy and pity, with all the

nobler impulses of humanity, were pleading for immediate action for their relief. And more than this, what ground was there for doubting that General Lee would have respected a flag of truce to care for the wounded and bury the dead?

General Smith, while more than willing, as we have seen, to throw the responsibility and odium upon Meade or Grant, seems to have forgotten that he could only blame them by condemning himself. For what more could have been both his privilege and duty than to have reported the condition and situation of his wounded men to his superiors in command, and requested permission for their immediate removal under a flag of truce. Had he done this, which he nowhere even intimates that he did, then words of express as well as implied censure might have come in good grace from him, and could not have been too severe.

Seeing that nothing had been done through that long, sad day for their comrades, the men of the Twelfth welcomed night as they scarcely ever had before, even for the relief of their own toils and sufferings, that they might go themselves to the rescue. To have attempted anything of the kind during the day would have been at the cost of more than six for one and practically impossible: for even under the cover of the night it was a very dangerous undertaking, and only the greatest caution and the most persistent efforts made it even partially successful. But if night was gladly welcomed by those who were only intent upon the work of saving, how much more so by those whom they were trying to save, the reader, from what has already been written, can have only a slight conception. To them it was like the shadow of angel's wing. It not only brought cooling dews in place of burning sun, but gave those who were able a chance of showing signs of life without inviting death, and strengthened the hope, which was not a vain one, that their comrades would attempt their rescue as soon as dark enough. And then, scarcely less to the seeker than the sought, was the tearful gladness of their meeting on that night-screened field of awful carnage. To those even who were nearly under the dark shadow of death, it was no small consolation to know that their companions in arms were mindful of them and periling their own lives to save theirs; to have the privilege of once more grasping their hands and listening to their tender words of sympathy in that solemn, life-parting hour; and to send by them a last, loving message to the dearly cherished in their far distant homes, so soon to be gloomed in sadness and sorrow for another brave soldier dead. Some lived but a few moments after being found or brought into our lines, others expired that night or the next day at field hospital; while others, among whom were Lieutenant Emery, of Company F, and Joseph Hill and Albert McKenzie, of Company B, were sent to Washington, where they soon after died. But there were a few, more fortunate in receiving less dangerous wounds in the charge, and in getting the cover of a rock, stump, or rebel vedette hole to protect them from the bullets of fiendish

sharpshooters, who not only lived to get to some general hospital in the North, but after long suffering recovered so as to reach their homes, where one at least—B. W Clarke, of Company F—is still living.

During the afternoon two or three companies, some twenty-five or thirty men from the left of the regiment and under the command of Captain Bedee, had been deployed as skirmishers and advanced a few yards over a low piece of ground, just to the left and rear of where the charge was made. In a few moments every man was under ground! Not dead and buried quite so quickly as that, but they had sunk themselves into the earth in real gopher style assisted by a most vigorous use of jack-knives and bayonets for axes and picks, and tin dippers and plates for spades and shovels. It is amusing, even to the men themselves, to see how surprisingly quick one will cover himself from the view of the keen-eyed rebel sharpshooters, when every second is likely to be his last until his work is accomplished.

After dark the men were relieved from their cramped positions in their gopher holes, and notwithstanding the extra hazardous service they had performed, it was found that only three had been wounded and none seriously. Fortunately no other detail was made from the Twelfth that night, and so forty men—as many as Captain Barker dared to let go, being nearly half the regiment—went out with Captain Fernal and Lieutenant Sanders on their mission of mercy and love above referred to. Making as little noise as possible they break into little squads of double files as they approach the centre of the field, where most of the dead and wounded lie. The work of searching for the living was their first and main object, for the dead needed not their aid, though their bodies soon received attention. This, under the circumstances was more difficult and dangerous than might become apparent without a word or two of explanation. The night though dark was not so much so but what a man standing erect could be seen for some little distance. For this reason the rescuers as they neared the enemy's line had to crawl upon their hands and knees, and in this position could plainly see the strong line of rebel pickets outlined against the sky, but a short distance from them.

Thus in silent darkness, for none but whispered words could be spoken, they crept around among the still more silent dead listening, for they could make no call, for some deep sigh or low moan that would tell them where amid the surrounding gloom of night and death they might find one in whose veins the vital fluid still continued to circulate. And when by some such sound or mere accident a comrade at last was found, with whispered caution to make if possible no cry of distress or groan of agony, he was carefully lifted up, a blanket or stretcher put under him, and borne away with noiseless steps to where they would receive all the comfort and care that kind hearts and willing hands could render. And thus the noble work of rescuing suffering humanity went on, not only for that night, but the next and even the third, until all of the living and most

of the dead were removed, leaving but comparatively few to be buried, on the field where they fell, under a flag of truce, which was not until just before dark on the 7th, or five days after the battle.

Sergeants Gordon, of Company C, and Gray, of Company F, found and brought in Lieutenant Emery: Captain Fernal and Sergeant Place, of Company A, secured the body of Lieutenant Dunn: and Sergeant Clarke and others of Company G succeeded in getting the sword and watch of Lieutenant Whittier, but were fired upon while trying to remove his body and had to leave it. Sergeant Cheney, of Company E, though seen alive between the lines during the day, could not be found and his body was never recovered. His brother, Daniel P., of the same company, long sought in vain for him or his body, inspecting the faces of the dead by the carefully secured light of a match, when he found one in form and height resembling him, that he might know that it was not the body of his brother During this and the succeeding night many of the dead as well as the living were taken off the field. Sergeant Clarke above referred to says: "Twenty-eight of our dead were brought in and buried in one trench on the night of the fourth, making fifty already brought into our lines and buried." This would make twenty that were recovered and buried on the night of the charge. How many of the living were rescued there is no means of knowing: nor is it known how many of the dead were brought in on the night of the 5th.

On the morning of the 4th Captain Bedee was wounded in the head by a musket ball, and was so badly injured that he was rendered insane for a while and had to be sent to the hospital. A little later in the day Sergeant George K. Hughes, of Company E, was killed by a shell from one of our own guns. It was a percussion shell that striking a tree near by exploded, and a piece of it buried itself in the sergeant's back, causing his death in a few moments. Gustave Newman of the same company was wounded by the same shell. Sergeant Hughes had just before been helping mend the flag-staff that had been partly cut off by a bullet or piece of shell, and at the time he was struck he was looking at the enemy's line through a field glass that Corporal Cox had taken from the body of a rebel officer at the battle of Swift Creek. Sergeant Gray, of Company F, was sent back to the battery to tell them the danger of our men from their shots.

That night the brigade was advanced several yards nearer the rebel line and there threw up a new line of intrenchments which the Twelfth and other regiments occupied the next day It was within easy musket range of the rebel pickets, who no sooner discovered it by the first light of day than they fell back in great haste. They evidently had no desire for so close an acquaintance with the Yankees.

"The boys are amusing themselves by firing through loop holes at every rebel that shows his head," wrote Captain Barker while sitting in the same ditch where his men were thus employed. But the enemy in

their front was by no means idle. His men were returning bullet for bullet and his artillery gave the new redoubt a severe shelling several times during the day Nathaniel Briggs, of Company C, was mortally wounded by a rebel sharpshooter while carrying water to the boys in the trenches, he lived about three weeks.

The regiment remained in the same line of trenches until dark the next day, when part of it was advanced as skirmishers in front of the position held by the Twelfth and Second, while the men quickly threw up another line of works a short distance in front of the line thrown up a night or two before.

This was done so close upon the rebel pickets that serious trouble was expected, but the work was done so quickly and quietly, not a word being spoken above a whisper, that only two men of the Second Regiment and one of the Twelfth were wounded. This was thought to be rare good luck considering the dangerous situation. It seemed as if Grant, having failed to *drive* the enemy out of his lines was now trying to *crowd* him out. It was thought by the rebels, that the design of daily moving their lines, by regular approaches every night, was to get as near as possible, and then over-run them by a grand rush. It is doubtful, however, if General Grant ever seriously entertained such an idea; although there was much reason, from his persistent crowding, and from what they had already learned of his natural disinclination to give up what he had once undertaken, for such a belief to have been entertained by them.

Later in the night, after the firing caused by the picket advance had died away, another and last effort was made to recover the bodies of the Twelfth men still left upon the field. The searching party was fired upon, but succeeded in getting several more of the dead, among which was found one man that was still living. His name is not known, but he was probably one of the recruits. How long he had remained conscious after he fell, or how much he had suffered during the three days and nights he had lain on the field, none can tell. The 7th found the regiment in the same trenches, but now, for a wonder, in the second line, the one thrown up the night before being occupied by the Eighth Maine. Between the hours of six and eight in the afternoon there was a two hours' truce for burying the dead still left between the lines. On the 9th, Lieutenant Joseph N Shepard, of the Sixth New Hampshire, was killed by a sharpshooter while talking with some of the Twelfth. His regiment was, at that time, in General Griffin's brigade of the Ninth Corps, and he had come over to see some of the boys in the regiment who had been his neighbors and schoolmates in Gilmanton, N. H., before the war. He was cautioned by them to keep covered and not expose himself, as he could only do so with extreme hazard; but, having gone safely through Spottsylvania and the Wilderness, he seemed to think himself proof against bullets, and heeded not the earnest admonitions of his friends. Though his death was the result, somewhat, of his own folly, it was nevertheless

sad, and as his would-be preservers looked upon his lifeless form, that but a moment before stood erect and defiant in the face of the enemy, they blamed themselves for not having made him heed their warnings. He was carried to the rear by the friends with whom he had been talking, three of whom were C. S. Gilman, G W Andrews, and E. W Shannon, all of Company G. The same day, John Smith, a recruit of Company B, was severly wounded in the head.

The situation was now fast becoming a serious one in respect to the exposure of the men to disease as well as danger The lines were so close together in some places, that pickets could not be sent out by either side without running into each other, making a continuous skirmish fight between the pickets by night, and constant rifle and artillery practice by the opposing lines through the day This great strain upon the nervous system, together with lack of food and water, want of sleep and rest, and exposure to the extreme heat and noxious vapors, were already beginning to have their baneful effect upon the men, and without some change, would soon become more dangerous to the Federal army than rebel bullets.

Gen. A. A. Humphreys, who was at this time General Mead's chief of staff, writes in his "Virginia Campaign of 1864 and 1865" as follows:

> Although the lines were advanced by regular approaches (they were so close to the enemy's intrenchments, and the ground was so open, that they could not be advanced in any other way) yet an assault gave no promise of success. The army remained in position here until the night of the 12th, when it withdrew to cross the James river. The daily skirmishing during that time was sharp, and caused severe loss in some divisions. During the night there was heavy artillery firing, and sometimes heavy musketry. The labor of making the approaches and strengthening the intrenchments was hard. The men in the advanced part of the lines, which were some miles in length, had to lie close in narrow trenches, with no water, except a little to drink, and that the worst kind, being from surface drainage; they were exposed to great heat during the day, and they had but little sleep. Their cooking was of the rudest character. * * * * Dead horses and mules were scattered over the country, and between the lines were many dead bodies of both sides lying unburied in a burning sun. The country was low and marshy in character. The exhaustive effect of all this began to show itself, and sickness of malarial character increased largely

On the day of the truce for burying the dead, Captain Sanborn paced off the distance between the lines in front of the regiment and found it but seventy paces or yards. Among other incidents, that have not already been referred to, are the following:

A rebel sharpshooter, who had perched himself in a tree, had killed and wounded several of our officers and men, and one of Berdan's best shots was sent for to silence the rebel's one-ounce battery that was being used by him with such deadly effect. Soon the desired man, armed with a telescope rifle, appeared, and reported for duty After learning the

location of the man he was hunting for, he chose the trench then occupied by the Twelfth as his headquarters, and commenced operations. It was a fight between two at long range, but the "Green Coat" had the advantage of both aim and reach, as well as weight of metal; and after a few exchanges of their leaden messengers, he turned to the boys, who had been intently watching him, and smilingly said, "There, I don't believe that Johnny will trouble you any more," and he did n't.

Lieutenant Clark informs the writer, that the next shot, after that which killed Shepard, and fired, as he thinks, by the same sharpshooter, passed between his gun-strap and stock, knocking a piece out of the latter, coming very close to his head, and burying itself in the ground under a hard-tack box that it penetrated.

Sergeant A. G Sanborn, of Company G, says that on the same day of the charge, June 3, he and John Arnett, of the same company, went to get their canteens filled with water, and on their way back they saw a shell coming which burst near them, killing his companion by his side. When the order was given to uncap pieces and fix bayonets, "I shall never forget," says Colonel Barker, "that while some of the men turned pale, and all looked sternly sober, one there was, a mere boy in years, of Company D, who quickly grabbed the cap from his gun-tube and threw it upon the ground with no more signs of fear, and about as much of excitement and impatience as if he had just snapped at a squirrel, and his gun had missed fire." This was James F Marshall.

After the brigade had fallen back to the first line of intrenchments, the officer in command of the provost line came up from the rear, and reported that most of one of the regiments were back in the ravine, referring to those who had escaped unharmed from the charge. In reply to an inquiry if there were many of the Twelfth boys back there, he replied: "Yes, lots of them, but all severely wounded."

Lieutenant-Colonel Murry, of the One Hundred and Forty-eighth New York, in conversation with some other officers about the perilous position of the Twelfth in leading the charge, and whose regiment, it will be remembered, did not advance beyond the outer line of intrenchments, up to which they had skirmished, made this remark: "My God! I never expected to see a regiment march into the jaws of death, without flinching, as that regiment did."

Alvin Mitchell, of Company K, was the first man hit in the regiment after the charge was ordered, being wounded in the arm just as the line left the woods. Several of the men had their muskets shattered in their hands, or knocked out of them, and one had his gun barrel cut entirely off. Many of the companies had less than a dozen men left in the ranks after the charge, and some of them less than half that number "Company A," says Sergeant Lawler, "came out of the charge with only five whole men." It advanced a few moments before with one officer and twenty-one men. Lieutenant Dunn and ten men were killed, and six were severely wounded.

Company B, according to the record of Orderly Sergeant Paige, went in with the same number of men and came out with but four left, and those, like the five saved from Company A, had their clothes and equipments perforated or torn by bullets or pieces of shells. In this company three were killed and fourteen wounded, but not all of the latter were reported because not seriously injured. Company H, though not suffering so severely as those in the first division, was so reduced in officers, that Corporal Daniel M. Huntoon was the only man of any rank left to command the company While the skirmishers from the Twelfth, already referred to, were digging holes for their protection, on the afternoon of the 3d, Captain Heath reported as having counted twelve bullets that struck, in as many minutes, a tree over the boys' heads. The reader will not wonder, from this little incident alone, at what the author has said about the anxiety of the men to get their heads below the surface of the ground. George W Pitman, a drummer of Company B, relates, that he saw two men wounded by a bullet, at the same time, while dipping coffee out of a camp kettle.

One day a staff officer came up to the line of intrenchments where the regiment was lying, and was about to look through his field glass at the rebel works when he was told by Sergeant Tilton, of Company F, in his dry, joking way, that he had better look out for "Johnny Sharp" while he was looking. The officer only cast a reproachful glance at the speaker in return for the timely advice, and commenced to take his visual survey of things in front. The Sergeant said to himself, as he resents my advice I will say no more, but I will have that glass in a minute, and he did, as the officer had no further use for it, having taken his last look.

On the afternoon of the 11th, after being in the front line of trenches for ten days and nights the Twelfth was relieved, and marched back about half a mile and remained there for the remainder of the day and the following night. What this short move back from the enemy's fire meant, no one of the regiment knew, but when it was continued at 10 o'clock the next day in the direction of the White House, the hope already entertained, was strengthened, that they were on the return route to the Army of the James.

And such proved to be the fact, the long line of ambulances, loaded with the wounded, having passed over the road several days before. Among the many of the Twelfth that had been sent back to the provisional hospital at the White House was Captain Shackford, the old commander of Company E, and William B. Welch, one of the original members of the same company

Special mention is made of them here, because both received more dangerous wounds in the charge than any other man in the regiment who survived, and because of the suffering that each endured in his ambulance ride over that long and rough road. Welch was wounded seven times, and Shackford was so many times and badly wounded, that Lieut.

A. St. Clair Smith, who was also wounded, and rode in the same ambulance with him, thought he would not live to get to the river.

The regiment arrived at the landing a little before dark, thoroughly exhausted, for they were so worn down when they started that their march of seventeen miles, even toward home, was more than all could endure, and the weaker ones had to fall out on the way. That evening part of the regiment embarked on the same boat that brought them, and steamed down to West Point, remaining there until daylight the next day. The remainder of the regiment boarded the "Daniel Webster" which remained at anchor near the wharf all night. The first named boat proceeded on its backward trip to near Harrison's Landing on the James, where it anchored for the night at about 8.30 P. M. the next day; but the "Webster" reached Bermuda Hundred the same evening where the men landed at once and marched four miles to Point of Rocks on the Appomattox, after a few hours' rest, resumed their march toward Petersburg.

The other boat left its anchorage on the James about light in the morning, and being of light draft, steamed up the Appomattox to Point of Rocks, landing its troops there a few hours after the rest of the regiment, with most of the brigade, had left. It was nearly 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 15th, before the different parts of the regiment and brigade united near Petersburg, to which place the whole Eighteenth Corps was now pushing as rapidly as possible, so as to capture it before the Confederate forces could reoccupy it, for it had been left nearly defenseless after Beauregard's troops had joined Lee. Becoming satisfied of this, General Butler had sent General Gillmore, with several thousand men, to capture it, while Grant was fighting Lee at Cold Harbor; and according to his account, it could very easily have been done if Gillmore had half done his duty. And even now it was not too late, if only General Smith had been as quick and vigorous in his movements as Grant designed, Butler urged, and duty demanded. But again, Petersburg was saved to the Confederacy by the needless, if not willful delay of one of our own generals.

It is sad, even now, to reflect how many times our armies were defeated from the want of our leading commanders having any practical appreciation of the value of time. General Lee truly said, though his words were figurative, that he lost his right arm when "Stonewall" Jackson fell; but it was legs more than arms that made Jackson so valuable to his chief. When the occasion demanded his presence, he was there; while similar demands upon our leaders were either entirely disregarded or tardily obeyed.

CHAPTER XII.

Siege of Petersburg.

The Siege of Petersburg, as it is usually called, includes the whole period between the transfer of the Army of the Potomac across the James, after the battle of Cold Harbor, and the capture of that city and the evacuation of Richmond; or from the middle of June, 1864, to the first of April, 1865.

For nearly a year, therefore, after the sledge hammer blows received at Spottsylvania and the Wilderness, and in spite of the best efforts of his great antagonist, who continued to strike him at every favorable time and place, did Lee and his army successfully defend both Petersburg and Richmond. Grant's line, during many months of this time, extended from Fort Harrison on the north of the James to the Weldon Railroad south of Petersburg, a distance of at least twenty miles. But it is only of that part of this line, lying southwest of the Appomattox and which more immediately invested the city, that can be properly referred to in this history as the Siege of Petersburg. Here the lines were drawn close and the approaches regularly made under the enemy's constant fire.

To give anything like a detailed account of the part taken by the Twelfth Regiment in this long and memorable struggle, would be much like writing a history of the siege itself, not because it did or suffered any more than many other regiments, but because the experience of one was very largely the experience of all. It was one contined routine of hardship and danger day and night, whether lying in the trenches — overheated by the scorching sun or half filled by drenching rains — or trying to get a little comfort and rest beneath a shower of shells when lying in reserve. In fact most of the troops were quite as much or more exposed when out of the trenches than in, though the advance works were close into the face and eyes of the enemy, the front lines in many places being only a few yards apart.

A siege, to the soldiers of both the investing and defending armies, is hard and hazardous, even beyond the hardships and dangers of the average service of the march and the battlefield, for it is a continuous wear of muscle and strain of nerve that soon break down or seriously affect the strongest constitution. No soldier who has once experienced it for any length of time, cares to again be counted in on either side. The living heroes of Port Hudson and Vicksburg, as well as of Petersburg, whether

then wearing the blue or the gray, will not be inclined to dispute this statement. The unavoidable exposure to nature's elements lengthens the death list, from disease alone, far beyond the average rate in camp or field. No matter how cold and wet the night, or hot and dry the day, the trenches though half filled with mud and water, or blistering hot beneath a torrid sun, must be manned.

Then the men are not only constantly under fire, whether asleep or awake, and exposed to dangers on every side, but from the earth beneath and the heavens above come engines and missiles of destruction — exploding mines and torpedoes under foot, and hand grenades and coehorn mortar shells overhead — to wound and kill.

Along the front line of trenches on either side the crack of the sharpshooter's rifle is constantly heard through the day and not unfrequently during the night, and the soldier that shows his head above the works, does it in reckless defiance of his unerring aim. Men in the outer lines or in the rear of the works are also being shot down almost every hour by the long range riflemen who from behind some tree, stump, or rock, or from salient angle that commands the enemy's front are constantly on the watch for a human target and especially for one wearing the uniform of an officer

To protect the men from these sharpshooters as well as from an enfilading fire from the enemy's salients, traverse trenches and covered ways are constructed, and notwithstanding these, reliefs are obliged to go into and out of the works under cover of darkness.

If a line is to be straightened or a near approach made, a dark cloudy night is selected — if stormy all the better — when the men, each with gun and spade, go out over the works and lying down, so many paces from the front line and three or five from each other, commence digging, often times using at first their bayonets and dippers, so as not to make any noise until they have dug a hole big and deep enough to lie down in, and then with their shovels slowly and cautiously sink themselves deep enough to work upon their knees until they can stand up, when by lateral excavation to the right and left a continuous trench four or five feet deep is soon dug which, with the dirt all thrown out toward the enemy, affords temporary protection for more men that are sent in to work in widening the ditch and at the same time strengthening the mound, so that when daylight appears the enemy is surprised to find himself confronted by a new line of works which is quite sure to prove of no particular advantage to him.

In the same way vedette holes for the infantry pickets are dug, except that the spade or shovel is more often absent than present, and when, either on picket or fatigue duty, the silent moving and working soldier is fortunate enough to get himself "covered" without hearing the "zip" or feeling the wind of a minie bullet he thinks himself lucky indeed, for he works in constant expectation of a flying visit from one of these unwelcome messengers.*

* See anecdote.

Having given the reader a brief reference to some of the general features of a siege, that he may better understand and appreciate the soldier's duty and danger in the work, the author will now proceed to give a skeleton sketch of that part taken by the Twelfth Regiment in the siege of Petersburg; and to break the tiresome monotony of historic narrative in the usual form, he has thought it advisable to write it in the form and style of a diary. And, indeed, much of it will be but a copy of daily memoranda made by himself and other members of the regiment during the seventy-two days it was in the immediate front of the city and its fortifications.

June 15, 1864. Not as we hoped, do we find ourselves in our old pleasant camping ground that we left a little more than two weeks ago on the Bermuda front. It would seem as if the Twelfth had seen enough of toil and danger, and suffered loss enough for this month to have a short rest. But here we are in front of the enemy again, and from the way they hurried us here it looks as if a fight for the possession of Petersburg is close at hand. Line of battle formed by our brigade about six o'clock near the outer works, exposed to the enemy's shells. Two men wounded in Company B. It is reported this evening that our advance of colored troops have taken the outer works of the enemy and have captured sixteen guns.

June 16. Early in line; advance by edge of woods and halt until noon. Our brigade in reserve, but we are more exposed to the enemy's artillery than if at the front where they are partially protected. At 2 P. M. the regiment was sent out on picket near the river opposite Fort Clifton. Quiet with us but fighting in the woods on the left. Sergeant Clarke and six men ordered to scout the front; they found our gunboats shelling the fort. Why was not our success of last night followed up before now? Hancock's corps has arrived. Fighting all night on our left.

June 17. Relieved from picket by the Eighth Maine and return to the edge of the woods and lay all night. Sharp firing in direction of fort after sundown, many sick; only one sergeant fit for duty in Company C. Orders to be ready to move. A very hot day.

June 18. Move toward the city; form line of battle and advance some distance. Again sent on picket near the river and within full view of Petersburg which ought to have been in our possession before now. Another attack, our division engaged. Lucky for us to be on picket: but this evening finds us in the front line as skirmishers. Timothy Larey, Company H, wounded by one of our own shells.

June 19. On the skirmish line all day. Cloudy but hot. "The boys fired away forty rounds of cartridges a piece to-day, popping away at the Johnnies; do not think they ever enjoyed a day in front better. The Twelfth advanced thirty yards nearer the rebel works than any other regiment up to this time." (Captain Barker.) Relieved from the fort after dark; march about three miles toward Bermuda Hundred and bivouac for the night. Sergeant Lane, Company G, John P. Clay, of Company I,

and three more men wounded and sent to the hospital. Clay thought to be mortally wounded. While on the skirmish line some of our men got into an old barn from which they kept up a brisk fire until the rebels opened upon it with their artillery when it was soon vacated.

June 20. March back across the Appomattox and pitch tents about noon in regular order: what does it mean? About midnight we are awakened from our dreams of special duty, "soft job," etc., by orders to draw four days rations, take sixty rounds of cartridges and be ready to move at 4 P. M.

June 21. Strike tents and march back again to front of Petersburg. Rest in field until dark, and then go into second line of works and remain there all night.

June 22. Lie in trenches all day

June 23. The Johnnies made an attempt to drive us out last night about 12 o'clock, but were glad to get back behind their works. The balls came thick and fast. Lieutenant Ricker slightly wounded in face. Regiment in trenches until evening, then relieved and bivouac in ravine. Sanitary stores distributed. The enemy attacked Hinks's colored troop in the night but was repulsed. Shells flying about us "right smart" to-day but we mind but little about them. A very hot day Captain Barker has to-day drawn this pen picture of the quarters and their exposure to the enemy's fire. "A hole in the ground eight feet by nine and four feet deep with a parapet on three sides two feet above the surface. A carpet of cedar sprigs and a roof covering of locust, cedar, and oak boughs, and green cornstocks, supported by poles laid across the top of the parapet and through which the bullets are constantly rattling, some with a low hum and some with a spiteful hiss. * * * * I will venture to say that not less than twenty shells have been thrown by and over my quarters since writing this letter." Sergeant Clarke, of Company C, acting as lieutenant writes under this date: "The regiment has been under fire twenty-six days and nights and in five pitched battles since leaving Williamsburg about a month and a half ago." John P Clay, wounded on the 19th, died to-day in hospital.

June 24. "Just as we were hoping to get a little rest the enemy opened upon us and we were subjected to a tremendous shelling, but almost miraculously only one or two of the Twelfth injured." (Captain Barker) Enemy attempts to turn our right but were repulsed with a loss of five prisoners beside the killed and wounded. John A. Wiggin, Company K, wounded to-day and one or two others. Awfully hot day; lucky not to be in rifle pits.

June 25. Still in the ravine. Clothing drawn and issued. At night go into front line of works again. Man in Company A wounded. Orders to move last night countermanded.

June 26. In trenches. Rebel battery in a redan right in front of us. Another advance of the enemy repulsed. Isaac Strunk, a recruit of Company A, killed to-day

June 27 In trenches to-day, in ravine at night. Oppressively hot.

June 28. In reserve. Two days in and two days out is the order of duty and relief now Little cooler to-day, thank God.

June 29. Cool and pleasant morning. Ten men detailed as sharpshooters. Corporal William S. Gray and John Dow, of Company F; C. F Davis, Company A; A. B. Locke, Company B; H. S. Blake, Company E; J Patterson, Company D; D. W Bogart, Company C; A. G. Farrer, Company H; C. S. Gilman, Company G, and E. H. Nudd, Company I.

June 30. Charge made on rebel works at 4 P. M. After our repulse the enemy shell us most unmercifully; they evidently mean to learn the "Yanks" better than to try and break their ranks again. Heavy musketry and artillery fire for two hours. Thomas Dalton, drummer of Company D. killed, and Frank Glancy, Company G, severely wounded in arm. Dalton had just been playing cards with some of his comrades. He lived but a few minutes after his thigh was shattered by a shell. When asked if he wanted to send any word to his mother, who lived in Manchester, N H., he said: "Tell her I am dead," and immediately expired. He died and was buried near where he received the fatal wound.

July 1 Rebels getting familiar; they open three six-gun batteries across the Appomattox to-day for our amusement. This, probably, is in retaliation for some siege-gun practice we have been giving them for the last day or two. "Petersburg Express" running all night. About midnight one of the shells set fire to a house in the city causing quite a commotion, could plainly hear the bells ringing, etc. John Gorman, Company G, wounded in leg.

July 2. Move reserve camp farther up the ravine to partially avoid the enemy's artillery. To-night go back into trenches. Captain Barker's horse killed by a shell.*

July 3. Quite quiet this Sabbath day Occupy third and then second line of works and are severely shelled during the night. Several wounded by shells in the regiment.

July 4. In the first and second lines to-day Quiet day followed by another shell storm during the night. John Emerson, of Company F, wounded to-day.

July 5. Regiment in second line of works all day. From trenches to ravine at night. Brave Dennis Kelley, of Company F, shot by a rebel sharpshooter, died this morning. He was cleaning his gun only a few feet from Lieutenant Ricker when the ball struck him in the head. Company F boys will greatly miss him.

July 6. A good rest in reserve to-day Cool breeze, but very dry and dusty

July 7 Grateful for a slight shower this morning. Return to rifle pits at night. Sergeant Wallace, color bearer, sick and little Sergeant Taylor, of Company C, takes his place.

* See anecdote.

July 8. In third line of intrenchments all day. Sharp firing toward night but soon died away One man in Company D wounded. Company F draws rations for only seven men to-day

July 9. In the works until dark. Several wounded. Another very welcome supply of much needed articles of food and medicines from the Sanitary and Christian Commissions. God bless them. Isaac Stevens, Company K, wounded by spent ball. Caleb H. Holt, Company C, severely and as feared mortally wounded in trenches.

July 10. Very hot and dry; roads like an ash heap. Regiment in reserve, many sick and some discouraged; dark days about this time. Captain Barker writes home: "During the thirty-eight months I have been in the service Richmond never looked so far away as now."

July 11. Heavy thunder — not from rebel guns but from the heavens above, a welcome change indeed, for it promises a shower of refreshing rain instead of iron hail, but we get only a slight sprinkling. Company G has boiled pork and cabbage (?) for dinner! The missiles of death are constantly flying. Colonel Davis, Thirty-ninth Massachusetts, instantly killed by a shell while sitting in his tent.

July 12. Pretty quiet all along the line to-day Sixth Army Corps going or gone to Washington. If the "rebs" get our capital before we do theirs, good bye to Uncle Sam. Lying here in the trenches is wearing the very life out of the men. Give us anything but a summer siege in Dixie.

July 13. Chaplain Ambrose, may his life be spared us, is building a temporary hospital of boughs and vines. He has been away from the regiment awhile at corps headquarters. General inspection of brigade this afternoon. Picket and artillery firing still kept up. Brisk shelling at nine this morning.

July 14. In ravine. Second and Fifth corps drawn in from the left. Leveling down the captured works.

July 15. In reserve during the day, go into third line of trenches at night. Comfortable day

July 16. Move up to first line after dark. Less firing than usual.

July 17. Return to third line before light this morning. Can only move here with any safety under the cover of night, and then very silently as every sound brings a bullet or a shower of them.

July 18. Lying in reserve all day; on fatigue duty all night, leveling forts in rear of General Smith's headquarters. W O. Little, musician, died of disease to-day.

July 19. Raining hard all day; the first of any account for several weeks, and is gladly welcomed. General Ord assigned to the command of the Eighteenth Army Corps in place of General "Baldy" Smith who has been relieved from command and sent home to New York. That's the way the generals go, but the boys are left to fight on.

July 20. In second line of rifle-pits. Thomas Edwards, of Company

K, wounded in neck. "Petersburg Express" making its regular trips every fifteen minutes to-day again.

July 21. Fine day, cool and refreshing. Captain Smith and Lieutenant Miliken return to regiment to-day

July 22. Only one hundred and fifteen guns in regiment. Company G has one sergeant, four corporals, and eight privates for duty; other companies in like proportion. From nearly one thousand three hundred and fifty to little over one hundred, in an average time of less than twenty months, is reduction descending at so rapid a ratio as to be startling at first thought and sad to contemplate.

July 23. Nothing out of the tiresome old routine to-day

July 24. Sad, sad indeed this Sabbath day; Chaplain Ambrose wounded and carried away He was shot by a sharpshooter while up to the front attending the sick. We pray that his wound may not prove fatal, for heaven can wait better than earth can spare.

July 25. Rained here part of the night, but clears up this forenoon. Regiment in the intrenchments all day.

July 26. Nothing new, but enough of the old boom and "zip." With no sound from cannon or musket for half an hour the sleeping 'would wake up for want of a lul-la-by: and half a day's silence would frighten both armies. Night and day here is "Shriek of shot and scream of shell and bellowing of the mortar."

July 27 In reserve until dark and then into front line as usual. A rainy night, but we manage to keep our powder dry. There are low whispers of a great assault in the air which are listened to with ears and mouth open, for the boys are ready for anything for a change though it be "from the frying pan into the fire."

July 28. At work all night widening ditches and strengthening works. A fire seen and bells heard in Petersburg to-night. In front line again. "An oldish man and a staff officer came into the trenches to-day and took several looks through the port holes. While looking through one not far from me, a rebel bullet struck close by at which he dodged back and smiled. I asked the staff officer who he was and he told me it was General Meade. He had no stars on." (Sergeant Lawler.)

July 29. Relieved from the trenches about 10 P. M. by Second Corps and no sooner reach our reserve camp than we start with two days rations and sixty rounds of cartridges for the left, halting near General Burnside's headquarters about midnight, where we rest until about 4 A. M.

July 30. This has been a terrible day in more respects than one. Rebel fort blown up at 4.40 this morning followed by terrific cannonade from our side. Then the assaulting column — part of the Ninth Corps — charges into the breach but is driven back and the whole thing is a sad failure. There has evidently been a blunder somewhere and a big one. Thousands slaughtered for nothing; and oh! the dreadful suffering of the wounded men lying nearly all day under a scorching sun in that crater of

death. Our corps, the Eighteenth, held in reserve and the regiment consequently not engaged, but exposed to the rebel artillery. Adjutant Heath slightly wounded. Colonel Barker gets up on tip-toe in his stirrups when forming the brigade line.* At 5 P. M. return to reserve camp.

July 31. Go into trenches this morning at 3 o'clock, relieving the Tenth Corps. Moved in the night into a fort. Johnnies pretty waspish, because we gave them a "blowing up" yesterday One of them said to have been actually blown into our lines.

August 1. Lay in fort to-day lately occupied by Tenth Corps. Flag of truce from 9 to 11 A. M. to bury the dead and remove some of the badly wounded whom the cruel rebels left there to die. Eight or ten were found still living, having lain on the field uncovered and uncared for ever since the battle Saturday morning. "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn." We are beginning to believe with the other fellow that "hell is a military necessity" Tremendous hot.

August 2. In second line of trenches all day Another hot day. How gladly the men would swap their duties here for the labors of the hay-fields at home, but how few will ever live to experience the change.

August 3. In trenches until night when part of the regiment go on picket in charge of Captain Johnston. Ordered up at 3 A. M. expecting the "rebs" would blow up the fort. Nothing talked about but a blow-up now and many of the soldiers in the forts actually live in fear

August 4. Picket detail comes in this morning and joins the rest of the regiment in reserve camp. This is National Fast Day, but *bullets* instead of *pulpits* is what is needed most to secure success. If many who attend church at home would attend roll-call here at the front, they would be doing much more to deserve Divine favor for "faith without works is dead."

August 5. A loud explosion this afternoon, thought at first to have been another fort blown up but proved to be the explosion of a rebel magazine. It created a great commotion and was followed by a heavy cannonade from both sides with considerable musketry We thought it was one of our forts that had been mined and probably the rebels thought it was one of theirs, and so the men on both sides sprung to their guns and gave us a lively artillery chorus indeed. Our brigade was at once ordered to the front under a shower of shells, losing many men, among whom was its gallant commander, General Steadman. Our regiment, though equally exposed with the rest, providentially escaped without the loss of a single man and none were seriously wounded. A shell burst between Colonel Barker and Captain Bedee standing not over twenty feet apart, but neither was hit by a single piece. Go into front line of works this evening.

August 6. Colonel Steadman breathed his last this morning from wound received last night from rebel sharpshooter. "He won the respect of all who knew him and the announcement that Steadman is dead

* Incident at the end of this chapter.

carries sorrow to every heart in the brigade." (Captain Barker) Colonel Murray, One Hundred and Forty-eighth New York, in command of brigade now. All day roasting in rifle pits.

August 7 In front line praying for night when we can be released. Captain Barker brigade officer of the day: Captain Bedee sick and goes to hospital; and Captain Sanborn in command of regiment.

August 8. Again in reserve and thankful for it, even a short respite is appreciated. George Pitman, drummer of Company B, had just stepped out of a bomb-proof this forenoon, to stretch his legs, when a bullet passed close to his side and buried itself in a bank of dirt. He commenced to dig it out when the thought occurred to him that if the bullet came from the rifle of "Johnny Sharp" another might soon follow and it would be dangerous digging much longer in that spot. He had just taken a step toward the bomb-proof as another bullet struck so close to the first that it must have hit him if he had not moved. But this is only one of many similar close shaves that the boys are having almost every day

August 9. Noticeably quiet along the lines this morning—hope it will last till night. Slight shower at sunset, first rain for a long time, except a few drops one night about a week ago. The average mercury mark has not been less than eighty-five degrees for the last two weeks and many days from ten to twenty degrees higher A great explosion of some kind at or near City Point.

August 10. In the trenches swapping minies with the rebel sharp-shooters. Out of two hundred and five men "present or accounted for," only one hundred and eighteen for duty, according to this day's report of Lieutenant Ricker, Acting Adjutant. Many sick and excused from duty, and no wonder either. The explosion at City Point yesterday, proves to have been two barges loaded with ammunition. Many killed and wounded.

August 11. In first line again to-day. The customary artillery duel is being fought between the opposing armies. The amount of powder harmlessly burned by both sides can be reckoned by the ton. If a man was killed or disabled for every shell or projectile thrown, since this siege commenced, there would be not a single "Yank" or "Johnny" left now to continue the fight, to say nothing about musket balls.

August 12. Another sharp artillery duel early this morning. Regiment in reserve. Very hot day.

August 13. In camp until dark then forty men detailed for picket, the rest go into trenches. The enemy gives us a double dose of his shells this afternoon; some of our guns respond, and there is cannon thunder enough to shake the skies and frighten all the buzzards out of Virginia.

August 14. In trenches; removal to the right in the night. Captain Johnston in command of regiment to-day Hot this morning, showery this afternoon, raining at night.

August 15. Hot and sultry in forenoon and a tremendous shower this

afternoon — a real deluge converting the ravine in a short time into a rushing torrent of water several feet deep. Great damage done to Commissary and sutler stores and several men reported drowned, according to reports as many as seventeen. Lucky for once to be in the trenches as being much the safer place of the two, and lucky again in being relieved this evening, for the trenches are half full of water. News to-day of the fight between the *Alabama* and *Kearsarge;* hurrah for our side! Daniel H. Webber, Company G, wounded early this morning. It is feared his wound will prove fatal. Few better boys ever in the regiment than he.

August 16. Removed reserve camp this afternoon about one half-mile down the ravine, opposite our place in the trenches, and on a little hill so as not to be washed away by another flood. Poor Webber died of his wounds to-day. Another good man gone. How many, alas! how many more before this cruel war will end? Another shower this afternoon. Water two or three feet deep in some of the trenches, and all of them anything but comfortable places to stay in — crumbling ditches of mud and water, regular mortar beds where the men must lie, or show their heads above and die. Oh! what a privilege is given us here to suffer and die for our country. "Who wouldn't be a soldier?"

August 17. In new reserve camp where we moved to yesterday. Hot day; another shower this afternoon. But little firing to-day. Both sides evidently trying to keep their powder dry.

August 18. This morning about 10 o'clock we were aroused by a terrific shelling from the enemy's works in our front: our guns reply and for several hours there was a grand pyrotechnic display. Captain Barker writes: "It was literally a shower of shells that threatened general destruction of everything within its sweep. Though the shells dropped and burst all around and some in our very midst, strange to say, none of the little iron-clad remnant of the Twelfth were injured. After witnessing the scene for about two hours I 'turned in' and went to sleep, and while dreaming of a Fourth of July celebration at home, I was awakened by an orderly bringing orders to have the regiment under arms at once ready to repel an attack which was expected to come after the cannonade." This is the third or fourth time that this regiment has been in almost the very centre of the enemy's fire and escaped with little or no loss. It seems as if each one of us left belongs to the elect, and is proof against shot and shells. But every day must have its victim, and George H. Sanborn, of Company F, was shot this afternoon by a sharpshooter. He had just brought up rations for his company, and had just been warned of his danger. Fifty men go out on picket to-night. Showers again this afternoon and evening.

August 19. About midnight both sides let loose again the savage bull dogs of war, and they continued to howl and roar till morning, but they came not very near us. Regiment in trenches. Lieutenant Batchelder

wounded by shell while trying to get a nap in the works the men had been strengthening. Raining most all day and night. Everything by extremes here in this God-forsaken country, either drying up or drowning. Everybody wet and cross, why not?

August 20. Raining and shelling again as usual. We got drenched through and through in the trenches last night and buried in the mud, and still the heavens are open; who will ever pray for rain again? We need no more Elijahs, but if a second Joshua would come to stay the sun in the heavens until we could get dried off, he would confer a great blessing on us all. One of the recruits of Company K, severely wounded by shell to-day

August 21. Another one o'clock salute from the "Johnnies" this morning and our brigade catches it again "hot and heavy." They kept the shells flying into our camp until roll-call. A long, loud reveille they give us about every morning lately; they evidently don't want us to become sluggards. Toward noon there was a heavy discharge of musketry from our lines in front, nobody knows here what started it, but probably another attempt to break our lines, or a feint by one side or the other to cover some more important movement. Orders for our division to move this afternoon; march about a mile to the left near where the fort was blown up and relieve a part of the Second Corps which goes with other troops toward the left. But little firing here between the lines. Some rain to-day for a rarity.

August 22. Remain quietly here until 2 P. M. when we get orders to pack up expecting to follow the other troops that left yesterday. Move about dark thirty paces to the left, and in about two hours more again, but this time about one hundred paces toward the right — half the night in doing it. "This is *military*," as the boys ironically designate all such seemingly absurd movements, and there are many of them.

August 23. Under arms all the time from sunset last night until 2 o'clock this morning. The rest of the night obliged to stand up or lie down in soft beds of mud, and this morning we are ordered into the trenches, and all this through *another night of rain!* But the long wished for and needful change has come we hope at last. The sky is getting clear and the glorious sun once more appears and asserts his rightful sovereignty over the deluged earth.

August 24. In reserve camp to-day. At dark orders came to march to Bermuda Front, but are soon countermanded and ordered to be ready to move into the intrenchments. Pack up ready to move to the front or rear, but remain in camp all night. Deserters report that the rebel government is conscripting every one old and young who can carry a gun. "Cousin Jeff" is getting into a tight place "I rec'on."

August 25. Break camp at half past four this morning, march to and across the Appomattox and halt near our old place in the works at Bermuda front. The boys are all worn down and glad to get out from under

the enemy's guns, if only for a few hours, so that they can have a little rest. A hot and weary march, but we are encouraged by the hope of being relieved for a while from the sufferings and dangers we are leaving behind us.

From the 15th of June to the 25th of August, a period of seventy-two days, inclusive, the regiment had been under fire every day and every night but one, and about half of the time in the trenches. The loss had been nine killed or fatally injured and fifteen or more wounded.* Among those mortally wounded was Chaplain Thomas L. Ambrose who died at Hamilton hospital near Fortress Monroe, Va., August 16, 1864. His death was a great and irreparable loss to the regiment. For sometime during the siege he had, with untiring energy, acted in the fourfold capacity of chaplain, surgeon, nurse, and messenger, for the regiment had neither of its physicians with it for a while before he was wounded as it did not during the remainder of the siege and for a long time afterward.

The chaplain's early knowledge of medicine was therefore of great advantage to him in his care and nursing of the sick. With his own hands he improvised hospitals and took charge of them, making of himself a ministering angel to all who came within his reach, his good deeds being bounded only by his time and ability to do them.

Something more than the brief mention already made ought perhaps to be written concerning the battle of the "Mine," or "Cemetery Hill," on the 30th of July, 1864. Although the Twelfth took no active part in the fighting it was present, ready and waiting to move with its brigade, as it was expected and intended that the whole corps should, as soon as a lodgment of our own advance troops — General Ledlie's division of the Ninth Corps — should be made within the enemy's lines. The idea of mining the enemy's works first orignated with Lieutenant-Colonel Pleasants of the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers, and the whole work was engineered by himself and performed by his regiment under the most discouraging circumstances. But the colonel and his men knew their business, being all from the coal regions of their State, and persevered to the end.

The fort undermined was on Burnside's front and known by the rebels as "Elliott's Salient." It was about one hundred yards from our front line, and was occupied at the time of the explosion by Pegram's battery and the whole of the Eighteenth and a part of the Twenty-second South Carolina Infantry, amounting in all to two hundred and seventy-eight officers and men — all asleep except the guards — that were hurled without a moment's warning hundreds of feet into the air, and many of them into eternity.

We quote from Colonel Pleasant's testimony before the "Committee on the Conduct of the War":

> My regiment was only about four hundred strong. At first I employed but a few men at a time, but the number was increased as the work progressed until at

* See table of losses.

last I had to use the whole regiment, non-commissioned officers and all. The great difficulty I had was to dispose of the material got out of the mine. I found it impossible to get any assistance from anybody; I had to do all the work myself. I had to remove all the earth in old cracker boxes. I got pieces of hickory and nailed on to the boxes in which we received our crackers and then iron-clad them with hoops of iron taken from old pork and beef barrels. * * * *

Whenever I made an application I could not get anything, although General Burnside was very favorable to it. The most important thing was to ascertain how far I had to mine; because if I fell short of or went beyond the proper place the explosion would have no practical effect.

Therefore I wanted an accurate instrument with which to make the necessary triangulations. I had to make them on the farthest front line where the enemy's sharpshooters could reach me. I could not get the instrument I wanted although there was one at army headquarters and General Burnside had to send to Washington and get an old-fashioned theodolite which was given to me. * * * * General Burnside told me that General Meade, and Major Duane, chief engineer of the Army of the Potomac, said the thing could not be done — that it was all clap-trap and nonsense; that such a length of mine had never been excavated in military operations and could not be; that I would either get the men smothered for want of air or crushed by the falling of the earth; or the enemy would find it out and it would amount to nothing. I could get no boards or lumber supplied to me for my operations. I had to get a pass and send two companies of my own regiment with wagons outside of our lines to rebel sawmills and get lumber in that way, after having previously got what lumber I could by tearing down an old bridge. I had no mining picks furnished me but had to take common army picks and have them straightened for my mining picks. * * * *

The only officers of high rank so far as I learned that favored the enterprise were General Burnside, the corps commander, and General Potter, the division commander.

The foregoing statement is given here because it is not often found in our histories of the war, although it is one of the most interesting and important parts of the enterprise and because it shows that the whole thing was conceived and performed, from the first suggestion to the final explosion, without aid or encouragement from any of our generals, except as above related.

Had the undertaking been proposed by some one high in command and had, as it probably then would, the sanction of some eminent chief engineer there would have been no lack of implements, or of negroes to use them; no more than there was a little later when General Butler commenced operations upon that stupendous piece of folly known as "Dutch Gap," where many thousands of dollars were expended and scores of lives lost with no other effect or result, than to furnish laughing stock for the army at the time, and contemptuous ridicule for historians ever since.

After the mine had been completed and was — considering the time and the means — a marvel of success, then commenced a wrangle between Generals Meade and Burnside as to how and by whom the last and by far

the easier part of the undertaking, if rightly managed, should be accomplished. The latter having taken considerable interest in it from the start had drilled one of his divisions — colored troops — to clear the breach and intrench themselves upon Cemetery Hill in the rear of the enemy's lines and but a few rods from the streets of Petersburg. To this Meade objected, but Burnside insisting upon carrying out his original design of letting the colored troop take the lead, the matter was referred to General Grant who unfortunately decided for Meade — not only as to the troops to lead the assault, but also in respect to the plan of attack — both changes proving to be for the worse and lessening instead of increasing the chances of success.

Yet General Meade screening himself behind his superior requested of the President a Court of Inquiry The Court ignored the main questions before them almost entirely, and found that the failure of success was chiefly because the division commanders, Ledlie and Ferrero of Burnside's corps, were back in bomb-proofs within the Union lines instead of being with their troops at the front. Fault was also found with Burnside for not making the necessary preparations, but General Grant had the manliness to acknowledge afterward, before a Committee of Inquiry, instituted by Congress, that he believed that if General Burnside had been allowed to have his way "*it would have been a success.*"

The explosion was more effectual than even the most sanguine had dared to hope for Not only did it change, almost in a moment, a strong rebel work into a big hole in the ground some thirty feet deep, twice as wide and six times as long, but it had so frightened and demoralized the rebel troops that their lines were vacated for two or three hundred yards on each side of the crater, and it was half an hour before their infantry were rallied to any purpose, and twice that length of time that their artillery was so nearly silent as to do but little damage! This seems too strange or strong to be true, but it is backed up by the best authority — General Meade's chief of staff, General Humphreys.

What an opportunity then was here presented! And how wonderingly woeful was it misimproved. It is certainly not venturing a single step beyond the bounds of reason to assert that had Burnside's colored division of over four thousand men been turned loose, with not a single star commander among them, each man with a shovel on his back and his musket in his hands and with no other instructions than to capture Cemetery Hill and hold it, Petersburg would have been safely within our possession within two hours from the word "go." And yet it was such a "stupendous failure," as Grant called it, that it disgraced and discouraged the whole army.

It had been in the air for some time that mining operations were going on somewhere along our line, and important movements against the enemy intended by Grant had been postponed that they might be made in coöperation with the explosion of the mine. Even the rebels had got

wind of what was going on and there were wild rumors among them that the whole of Petersburg was undermined.

As the time approached for the grand assault that was immediately to follow the blowing up of the enemy's works, as an opening signal, every preparation was made for the long awaited and important event; and the soldiers, although entirely ignorant of plans and particulars, knew as well as the corps commanders themselves, that a heavy storm was brewing which was expected to strike with shivering and destructive force the enemy's lines. Their hopes increased and their spirits improved, therefore, with every hour, until when the final and fatal morning came almost every one of the officers and men were quite confident of success.

But the unexpected and disastrous result brought with it a reaction and corresponding depression of feeling, and the *esprit de corps* of the army was at a lower ebb than at any time since the winter of 1862–3. And this despondency increased as the hot, weary days of toil and suffering wore slowly on, with the rebel forces again threatening Washington and no successful movement of Grant's army, though often attempted, either on the right or the left of his long investing line. But the brilliant victory of Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley, followed in a few days by the successful advance of Grant's right and the capture of Fort Harrison, north of the James, inspired new hope and restored confidence in the rank and file once more.

If at last, and for the first time since the war commenced, victory had crowned our arms in the "Valley of Humiliation," as it might properly be called by the North, there was certainly some ground for hope that the tide had turned; and that, with Grant's bull-dog hold on Petersburg, while Sherman like a blood-hound was chasing the rebel forces through new fields of conquest further south, and Sheridan ready to strike like a thunder-bolt at any time and place needed, the end of the Southern Confederacy must soon come.

The colored troops looked upon their selection to lead the assault as an acknowledgement of the confidence their corps commander had in their superiority as soldiers, and this touch of pride, strengthened by the encouraging and complimentary words of their line officers in their long and special drilling for the heroic effort expected of them, had wrought them up to just that pitch of enthusiasm which would be most conducive to its success. Every night for some time before the explosion they could be heard chanting the war choruses, the most common of which was:

> "We-e looks l-i-ike men a-a-marchin' on,
> We looks li-ike men-er-war."

But, when they were told that the order for them to lead had been countermanded, they fell into sullen silence, and their songs of that kind were heard no more. After all reasonable chances for success were long past and gone, and the crater breach was choked up with white troops, the

black men, as a last resort, were ordered forward, and had they not been impeded by white troops in advance, over some of whom they charged, would probably have reached the crest of Cemetery Hill. As it was, they captured about two hundred prisoners and a stand of rebel colors, and recaptured the colors lost by a white regiment in the same corps. "Had anyone in authority been present," says Maj. W H. Powell, U. S. A., who was then aide-de-camp to General Ledlie, "when the colored troops made their charge, and had they been supported, even at that late hour in the day, there would have been a possibility of success."

In contrast with the disgraceful and cowardly conduct of their division commander, and as an amusing incident of the fight, the following is here given as related by the officer just quoted:

> As the colored column was moving by the left flank around the edge of the crater to the right, the file-closers on account of the narrowness of the way, were compelled to pass through the mass of white men inside the crater. One of these file-closers was a massively built, powerful, and well formed sergeant stripped to the waist, his coal-black skin shining like polished ebony in the strong sunlight. As he was passing up the slope to emerge on the enemy's side of the crest he came across one of his own black fellows who was lagging behind his company evidently with the intention of remaining inside the crater out of the way of the bullets. He was accosted by the sergeant with "none ob yo' d——d skulkin' now," with which remark he seized the culprit with one hand and, lifting him up in his powerful grasp by the waistband of his trousers, carried him to the crest of the crater, threw him over on the enemy's side and quickly followed.

And let it not be forgotten by posterity, that it was the true courage and strong arms of such men, black as well as white, as the negro sergeant who put down the great American Rebellion, though their commanders were oftentimes, as in this battle, hiding in bomb-proofs or playing sick, at a safe distance from rebel shot and shell in the rear

"Fiat justitia ruat cœlum."

The explosion of the mine was an awe-inspiring sight, and especially to those of our troops who, waiting to lead the assault, were so near the rebel line that it seemed as if the mighty mass of earth, thrown as by volcanic force two or three hundred feet into the air, was to descend upon and bury them up. This danger appeared more imminent because these soldiers were down in a ravine near the mouth of the tunnel and much lower than the base of the fort. Several regiments broke their lines and fell back when the vast mound poised in mid-air, as if held up by some unseen power, and then, spreading out like a huge umbrella, began slowly to descend.

To those further back where the Twelfth was stationed the sight was more imposing than frightening, and reminded some well versed in classic

lore — and there were such among the privates as well as the officers of the Union army, — when they saw the whole fort lifted like a hill-top into the air, of Virgil's mythological account of the war between Jupiter and the Titans when the latter "piled Ossa on Pelion" in their mad attempt to reach the skies; and, when the descending and dissolving mass disclosed timbers, guns, and men amid big rocks and lumps of clay, it reminded them again of Milton's description of the overthrow of another great rebellion, instigated by the same rule-or-ruin spirit as that which they were trying to put down, when Lucifer and his confederate apostates were hurled headlong over the battlements of Heaven.

Eight tons of powder, placed in the two lateral galleries under the fort, and exploded by a fuse extending therefrom five hundred and ten feet through and to the mouth of the main gallery, had so mixed up the elements of earth and air in giving this grand exhibition of its power, that the troops for a while were unable to advance because of the dense cloud of dust that arose when the crumbling fragments of the fort fell back to earth, and under which they were soon lost to view as they advanced. Immediately following the explosion, eighty-one heavy guns and mortars and about the same number of field pieces opened upon the enemy's works at the right and left of the crater, and for an hour or more there was such an air-quaking and earth-trembling artillery chorus as the Twelfth boys had never listened to at so close a range before unless it was at Gettysburg.

As soon as the rebel artillery men on either side of the crater had recovered from their fright, they opened in reply to our guns, and the whole Eighteenth Corps was more or less exposed to their shot and shells. Several men were killed or wounded, and some of them in the brigade of the Twelfth, but the good luck of the regiment being conversely to its size, only two or three of its fortunate few were wounded, and those but slightly Just before the enemy's shells got dangerously thick, Generals Grant, Meade, and Ord came along in front of the Twelfth conversing together. General Burnside soon joined the other three making quite a distinguished and conspicuous group.

Grant for one and the only time that he was ever thus seen by some of the regiment had no cigar in his mouth. He was apparently as cool and impassive as usual, but Meade and Burnside betrayed some nervousness as they looked through their glasses in vain for some sign of success at the front. But the visiting shells from the opposite side of the ravine soon commenced introducing themselves to the high-ranking commanders, and at last became so obtrusively intimate in their attentions that the group hastily dispersed to seek some less, or more, inviting situation.

"Oh! don't get disgusted so quick now, it's just such treatment as we have to stand every day," said one of the boys close in the rear of them as they moved away. The words were loudly spoken and must have been heard by some of those for whom they were intended, but if they

were, not as much as a glance betrayed the fact. During the conflict the Twelfth received orders through the adjutant-general of the brigade to move to the left and front to support a battery and while executing this order General Steadman seeing that his order had been misunderstood by his adjutant gave the command direct to move the regiment to the rear and right. While changing its direction to comply with the last order, General Ord, commanding the corps, rode up and called out: "What is that regiment falling back for?"

Captain Barker, without waiting or caring to know whether the question was directed to him or his brigade commander, stood up in his stirrups and half turning his head toward the questioner, loudly exclaimed: "*God Almighty! This regiment was never known to fall back, yet, without orders.*" And judging the few left of the regiment by the spirit of their commander, General Ord probably thought he was telling the truth.

After the war, the owner of the land upon which the rebel fort was blown up, fenced off a few acres around the deep depression where it had stood — which he very properly called the "crater," — and collecting together, in an old negro shanty near by, a lot of broken muskets and swords, with shells and shot, and pieces of equipment of every description, and many other more or less interesting relics of the battle, picked up in and around the powder-blown excavation, put them and the grounds on exhibition, charging twenty-five cents as an admission fee.

This place soon became the chief point of attraction for the visitors to and travelers through Petersburg; many of the latter, especially those from the North, stopping over a train or a day, on their journey to visit the historic spot of which they had read and heard so much. And many visited it who were there in, or close witnesses of, the terrible strife of July 30, 1864, and among them, General Bartlett, who pointed out where he stood in the crater when a piece of shell or solid shot demolished his wooden leg.

This exhibit proved so good and profitable an enterprise for the owner, that it was kept up until his death, several years after the war, and continued by his son as late as 1880, when visited by the writer, who there learned many facts referred to in this history, and who has now in his possession a minie-ball that was ploughed up close to the crater by a grandson of the original owner of the land, while the writer stood talking with his father.

CHAPTER XIII.

BERMUDA FRONT AND CHAPIN'S FARM; OR, THE LAST WINTER IN "DIXIE."

If ever men were thankful, the veterans still left to follow the colors of the Twelfth New Hampshire Regiment were, when they found themselves once more at their old camping ground on the north side of the Appomattox.

The day of their arrival was one of the hottest of the summer, and this march hither, though short, was severe, for some were hardly able to walk, when they left Petersburg.

A chance to rest and recuperate had become an absolute necessity to the longer maintenance of a military organization. Hard muscular labor, inured to hardships as they were, they could have endured for a long time, and have been none, or but little, the worse for it; but a constant drain on the vital nerve force, for two or three months, was fast transferring the men from the trenches to the hospital, and hence the change of the Eighteenth Corps, its place being taken by the Tenth.

Certainly the troops of the former corps had done their full share of fighting since the first of May. There were now less than a hundred effective men answering to the morning roll-call of the regiment, just about men enough for one full company, and the officers had been reduced in about the same ratio.

The other regiments of the brigade, still the same as when first organized (except the addition of the Eighth Maine, which joined soon after Drury's Bluff, and a change of the Second New Hampshire for the Nineteenth Wisconsin made soon after the attack on Petersburg, the Second being detailed on provost duty), were all mere skeletons of their original strength; but none that reported less than two for one, as compared with the Twelfth, for most or all of them were numerically larger at the opening of the campaign, and their losses at Cold Harbor were inversely proportionate.

But the difference between the duties and dangers incident to army life at the siege of Petersburg, and those experienced along the Bermuda front, could be fully realized only by soldiers who had served, for any length of time, in both places.

The illustrative comparison of work and play is not sufficiently strong; perdition and paradise would come nearer expressing the difference of the

situations. Had Lieutenant Huntoon, who was always ready to quote Shakespeare, been with the regiment through its part of the Petersburg siege, he would probably have said, upon returning to the quiet lines at Bermuda:

"Grim visag'd war hath smoothed her wrinkled front."

Rest, and rest alone, was the order of the day on the 26th, for the Twelfth, but the next day the regiment went on picket down by the "Old Mill," as the boys used to call it, for they went there many times afterward, and it became, during the fall, quite a trading-post for the pickets on both sides.

Here, as soon as they found out that white troops were again on their front — for colored ones had been holding the lines — the rebel pickets at once manifested a disposition of friendliness, which was so strongly in contrast with what the Twelfth boys had been used to on the other side of the river, that they hardly knew, at first, what to make of it, and feared it was only a ruse to take them prisoners.*

This was the beginning of friendly relations between the pickets on the Bermuda front that lasted, with but few interruptions, all through the fall and winter, and until picket lines between the North and the South were no longer needed.

And better perhaps in this connection, than later when it actually occurred, may be related an incident, among the many that might be told, illustrating the spirit of kindly feeling often manifested between the rank and file of the opposing armies.

One day, when the Twelfth was on picket, and the boys, blue and gray, had been freely intermingling at or near the old mill above referred to, bathing, wrestling, and playing cards together, a rebel officer came along so unexpectedly, that Almon J Farrar, of Company H, who was among the rebels upon the opposite side of the creek, had no chance to get away without being seen by the officer Quick as thought, the ready wit of one of the surrounding Johnnies prompted him what to do, and, grabbing one of their bed-quilt blankets, he threw it over the Yankee's shoulders; while another, catching the idea of the first, snatched the blue cap off and put his own slouch hat in its place.

The Confederate officer rode up, was saluted, and passed on, closely watched by the half a dozen more "Yankee Blues" hid among the bushes but just across the stream.

This incident will be better appreciated in connection with the fact, that at that time orders from rebel officers were very strict against any intercourse or communication between the lines.

The Confederate government officials were about as careful to keep their soldiers in ignorance, as the slave holders had been, before the war, to keep their slaves in the same condition, and for substantially the same

* See chapter of "Incidents and Anecdotes."

reason: for the Southern Confederacy, like its chief corner stone, could exist only by the ignorance of the laboring element.

On the 28th the regiment returned from picket and moving a little further to the right toward the James, commenced on the following day to lay out their camp in regular order.

This brought smiles to the faces of the boys, for it was a sign, though no surety, that they were to remain a while where they were. It was a pretty good sign also, as they had already learned, that they would very soon move again.

But the next day, the 30th, "made assurance doubly sure," as then thought, for Lieutenant Shepard started for Norfolk to get the regimental baggage. On the 31st the regiment was mustered for pay, and this again cheered the boys, and brightened the prospect, for they had been for a long time in need of money, some of them not having been paid off for six months. Government rations were also getting scarce about this time, and they wanted to patronize the sutler a little.

For the first part of September, little was done by the regiment, except picket duty, and the men had a good opportunity to work upon their new quarters.

These were erected of uniform size and style, each one being two feet long, seven feet wide, and four feet high, and constructed in log-house fashion, the crevices lightly plastered up with red-clay mud, so common to Virginia soil.

With the walls thus completed, and the chimney built, as has been elsewhere described, nothing remained, but the shelter-tent roof, to finish a soldier's domicile large enough to accommodate four comrades quite comfortably.

The builders, half hoping — for there was more of desire than expectation in the thought — that they were at work on their winter quarters, spared no pains to fix everything up in the most approved style of military architecture; and Captain Barker, noticing with what pride and pains his boys were constructing their own habitations, as well as those for himself and other officers, determined to do his full share in making the little regimental village as pleasant and attractive in its streets as in its houses.

So he procured teams and a plow, and turnpiked the company streets, ploughed, leveled, and drained the parade ground, and so cleared up and improved the surroundings, that the Encampment of the Twelfth New Hampshire was one that both officers and men were proud of, as being far ahead of any other regiment on the whole line.

Colonel Guion, of the division staff, who inspected the Twelfth just after its quarters had begun to attract attention, sent up to headquarters a very flattering report of the condition of the regiment and its "model encampment."

September 10, while the regiment was out on picket, two of the substitutes deserted to the enemy They belonged to Company G, and were

prompted to desert, probably, by a proclamation of Jefferson Davis, issued just after the failure of the Mine Explosion, offering aid, to get to their homes in the North, for all that would come into the Confederate lines.

This attempt to reduce our forces was prompted, doubtlessly, by the prevalent feeling of depression among our troops at that time, and the additional consideration that our army had recently been recruited by a class of beings who were willing to accept the invitation thus extended to them.

But, unfortunately for the success of Davis's artful scheme of military diplomacy, most of those, upon whom his call would have any other effect than to excite ridicule, had already weeded themselves out from most of the regiments that were in front of the enemy.

The old members of the regiment had supposed, that what few recruits there were left, after Cold Harbor, could be relied upon, and were surprised to learn that two more had gone the way of as many score, since leaving Point Lookout. And yet there were Judas-hearted ones left, as will be hereafter seen.

September 14, there was an unusually heavy cannonade on the left, around Petersburg, from which every day brought sounds of strife, reminding the men of their own recent experience there; and on the same day Captain Barker took his little regimental squad out on battalion drill. It was the first for a long time, and made a sad impression upon the minds of many of the old originals for they could but reflect upon what a change that less than two years had made in the ranks of the regiment. Memory reproduced it, a thousand strong on the plains of Concord; and now, with all the recruits, their eyes saw it more than nine times decimated, having less than ten left for every hundred of its former greatness!

Sad, woefully sad indeed the change!

And so it must have seemed to Colonel Potter who returned to the regiment the next day for the first time since the battle of Chancellorsville.

He was warmly greeted by the few still remaining of those he had then the honor to command, but they would have thought much more of him, had he returned to his regiment as soon as his wound had healed, instead of accepting an easier and less dangerous position elsewhere.

Being the ranking officer he immediately took command of the brigade, which was enlarged two days later by the Ninth Vermont, and the Second Pennsylvania (heavy artillery) regiments.

On the 20th came an unexpected and most unwelcome order, and one that made every officer and man of the regiment feel more like invoking maledictions than blessings upon everybody and everything, except themselves and their rations, in the whole army

It was an order to move! All their work and pains to make for themselves a pleasant and comfortable army home had been thrown away, for now they must unroof and vacate.

After one more, and the last, dinner in their new, but soon to be old, quarters, which was eaten with too much of ill temper to favor quick

digestion, the men shouldered their all, and grumblingly marched two miles to the rear toward Bermuda Landing. Here a new encampment had been laid out for Colonel Potter's command which was on the same day detached from the Eighteenth Corps to form a nucleus of a provisional brigade for the reception and discipline of new recruits, who immediately began to come in, and report for duty

These new regiments were made up chiefly of three months, or "hundred days men" as they were called. They were also often derisively referred to by the old soldiers as "eleventh hour men," who had come out to see the fun after the most of the work was done. They had got their "greenbacks" in big bounties, and now wanted a full share of the honors.

By the 21st the brigade had increased to nine regiments, and as the old ones had recently been paid off, and the new ones came amply supplied with money, the sutler had a most thriving trade, taking in, some days, more than four hundred dollars.

Colonel Potter, finding himself at the head of quite a large command with a prospect of its continuance for a while, commenced selecting his staff officers, several of whom he took from his old regiment.

Captains Heath, Johnson, and Prescott were appointed assistant inspector general, assistant provost marshal, and aide-de-camp, respectively, of the brigade. Captain Bedee was also selected as one of the staff.

On the same day Francis Reed, of Meredith, N. H., was commissioned chaplain of the regiment, and a few weeks later reported to Captain Barker for duty But his military pastorate was of short duration, and so little did he become acquainted with the men, or show himself fitted for their companionship, that, if remembered at all by any of those who may read this brief reference to him, it will be with a smile.

He remained with the regiment but a few weeks, and then bade good bye to "Dixie" forever.

In a few days the men had fixed up comfortable quarters again, but had scarcely got them completed before the brigade was ordered forward to the line of works to take the place of the Eighteenth Corps which, with the Tenth, had been ordered across the James.

This was on the 28th, a beautiful day, but the weather was much pleasanter than the feelings of the men for having to vacate their quarters a second time before fairly located therein.

The Twelfth, upon returning to the front line, occupied the quarters that the Thirteenth New Hampshire had just left.

On the 29th occurred the battle of Fort Harrison, or Chapin's Farm, the enemy being driven back, and the fort and a portion of his line captured and held in spite of the most determined efforts of the rebel forces to retake it.

Fort Harrison was the most formidable work on the rebel line, north of the James, from Chapin's Bluff on the river to Fort Gilmer

It was captured at quite a heavy loss, especially of officers who were picked off by the rebel sharpshooters in their advance over a wide space of unprotected ground, leading up to the fort, which was located on quite an elevation.

Although the Twelfth took no part in this engagement as a regiment, yet several of its men, acting as sharpshooters, were foremost as skirmishers in the fight, and contributed largely to the successful attack upon the fort.

A full and true account of this battle, which the writer has never yet had the pleasure of reading, would give facts that would show how greatly the country was indebted to a little band of ten or fifteen of these sharpshooting skirmishers, detailed, months before from nearly as many different regiments, for this important victory. Without their aid in silencing the guns, and their heroic efforts in being the first to scale its parapets, the fort might not then have been taken.

In fact, according to their own account, they actually captured the fort itself alone and single handed, and had they been at once properly supported there would not have been so severe a contest to hold it, for the defenders had time to recover from their surprise and rally for the final hand to hand struggle before any of our other troops got up to the works.

Several who had been detailed as sharpshooters from the Twelfth the June before were in the line of skirmishers, and William S. Gray and Almon J. Farrar were among the few who drove the rebel gunners from their guns and entered the fort.

Another member of the regiment was of great service in helping to win the victory in this fight, although not nearer than a mile or more to the battlefield.*

On the first day of October, while the paymaster, who had at last made his appearance, was engaged in paying off Company A, orders came to move across the James river at once; and so the other companies had to go without "greenbacks" a while longer.

The regiment rejoined its old brigade in the Second Division of the Eighteenth Corps about 4 o'clock P. M., and soon after went back about a mile from the front and encamped for the night. The next morning the brigade was temporarily attached to the Engineers Corps and went into Fort Harrison to work with the spade in helping to turn it against its former occupants, and so far strengthen it as to make any attempt at recapture a vain one.

This work being accomplished, the regiments were next set at work throwing up a new line of works on the left, between the fort and the river. Another attack by the enemy was expected every hour, and hence the troops were required to work day and night until the line was as strong as the reconstructed fort with which it connected.

The Twelfth worked some nights until midnight in taking their turn with other regiments, so that some could sleep while others worked.

* See Signal Service, etc.

The first three days of the month had been rainy, the first especially so, and digging in Virginia soil, after a heavy rain-fall, is not the most desirable of occupations as many an old soldier can testify; and it becomes still less so when obliged to work, not only in the rain, but under the fire of the rebel gunboats, where the laborer, like the mother hen in fear of hawks, has to watch the sky, while he digs the earth, to see where the next two-hundred-pound shell is going to strike. These gunboats came down to Chapin's Bluff every day to salute the Yankees.

After the rain, it cleared off cold for the season, and the men, having little to protect them from the weather, suffered considerably from the effects of the sudden change.

October 7, the regiment moved to the right of Fort Harrison, and into the trenches. But scarcely had the regiment got into position there, when an order came for it to report to the Third Brigade of the First Division of the corps; and the next day the boys were agreeably surprised to find their new brigade in command of their old and well tried captain and leader, now Lieut. Col. Thomas E. Barker!

It was quite a jump from captain by rank to brigadier-general by position, and if he did not feel proud himself, the boys of his regiment, and especially those of his old Company B, did for him. But this promotion was but a tardy and partial recognition of deserving merit, for, long before, he should have worn the golden-leaves in place of the brass-bars that he had long and highly honored.

His brigade consisted of the Second and Twelfth New Hampshire, the Fifty-eighth and One Hundred and Eighty-eighth Pennsylvania, the Twenty-first Connecticut, and Ninety-second New York regiments.

These six regiments could once have mustered a little army of five or six thousand men; now only an aggregate of remnants amounting to little more than as many hundred. Yet it was a larger force than that commanded by General Stark on the victorious field of Bennington, and every man was a battle-scorched veteran.

The brigade occupied the trenches, at this time, between Forts Harrison and Gilmer, the latter being still held by the enemy.

The 10th was noted as a day for rebel desertions. It was a very foggy day, and the sallow-faced supporters of the crumbling Confederacy came into our lines by tens and scores. It seemed to be a concerted movement. A company of about fifty started to come in, but were mistaken, in the fog, for an attacking force, fired upon by our brigade, and driven back.

The following day, after two or three vain attempts, the paymaster succeeded in giving to every man, present for duty in the regiment, the amount in paper currency that was shown to be due him upon the muster rolls.

It was the price of toil, danger, and suffering, and even, in many instances, of blood itself. Yet the soldier received but little more than one half of the stipulated price for his services and sufferings, and no interest

for his wages, long overdue; while the bond-holder, for his government securities, purchased with the same depreciated currency, was receiving his semi-annual interest, as he afterward received his principal, in gold.

At 4 P. M. of the 9th, the brigade was ordered to extend its line so as to relieve the Third Division, and later, about dark, while a very cold rain storm was chilling the men to their very bones, it moved still farther to the right, halting in the rear of the Tenth Corps, one division of which it relieved in the trenches during the night or early morning. But before many hours another order was received by Colonel Barker for him to report with the Twelfth Regiment to Colonel Potter, on the Bermuda front, by 10 o'clock the next day; and in compliance therewith, the regiment recrossed the James on the 14th, and rejoined the provisional brigade that it had left fourteen days before; the Twelfth was glad again to be between the James and Appomattox rivers, where more peaceful relations seemed to exist between the lines than anywhere north of the one, or south of the other This line, which since September 20 had been under the command of Colonel Potter, was on the 17th transferred to the official supervision of Gen. Charles K. Graham, who took command of the Third Division, of the Third Corps after General Whipple's death at Chancellorsville, and who was taken prisoner at Gettysburg.

There had been for some time a growing apprehension in the mind of Colonel Potter that the enemy would attack his line, and the return of the Twelfth to his command was in compliance with his request that his old regiment might be returned to him. General Weitzel, then commanding the Eighteenth Corps, in asking permission of General Butler, remarks:

> I think I had better send the Twelfth New Hampshire, Potter's old regiment, over to him at once. That place is weak, and this regiment would give Potter much confidence. Shall I send it?

To which Butler, at 10.05 P. M. of the 13th, replied: "Send the Twelfth New Hampshire to Potter at once."

Among other things that had awakened the colonel's suspicions were these: A rebel deserter had reported to him that the enemy was reënforcing in his front, several regiments having come within a few days; and General Butler had forwarded to him the following:

> The signal officer on your left [Cobb Hill tower] reports that the enemy have been up in a balloon, making observations on your line, and signaling to parties below. Keep a sharp lookout and advise me of any movement.

During the night of the 18th the brigade was called up twice to resist a supposed attack on our lines, but it proved to be only the rebel troops firing at their own men who were deserting from their lines, and coming over to ours. These deserters, who were getting to be encouragingly common for us, all told the same story about destitution and increasing demoralization in their army They said, "The Rebellion is about played

out." From such reports, received almost daily from the Confederate deserters, when there was any chance for them to get into our lines without being killed, the courage of the Union troops was constantly strengthened; for, through it all, they plainly saw a most welcome beginning of a still more welcome and glorious end.

A mighty jubilee chorus of a hundred guns each from both the armies of the Potomac and the James on the 20th, sounded out through the clear air and gladened the hearts of the listening "boys in blue" for they knew it to be in honor of Sheridan's second great victory in the valley This was the most signal and brilliant victory of the Union arms for the whole war It electrified the whole North. Sheridan's great victory over Early, just one month before at Winchester, had made him renowned; but his still greater victory over the same Confederate commander, who had been heavily reinforced, at Cedar Creek, where his inspiring presence, at the eleventh hour, turned the broken and struggling masses of a defeated and retreating army into solid columns of such irresistible power as to crush down and destroy every opposing force, and win such an overwhelming victory that the enemy never again mustered his forces for battle in the valley of the Shenandoah, placed him in the highest rank of the great generals of the war upon either side.

"And this victory," in the words of an able writer, "snatched from the jaws of defeat, affords one of the very few instances in which an army, thoroughly beaten in the morning, is even more thoroughly victorious in the evening, though it has meantime been reinforced by but a single man." He might have said the only instance.

But to come down and back to where we belong, and shun the dangerous example of the great Grecian mathematician, Thales, who came near breaking his neck by having "his head among the stars while his feet were on the earth," let us continue to record a few more of the most interesting items that belong in this chapter of the history of the "New Hampshire Mountaineers."

And to put the reader in good humor again, the author will recommence his narration of historic events with an amusing anecdote connected with the firing of the salute above referred to.

After the artillery guns and mortars of all kinds and sizes had stopped their roaring upon both sides — for the salute was a shotted one to which the enemy replied — a musket fusilade was heard in Colonel Potter's brigade just to the left of the Twelfth. In a few moments a staff officer went dashing by, and as he rode up to the commander of the Two Hundred and Seventh Pennsylvania Regiment, which had joined the army for the first time but a few days before, and from which the noise seemed to come, he saw the whole regiment, of about a thousand men, blazing away at their very best over the earthworks.

"*What in h—l are you doing here*," yelled out the staff officer, as soon as he got within speaking distance of the colonel, who was encouraging his men to fire as rapidly as possible.

"Firing a salute, sir, and I have had no orders to stop yet."

The headquarters official saw it all at a glance, and answered at first with a long, loud laugh which made the green commander turn red in the face, for he began to mistrust that he had made a big mistake somehow, and immediately ordered his men to cease firing. When he found out that his was the only regiment that was "firing a salute" along the line, so far as he could see or hear, and that even the artillery was silent, the blood receded somewhat from his head, and a shade of paleness passed over his countenance, as he began to apologize and excuse himself by repeating that he had received no orders to stop and in his earnestness had not noticed that the other regiments had done so. At this the staff officer had another hearty laugh at seeing that the colonel was still in ignorance of his mistake, and then kindly explained to him that the order for a shotted salute was meant for the artillery alone, and not for the infantry, and that no other regiment, except his, could claim historic honors for having taken such an active part. "Firing a salute," was the joking reply to many foolish inquiries among the boys after that.

October 27 another attempt was made by General Grant to get possession of the South Side Railroad on the extreme right of the enemy's line of defense; and to assist in this General Butler was ordered to make a demonstration, with the troops under his command, against Richmond on the north side of the James.

On the same day, either as a part of the general plan, or simply to get the new troops used to "war's alarms," Potter received orders to make a feint of attacking the enemy in front of him on the Bermuda line.

The troops were ordered out in light marching order, lines of attack formed with the Twelfth in front, deployed as skirmishers at half distance, and supported by the new regiments.

After dark the brigade was ordered forward over the works, and the Twelfth, with only sixty men — a few being out on picket — advanced to about half way between the lines, where it was halted, as the men supposed to rectify the supporting lines, preparatory to a charge. But after waiting there for what seemed a long time in silence and darkness, except as a few scattering shots from the enemy's pickets just in front gave warning that they were on the alert, the order came to fall back over the intrenchments again.

Some of the "hundred-days men" were so badly frightened that they broke away from the ranks, when they found they were to go outside of the front line of works, and ran for the rear.

About this time some of the southern families who had remained inside our lines on pretense of being Union people were arrested upon suspicion of giving information to the enemy, and the ladies brought in ambulances before Colonel Potter, who after questioning them awhile, ordered them reconveyed to their homes. Evidence, of any weight, against them was wanting, and their own statements were neither contradictory nor incon-

sistent with their assured innocence. And yet these very women, as believed by many, were in daily communication, by signs, with the enemy It seems that Potter himself was far from satisfied that they were as loyal to the flag as they ought to be, for a few days later Captain Johnson, of his staff, conveyed orders to one of these families by the name of Barr, to remove from Port Walthall, where they then resided, to some other locality not so plainly seen from the enemy's lines.

November 4 the national colors, received by the regiment on the first day of September, 1863, at Point Lookout, were sent home; and four days later the soldiers, who were old enough, as well as the legal voters of all the States not in rebellion against the government, exercised their right of choice as to who should be president of the United or Disunited States of America for four years from March 4, 1865.

It was probably the most important presidential election ever held in this country. It was for the people of the loyal states to decide at the ballot-box whether the war was a failure, as had been formally and solemnly declared in the platform of one of the two political parties, and the demand for an "immediate cessation of hostilities" was to be obeyed by Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan in the field, and already fast driving the enemy into their last ditch, or whether the precious blood shed, and the priceless lives sacrificed on the altars of constitutional liberty and Christian freedom should not be in vain, but the flag of our fathers, so long the symbol of the free on every land and every sea, should continue to wave in undisputed sovereignty long after the causeless rebellion of their patricidal sons should be crushed out by the loyal legions of the North, and no memory or mark of it remain except upon the darkest page of our country's history.

A large majority of the North believed, as the result showed, that upon the ballot-box, even more than the cartridge-box depended the fate of the Nation; and the Confederate officials at the South not only felt, but thoroughly well knew, that their only hope would disappear forever upon the reëlection of Abraham Lincoln.

McClellan had been slow and easy with them when at the head of the Army of the Potomac, and they hoped "to be let alone," as Jefferson Davis had before requested, if he should become commander-in-chief of the army and navy.

"It is too good news to be true," said a rebel officer when told that McClellan had been nominated at Chicago. He seemed to think if he had been selected as the Democratic standard bearer, he would carry both the conservative and ultra or copper-head elements of the party, and be almost certain of being elected. "And suppose he should be?" inquired the Union officer, who had met the other between the lines for the purpose of exchanging newspapers. "Why then this war would end," replied the hopeful Confederate, and what he meant by that was too well understood to need further inquiry

A few weeks before election, an intelligent rebel sergeant who had come into our lines was asked, what effect the reëlection of Lincoln would have upon the rank and file of the southern army "It would leave more rank than file," was the quick and witty response, meaning that there would soon be few but officers left.

Some of the leading anti-war Democrats of New Hampshire, and other states bitterly opposed giving the soldiers a right to vote in the field, for they well knew that they would "vote as they shot," against the enemy, and they feared the result in the general count.

The vote in the Twelfth stood 86 for Lincoln and 39 for McClellan. In other New Hampshire regiments the vote was as follows: Eleventh, 157 to 63; Thirteenth, 104 to 41; Sixth, 100 to 18; and in the Second out of sixty-nine present and voting in the field, only four voted for McClellan. The Tenth alone voted for "Little Mack."

The Provisional Brigade at this time consisted of the Twelfth New Hampshire, two small detachments — one each from the the Ninth Vermont and the Thirteenth New Hampshire — and five Pennsylvania (new) regiments. The vote, as officially returned by Colonel Potter, was 28 for Lincoln and 1 for McClellan in the two detachments, and a majority of 937 for Lincoln in the whole brigade; the new regiments averaging about six hundred men each, and their vote standing nearly two to one for the prosecution of the war

The vote in the Army of the Potomac, as reported by states to the Secretary of War, by General Grant, is here given:

Maine, total vote, 1,677; Lincoln's majority, 1,143. New Hampshire, 515; Lincoln's majority, 279. Vermont, 102; Lincoln's majority, 42. Rhode Island, 190; Lincoln's majority, 134. Pennsylvania (seven regiments to hear from), 11,122; Lincoln's majority, 3,494. West Virginia, 82; Lincoln's majority, 70. Ohio, 684; Lincoln's majority, 306. Wisconsin, 1,065; Lincoln's majority, 633. Michigan, 1,917; Lincoln's majority, 745. Maryland, 1,428; Lincoln's majority, 1,160. United States Sharpshooters, 124; Lincoln's majority, 89. New York, 305; Lincoln's majority, 113. Majority for Lincoln, 8,208.

In one officer's diary, under date of the 9th, is the following entry: "Great cheering all along the line, for the news comes to-day that the Union is safe." The rebels heard it, well understanding its meaning, and their bands commenced playing "Dixie"; to which ours responded with "Yankee Doodle," "Red, White and Blue," and "Rally Round the Flag."

It is said that the president of the Southern Confederacy considered his fate sealed from the moment he first learned of the result of the election. If so, he reasoned wisely.

One thing that caused considerable grumbling among the soldiers during their tarry at Bermuda front, was being roused up every morning at 4 o'clock and obliged to stand to arms shivering in the cold rain or frosty

air until light enough to no longer fear an attack of the enemy Aside from this their duties were not hard for the old soldiers, and they had more reason to be thankful than otherwise for their situation.

For more than a month, or from the 14th of October, when the regiment returned to the south side of the James, until the 17th of November, nothing of historic interest, not already referred to, occurred, unless mention be made of the return of the regimental baggage from Norfolk where it had been so long stored, and the arrival of several loads of sanitary supplies and boxes for the boys sent them from home.

But their short and swift run of good luck was about to receive a sudden and serious check.

About 8 o'clock on the evening of the 17th of November the enemy made a stealthy attack upon our picket line, breaking through and capturing seventy-five or more prisoners, among whom were thirty-seven belonging to the Twelfth. It was a most unfortunate affair for the regiment, for it left it with but a few more men than enough to form a good-sized sergeant's squad.

The attack was made at the "gate-way," as it was called, it being the only place along the whole line between the rivers where the enemy could have made an assault with any reasonable chance of success. It was the mouth or neck of the "bottle" into which Butler was driven after the battle of Drury's Bluff, and which was made historic from General Grant's reference thereto in his final report after the war In fact, the shape of the line at this place, bulging out as it did toward the enemy, more resembled the top of a bottle with the neck knocked off.

At this only available point of attack for the enemy, because of a deep ravine that ran along the rest of the line, old and reliable troops had always been posted, and, at this time, it was picketed by men from the Twelfth. The regiment was so reduced in numbers that its detail for picket duty that day was too small to reach across the whole exposed space without leaving the line too weak, and so enough men from the new regiments, stationed upon either flank, were deployed in right and left connection with the Twelfth to cover the full distance.

The enemy, being well aware that our troops were up and early on the alert every morning, as before mentioned, concluded to test our vigilance at the other end of the day; and so they made their attack just after dark, instead of just before light. Although the rebels made quite a vigorous assault, the Twelfth men were not inclined to think it anything more than a lively "corn-popping" entertainment for the evening, as frequently had occurred between the lines when they were in front of Petersburg, until, to their great surprise, they found the rebels in their rear as well as their front, and loudly demanding their surrender.

The new troops, fresh from fields of peaceful husbandry, instead of those "sown with shot and bladed thick with steel," concluded —

> "When the bullets began to fly,
> That they must either run or die;"

and, being much more willing to use their legs than lose their lives, they struck out briskly for the rear; some of them not stopping, it was said, until they reached City Point.

Lieut. Charles F Towle, in command of the detail from the Twelfth, thinking, from all he could learn by sounds coming to him from the right and left, that the rebels were flanking him, ordered his men to fall back; but hearing nothing to confirm his belief, as he brought them to a halt a few yards to the rear (the flight of the new troops leaving nothing for the enemy to do but to silently circle around his command), he ordered them to advance again. Both orders were plainly heard by the attacking rebels, who were close upon the flanks of the Twelfth line when it fell back, and who were glad to hear the order for our men to advance, for its only effect was to give them more prisoners, and of a kind that they would much rather guard than fight.

Before some of the men had regained their posts they were entirely surrounded, and most of them captured. A few, by dropping flat into the ploughed furrows of a field that had been cultivated, until the rebels passed over them from their rear, and then rolling from one furrow to another until far enough away to risk a run in the darkness, managed to escape.

In the mean time officers and men from the new regiments came back to the reserve, then under the command of Captain Fernal, with all sorts of stories, but nothing could be heard from the Twelfth men, none for some time making their appearance, and what the exact situation at the front was, no one could tell. That there had been a serious break and a regular, or rather irregular, stampede of the "raw recruits" was only too evident. But what had become of the fifty or more officers and men from the Twelfth, was the question that Colonel Potter was getting momentarily more impatient to have answered by someone more reliable than any of the badly frightened hundred-days men whom he had seen; for not only was he anxious for the fate of his old regimental boys themselves, but still more so, because he well knew that upon their safety depended the security of the line.

"Where are the Twelfth boys?" he would ask, as he walked up and down in front of his quarters. "If the line is broken, as all these cowardly run-aways are telling, why do n't we hear something from the Twelfth?" "We shall before long, if it is true," replied Colonel Barker, who, with Captain Bedee and one or two other staff officers, was waiting and listening, "and the very fact that we do n't," added Captain Bedee, "is evidence enough for me that it 's all a d——d lie." "So I say," continued Barker.

But Potter was still fearful of what the situation might be, and was about to send a competent officer forward to investigate, when news came from the "Mountaineers," as written by the messenger himself, Sergt. Charles A. Place, and here copied:

At Bermuda Hundred, on the night of the 17th of November, 1864, the rebels thought they would straighten their picket line; for in so doing it would bring a portion of their line where ours then was, and that portion was then occupied by a detail from our regiment.

The enemy charged both right and left, and their intention was to capture us all, which, through the unreliance of green troops upon our flanks, they nearly accomplished. C. F Towle, officer of our picket detail, ordered us, after a while, to fall back, which we did, with the exception of the killed and wounded.

We had retreated but a short distance when the order was given to advance, every man to his post. I took my former position and commenced firing, when I was ordered to surrender, the Johnnies being all around us; but I had no notion of going to Richmond as prisoner, so I turned and ran from them, and heard one say, "shoot the son of a b——h," and a volley of bullets came whizzing about me. I kept on and came in over the works without injury, and reported to Captain Fernal.

I think I was the only man that escaped capture, that advanced to our former position after having retreated.

I told Captain Fernal the result, and we made our way to Colonel Potter's headquarters and told him that our pickets were all captured, and that the enemy occupied our line; but he did not credit my story, and told the captain to put me under arrest. The captain did not, however, but sent me into his tent, and told me all would be right, for he knew full well, that I was telling what I believed to be true, whether it was or not.

Colonel Potter then sent out Captain Bedee, who took along with him Sergeant Bachelor, of Company E, to learn the truth of the matter; but they did not return to report, being captured like the rest. After this he sent out the regiment, or what was left of it, but their reconnoissance only proved that the enemy held our line, as I had reported, and that to retake it would require a severe contest.

When Captain Bedee left headquarters for the picket line, he said, in reply to some remark of caution made to him: "I'll look out for myself, never fear; and I'll soon let you know what's up and where the Twelfth is, unless I have to go to Richmond or Hell to find out." After his exchange and return to the regiment, he was asked which place he had been to. "*Both*," was his quick and emphatic reply, and it was full of meaning; but no one can have a realizing sense of its full significance who has never been a visitor at the first named place, and supplied with free board and lodging there at "Libby's Hotel," as the boys used to call it.

Colonel Potter no sooner learned that his line, with many of his old regiment, had been captured by the enemy, by the cowardly action of the new levies from Pennsylvania, than he resolved that they should be made, if possible, to retake it. How well they succeeded will be seen from the following account of the capture of our line, and the first attempt to retake it, from the pen of the late Capt. J H. Prescott:

When Colonel Potter returned, and was placed in charge of a provisional brigade which held a part or the whole of the Bermuda front, I was detailed as an aide to him, and remained with him for some time.

While here, there were a great many hundred-days' men, from Pennsylvania, sent out, and three or four regiments of them to Colonel Potter's command. They were not used much, except for drill and fatigue, and knew nothing of service in the field.

About in the centre of Potter's line was an open field, running all the way from our line to that of the enemy, and our picket posts on this field formed nearly a half-circle in our line, the advance part of the arch reaching into the woods or underbrush. One night the "rebs" took it into their heads to straighten this line, and they did it, coming in as they did, from both sides of the circle where the new troops had been stationed. The circle part being the most exposed, old and tried troops were stationed upon it, and this night it was held by the Twelfth boys, nearly all of whom were captured, almost before they knew it.

A new, temporary line was formed in the night quite close in front of our breastworks, and some of these new troops had to be called into service to man the new line. When it came daylight Colonel Potter sent me out to advance this new picket line so that it should become straight with the rest of our line, as it now bent back instead of forward, as before the break. I went out and found a heavy picket line with strong reserves, and every man flat upon the ground. I went to the right, and walked the whole length of the line, and gave my orders, letting them know what was to be done. I then returned to the centre of the line, and gave the command and signal to move forward. The men got up and started pretty well. The enemy, at this, of course opened fire, and at the very first shot every man fell flat again upon the ground. But this was not the worst, for as the firing from the rebel line increased, the men became more frightened and the line began to break, some crowding to the rear, and some getting up and running in the same direction.

No sooner did they see one coward run than others, who dared to rise up, thought it a good example to imitate, and commenced to flee also. I had to yell and rush along the line, and drive back those making for the rear. Officers were as bad as the men. First a sergeant, then a corporal, and then half a dozen privates would break from the line, and soon a lieutenant came rushing along, half scared to death. I caught him by the collar, and drew my sword as if to run him through. What I said to him any old soldier can easily imagine. He begged of me not to kill him; and I told him I would not if he would return to his place and do his duty. This he promised to do, for he was evidently more afraid of me than rebel bullets, that by this time were flying thick and fast.

In this way I saved a general panic. I finally got the men in line again upon their bellies, picking them out of the hollows and bushes where they had hid and sought shelter like chickens frightened by a hawk.

I thought it best not to attempt trying it again with that line; so, as soon as I had restored confidence enough in the officers and men to dare to leave them, I went in and reported to Colonel Potter.

He had been on the breastworks, and saw all that had happened, and had already sent for some experienced troops. He told me that I had done all I could, and that we would wait for troops that were good for something.

The boys joked me for a long time about my danger of a court-martial for drawing my sword on an officer. It was only fate, as it seems to me, that pre-

served me on this occasion, as at other times. For several minutes I was the only target for the whole rebel line. This was my last dangerous experience while in the service.

The loss of the regiment in this unfortunate affair was: three commissioned officers — one wounded and two captured; one enlisted man killed, six wounded, and thirty-five captured.

Sergt. Albert W Bachelor, of Company E, and Benjamin B. Thompson, of Company K, who were among those taken prisoners, escaped from Libby prison December 12, and after eight days and nights of perilous adventure, succeeded in reaching the Union lines.

Their return to the regiment was an occasion of general congratulation by their comrades, who feared they would never see them again until the end of the war, if ever

The Confederates continued to hold the new line that they had so easily established against us at our own expense for several days, and, until the division of colored troops relieved the Provisional Brigade on the Bermuda front, and retook the old line we had lost.

Whoever else may question the courage and efficiency of the negro soldiers, it will never be the rebel whites who met them there or elsewhere on the field of battle; but last of all should it ever come from the "Pennsylvania Dutch."

Although "the Dutch have taken Holland" many times, if editors pens are never dipped in lying ink; yet, if any of their blood still runs in the veins of some of their American descendants, they could never have been a very warlike people.

From the 17th to the 22d it rained more or less every day and night, and then cleared off cold and windy, reminding the New England men of the long and cold fall rains of their native clime, followed by days —

"Cruel as Winter, and cold as the snow."

But Thanksgiving — a day never to be forgotten by the sons and daughters of New England, wherever their future station or home may be — was close at hand, and though mothers and sisters could not be present to prepare for the oven and transfer to the table, as of yore, yet the love and labor of their hearts and hands were manifest as wagon-load after wagon-load of well filled boxes were hauled into camp from City Point, all containing "something good and nice for the boys." Most of these were received and distributed through the different state agencies at Washington, but many of them were direct from home to a father, brother, or son, at the front.

The Twelfth received for its share of the distribution: one hundred pounds of turkeys and chickens, one barrel of crackers, one bushel of cranberries, five pounds of dried apples, and several other supplies, among which were the medicinal as well as the edible. This not only

gave the regiment enough to eat for one day, but many lunch and dessert bites beside: so many, in fact, that when pieced out by the smaller but choicer boxes received by individual members from home, many were made dainty of their old rations, and some became sick. It is not surprising, however, that such an uncommonly good opportunity should be grabbed at too eagerly by some to be judiciously improved.

This was the last Yankee Thanksgiving in "Dixie"; and, believing it to be such, the few who were alive and present to enjoy, made the most of it that their situation and surroundings allowed.

On the 27th General Ferrero's division of colored troops arrived, and the Twelfth changed their quarters for those of one of the new regiments that had been ordered away It remained on the old line, however, until December 3, when it again moved to the north side of the James, where it was assigned the next day to the Second Brigade, Third Division, Fourth Army Corps — the Eighteenth and Tenth having been discontinued, and the Army of the James re-organized into the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Corps, the former consisting of white troops and the latter of colored troops, and commanded by Generals Ord and Weitzel respectively

The Twenty-fourth Corps was now commanded by Major-General Ord, its Third Division by Gibbon, and Colonel Potter, upon being relieved from service at Bermuda Hundred, was assigned to the command of the Second Brigade of General Gibbon's division; so that the new organization still left the Twelfth under the brigade command of its old Colonel, who ought before then to have been wearing the "stars," as he probably would had General Whipple lived long enough, after his death wound at Chancellorsville, "to do justice to Colonel Potter and his brave men," as it was his dying wish that he might.

After the colored troops took the places of the whites on the Bermuda front, all friendliness between the opposing pickets at once disappeared, and a constant interchange of shots between them was kept up on some parts of the line, where there was any chance of inflicting injury upon each other, for nearly every hour in the day or night. The rebel soldiers were ordered to fire upon the colored pickets at every opportunity.

It was verily the active demonstration of the "irrepressible conflict" that Seward had spoken of and others had predicted; and those who had so long been pressed down, were rising slowly but surely toward a common level before the law, for which they were already contesting, on equal footing with their oppressors, on the field of battle.

Soon after returning to the north side of the James the regiment commenced again, and for the third time, to build winter quarters, but they were not finished until the 15th, upon which day Lieutenant-Colonel Barker was presented with an elegantly finished sword, with sash and belt to match, and a pair of spurs, the whole costing two hundred and forty-six dollars, itemized as follows: Sword, $150; belt, $60; sash,

$30; and spurs, $6. These tokens of appreciation were given him by officers and men of his regiment, that he had so long and ably commanded, and most faithfully had he earned them.

The new encampment was upon "Chapin's Farm," so called, because owned by a rich planter by that name, and occupied by him or his family until vacated upon the arrival of our troops upon that side of the river just before the battle, known by that name, that resulted in the capture of Fort Harrison. A further mention may be made of this place in another connection.

The Twelfth was now encamped within seven miles of Richmond, and nearer the doomed city than ever before, except for a few days while working upon and occupying the intrenchments north of the fort as previously described.

During the winter of 1864-5 there was but little fighting north of the James, or on the Bermuda line, but the Union works were often so thinly manned by reason of sending troops from there to the extreme left, where Grant was almost constantly pounding away upon Lee's right flank, and his lines of communication and supply, that great vigilance, and sometimes double duty, were required of the small force allowed to remain. The men were frequently obliged to turn out an hour or more before light and stand to arms until roll-call.

The irksome drill was still kept up, and much attention was given to the bayonet exercise, so that the men might be able to do effective work at close quarters should the enemy attack; and this, together with picket, police, and other camp duties, and interspersed with many inspections, left little or no time for amusement. But though their duties were many and sometimes burdensome, they were neither severe nor exhausting as in the earlier days of Grant's campaign, and the men bore it all with submissive patience, for they fully believed that the time was short that their services would be further needed.

They were strengthened in this belief as they heard of the successes of Sherman in the South, Thomas in the West, and Terry at Fort Fisher and Wilmington. But more than all these to encourage them were the increasing desertions from the rebel ranks, already alluded to in this chapter; for if General Lee could no longer hold his own army together, how could he much longer continue to resist ours, the strong cordon of which was strengthening and tightening every day? Nor was it strange to those who heard the discouraging stories of these deserters, that their numbers were daily increasing. It was not all because they had got sick of fighting for what was already to them the "lost cause," but because, also, that the rebel commissary supply, during the months of December and January, was so scant and insufficient, that it had actually become a debatable question in the rebel ranks whether they should stay and starve, or leave and live.

Confirmatory of this is the following from General Humphreys's "Virginia Campaign of 1864–5":

The winter of '64–5 was one of unusual severity, making the picket duty in front of the intrenchments very severe. It was especially so to the Confederate troops, with their threadbare, insufficient clothing, and meagre food — chiefly corn bread made of the coarsest meal. Meat they had but little of, and their subsistence department was actually importing it from abroad. Of coffee, tea, or sugar, they had none except in the hospitals.

It is stated, that in a secret session of the Confederate Congress the condition of the Confederacy, as to subsistence was declared to be:

That there was not enough in the Southern Confederacy for the armies it had in the field.

That there was not in Virginia either meat or bread enough for the armies within her limits.

That the supply of bread for those armies to be obtained from other places, depended absolutely upon keeping open the railroad connections of the South.

That the meat must be obtained from abroad through a seaport by blockade runners.

That the transportation was not now adequate, from whatever cause, to meet the necessary demands of the service.

That the supply of fresh meat to General Lee's army was precarious, and, if the army fell back from Richmond and Petersburg, that there was every probability that it would cease altogether

The condition of the deserters who came into our lines during the winter, appeared to prove that there was no exaggeration in these statements.

Some time in February the Confederate commissariat was got into better condition, and Lee's army was better rationed from that time until the fall of Richmond and Petersburg, and reserve depots were maintained at Richmond, Lynchburg, Danville, and Greensborough, containing three and a half million rations of bread.

But the rolling stock of the railroads was so worn that it could no longer bring the necessary number of rations to Lee's army in addition to the other requirements made upon it, and wagon trains were resorted to wherever practicable.

Christmas day the finishing blast — so far as it ever was finished — was made in Dutch Gap, its bulkhead being blown out upon that day, if General Butler's own account is correct, instead of New Year's day as related in some regimental histories, and confirmed by the diary entry of Sergeant Noyes, of the Twelfth. This mistake arose, probably, from the fact that both of the days came on Sunday.

This last convulsive effort to make the "big ditch" a success was all in vain; for not another thing was ever done upon it during the war, no attempt being made even to dredge out the dirt that fell back and dammed back the water of the river that might otherwise, to some small extent, have flowed in. It was a foolish undertaking from the start, and its total failure adversely affected the reputation of its projector.

The old year expired and was shrouded in snow, and the Borean blasts that heralded the new, convinced the shivering hosts in army blue, that old General Winter's department reached much farther southward than "Mason and Dixon's line."

January 7 General Butler was relieved from his command in the army by order of President Lincoln, and directed to "repair to Lowell, Mass., and report by letter to the adjutant-general of the army"

This was done at the request of General Grant, sent to Secretary Stanton three days before, in which he says: "I do this with reluctance, but the good of the service requires it. In my absence General Butler necessarily commands, and there is a lack of confidence felt in his military ability, making him an unsafe commander for a large army His administration of the affairs of his department is also objectionable."

The same request, without the reasons, was telegraphed to the president himself on the 6th.

Thus was General Grant obliged to ask the abrupt rejection of his own special selection; and General Butler, whatever his faults and failings, was subjected thereby to greater humiliation, than could in proper regard for his past services be well justified.

Though strongly affiliated with, and one of the leaders of, a great national party, the greater portion of which took an active part in, or sympathized with, the secession movement that precipitated the war, he was among the very first of the prominent men of the North to step forth in defense of his country, and had, to the best of his ability, long and earnestly labored and fought in her defense.

That he had not always been successful in his efforts, and had signally failed when much was required and most expected of him, as in his last campaign, no one, conversant with his military career, will deny: but that he was not alone to blame for these failures, as has been shown in a previous chapter, and that he succeeded at other times and places, as at Baltimore, New Orleans, and New York, where few, if any, could have done so well, and many would have totally failed, must in truth and justice be admitted.

Sometimes proudly alone, and always strangely unique, Butler long stood conspicuously and defiantly forth in the public arena, a target for his foes and a shield for his friends.

But he has at last fallen from the ranks of time, and as a soldier patriot, if for nothing else, let him be remembered with all kindness and charity

His farewell address issued on the 8th, is here given:

Soldiers of the Army of the James:

Your commander, relieved by order of the president, takes leave of you. Your conduct in the field extorted praises from the unwilling. You have endured the privations of the camp and the march without a murmur. You have never failed to attack when ordered. You have stormed and carried works deemed impregnable by the enemy. You have shown the positions to be so by holding them against his fiercest assaults in the attempt to retake them.

Those skilled in war have marvelled at the obstacles overcome by your valor Your deeds have rendered your names illustrious.

In after times your general's proudest memory will be to say with you: "I, too, was of the Army of the James." To share your companionship is pleasure. To participate in such acts is honor.

To have commanded such an army is glory No one could yield it without regret. Knowing your willing obedience to orders, witnessing the ready devotion of your blood in your country's cause, I have been chary of the precious charge confided to me. I have refused to order the useless sacrifice of the lives of such soldiers, and I am relieved from your command.

The wasted blood of my men does not stain my garments. For my action I am responsible to God and my country

To the Colored Troops of the Army of the James:

In this army you have been treated not as laborers but as soldiers. You have shown yourselves worthy of the uniform you wear.

The best officers of the Union seek to command you. Your bravery has won the admiration even of those who would be your masters. Your patriotism and fidelity have illustrated the best qualities of manhood. With the bayonet you have unlocked the iron-barred gates of prejudice, opening new fields of freedom, liberty, and equality of right to yourselves and your race forever.

Comrades of the Army of the James, I bid you all farewell.

BENJ. F BUTLER,
Major-General.

January 17 Colonel Potter was relieved from the command of the Second Brigade to accept the position of chief-of-staff to General Gibbon, who had been promoted to the command of the Twenty-fourth Corps in place of General Ord, who assumed command of the Army of the James, and the Department of Virginia and North Carolina as recently held by General Butler. Lieutenant-Colonel Birney, of the Ninth Vermont, assumed command of the brigade after Potter left.

On the same day there was a review of the corps by its new commander: and as General Gibbon was riding along the line an orderly handed him a dispatch, which he no sooner glanced over than he read aloud to the troops. It was that Fort Fisher had fallen, and that General Terry and his brave men were in possession, holding one thousand of its late defenders as prisoners of war.

"Then," in the language of a Twelfth staff officer who was present, "went up three hearty cheers, followed by the sneering cry: 'How is Lowell stock now? How are you, Butler?'"

It will be remembered by the old veterans, and the younger readers can learn it from history, that an expedition had been sent down the coast under General Butler in December to capture Fort Fisher; but after exploding a boat-load of powder, in the vain and very foolish attempt to demolish the Fort by the concussion, and making some slight demonstration of attack, he returned with the report that it was impracticable to assault as the fort was too strong to be taken even by the combined efforts of the land and naval forces.

To this, however, Admiral Porter, who commanded the fleet, did not agree, nor General Grant either; for no sooner did Butler's troops return, than they were sent back under General Terry with the successful result above referred to.

On the same day a system of competitive inspections was instituted by General Gibbon, by means of which the successful soldiers in the contest were given furloughs, and the regiments found most deserving of commendation were excused from all duty for one week.

Regimental and company inspections were required on Sunday and Wednesday of each week, and the company commanders at each inspection had to select the soldier "best in order" in his company and send him to the regimental commander, who was to select from those sent him from the different companies the best, in his judgment, and send him up to the brigade commander, and he in turn to select from those sent to him the man who should represent his brigade at division headquarters, where another and the final test inspection of the men from the several brigades, decided who, among all the contestants, should be the proud and happy recipient of a thirty days' furlough home.

On every alternate Sunday, commencing on the 22d, brigade commanders were required to inspect each regiment in their commands, reporting to division headquarters the regiments found "best in order" and those considered "worst in order"; and those reported *best* were to be excused from all picket and outside details for one week, and from those reported *worst* no furloughs were to be granted until they had changed their inspection rating.

And on the Wednesday succeeding these brigade inspections, the best regiments, thus selected, were inspected again by the division commander, whose duty it was to select from them the final best, and order it excused from another week's duty

As was expected and intended, this order created a sharp rivalship between the men and regiments, as to whom or which should be reported "best in order," which phrase, in military construction, meant in the best order and condition in everything pertaining to the soldier — his person, deportment, clothes, knapsack, gun, and equipments — in which he, by his own care, diligence, and attention, could make any improvement.

But it is doubtlessly true that selections were sometimes made among the individual competitors more because of the natural than the acquired appearance of the soldier; and that a bright face and shapely form were more potent to influence the officers who had to decide, than bright brasses and the cleanest gun, to say nothing about the unavoidable bias of favoritism in the minds of the company commanders.

The result of the regimental inspections will be understood from the following:

HD. QRS. 2D BRIG. 3D DIV
24TH ARMY CORPS, Jan. 22, 1865.

Commanding Officer 12th N. H. Vols.:

SIR,—I am directed by the brigade commander to inform you that your regiment is pronounced to be the best in order, according to the reports of the inspectors of the brigade this day. You will, therefore, hold your regiment in readiness to be inspected by the division commander on Wednesday next.

Very respectfully, etc.

ABEL E. LEAVENWORTH,
A. A. Adjt. Genl.

Upon receiving the above, Colonel Barker issued to the regiment a congratulatory order in which he says:

To the honored name you have won in many hard fought battles with the foes of your country, whom we all believe to be our inferiors in many of the elements of true and enlightened manhood, you have now added new laurels by your victory in soldierly appearance over the five other regiments in your brigade, composed of men whom you respect and look upon as your equals.

By the success already attained you are elected candidates to compete with the two regiments selected from the other brigades of the division on Wednesday next. Let no efforts be spared to again win.

Less than two days now remained to prepare for another battle of looks instead of acts, but the final test was necessarily delayed by an unexpected and exciting event.

About midnight of the 23d heavy firing was heard in the direction of Fort Brady, and soon the pickets reported the rebel gunboats coming down the river, and the sound of the long roll and bugle blast broke the stillness of the night and roused the men from their quiet slumbers.

Finding that their movement was discovered the rebels opened upon our lines from Howlet's and other batteries, and though it was not "whispered with white lips," yet the sudden and unexpected attack in the night reminded some of the remainder of that familiar line of their school-boy days, "The foe! They come, they come!"

The morning light revealed three ironclad rams, five armed wooden steamers, and three torpedo boats of the enemy engaged with our monitors and land batteries near our chain of obstructions above Dutch Gap, through which two of the rams had succeeded in passing while the other had grounded in the attempt.

The Twelfth, with other regiments, was at once ordered into the trenches, ready to resist an attack of the enemy's forces that were reported to be concentrating on our right, where it remained until nearly dark, when the rebel fleet, getting the worst of it in the artillery duel of the day, withdrew up the river, leaving the rebel ram "Drewry," as a trophy of the contest, in our hands.

It was a bold, determined attempt to break through all obstructions, disable our gun-boats, and destoy our whole depot of supplies at City Point: and, with the assistance of their land forces which were intending to move forward as soon as the river was opened by their fleet, the result might have been more disastrous. But the fates were now against them, and this last spasmodic effort to break the cordon of death that encircled them amounted to little more than a night's scare and a day's fun for our forces along the James, the most cowardly and ridiculous part of which will be found written out in another chapter

Tuesday night was cold, and the men were thankful that the discomfiture of the rebel rams, leaving more wool than horns, allowed them rest in quarters instead of longer exposure to cutting winds and bursting shells in the trenches.

The next day, which was to have decided the inspection contest, there was another report that the enemy were massing on our right, and commands were ordered to be in readiness to march at a moment's warning: but after another night of watching and waiting the rumor proved unfounded, and the order for ready action was then unheeded.

Being no longer menaced by the foe, preparation for the final inspection test, which had been postponed one week, to decide which was the best regiment in the division, again demanded the time and attention of the men not otherwise occupied by the daily routine of camp duties.

Stimulated and encouraged by having won against five competitors in the brigade trial, both officers and men were now determined not to be vanquished by only two opponents, although each like the Twelfth had been selected as the best in its brigade.

Perfection, so far as means and circumstances permitted, was now the effort and the aim of every man. What, in the former trial, was thought to be the best was labored upon until it looked better, and where improvement seemed possible it was either made or attempted. In the meantime another Sunday brigade inspection came round and the Twelfth again took its place at the head of the column as the best regiment on the field. Reassured by this second victory every member of the battalion felt more than ever confident of bearing off the victor's wreath in the final contest: but still their care and diligence did not abate, for they expected and desired not to win without deserving. The day, Wednesday, February 8, at last arrived and the three regiments, Twelfth New Hampshire, Ninety-eighth New York, and Fortieth Massachusetts, were marched out and paraded in line for the division commander to inspect. But no sooner does the Fortieth Massachusetts appear than a murmur of disapprobation runs along the ranks of the other two regiments, for it is at once seen that an unfair advantage is being taken. That regiment had just drawn a full supply of new frock coats, and took the liberty to wear them on this occasion, although they knew that the other regiments would wear, as at previous inspections, the common police blouse of daily use.

This unfair attempt to win the first favor by a new and better dress, instead of wearing the best looking old one of like kind as the others, should of itself, with any fair and competent inspector, have decided the contest against them. But, as feared, the verdict was the other way, and the Fortieth Massachusetts was selected as "*little the best* in order" with the Twelfth New Hampshire and the Ninety-eighth New York reported as "deserving special commendation." The decision was generally disapproved of by officers and men of the division, and was derisively alluded to, as "a victory of dress coats over blouses."

This was the end of competitive inspections, which, as might have been expected, resulted in more harm than good to the service, for no matter how fairly or ably managed, exact justice was impossible, and the unsuccessful competitors being both dissatisfied and discouraged the last end was almost certain to be worse than the first. No wise commander would seriously think of so foolish an attempt to improve the *personnel* of his army that was to remain for any time in active service.

Several of the Twelfth boys got furloughs for being found, by these inspections, best in the whole division, and the whole regiment was excused from duty two or three times for receiving the highest mark at the brigade inspections.

February 9, the regiment had the very unpleasant duty to perform of shooting one of its own members for desertion. Joseph Sharp, one of the substitutes of Company A, who joined the regiment at Point Lookout, and deserted at White House Landing on the night that the regiment encamped there on its way to Cold Harbor, upon this day ended his earthly career

Soon after his desertion and safe escape to the North, he again enlisted for a big bounty, and soon found himself enrolled as a recruit in the Fifth Maryland, which, most unfortunately for him, was at that time in the same brigade as the Twelfth. He tried hard to escape recognition by his old comrades, but in a few days his near presence was discovered by one or two of them, which soon came to the knowledge of Colonel Barker.

Taking with him, Corp. Julius A. Davis, of Company A, from whom he had learned of the deserter's whereabouts, and who knew in just what company and tent of the Maryland regiment he could be found, if in his quarters, the Colonel quickly visited the commander of the Fifth Maryland (who had just before refused to give up the culprit upon a written request) and demanded his man.

Seeing that to longer refuse would involve himself in trouble, the Maryland colonel apologized for his officious independence and sent an officer of his regiment along with Colonel Barker and Corporal Davis to hunt out the soldier who, though enrolled under and answering to a different name, was believed to be no other than Joseph Sharp, as he called himself while present for duty in the Twelfth.

Davis, acting as guide, soon stopped in front of a tent which he pointed

out to his followers as the quarters of the man they were hunting for, but he was not there. Colonel Barker's first thought was that the fellow had got a windward hint of his discovery, and taken another jump, more this time, however, for a longer lease of life than for another bounty But upon further search, he was found in another tent, and recognized by the shepard colonel himself as one of his lost black sheep. For a while he persisted in avowing his innocence, declaring that he knew nothing about such a man as Joseph Sharp and that he never went by such a name. But when he found he was to be taken back to his old regiment, where he would be identified by every member of his company that was still in the ranks, he broke down completely and confessed the whole, exclaiming: "And now, Colonel, I suppose I shall soon be a dead man."

"Oh no! I guess not," replied the colonel, thinking then, in the kindness of his heart, that, if he would only show true repentance for the past, by a strict compliance with future duty, he would do all that he could to save him from so sad a fate. And the verdict of the court-martial of "guilty," would doubtless have been followed by a strong recommendation for mercy and final mitigation of the death sentence, had he not thrown away all chance or hope, by foolishly making a full confession, as the world will say — Heaven's record may read differently — owning that he had deserted several times before, and that when arrested he was actually making preparations to desert again, and get one more bounty before the end of the war.

He had deserted once too many then, and he saw, when too late, that although he had gained thousands of dollars, he must lose his own life as a penalty for the unlawful and dishonorable means he had employed.

By virtue of a reward offered by the War Department to any soldier who would give information that would lead to the apprehension and conviction of a deserter, Corporal Davis was entitled to a thirty days' furlough and thirty dollars in money He received his furlough, but for some reason was never paid the money

Some of the regiment, and especially the recruits, blamed Davis for informing against his comrade, with whom he had been intimate, even after Sharp was found by him in the Maryland regiment, and accused him of betraying a friendly confidant solely for selfish gain. But Davis, who is still living, gives a different version of the affair, and says he only answered to the inquiry made of him by Colonel Barker, who had learned from another that he (Davis) could tell him most about the missing man.

The particulars of the execution need not be given here, as they were about the same as written out in full in a previous chapter about the death of two other deserters from the Second New Hampshire.

It was the first and last visitation of the extreme penalty of the law upon any member of the Twelfth, by order of a court-martial, while in the service: and he who suffered it gave evidence of true repentance,

not only for which he was convicted, but for all that he had done that was wrong during his whole life. He forgave all, as he hoped to be forgiven, and expressed the wish that his comrades and all others cognizant of his sad end might take warning therefrom, and die not, like him, an ignominious death.

The almost continuous grumble, rumble, and roar of our own and the enemy's artillery around and to the left of Petersburg, lessened somewhat as the autumn days shortened, and changed, as the leaves fell, from the constant to the recurrent.

Yet at frequent intervals during the whole winter the western breezes brought to our ears sounds of contending cannon — sometimes savagely loud and spasmodic, from the Petersburg front, and again, but less often, in lower pitch but greater volume, swelling into the wide-reverberating and long-resounding thunders of distant battle, where Trip-hammer Grant was still at work, away round on the enemy's right, pounding and pulverizing the few remaining foundation stones of the Southern Confederacy.

There was but little for our artillerists to do north of the James, except to practice, when they got a chance, on the rebel rams and gunboats, and still less need of burning any coarse powder along the Bermuda front.

There were but few battery balls thrown by the right wing of the army after the capture of Fort Harrison, but many blank cartridges were exploded at different times by our artillery when good news came in from the South and West, so that the enemy might know that our armies elsewhere were marching on from victory to victory And these salutes, usually of an hundred guns each, were by no means a foolish waste of powder, for they did much to encourage our own troops, while, at the same time, they had a correspondingly disheartening effect upon the Confederate forces opposed to them.

But the roar of our saluting guns, for every important victory gained by other Federal armies in the field, gladdened some hearts that beat beneath the gray as well as the blue, for there were many still in arms against the Government, who, while they were too honorable to desert a sinking cause that they had once so earnestly espoused, yet were heartily sick of longer periling their lives in a useless attempt to establish it. And this was especially so with the more intelligent of the rebel army, for they more than half believed that their defeat would prove more beneficial to them and their posterity than their success.

Slowly but surely the besieged Confederacy was crumbling to pieces.

Lee's army was about all there was left of it; for all its strongholds, except Richmond and Petersburg, had fallen, and Johnson's army was powerless to check the march of Sherman's victorious legions on their course northward to join the Army of the Potomac.

The South Side and Lynchburg railroads had been for some time the main lines of supply left to General Lee; and to hold these from the reaching grasp of Grant, he had been obliged to extend his lines south-

westward until they extended from the Claiborne road, where it crosses Hatches s Run on his right, to White Oak Swamp, his extreme left — a distance of thirty-seven miles by the most direct route, and not reckoning anything for irregularities of the line of intrenchments, except the deflections, of four miles each, along the courses of the James and Appomattox rivers.

Of the direct line, eight miles were north of the James, five between the rivers, and sixteen south of the Appomattox.

The following anecdote, whether true or false, quite well illustrates the situation and condition of the Southern cause at the beginning of the year 1865:

Sometimes there would occur an interchange of jokes between the picket lines that would bring out sharp points of wit upon one side or the other, the Yankee, however, usually coming out ahead.

In one of these amusing contests that took place, about this time, between a "Fed-well" and a "corn-fed," as they were sometimes distinguished, the former, after cunningly setting his trap by referring to the effective service that the rebels made against us by their frequent use of the Whitworth gun, suddenly and earnestly broke out as follows:

"But do you know, 'Johnny,' that we are not allowed to use long range guns on our side any longer?"

"No, nor you neither; what you givin' us now, Yank?"

"Something solid and serious, and no joking; and I can tell you why, if you want to know."

"Well, let's have it then."

"Because your Confederacy is getting so thin that we are afraid of shooting 'plumb' through it and killing our own men."

Thus it will be seen that before the earth in her orbit had reached the equinoctial point dividing the winter from the spring in the last year of the war, the Slave Confederacy had become but an empty shell of such transparent thinness that those outside could see, almost as well as those within, how nothing less than such a marvelous change of events as the most sanguine and devoted rebel could find neither ground to hope, nor faith to pray for, could save it from being crushed by the surrounding pressure of military power

The Union soldiers saw the southern cross fast fading away as they kept their night watch around their camps, while to them the northern star beamed forth with constantly increasing brilliancy

So sure were some of the men in the regiment, that a few more months, at the longest, would end the war, that, though seriously disabled, they refused to accept of a discharge when offered to them, because they wanted to see the end, and go home with the rest of the boys after the war was over.

With his lines constantly extending, and his army daily decreasing, Lee plainly saw that the only chance left for him was to escape, if possi-

ble, by breaking through the Union line, and uniting with Johnston's army further south.

He could but fail in the attempt, and to remain where he was, only invited the same fate, without even the excuse of an effort to avoid it.

He therefore resolved to act upon the idea that "while there is life there is hope," however feeble the strength, and decided upon Fort Steadman as the point of attack.

General Gordon was selected to lead and direct the assaulting column, which, advancing under cover of darkness, took the fort before its defenders had time to recover from their surprise.

But the Union forces rushing to the rescue from the right and left, soon drove the rebels out and back, and Lee's last desperate effort before his final retreat proved, as he had feared, a failure.

Although the apparent and, as then supposed, real object of this attack was to paralyze Grant's right hand until the greatest part or the whole of the rebel forces could elude his grasp, it now appears from some Confederate papers and reports, that its main object was to compel Grant to so far withdraw his extreme left, as to allow Lee's army to quickly and quietly abandon their line of works in front of Petersburg and Richmond, and marching around our left flank, unite with Johnston and crush Sherman before Grant with his forces could prevent it.

This seems to have been a plan previously agreed upon by Jefferson Davis and General Lee as a last resort; and Grant, apprehensive that something of the kind might be attempted by the Confederate leaders, kept signal and picket officers constantly upon the alert that no sign or indication of any change or movement in the enemy's lines should escape their notice.

But the attack upon Fort Steadman was all the evidence that the Federal leader wanted to convince him that the hour of final action was at hand, and he immediately ordered General Ord, in command of the Army of the James, to take with him the First and Second Divisions of the Twenty-fourth Corps, one division (colored) of the Twenty-fifth Corps, with quite a large force of cavalry, and march at once with all possible secrecy and celerity, to join the Second Corps at the extreme left of the Union line, where they would be ready to fight or chase Lee, as occasion might require, in the anticipated effort of the rebel commander to save his army from capture.

This march of thirty-six miles was so quickly and quietly made, that the enemy knew nothing of it until several days after, when he found his right flank imperiled by the presence of troops that were supposed to be nearly forty miles away.

It was one of the most timely and successful movements ever made by the Army of the James, or any part of it.

But this movement of troops, though largely contributory to greater results than even hoped for, in so short a time, was nevertheless a very

risky one, for it was made in the face and eyes of the whole of Longstreet's corps that had been sent north of the James only a few days before to meet an attack, or take an advantage of the withdrawal of our troops, as indications from the greatest vigilance and closest inspection might dictate.

Had Longstreet known what General Weitzel, left in command of Bermuda and Chapin's Farm, did — that little more than a picket line remained to hold the works protecting Grant's right wing — it would have been the Union instead of the Confederate right that would have suffered first, if not most.

It was because of this danger that every precaution was taken, both by the troops leaving and those remaining, to deceive the enemy until his right flank was imperiled by Grant's strongly reinforced left.

From this until the memorable morning of the eventful 3d of April, 1865, every officer and soldier, of both armies, felt sure that something unusually important was about to occur; and every member of the Twelfth as well as all the other soldiers of the Twenty-fourth Corps, left to hold the line nearest Richmond, was constantly on the *qui vive*, first fearing every moment an attack, and then expecting to attack themselves, but happily disappointed in both, as the enemy, ignorant of our weakness, did not molest us, and the last "onward to Richmond" was over deserted works, instead of the wounded and the dead.

Daily and almost hourly came the order: "Hold your men in readiness to move at any moment," and picket orders and duties were so rigidly exacting and constantly recurring on account of the importance of the situation and the scarcity of troops, that the men hardly got time to eat or sleep. Nothing like it had ever been required of them before, but they complained but little, except in a joking way, for every one plainly understood the necessity of his overwork and sleepless watchfulness, and had full faith in the final result.

CHAPTER XIV.

Capture and Occupation of Richmond.

"*I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer*," were the words with which General Grant closed his first dispatch to the War Department after six days of terrible but undecisive conflict with the enemy at the Wilderness and Spottsylvania. And although he did not "fight it out" upon that line at all, and it only lacked a month and one day of being a whole year from the time he first moved his army southward from the Rapidan before any part of it entered Richmond, except as prisoners of war, yet, with all his flanking and swinging, changing both his line and base of operations, his face was always toward his objective point, and his army, though often repulsed and sometimes, as at Cold Harbor and Petersburg, almost disheartened, listened in vain for an order to retreat. Such a word was nowhere to be found in his whole military vocabulary Napoleon's "*forward*," as the only answer to his chief engineer, who had reported it impossible to advance further over the seemingly impassible barriers of the snow-clad Alps, was not prompted by a stronger will or more determined purpose than constantly and unwaveringly possessed the mind of General Grant from the 4th of May, 1864, when his army made its first advance toward the Confederate capital, to the 3d of April, 1865, when a portion of the same army chased the last armed rebel out of it.

As related in the preceding chapter, nothing now remained of the dying Confederacy but the closing scenes and the funeral ceremonies.

On the evening of April 2d, our musicians were kept busy until 9 o'clock or past, for the double purpose of holding Longstreet in our front as long as possible, and at the same time preventing him from making an attack, by inducing him to believe that there were three or four times as many troops in his front as there really were. But the sound of artillery away to the south-westward, at frequent intervals the day before, where Sheridan and Warren had already commenced the final struggle, and the nearer and louder sound of Ord's, Wright's, and Parks's guns in their early morning attack of the 2d upon the enemy's lines to the left and in front of Petersburg, had sent Longstreet in that direction many hours before the musical entertainment, intended for his delusion, had commenced.

General Weitzel was watching for signs all night, and one of his staff, climbing to the top of a signal tower near his headquarters, discovered a

bright light, like the burning of a building of some kind, in what he thought to be the city of Richmond.

Just before this, and causing the observation, a deep, heavy sound was heard from the same direction, soon followed by two or three others resembling the first.

These reports were heard by many of the soldiers, beside those on picket, who, like their general, were too intensely interested in what was doing, or about to be done, to close their eyes in slumber. Among such were several officers and men of the Twelfth, who, while watching and listening, earnestly discussed the signs and sounds that had come to their eyes as well as ears — for they too had seen the light — and agreeing that the sounds were not the reports of either cannon or mortars, quickly and rightly concluded that the rebels were blowing up their gun-boats and arsenal preparatory to evacuation.

Soon everyone in camp was up, excitedly moving and eagerly questioning, as if the long roll had been beaten.

Grant, anticipating Lee's movements, had ordered an assault upon the rebel works north of the James to be made by daylight the next morning, and all, from General Weitzel to private, were intensely interested to know whether they were again to face the shot and shell of an entrenched foe, or to have the double pleasure of avoiding danger and death, and marching unopposed over deserted lines of defense into the city that had so long defied their efforts to capture.

If the reader will here pause and reflect for a single moment, he can not but imagine strongly the feelings and hopes of the soldiers on that part of the Union line at this time.

Between what they still feared and what they were beginning to hope for, was the life-wide difference, in prospect, of the peace and pleasure of home, amid their kindred and native hills, and a sad and silent home, unnumbered and unknown, in a southern grave.

By 3 o'clock, from the reports of deserters and the story of an intelligent negro who came riding into our lines in a buggy, it became quite certain that Richmond was being evacuated, and as soon as fairly light our picket line was ordered forward.

The enemy's outer line of works was quickly reached and surmounted, but no rebels, armed or unarmed, were found, and silence, save when broken by the cheers of our men, alone remained to challenge their approach.

Captain Sargent and Lieutenant Bohonon were the officers in charge of the picket detail from the Twelfth, and the latter was the first man to mount the enemy's works, but scarcely sooner than Newell Davidson, of Company G, and others who were by his side or but just behind him.

After the picket line had passed the fortifications, all semblance of marching order was lost in a race for Richmond; but who got there first will never be known, though many have claimed the honor.

But let us forget the many years that have passed since that eventful morning, making it seem at times almost like a dream, and write a while in the present tense as if we were again there.

Richmond, the long sought and fought for, is at last within our grasp. The Sevastopol of the Confederacy has fallen, and but a single act remains to close the bloody drama of the great rebellion of 1861–5. The war-worn veterans, now plainly seeing what for long and weary months and years they had been patiently toiling and anxiously looking for — the near approaching end of their privations, hardships, and sufferings in the glorious consummation of the old flag triumphant over treason, and their country saved — grasp hands, or rush into each other's arms with smiles and tears of gladness, then throw high in air their caps, and give three long and loud resounding cheers, to be taken up and echoed and re-echoed along the lines from one command to another until the whole heavens are filled with shouts of gladness and cheers of victory

Till life's last day will this day last, vivid and distinct in our memories. It makes the boys think of home and of the gladness that the glorious news will carry there; and so they catch at the first opportunity to write letters to those nearest and dearest to their hearts.

Colonel Barker writes:

I am so overjoyed with this day's success of our arms, that I can hardly keep still enough to write. The rebels being so effectually whipped yesterday in the vicinity of Petersburg that they knew they could not hold Richmond, fled precipitately last night, leaving their artillery, camp and garrison equipage, and most everything else to fall into our hands. Some of the light guns in the outer line of works were spiked, but all of the heavy ordnance was left uninjured. I do not know the number of guns that we have taken, but it is enough to say that they did not get many away

Captain Sargent and Lieutenant Bohonon were on the picket line, and consequently among the first to enter the city. Captain Sargent, as he was passing Jeff. Davis's house, halted his command and ordered three groans for the arch traitor who, by the way, left last night. Before leaving the rebels set fire to some of the public buildings and storehouses, and a great part of the city was destroyed before our soldiers could arrest the progress of the flames. Shells and torpedoes have been exploding all day, and the sound has been much like a raging battle. Thousands of people are homeless, and are, I assure you, objects of pity and sympathy.

The indignation of the citizens at the soldiers of their army for setting the city on fire is very great. They seem ready to own that they were secessionists, but are now loud in denouncing their leaders, and desire to return to their allegiance. I tell you the boys are gay. I never expect to see but two bigger days than this — one, when peace is declared, and the other, best of all, when we return to our homes. Colonel Ripley is now acting provost marshal of Richmond, but only by mistake. General Weitzel intended that General Donahoe should have that position, and sent for his brigade for provost duty; but the orderly or staff officer simply delivered the order to General Devens to send a brigade, and in the excitement Devens sent up the first brigade.

Sergeant Clarke, of Company G, while the regiment halts with its brigade a few moments on "Tree Hill," pencils off the following:

This is the greatest day I have seen yet in this war. Thank God! Richmond is ours, and the stars and stripes are now floating over the doomed city. Our brigade has not yet entered the city, but it lies before us all in flames, and there has been a continual roar of bursting shells and exploding magazines all the morning.

We are now on a hill just outside of the city, which is in full view; we passed through the outskirts of the city as we came up. We started from camp at 7 o'clock and got here at 9. We came straight up on the New Market road. I write this on a leaf of a company book of the Nineteenth Georgia, Company B.

The boys have caught a peacock and cut his tail off, and are sending pieces of his feathers home in their letters, that nearly all are engaged in writing while we are waiting here.

The rebels blew up three gun-boats on the James river just before we started, and there were two or three heavy explosions earlier in the morning, the first about 2 o'clock.

It was indeed a day for history.

To those so long residing securely within the seemingly impregnable fortifications of their capital city, that they had come to the conclusion that Lee was invincible against any and every attempt of the Yankee invaders, it was a blow as severe and crushing as it was sudden and unexpected.

Many of the citizens, as soon as they found the city was to be evacuated, made haste to gather up all that was most valuable and follow their retreating army, still hoping that all was not lost, but that Lee might save his army, and by retreating southward and uniting with the forces under General Johnson, be able to hold out for months or years longer. Though the more intelligent of them had long foreseen the dreaded inevitable fast approaching, they tried to console themselves with the hope that by foreign intervention, or a divided North, they would either gain their independence, or effect some kind of a compromise that would leave them half victors, striving and praying with the officers of their boasted Confederacy for anything rather than an unconditional surrender to our arms, and resubmission to the laws of the land, which they called and pretended to look upon as "the most abject subjugation." It was certainly a very bitter pill for the *élite* of the Southern chivalry in their long nourished pride and arrogance to swallow: and especially after such a determined struggle and great sacrifice to avoid it. But vital diseases require severe remedies. The knife of the operator must reach beyond the roots of the cancer, or the blood and suffering are all in vain.

But how little did they realize, and how hard then to have made them believe, that the night-doom of their cause would be the day-dawn of their own liberty and greatness, not only as an inseparable part of a

reunited whole, but as especially applying to and affecting their own particular states and section.

> "So blind is passion the real truth to see,
> And prone to ruin what had better be."

But there was another class who, though ignorant and degraded, could plainly see, and indeed had seen from the very commencement, as if by the eye of faith, what the end would be. It was this class that welcomed us with smiling faces and many a "God bless you," and mingled their cheers with ours as we marched through the streets of Richmond between crowded sidewalks of these dark-faced sons of unrequited toil. Long and patiently had they waited, never mistaking the issue nor doubting the result.

Nothing is more remarkable in the whole history of the war than the knowledge and corresponding action of the slaves of the South. Unable to read, and without a chance to know or hear anything but from their master's side of the conflict, they seemed, intuitively, to understand the full intent and consequence of the mad attempt to dissolve the Union from the first gun fired upon Fort Sumter, and felt it shake the shackles of their bondage. They heard it as the key-note of their redemption that was to reverberate down the ages of coming time.

"Well, Sambo, what think you of this?" asked one of the soldiers of an aged negro who stood, a picture for an artist, with a broad grin upon his ebony face, waving a big bandanna fastened to the end of his cane as the troops marched by

"'Pears though de jubilee has come at last, and de Lord be praised," responded the old patriarch.

Such was the trusty bondman's faith, and he proved it by his works when and wherever the opportunity was given him.

No soldier in blue ever asked for food or shelter from him in vain, if within his power to render or supply, even though he did so at the risk of his own life. In perfect trust and confidence the Union soldier had learned to seek aid or refuge within the hovel of the slave, for he knew he would neither be denied nor betrayed.

Surrounded by traitors he alone stood loyal, and always proved true to the stars and stripes, for which he bravely fought as soon as permitted to do so, and upon which he now looked through tears of joy as they floated triumphantly, in the bright sunlight of that April morn, over the dome of what, but an hour before, was the capitol of the slave holder's Confederacy

It was from this patriotic race that exclamations of joy and praise, varied and multifold, greeted our ears upon every side.

It would be impossible to recall them all now, but they were most interestingly amusing to the boys who heard them then. It seemed quite beyond their widest range of thought to find words to express their

gladness. "God bless you" was on almost every tongue; and no one could doubt, who saw and heard, but it came from the heart. Among their many queer and comical expressions and ejaculations, memory recalls but a very few of the most witty and unique:

"Who 's boss, now?" "We s all *black* and *blue* (referring to their own crowd and the blue uniforms of the soldiers), yer see, but 'l is n't we uns that 's beaten." "Rec'on Marsa woun't 'spect to fool us any mo e." "Yankee Doodle forever! Hurrah!" "Golly! is n't I glad I 's alive?" "Here 's what I 've prayed fo' so long. Oh, bless de Lord for eber and eber!" "But one mo'e jump to Heben!" "Blue 's de color for me, if I *am* black." "I 's a white woman now; take dis chile."

But not only were they rewarded for their faith and devotion by the sight of the old flag, which was now to them no longer a mockery but the symbol of freedom, for their joy burst out into the wildest enthusiasm when the next day the great Emancipator himself, all unexpected, rode through the streets of the city

When it became certain that it was really "Marsa Abraham" that was in their midst, there was such a rush to see and speak with him that it was almost impossible, at times, for his carriage to move. A number of bright eyed and woolly headed urchins, taking advantage of this delay, climbed upon the top of the carriage and took a peep at him over the rim, greatly to the amusement of the President.

His reception in a city which, only a day or two before, had been the headquarters and centre of the Rebellion, was most remarkable: and more resembled the triumphal return from, than an entry into the enemy's capital. Instead of the streets being silent and vacated, they were filled with men, women, and children, shouting and cheering wherever he went.

"I 'd rather see him than see Jesus," excitedly exclaims one woman, as she runs ahead of the crowd to get a full view of his benign countenance. "De kingdom's come, and de Lord is wid us," chants another. "Hallelujah!" shouts a third; and so on through a whole volume of prayers, praises, blessings, and benedictions showered down upon him, the great emancipator of a race, and the saviour of his country, thus redeemed, as he walked slowly forward with smiling face and uncovered head, greater and happier in his plain and unassuming presence than ever Persian king or Roman conqueror with all the pomp and blazonry of ill-gotten wealth and power.

From the "Rocketts," where the President, accompanied by Admiral Porter and other naval officers, landed from a gun-boat, to General Weitzel's headquarters at the late residence of Jefferson Davis, it was one triumphal march. Crowds surrounded the house and sent up cheer after cheer After the officers were presented to him, the citizens generally were allowed the high honor and glad privilege of taking his hand in theirs. He was dressed in a long, black overcoat, high silk hat, and black pants, giving to his form a very commanding appearance.

Subsequently the President and his suite, with a cavalry escort of colored troops, appeared on the square, drawn in a carriage and four, and was driven round the works. Everywhere the reception was the same — bands playing and crowds besieging the grounds, each anxious for a closer inspection of the distinguished occupant of the carriage.

It was in the chair and on the desk of the fugitive Ex-Confederate chief (for the sceptre of his command was already broken) that President Lincoln sat and wrote his famous order in relation to the reassembling of the Virginia legislature, which, though never carried out in the manner and spirit intended, showed, nevertheless, his statesmanlike wisdom, as well as that noble magnanimity which is only allied with the highest type of human greatness. No wonder that the intelligent citizens of the South, who had already learned to respect and were willing to trust him, should have so deeply regretted his untimely death.

But it was not the colored population alone that welcomed the Union troops and their great commander-in-chief into the city of Richmond. Thousands of the white citizens were glad to be again under the protection of the flag of their fathers: and some, who had been true to it from the first, keeping it safely hidden away as a sacred emblem of their loyalty, were more happy, if possible, though less demonstrative, than the negro, as they once more were allowed the privilege of spreading its bright folds to the free air of heaven.

In another letter, written a few days later, Sergeant Clarke says:

> Of all the sights I ever saw, Richmond, on the 3d of April, was the hardest. The people were literally starving. The market looked as if it had not had a pound of meat in it for years. The stores were all empty or burned, women and children begging for something to eat, and a great many old men and boys had gone into the army rather than go hungry at home. The rebel army had to be fed, if the citizens starved.

A conversation overheard by one of the regiment shows that even some of the aristocratic were not entirely blind to the scene before them and the cause of it, and were obliged to give the "Yankee devils" their due of praise for saving their property and the city, and feeding their starving families.

"Who would have thought of this? Our enemies, whom we have so long fought and hated, our saviours at last! See them doing everything they can to save our property from the flames that our own soldiers have kindled to destroy" "Yes," remarks another, both apparently belonging to the wealthy class, "not satisfied with pillaging our houses and robbing us of everything to eat, they are willing to see our homes and city devoured by the flames. But I suppose they were ordered to do so, and are but destructive tools in the hands of desperate leaders."

"So much the worse for the leaders," replies the first speaker. "The fact is, we have been blindly following such leaders altogether too long;

followed not simply like sheep to the slaughter, but like fools to this very brink of ruin upon which in poverty, humiliation, and shame we are now standing. But, thank God, my eyes are open at last, and I am heartily glad that the reign of Jeff. Davis & Co. has come to an end."

Closely akin to the sentiments thus plainly spoken is the following communication published in the "Richmond Whig" of April 4, the day after the possession of the city by our troops:

Once more through the mercy and favor of Him who is the giver of all good, we have the inexpressible joy and glorious privilege of greeting the flag of the Union. For four years we have been a down-trodden and oppressed people. Volumes could not contain or express the misery, suffering, and oppression which we have been subjected to. The darkest pages of the world's history reveal nothing that can be compared to the terrible ordeal through which we have passed. We should be grateful indeed for this token of Divine favor in delivering us from the most tyrannical and despotic government which has existed since "darkness was changed into light."

We shall now soon have the peace, prosperity, and happiness which was once ours, and enjoy the freedom and liberty which was vouchsafed us by our sires of the Revolution.

Concerning the evacuation of Richmond, the following from the pen of Capt. Clement Sulivan, an Ex-Confederate soldier, gives an interesting view of the situation during the afternoon and night before the entry of our troops: *

About 11.30 A. M., on Sunday, April 2, a strange agitation was perceptible on the streets of Richmond, and before half an hour it was known on all sides that Lee's lines had been broken below Petersburg; that he was in full retreat on Danville; that the troops covering the city at Chapin's and Drury's Bluffs were on the point of being withdrawn, and that the city was forthwith to be abandoned.

A singular security had been felt by the citizens, so that the news fell like a bomb-shell in a peaceful camp, and dismay reigned supreme.

All the Sabbath day the trains came and went, wagons, vehicles, and horsemen rumbled and dashed to and fro, and in the evening ominous groups of ruffians, more or less in liquor, began to make their appearance on the principal thoroughfares of the city. As night came on, pillage, rioting, and robbing took place. The police and a few soldiers were at hand, and, after the arrest of a few ringleaders and the more riotous of their followers, a fair degree of order was restored; but Richmond saw few sleeping eyes during the pandemonium of that night. * * * *

I was at this time assistant adjutant-general of Gen. G. W. C. Lee's division, in Ewell's corps, and was in the city on some detached duty. * * * *

Upon receipt of the news from Petersburg, I reported to General Ewell — then in the city — for instructions, and was ordered to assemble and command the local brigade, cause it to be well supplied with provisions and ammunition and await further orders. All that day and night I was engaged in this duty, but

* See Century's War Book, Vol. IV.

with small results, as the battalions melted away as fast as they were formed — mainly under orders from the heads of departments who needed all their employés in the transportation and guarding of the archives, etc., but partly, no doubt, from desertions. When morning dawned fewer than two hundred men remained under the command of Capt. Edward Mayo.

Shortly before day General Ewell rode in person to my headquarters, and informed me that Gen. G. W C. Lee's division was then crossing the pontoon at Drury's; that he would destroy it and press on to join the main army; that all the bridges over the river had been destroyed, except Mayo's, between Richmond and Manchester, and that the wagon bridge over the canal in front of Mayo's had already been burned by Union emissaries. My command was to hasten to Mayo's bridge and protect it, and the one remaining foot-bridge over the canal leading to it, until General Gary, of South Carolina, should arrive. I hurried to my command, and fifteen minutes later occupied Mayo's at the foot of Fourteenth street, and made military disposition to protect it to the last extremity.

This done, I had nothing to do but listen for sounds, and gaze upon the terrible splendor of the scene. And such a scene probably the world has seldom witnessed. Either incendiaries or fragments of bombs from the arsenals had fired several buildings, and the two cities, Richmond and Manchester, were like a blaze of day amid the surrounding darkness. Three high-arched bridges were in flames; beneath them the waters sparkled, dashed, and rushed on by the burning cities. Every now and then, as a magazine exploded, a column of white smoke rose up as high as the eye could reach, instantly followed by a deafening sound. The earth seemed to rock and tremble, as with the shock of an earthquake, and immediately afterward hundreds of shells would explode in air and send their iron spray down far below the bridge. As the immense magazines of cartridges ignited, the rattle as of thousands of muskets would follow, and then all was still for the moment, except the dull roar and crackle of the fast-spreading fires. At dawn we heard terrific explosions about "The Rocketts" from the unfinished ironclads down the river.

At daylight, on the 3d, a mob of men, women, and children to the number of several thousands had gathered at the corner of Fourteenth and Cary streets, and other outlets near the bridge, attracted by the vast commissary depot at that point; for it must be remembered, that in 1865 Richmond was a half-starved city, and the Confederate government had that morning removed its guards and abandoned the removal of the provisions which it was impossible to move for the want of transportation. The depot doors were forced open and a demoniacal struggle for the countless barrels of hams, bacon, whiskey, flour, sugar, coffee, etc., raged about the buildings among the hungry mob. The gutters ran whiskey, and it was lapped up, as it flowed down the streets, while all fought for a share of the plunder. The flames came nearer and nearer, and at last caught in the commissariat itself.

At daylight the approach of the Union forces could be plainly discerned. After a little came the clatter of horses' hoofs, galloping up Main street. My infantry guard stood to arms, and the engineer officer lighted a torch of fat pine. By direction of the Engineer Department, barrels of tar, surrounded by pine knots, had been placed at intervals on the bridge, with kerosene at hand, and a lieutenant of engineers had reported for the duty of firing them at my order.

The noisy train proved to be Gary's ambulances, sent forward preparatory to his final rush for the bridge. The muleteers galloped their animals about half-way down, when they were stopped by the dense mass of human beings. Rapidly communicating to Captain Mayo my instructions from General Ewell, I ordered that officer to stand firm at his post until Gary got up.

I then rode forward into the mob and cleared a lane, and ambulances were driven swiftly down to the bridge. I retired to my post, and the mob closed in after me and resumed its wild struggle for plunder. A few minutes later a long line of cavalry in gray turned into Fourteenth street, and, sword in hand, galloped straight down to the river. Gary had come. The mob scattered right and left before the armed horsemen, who reined up at the canal. Presently a single company of cavalry appeared in sight, and rode at a head-long speed to the bridge. "My rear-guard," exclaimed Gary. Touching his hat to me, he called out: "All over, good bye; blow her to h——l," and trotted over the bridge. This was the first and last I ever saw of General Gary, of South Carolina.

In less than sixty seconds Captain Mayo was in column of march, and as he reached the little island, about half-way across the bridge, the single piece of artillery, loaded with grape-shot, that had occupied that spot, arrived on the Manchester side of the river. The engineer officer, Dr. Lyons, and I walked leisurely to the island, setting fire to the provided combustible matter, as we passed along, and leaving the north section of the bridge wrapped in flames and smoke. At the island we stopped to take a view of the situation north of the river, and saw a line of blue-coated horsemen riding in furious haste up Main street. Across Fourteenth street they stopped and then dashed down that street to the flaming bridge. They fired a few random shots at us there on the island, and we retreated to Manchester. I ordered my command forward; the lieutenant of engineers saluted and went about his business, while my companion and myself sat on our horses for nearly a half-hour watching the occupation of Richmond. We saw another line of horsemen in blue pass up Main street, then we saw a dense column of infantry march by, seemingly without end; we heard the very walls ring with cheers as the United States forces reached Capitol square, and then we turned and slowly rode on our way.

A further description of that terrible night to the citizens of Richmond is copied from the evening edition of the "Richmond Whig," of April 6, 1865, which now, August 6, 1894, lies before the writer:

For a month past the Confederates have been evacuating the city with all the speed and means they could command, but somehow the people refused to believe that the removal meant evacuation, and all declared that the measures were only precautionary.

Matters went on in this way until last Sunday, the Confederates hurrying away every species of property, the people blindly refusing to believe that the city was to be given up, and clinging to their Confederate shinplasters as if they were things of worth.

Sunday morning General Lee telegraphed to Davis, giving an account of the general attack upon his lines, and stating that the lines had been pierced in several

places and that unless he could re-establish them, Richmond must be given up that night. His tone for the first time since the war was despondent; he said his men were not coming up to their work.

At 11 o'clock that morning he telegraphed again that all efforts to re-establish his lines had been utterly unsuccessful. Immediately began among the officials in Richmond, a scurry and panic, still the majority of the people were in the dark, and refusing to believe their eyes, remained many of them till night. The gold and silver coin belonging to the Louisiana banks, and recently appropriated by the Confederate Congress, was run down to the Danville train with hot haste. So also was the specie of the Richmond banks. * * * *

Here follows what the editor calls the "programme of departure," relative to the trains and Confederate officials, Davis departing on train at 7 P. M., and Breckinridge going on horseback with the last of the army the next morning; and also an account of the cowardly flight of Governor Smith, and the wise and timely action of the Mayor and Council in ordering the destruction of all liquors in the city, and making preparations for surrendering the city, and asking the protection of life and property by our troops:

In the meantime a saturnalia had begun in the city. About dusk the government commissaries began the destruction of an immense quantity of whiskey and brandy stored in the large building at the corner of Pearl and Cary streets. Several hundred soldiers and citizens gathered in front of the building and contrived to save much of the liquor in pitchers, bottles, and basins. This liquor was not slow in manifesting itself. The crowd quickly became a mob and began to howl. Soon other crowds collected in front of other government warehouses, and some attempts were made to distribute supplies, but so frenzied had the mob become that the officers in charge, in many cases, had to flee for their lives.

All through the night crowds of men, women, and children traversed the streets, running from one storehouse to another, loading themselves with all kinds of supplies to be thrown away immediately on something more tempting offering itself. Men could be seen rolling hogsheads of molasses, bacon, and sugar, barrels of liquor, and bushels of tea and coffee; others had wheelbarrows loaded with all manner of goods, while others again had gone into the plundering business on a large scale, and were operating with bags, furniture wagons, and drays. This work went on fast and furious until after midnight, about which time a large number of straggling Confederate soldiers made their appearance on the street, and at once set about robbing the principal stores on Main street. The scenes that then followed have been already described. There was a regular sack. * * * *

Next follows an account of General Ewell's order to fire the four principal tobacco warehouses of the city, and the vain efforts of the mayor and a committee of leading citizens to have the order revoked. Their expressions of fear that the firing of the warehouses would destroy the city were met by the reply that it was all "a cowardly pretext, trumped up on the part of the citizens to save their property for the Yankees."

The Confederate authorities, fearing civil resistance to the execution of their "barbarous work" had guarded against that by holding back "two large battalions of Southern troops, every man of whom hated Virginia and Virginians and longed for nothing more than to see the last house in the city a ruin."

Two divisions — Kershaw's and Curtis Lee's — with several small batteries were holding the lines below the city. Gradually during the night, these troops were withdrawn by brigades.

The first movements were orderly enough, but toward morning the retreat became a wild flight. It was one of the ghastliest sights of that awful night to see long lines of men flitting like unholy shades through the crowded streets, their forms made hideous by the glare of the incendiary fires that already began to glow.

The train of fugitives poured on unbroken up Main street, down Fourteenth street, until broad daylight broke upon the scene before the last one passed over the bridge already in flames. * * * *

Here nearly half a column of the paper is filled with an account of the firing of the city in many places beside the tobacco houses, and a brief description of the conflagration, ending with these words: "By 7 o'clock A. M. nearly the whole of the city south of Main street, between Eighth and Fifteenth streets, and Tenth and Twenty-third streets was one great sea of flames."

It was part of the programme that Gary's cavalry should be the last Confederate troops to leave the lines below Richmond. They were to come stealthily upon the city about daylight, catch up all stragglers and citizens they could lay hold on, and hurry them off with the army. This part of the plan was frustrated by the rapid advance of the Union forces.

Gary passed up Main street not five minutes ahead of the Union column, and so far from dragging off others he barely saved himself. Mayo's bridge and the Danville were then all of a blaze. Gary crossed the dock by the bridge at the southern terminus of Seventeenth street, and then set fire to the structure.

Two citizens, William J. Brown and Robert Allen, chancing to be in the neighborhood, rushed to the bridge and extinguished the flames before they had gained headway. While so engaged, they were fired upon by Gary's men, but fortunately neither of them was struck. Gary then sped away over Mayo's bridge which was burning from end to end, and almost on the point of falling in. * * * *

The editor then refers to the approach, entry, and good work of our troops in putting out the fires and restoring order and confidence, and concludes as follows:

Truly the ways of Providence are inscrutable.

The burning of our goodly city would seem at first glance an unmitigated evil. But there is another view to be taken of it. It has had one good effect. If

there lingered in the hearts of any of our people one spark of affection for the Davis dynasty, their ruthless, useless, wanton handing over to the flames their fair city, their homes and altars, has extinguished it forever.

There has been much written, and a long dispute upon the question of what troops first entered the city of Richmond after its evacuation by the rebel forces.

The historian of the Thirteenth New Hampshire Volunteers devotes several pages in answer to this question, claiming a large share of the credit and honor for that regiment. Now, while we would much quicker add as many pages more in praise of its brave record, than detract one single sentence from its just deserts, the stern demand of duty made upon everyone who assumes the grave responsibility of truthfully representing the past for the instruction and guidance of the future, without fear or favor of the living, and in full justice to the dead, requires us to kindly suggest to the author of that very well written and interesting work, that in his very laudable desire to give his regiment full credit for everything that can in any way ennoble its record, he may have assumed some things as facts because stated to him as such, without sufficiently examining the evidence *pro* and *con*.

Maj. Gen. Godfrey Weitzel, who was then in command of all the Union forces around Richmond, north of the James, in a letter written by him and published in the "Philadelphia Weekly Times" of August 27, 1881, says:

At the same time I directed my senior aide-de-camp, Maj. Emmons E. Graves, and my provost marshal, Maj. Atherton H. Stevens, Jr., to take a detachment of about forty men from two companies of the Fourth Massachusetts Cavalry, attached to my headquarters, and as soon as they could possibly get through the rebel lines to advance toward Richmond on a reconnoissance. I then telegraphed the state of affairs north of the James to Generals Grant and Hortsuff. As soon as I could see, I passed through Kautz's lines and the rebel lines in his front with my staff and orderlies. We then rode along the Osborne pike, and when we arrived at its junction with the New Market road we saw Devens's division coming up, marching rapidly. Upon looking to the rear we saw Kautz's division coming up the pike at a similar gait. I afterward understood that the two columns met here, and that Devens claimed the pike by virtue of seniority in rank, and that Kautz yielded it on that account, but struck out straight across the fields. When we entered Richmond we found ourselves in a perfect pandemonium. Fires and explosions in all directions, whites and blacks either drunk or in the highest state of excitement, running to and fro on the streets, apparently engaged in pillage, or in saving some of their scanty effects from the fire. It was a yelling, howling mob. Major Graves had reconnoitered up to the Capitol square in the city. Outside the city he had been met by Mayor Mayo and others of Richmond, and received its surrender.

When the mob saw my staff and myself, they rushed around us, hugged and kissed our legs and horses, shouting "Hallelujah!" and "Glory!" I escaped

considerable of this disagreeable infliction by an amusing circumstance. Maj. William V Hutchings, of Roxbury, Mass., rode by my side. He was dressed in full uniform, except epaulettes, and had the regulation equipments, etc., on his horse. He had quite a venerable and handsome appearance. I was in undress uniform. The mob naturally supposed Hutchings to be the general, and he received the bulk of kisses and attentions. Colonel Adams asked, as a special favor, to be allowed to march his regiment through the city, and I granted it. I was told that this fine regiment of colored men made a very great impression on those citizens who saw it. * * * *

There was some dispute as to which troops first entered Richmond, white or colored. Majors Graves and Stevens, with the forty or more men of the Fourth Massachusetts Cavalry, were the first to enter. Then there was some dispute as to the first flag hoisted over Richmond after its capture. This detachment of Massachusetts cavalry had two guidons with it. These guidons were raised first — one at each end of the Capitol building — and were, therefore, the first United States colors raised. General Shepley had the first flag raised in New Orleans after its capture with him, and an aide-de-camp on his staff, Lieutenant DePeyster, carried it into Richmond, under his uniform, and hoisted it over the Capitol, upon the large flag-staff. This was, therefore, the first real American flag which was displayed.

Supplementary to the foregoing statement of General Weitzel, is the testimony of Thomas Thatcher Graves, of Danielsonville, Conn., who was also an aide-de-camp to General Weitzel at that time. In a letter to the "Boston Globe," dated April 26, 1885, after referring to and quoting from Weitzel's letter, he very pertinently adds:

This testimony from the general commanding the forces at the fall of Richmond ought to forever settle the question as to what troops first entered the city and who first raised the flag.

Upon arriving at the Capitol grounds I saw the guidons upon the top of the roof of the State Capitol, and Messrs. Graves and Stevens reported to General Weitzel that they were fired upon from a distance by the mob when they went out upon the roof to plant the guidons. It was a bold and plucky thing to do; and never has been sufficiently recognized. These two men, guarded by only forty cavalrymen, went alone out onto the top of the Capitol, hauled down the rebel flag, and hoisted those flags in the face of a drunken, howling mob of soldiers, in the heart of a city, around which a million of men had fought for the possession for four years.

Lieutenant Peyster did not go upon the roof until our troops had been in possession for some time and the guidons of the Fourth Massachusetts Cavalry had floated in full view for a number of hours. If the regiment has those guidons now in their possession, they ought to be framed in gold.

Cumulative evidence from many might be adduced, if necessary, in corroboration of what has already been given, but we will only refer to that of the celebrated war correspondent, C. C. Coffin, who, over the signature of "Carleton," wrote so vividly and accurately of what he saw and

heard as to make himself famous on both sides of the Atlantic. In his correspondence for the "Boston Journal" will be found a substantial confirmation of what has just been written upon the subject.

The next troops and first infantry to enter the city were doubtlessly the picket line of the Second Division of the Twenty-fourth Corps, commanded by General Devens; but whether the First or Second Brigade had the lead is not so certain.

Until the publication of the history of the Thirteenth Regiment it had been understood and generally conceded that the pickets of the Second Brigade were first in the city after the cavalry But it is claimed by the author of that work that not only was the First Brigade, with that regiment at the head of the column, foremost on the march toward and into the rebel capital, but that their pickets were ahead in the chase for the same coveted goal, and the first to reach the Capitol itself, before any Union flag or guidon had been raised thereon.

Allowing all this to be correct would be to ignore the protests and remonstrances of hundreds, living and dead, many of whom were witnesses to, or actual participants in, those exciting scenes, including the chief actor, General Weitzel himself.

Capt. Warren M. Kelley, of the Tenth New Hampshire Regiment, who is now living at Martin's Ferry, N. H., was in command of the picket-line of the Second Brigade on that eventful day; and from his statement, taken in connection with that of Lieut. Royal B. Prescott, of the Thirteenth New Hampshire, who was at that time senior officer, as he claims, in charge of the picket line of the First Brigade, and whose statement at large is given in the history of his regiment, as the principal authority for the claim of priority therein set up, it appears quite evident that the former must have led the first infantry troops of the Union army into the capital of the Southern Confederacy

If this conclusion be correct, as, viewed in the light of many other reliable sources, it seems to be, then should Captain Kelley, and the officers and men under him, have all the honor that belongs to them.

In reply to a letter written him by the author a few years ago, Captain Kelly responded as follows:

> At your request I submit the following, not from memory alone, but from history made at the time, and printed in the Richmond daily papers.
>
> April 2, 1865, I was in command of the Tenth New Hampshire Volunteers, then encamped on Chapin's Farm, near Fort Harrison, Va. On this date I was detailed to command the picket-line of the Second Brigade, Third Division, Twenty-fourth Army Corps; and while on duty as such, at or near midnight, I received an order from General Devens, commanding the division, to advance my line of pickets at early daylight against the rebel works.
>
> I immediately rode along the picket-line and gave the order as I received it. Early daylight was near 4 o'clock at that time of year in Virginia. We had seen the rebel picket fires during the night, showing them still at their posts, but the boys, all old veterans, were ready to obey the order.

We held nearly one half-mile of line along the rebel front, and as we advanced toward the enemy's pickets, we saw in the direction of Richmond, a light, and heard a rumbling sound. As we came near the rebel line, their fires were still burning, but no soldiers could be seen around or near them. We soon came to their breastworks, and Fort Gilmer, which was near the centre of our line, but found all vacated by the rebels, who had left their tents and cannon behind them, and everything indicated a hasty retreat.

From here we marched rapidly on, the boys all eager to gain the rebel capital, about seven miles distant, as soon as possible. We met with no opposition nor received any orders from any one. The first soldiers I saw were a colored guard coming up in our rear, that belonged to General Weitzel's command. At this point we entered the main road, and I called my men from skirmish line to column of fours. We soon neared the outskirts of the city, and entered it near where two roads crossed, marching through what was called "The Rocketts," which seemed to be a kind of landing place for rebel gun-boats and other craft. From this place we saw in the distance some negroes unrolling something. As we neared them, we saw it was an old United States flag. I brought my command to a halt, which was the first I had made since we started.

I had about two hundred men when I gave the order to advance, but nearly fifty had fallen out, as we marched nearly half the way on a "double-quick." I requested the negroes to go upon the top of the building, which had a flat roof, and raise the old flag, which they immediately did. I then commanded my men to give the flag three cheers, which being done with a will, we marched on, going up Main street, passing the State House and grounds.

During our march into Richmond we saw no Union soldiers, except two or three cavalrymen, riding at will, and under no command; and we saw no rebel soldiers, except non-combatants, in rebel uniform, but unarmed.

While marching up Main street, I enquired where Jeff. Davis lived, and was told by some of the colored population, who thronged our way, that "Marsa Davis" lived quite a distance beyond the State House. Upon arriving in front of his residence, I at once detailed an officer and men to enter the house, and make a report of what they found there. After a quick inspection, they reported that no valuables could be found, but that everything else remained seemingly just as he had hurriedly left them. I then, in company with some of the officers of the line, entered the building, and found the report true. A few servants had been left there in charge.

While my command was standing there in line, I received orders from Devens to patrol the streets of the city until relieved by other troops.

To the question that may arise about the time my line entered Richmond, you can judge something by the distance and rapid march thither. I do not propose to rob any other soldiers of the honor of entering the rebel capital before the picket-line that I happened to command, if they can establish their claim against us upon any evidence that will bear investigation.

The regiments represented in my command were the Tenth and Twelfth New Hampshire, Ninety-sixth and One Hundred and Eighteenth New York, Fifth Maryland, and Ninth Vermont; and the different states from which these soldiers enlisted can all claim an equal share of whatever credit and honor that belongs to them for being the first troops, except a few cavalrymen, to enter the city of Richmond after its evacuation.

I have written this statement at the request of a historian, and I subscribe to it as only a brief part of what may be truthfully recorded concerning the subject to which it especially refers.

Lieutenant Prescott, of the Thirteenth Regiment, already referred to, who claims that he was in command of the picket line of the First Brigade; that his men were the first Union troops to enter Richmond; and whose statement the historian of his regiment seems to accept as true, is very evidently mistaken; first in the extent of his command, and second in supposing that his men were in advance of all others, not excepting even the cavalry He might have been, and probably was in command of the picket detail from his own regiment, instead of the whole brigade line. And this is the only reasonable view that can be taken when we consider that an officer of no higher rank than a lieutenant would not have been selected as commanding officer of a brigade picket line, and especially where so much was pending, and the picket force such an important factor in the great and difficult problem to be solved; for it was a thing very seldom done, even when there was nothing of any special interest or importance likely to occur. And this view becomes clearer and more satisfactory when it appears from the editorial statement of Henry A. Pollard in the "Richmond Times," of April 28, 1865, as quoted in support of his claim* that Lieutenant Prescott, from whom the editor most unmistakably got his information, had only *about thirty men* in his command.

Pollard's exact words are here given:

> Lieutenant Keener with about thirty men here [just before entering the city] joined Lieutenant Prescott's squad, which numbered about the same.

Prescott himself says in his statement that:

> Soon after halting here we were joined by Lieut. David S. Keener, of the Fifth Maryland, and a small squad of his men. They had come up from some point still further to the left than we had been, between my picket line and the James. His men joined mine, making in all a company of about sixty or seventy men.

Now, to put the most favorable construction upon the foregoing statements that they will admit of, it leaves less than fifty men as the whole number of pickets belonging to the First Brigade!

To every old soldier this alone would be conclusive evidence of a grave mistake somewhere, and fatal to any claim that might rest to any considerable extent upon it.

But the windows of light and truth open still wider when it becomes known that Lieutenant Keener was an officer of the picket line of the Second Brigade, and his squad falling in the rear, because, being on the extreme right, it had further to go, he was ordered by Captain Kelly, in

* See History of the Thirteenth Regiment, page 564.

command of the picket line of that brigade, to bring up the rear as fast as possible and pick up any stragglers he might come across who had been obliged to fall out because of the rapid advance.

Captain Kelly, in refutation of Lieutenant Prescott's claim of leading the first organized troops into Richmond, in a statement written for and published in the "Manchester Union" a few years ago, says:

> Lieutenant Keener belonged to the Fifth Maryland Volunteers, and was detailed for the skirmish line * of the Second Brigade, and was left behind to pick up stragglers from that command; so it is very evident that Lieutenant Prescott was in the rear of the Second Brigade skirmishers * when he joined the skirmishers * of the First Brigade.

It also appears in the Captain's statement that the pickets of the Second Brigade whom he commanded, and which was about the same size of the First Brigade, numbered nearly or quite two hundred men from which he concludes as every old soldier must, "that Lieutenant Prescott's men must have been the detail of his regiment, instead of the First Brigade in full."

Now when it is considered that the pickets of the Second Brigade were nearer Richmond than those of the First Brigade, and that the former moved first, acting upon the orders of the night before, while the latter awaited the orders of Colonel Bamberger, division officer of the day, which were not given, according to Lieutenant Prescott's account, until after 4.30 in the morning; that the picket line of the First Brigade halted two or three times and waited for some time *en route*, and yet saw nothing of the picket line of the Second Brigade, except a small squad left behind, and that the main line of this brigade picket never halted at all until it entered the city, there is no ground left for any other conclusion, than that the pickets of the Second Brigade, Third Division, Twenty-fourth Corps were the first infantry troops of the Union army to enter the city of Richmond after its evacuation. And the correctness of this conclusion is supported by statements made in the "Richmond Whig," including both the daily issues of the 4th and 5th of April, 1865, from one of which is taken the following:

> Captain Warren M. Kelley, Tenth New Hampshire Volunteers, was in command of the skirmish line † of the Second Brigade, commanded by Gen. M. T Donohoe, Third Division, Twenty-fourth Army Corps, which was the first organized body of troops to enter the city, under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Bamberger, Fifth Maryland Volunteers, division officer of the day. * * * * Capt. H. Q. Sargent, Twelfth New Hampshire Volunteers, was in command of the left wing of the skirmish line.† * * * *
>
> Captain Kelley advanced his line of skirmishers * through several streets of the city, and halted in front of Jeff. Davis's mansion, and by the direction of the staff officers, above mentioned, divided his command into squads and patroled the city until relieved by other troops.

* Pickets are the troops referred to. † Picket line is meant.

And to put the matter beyond all reasonable doubt it need only be mentioned that Lieutenant Prescott acknowledges that "upon the crest of the high land known as 'Tree Hill'—very near Richmond—we rested a few minutes": that "soon after halting here we were joined by Lieutenant Keener": and that he halted again at "Gillie's Creek, stacked arms and the tired men threw themselves down upon the ground to rest," and remained there, because stopped by three cavalrymen, as he says, until General Weitzel came up, which must have been for nearly half an hour or more; and yet he makes no mention of having seen anything of the pickets of the Second Brigade, except the "small squad" under Lieutenant Keener, either upon his flank or in his rear. In fact he says he did not see any other Union soldiers except General Weitzel and staff and the three cavalrymen.

Where, during all this time, were the other pickets of the Second Brigade? If behind, is it possible that they could be so far in the rear as not to be in sight, even from "Free Hill" that gave a clear view of both the Newmarket and Osburn roads, which unite near there, for a long distance back? This, as a *reductio ad absurdum*, seems to settle the whole matter.

In this connection the morning experience and exercise of some of the Twelfth boys in the grand race for "Dixie Town" may give a relish to this historic hash, as it may be called, for the reader will surely think it a mixed up mess as it really was at that time, still is, and will always remain.

And from Prescott, the "Royal," of the Thirteenth, we will now turn our attention for a while to Capt. John H. Prescott, of the Twelfth.

He was at that time—but we will let him tell his own story

On the night Richmond fell I was brigade officer of the day. As such I was making my "grand round" about 3.30 in the morning, and, upon arriving at that portion of the brigade picket line held by the Twelfth, boom! boom! boom! came the sounds from up toward Richmond. There were three loud explosions. We knew the rebels were blowing up something, and that it probably meant evacuation. I at once ordered the pickets, not on post, to be up and ready to march at once. Capt. H. Q. Sargent was in charge of the Twelfth boys there, and he with alacrity went to work, while I rode along the rest of the brigade line and gave the same orders and returned to our regiment front. Just as I got there, up rode an aide from division headquarters, and gave the order to move forward at once. Our pickets had been going on picket for some time with knapsacks all ready for a move, and now they were quickly slung and the boys started out. I put spurs to my horse, and in a twinkling was at brigade headquarters. I told General Donohoe that the pickets had started, and asked leave to return and go along with them. This was refused.

The troops got off as soon as possible. They found no enemy in front anywhere. Just as fast as abatis lines could be cleared away, ditches crossed, and parapets cleared, they went on. Our brigade, after passing over the inner line of works, struck a road leading to Richmond, and pushed forward. As we

approached the city we found other roads leading into ours, with other troops hurrying toward the same destination, and a race commenced to see who should get there first. Knapsacks, haversacks, blankets, and everything to impede their motion were thrown away

Our brigde — the Second — got at the junction of the roads first, but our right of way was only given to those who actually held it in advance, and soon officers and men of different commands were more or less intermixed. It was "on to Richmond" sure now. Our brigade got into the city first of all infantry troops, save only the picket lines. General Weitzel and some cavalry were ahead of us.

As soon as I got away a little from General Donohoe, I let out my horse and left him and his command behind. Clouds of smoke were rising in the city. As I went on I could see much of it on fire. Meeting negroes I inquired for Libby prison, and being shown the way, I went to it direct. It was empty. No Yankee or rebel soldier was there. I went all over it. Soon others came. I looked for something to capture as a souvenir, but everything was so filthy I feared to touch it. I could find nothing till, walking by the corner nearest the basement door, I saw a key lying upon the ground. I picked it up. It was not rusty, but bright as if in use. I went back to the door and found the key would lock and unlock it readily I said, "This is the key to Libby prison," and believing it such, I kept it and have it now I have no doubt about its being the one the rebels used. I next pushed on to the capitol building, where I found the brigade headquarters and soldiers, many I then went to Jeff. Davis's house. These premises were crowded. I saw the table, chairs, demijohn, decanter, and glasses as last used by that traitor before he evacuated. A guard was soon put on, and all the soldiers, and officers as well, were now called to put out the fire. We all responded readily, though some less willingly, and after a hard struggle succeeded in stopping the fast devouring flames; and so the Yankee army saved from ashes the homes and property of the great city that the rebels themselves had tried to destroy. The citizens acknowledged this, and were very thankful for it.

Let this be recorded as a matter of history that the "northern vandals," as they had called us, proved more merciful to them than their own soldiers.

Capt. Hosea Q. Sargent who, though wearing the same insignia of rank as Captain Kelley, was really second in command of the brigade picket line by date of commission, and who, as above stated in the extract from the city daily, commanded the left wing of that line, in confirmation of the claim of Captain Kelley and the statement of the editor, says:

We arrived in the city of Richmond about 8 o'clock on the morning of April 3, thoroughly exhausted, yet our hearts beat high with exultation and triumph. I am certain that the part of the picket line of which I was in command was the first infantry in the city, and the first troops of any kind, except a squad of the Fourth Massachusetts Cavalry, to whom the mayor and council surrendered about thirty minutes before we reached the place.

Corporal Newell Davidson, of Company G, was one of the fleet-footed racers from the Twelfth who were on the picket line on the night of the

2d, and he is still living at Plymouth, N. H. He was one of the first to mount the enemy's works, and as soon as he found that there was a better chance for a race than a fight, he stripped himself of everything above his feet but his shirt and pants, and being almost as swift as a deer, soon outran all the rest, and found himself alone, so far as his comrades were concerned, among the citizens of Richmond.

Learning from other members of his company that he was, as they believed, the first man of the picket line to reach the city, he was written to by the author, and here is his reply:

I believe I was the first live man, wearing the blue, to enter Richmond on the morning of its capture, but of course I cannot prove it. If I am correct, and there are some still living — Sergeant Clarke for one — who will testify in my favor, then was the "Old Twelfth" represented there ahead of any other regiment. I ran all the way to get there ahead of the rest, and I could run some at that time. I went up Main street all alone, but citizens, black and white, were on the street, with now and then one in rebel uniform, but unarmed so far as I saw. I began to wish that some of my comrades were with me, for I did not feel quite safe; but every one seemed to be too busy caring for his own or plundering from some one else to take much notice of me. The city was on fire in several places, and from this cause, and the expectation that our army was coming, the whole population seemed wild with excitement. I got a little boy to show me Jeff. Davis's house, and I think I was the first Union soldier to enter it. Jeff. himself had skipped, but some of his servants remained. He had evidently left in a hurry. I then went to the State Capitol building. There were none of our colors flying there then, or anywhere else in Richmond, that I remember of seeing, and I should remember it if there had been. Among other incidents that come back to my memory is this:

There was a young girl at the state house square, standing guard over her uncle's goods that they were bringing from his house, near the fire. She told me that she came from New York to visit her uncle, and the war breaking out she could not get back home. She gave me two or three presents for remaining with her for a while, for she was much frightened, and no wonder, at the scene around her, and feared that some of the lawless ones would steal the goods left in her charge.

Among the things she gave me was a canteen full of "apple jack." She told me not to take any from the old rebel residents as they might put poison in it.

She said that most of the citizens were very bitter against the northern soldiers, but there were many who in their hearts would welcome us into the city.

She was young and handsome, and looked up so wishfully, when she saw that I was a Union soldier, that I could not help speaking to her. She said that I was the first blue-clad soldier she had seen that morning.

When I left, after some of her folks had joined her, she gave me a box of fine combs, a pack of cards, and a gold ring. The ring I wore until I broke it a few years ago. I only wish I knew her name and address, if living, for I could then prove what I have written about my being the first Union soldier she had seen.

I was in Richmond a long time, as it seemed to me, before I saw a soldier wearing the same uniform as myself, but I should have been glad to have met

such, for I confess I felt a little skittish. But I know of course that it could not have been much more than half an hour before the rest of my picket line reached the city, for they came on the "double-quick" most or all of the way

Now, in conclusion, I want to tell you what I know, that the pickets of our brigade — the Second — were the first to enter the rebel capital, any claim or talk to the contrary notwithstanding. There are many others beside myself who still live to back me up in this statement, and if there were not, there would be no doubt about it in my own mind, for I was there in season to see for myself, and "*know whereof I affirm.*"

In addition to what has already been written about the capture and occupation of Richmond by the Union forces, the account given by Thomas Thatcher Graves, then aide to General Weitzel, and previously referred to in this chapter, is in part quoted here, as better worth the time and attention of the readers than any effort of the author, concerning the interesting subjects of which he writes.

After referring to the position and extent of the line held by the Army of the James in the spring of 1865, and its early start for Richmond on the morning of April 3, he continues:

As we approached the line of defenses we saw in the distance divisions of our troops, many of them upon the "double-quick," aiming to be the first in the city; a white and a colored division were having a regular race, the white troops on the turnpike, and the colored in the fields. As we neared the city the fires seemed to increase in number and size, and at intervals loud explosions were heard. On entering we found Capitol Square covered with people who had fled there to escape the fire, and who were utterly worn out with fatigue and fright. Details were at once made to scour the city and press into the service every able-bodied man, white or black, and make them assist in extinguishing the flames. General Deven's division marched into the city, stacked arms and went to work. Parson's engineer company assisted by blowing up houses to check the advance of the flames, as about every engine was destroyed or rendered useless by the mob. In this manner the fire was extinguished, and perfect order restored in an incredibly short time after we occupied the city.

There was absolutely no plundering upon the part of our soldiers. Orders were issued forbidding anything to be taken without remuneration, and no complaints were made of any infringement of these orders.

Gen. G. F Shepley was placed on duty as military governor. He had occupied a similar position in New Orleans, after its capture in 1862, and was eminently fitted for it by education and experience.

As we entered the suburbs the General ordered me to take half a dozen cavalrymen and go to Libby prison, for our thoughts were upon the wretched men whom we supposed were still confined within its walls. It was very early in the morning, and we were the first Union troops to arrive before Libby Not a guard, not an inmate remained; the doors were wide open, and only a few negroes greeted us with, "Dey 's all done gone, marsa!"

The next day after our entry into the city, on passing out from Clay street, from Jefferson Davis's house, I saw a crowd coming along, headed by President

Lincoln, who was walking with his usual long careless stride, looking about with an interested air and taking in everything. Upon my saluting, he said: "Is it far to President Davis s house?" I accompanied him to the house which was occupied by General Weitzel as his headquarters. The President had arrived at about 9 o'clock at the landing called "Rocketts" upon Admiral Porter's flagship, the "Malvern," and as soon as the boat was made fast, without ceremony, he walked ashore and started off up town. As soon as Admiral Porter was informed of it, he ordered a guard of marines to follow as escort; but in the walk of about two miles they never saw him, and he was directed by negroes.

At the Davis house he was shown into the reception room, with the remark that the housekeeper had said that that room was President Davis's office. As he seated himself he said: "This must have been President Davis's chair," and, crossing his legs, he looked far off with a serious, dreamy expression. At length he asked me if the housekeeper was in the house. Upon learning that she had left, he jumped up and said in a boyish manner: "Come, let us look at the house." We went pretty much all over it. I retailed all that the housekeeper had told me, and he seemed interested in everything. As we came down the staircase, General Weitzel came in breathless haste, and at once President Lincoln's face lost its boyish expression, as he recalled that *duty* must be resumed. Soon afterwards Judge Campbell, General Anderson (Confederates), and others called and asked for an interview with the President. It was granted, and took place in the parlor, with closed doors. I accompanied President Lincoln and General Weitzel to Libby prison and Castle Thunder, and heard General Weitzel ask the President what he (General Weitzel) should do in regard to the conquered people. President Lincoln replied that he did not wish to give any orders on that subject, but, as he expressed it, "If I were in your place I'd let 'em up easy, let 'em up easy."

A few days after our entry General Lee surrendered, and early one morning we learned that he had just arrived at his house in the city. General Weitzel called me into a private room, and taking out a large, well filled pocket-book, said: "Go to General Lee's house, find Fitzhugh Lee and say to him that his old West Point chum, Godfrey Weitzel, wishes to know if he needs anything, and urges him to take what he may need from that pocket-book." Upon reaching General Lee's house I knocked, and Gen. Fitzhugh Lee came to the door. He was dressed in a Confederate uniform. Upon my introducing myself, he asked me in, showing me into a parlor with double or folding doors, explaining that the servants had not yet returned. He was so overcome by Weitzel's message that for a moment he was obliged to walk to the other end of the room. He excused himself, and passed into an inner room, where I noticed Gen. Robert E. Lee sitting with a tired, worn expression upon his face. Fitzhugh Lee knelt beside his General, as he sat leaning over, and placed a hand upon his knee. After a few moments he came back, and in a most dignified and courteous manner sent his love to General Weitzel, and assured him that he did not require any loan of money, but, if it would be entirely proper for General Weitzel to issue a pass for some ladies of General Lee's household to return to the city, it would be esteemed a favor; but he impressed me to state, that if this would embarrass his friend in any way, on no account would they request the

favor. It is needless to state that the ladies were back in the house as soon as possible.

As bearing close relation to the last part of the foregoing, a foot-note thereto will be given:

As one of our aides was riding through the streets, engaged in gathering together the able-bodied men to assist in extinguishing the fire, he was hailed by a servant in front of a house towards which the fire seemed to be moving. The servant told him that his mistress wished to speak with him. He dismounted and entered the house, and was met by a lady who stated that her mother was an invalid, confined to her bed, and as the fire seemed to be approaching, she asked for assistance. Subsequent conversation developed the fact that the invalid was no other than the wife of Gen. R. E. Lee, and the lady who addressed the aide, was her daughter, Miss Lee. An ambulance was furnished by Col. E. H. Ripley, of the Ninth Vermont, and a corporal and two men guarded them until all danger was over.

Richmond, when captured, was a starving city, and one of the first things that demanded the attention of the military authority, after extinguishing the flames and restoring order, was the feeding of the citizens, rich and poor, white and black. A hungry stomach is a powerful pleader, and will have its urgent demand satisfied, regardless of pride, hatred, anger, or prejudice. And hence some of the richest and proudest of that aristocratic centre of southern chivalry were obliged to beg of those whom they most strongly despised and bitterly hated, or starve.

It was to them a most distressing alternative, and the choice they were obliged to make humiliating indeed. For women, dressed in silks and wearing costly jewelry, to be obliged to welcome to their homes Union officers, whom at heart they really detested, that they might procure through them meat and flour enough for the servants to cook to feed both themselves and their hated Yankee boarders, was a strange but not uncommon thing.

Several officers of the Twelfth found board and lodging in just such families, but dreamed not of their destitution until made known to them by painful necessity. All the male members of such families, able to carry a sword or a gun, were of course in the rebel army, and the fear of being molested, as they claimed, by our soldiers — they really had much more fear of their own former slaves and plundering citizens — was another reason for tolerating the poluting presence of our officers.

But many of these southern born and bred ladies soon found that not all of the Yankees were thieves and villians, but that some of them, at least, were as kind as they were keen, and not entirely void of good manners. Many individual illustrations of this might here be given, and as many Richmond ladies, if living, would willingly testify thereto.

So deeply bitter was the hatred of some of these boarding mistresses toward the northern soldiers that fears were entertained and expressed

that they might poison them, but no such a suspicion was ever realized, and it is but giving such charity as we would receive to say, that if such a thing was ever seriously thought of, something more Christian-like than fear prompted a restraining influence.

One of the chief objects of interest to the northern soldier, to be found in Richmond, was Libby prison. As understood by the writer, its doors were first opened by the company of the Fourth Massachusetts Cavalry, who have the honor of being the first Federal troops to enter the city.

If it was a day of joy and gladness to the deliverers, how much more so it must have been to the delivered. From filth, starvation, torture, and death to step, all unexpectedly, into the pure, free air of unrestricted freedom, and that, too, by the final success of the great cause for which, on the field and in prison, they had so long fought and suffered, was such a glory of gladness as seldom fills the heart of suffering humanity It must have come to them like an angel's visit in a heavenly vision.

Quite an excavation was found under the building, which led some to believe that the report of its being mined, and all ready to blow up at one time during the war, when the rescue of its inmates was strongly threatened by Sheridan's cavalry, was probably true.

But however it may have been as a matter of fact, there is no denying that the cruel and inhuman treatment of our soldiers in this and other southern prisons fully justified one in believing the report.

But while we execrate the Confederate authorities for their barbarous and heartless treatment of the unfortunate inmates of Libby, Raleigh, Salisbury, and Andersonville, let it not be forgotten that our own government, acting under the wish and advice of General Grant, who strongly disfavored an exchange of prisoners, is far from being blameless.

Truth, plain and unvarnished, here leaves a record of history that every manly-hearted American must read in sorrow and in shame; for he who suffers wrong, having both the privilege and the power to avoid the same, is nearly, if not quite, as guilty as he who perpetrates it.

Prompted more, as it seems, by measures of policy than feelings of humanity, the Confederate government made strong and persistent efforts during the last of the war to effect an exchange of prisoners; and the Federal authorities, only too well knowing the terrible suffering of their own soldiers confined in the death-pens of the South, acting upon the same principle, or rather want of principle, as the rebels, refused with equal persistency to consent to any exchange.

The South wanted just what the exchange would have given them — more of their own men to fight and less of ours to feed; while the North, looking at it as a bad trade, was content with just the reverse.

As a last appeal, a delegation from the prisoners at Andersonville was sent to plead their cause before the authorities at Washington. But this even proved of no avail.

It is said that President Lincoln refused to see them, but it is much

more probable that they were not allowed the privilege of seeing him by those of authority who stood between; for he was not the man to close his ears to the cries of mercy and pity, especially when heard from those waiting at his own threshold.

Grant and Stanton by their obstinate refusal to make or allow any exchange of prisoners assumed "a fearful responsibility for the many thousands of lives thus sacrificed by the most cruel forms of death from cold, starvation, and pestilence in the prison pens of Raleigh and Andersonville, being more than all the British soldiers killed in the wars of Napoleon." *

They may have been honestly patriotic in taking the course they did, but a short personal experience in Andersonville would soon have revealed things to them in a far different light.

Though the doors of Libby prison swung quickly open for the egress of its inmates then and there confined, they were very soon closed again, but upon men who wore the gray instead of the blue.

And some who had jeered, insulted, and threatened the Union soldiers imprisoned there, had their tables so completely overturned as to find themselves in the same brick box. And one day, after this sudden exchange, while some of the Twelfth boys were on duty near by, there came along a member of another regiment, who, as he said, had lost a brother from starvation within its walls. No one who heard ever could forget the mad torrent of accusation and malediction that he poured upon those now obliged to listen behind the same grates that had confined his brother. The longer he talked the madder he grew, until his threats of vengeance he apparently intended to, and doubtlessly would, have executed with the musket that he had with him, as some thought, for that very purpose, had not others interfered and succeeded at last in persuading him to desist and go away

Veterans of the Twelfth will also remember the large bloodhound, "Nero," that had been kept at the prison, and that was too brave to imitate the example of many of the citizens and run away at the approach of the Yankees.

This dog is supposed to be the same that confronted Thompson and Bacheler on the night of their escape as related in a subsequent chapter.

After the war he was taken north and exhibited in some of our large cities.

Reference to this reminds the writer of another dog, but of Union proclivities, that belonging to or staying with one of the regiments of the Second Brigade, was on the picket line the morning of the capture of Richmond, and was blown to pieces by a torpedo when going over the enemy's works. He did not know the meaning of the little red flags, or strips of red cloth, that had been stuck up by those who planted the torpedoes for their own safety, and forgot in their hasty retreat to pull them down; nor did he any better understand the warning words of his human

* General Butler's report before the Congressional Committee

companions as they shouted to each other: *Look out for the torpedoes there! Be careful how you step, and keep away from the little red flags!*

The same torpedo whose explosion killed the dog is said to have wounded a man in the Fifth Maryland Regiment, and that was all the damage done by the many torpedoes around and between which the men quickly and safely picked their way on their first trip to Richmond.

As soon as the excitement and enthusiasm of taking the rebel citadel had subsided a little, the soldiers became greatly interested in what Grant and his corps commanders were doing to cut off Lee's retreat. There were fears that what was left of the rebel "Army of Northern Virginia," would elude the pursuit of our forces, and, escaping into some mountain region of the south, might be able with the assistance of Johnson's army, to prolong the war into a full realization of what was Lee's only hope and Grant's only fear

And so, when on the evening of the 9th the joyful news came to the troops in Richmond that Lee's whole army were prisoners of war, and that "Unconditional Surrender" Grant was boss of not only the situation, but the whole rebel crew who had stacked arms for the last time at Appomattox, all were wild with delight. They knew that the surrender of Lee was the end of the Rebellion, and that they would soon be allowed to go home, for their work was accomplished.

Of course the great loyal heart of the North leaped with joy at the bright cheering prospect of peace, and even the small minority of the people in the northern states who sympathized with the rebels, and had been known as "copperheads," were not ashamed, as they should have been, to make pretentions of gladness.

But most joyful of all were the mothers, wives, and sisters of the veteran heroes who still lived, and for whose speedy and safe return they now had so much reason to confidently hope.

To such it was like the sun, long obscured by the destructive and threatening storm, bursting into its full effulgence from a clear sky to gladden the heart of the tempest-tossed mariner; but for those whose dear ones were sleeping in soldiers' graves, and those perhaps unmarked and unknown, it was like the moon's pale beams struggling through the broken fragments of the black cloud whose lightnings had struck down their dearest ones of earth.

Victory at last, and the flag of our fathers triumphant over Secession and Rebellion, but at what a frightful cost! Thousands of millions of that which may be estimated upon the Governmental ledger, and hundreds of thousands of lives, priceless and inestimable!

Four years of such carnage and sacrifice can nowhere else be found on the calendar of time, and yet nearly nineteen hundred years have rolled away since the "Lamb of Love and Peace" was slain as an atonement for the sins of the world, and America the most enlightened and christianized nation on the face of the earth. Oh! what a picture for the Christian philosopher to look upon is this!

CHAPTER XV.

Manchester and Danville.

The regiment remained in Richmond, doing provost and guard duty, until the 14th, when it moved across the river into Manchester, a smaller city on the southern side of the James, which separates it from Richmond. And as the men, save those on guard, slept soundly in their new encampment in the suburbs, who among them dreamed of the terrible tragedy being enacted in Washington? And who of them, and all the soldiers who had neither seen, hoped for, nor expected anything after Lee's surrender, but peace and safety for the nation, awoke the next morning to a consciousness of the sad and solemn fact that President Lincoln was dead, or was just breathing his last? Yet, before 8 o'clock, the lightning had flashed the awe-inspiring news to the four corners of the globe, and all Christendom soon knelt in tearful apprehension at the altar of prayer

President Lincoln dead! And by the hand of an assassin!' No wonder the civilized world stood aghast: that Christian Freedom in tearful silence wept; nor that Liberty sat pale and trembling on her mountain throne!

Just as the Nation breathed and smiled in its new birth, he, who had been chief to encourage, support, and protect, and without whose strong, yet gentle hand, the old had perished before the new was brought forth, was struck down by the revengeful dagger of the same power that had so long sought, and so nearly destroyed, the life of the Nation itself. It is not strange, therefore, that fearful foreboding for a time filled the public heart.

General Meade received the astounding intelligence from General Grant, then in Washington, early on the morning of the 15th: but so fearful were both of its effect upon the army, that it was given out by piecemeal, and the whole truth was not known, even to some of the staff officers, until two or three days afterward. Captain Prescott, then aide-de-camp to General Weitzel, in referring to this, says:

> If that army had been told the whole story at once, not a stone in all Virginia would have been left unturned. So the powers judged wisely that kept the news back; but it was humiliating to the soldiers to think that they had been deceived from fear of their commanders that they could not be trusted.

But though a Moses had fallen, and like his great prototype within sight of the promised greatness of his people, there were many Joshuas

left; for God in his wisdom had decreed what Lincoln himself, standing amid the graves of patriot heroes upon Gettysburg heights, had asked his countrymen to highly resolve, "That this nation of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

And true it was, as spoken at the time, by one of those Joshuas whose similar death, a few years later, caused the whole land to be again draped in mourning, "God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives!" For the Nation, though long bleeding from almost every vein, was still strong enough to survive the loss of still more of its vital fluid, though it came from the sinking heart of her greatest benefactor; for he had already led her through the crisis of her peril, and nobly earned the exalted title that posterity will freely accord to him, — the Savior of his Country Abraham Lincoln, —

> "One of the few, the immortal names,
> That were not born to die,"

and highest among them all, save only Washington, on Freedom's monumental adamant of imperishable fame — how weak the power of words to do justice to thy memory! Even should the light of the nineteenth century be put out, and the world relapse again into barbarism, yet, from out the dark night of the ages, thy dimless star would shine as a bright cynosure to all those who might still hope for the final emancipation and redemption of mankind.

It may not be known, even to some of the surviving members of the regiment, that one of their number was present at Ford's theatre on the night of the assassination of President Lincoln, and was the first man to reach, and the second one to enter, the President's box, after the fatal shot was fired. Yet such seems to be the fact, and the full particulars, as received by the writer from the lips of Captain Bedee himself — for he is the one referred to — are substantially as the reader will find them here related.

Major Bedee, then captain, was at that time in Washington on special leave, and was one of the many hundreds who attended the theatre, as above stated, on that woeful night of April 14, 1865. He had procured a seat in the second row on the left, back of the orchestra, where he had a full view of the President's box and its occupants; and, hearing the report of a pistol, his quick eye caught sight of Booth, as he leaped from the box upon the stage. In an instant the terrible truth flashed through his mind. His first impulse was to make a rush for the stage, as soon as the murderer struck it. But, waiting until the tragic words and action there confirmed his suspicions, he jumped from his chair over the row of seats in front of him, and with a rush and a bound was past the orchestra and over the footlights, before the assassin had hardly disappeared behind the scenes.

Following him across the stage and to the rear of the same until he heard

some one beyond cry out, "*They've got him!*" (which he has always believed was done by some one of the actors or an accomplice to stop pursuit) he immediately returned to the front of the stage beneath the President's box, — Mrs. Lincoln then screaming, "*My husband is shot!*" and others calling for a doctor — and was just mounting the railing of the stage box to climb into the President's above, when a person claiming to be a physician rushed up, and, with the assistance of Captain Bedee and two or three others who had followed him up, was lifted into the box, closely followed by Bedee who, but for stopping midway to assist the doctor, would have been the first man from the outside to enter the President's box, the door at the rear, leading to the dress circle through which Booth had entered, being locked by him, as supposed, before he leaped upon the stage, as the key was found afterward upon the floor

There were no others who entered by climbing up in front, but soon the door to the box was broken in and several others entered, and among them another physician.

When Captain Bedee and the physician entered the box, the President was reclining in his chair, with his head far back, much as if he were asleep. The doctor immediately commenced searching for the wound, stripping back the President's coat and unbuttoning his vest for that purpose. Nothing could be seen of any blood or any place where the bullet had entered the head or body While the doctor was thus searching vainly for the wound, Captain Bedee, who was at the same time supporting the President's head, felt something warm trickling into his hand, and quickly guessing the cause, exclaimed: "Here is the wound, doctor," at the same instant that he put one of his fingers into the hole in the back part of the head where the ball had entered, and from which the precious blood of the great martyr had just commenced to ooze out.

In pulling back the President's coat to find where he was hit, some papers fell from one of the pockets, and Mrs. Lincoln, who, under the circumstances, was remarkably calm and self-possessed, seeing the papers fall upon the floor, picked them up and handed them, with others about to fall from the same pocket, to Captain Bedee, saying to him as she did so, "You are an officer, and won't you take charge of these papers?"

The captain took the papers as requested, putting them carefully into his own pocket.

He next assisted in removing the unconscious President from the theater and conveying him across the street into the house, where he died at 7.20 the next morning.

Captain Bedee remained in the room with the dying great and good man, while Vice-President Johnson, Secretaries Stanton and Chase, Senator Sumner, and several others arrived, and until between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning. He then, at the request of Stanton, went to the War Department to carry some message for the secretary, and thence with orders to the officer in command at Chain Bridge in relation to preventing the escape of the assassin into Virginia.

Having executed his orders and reported back to Stanton, to whom he had delivered up the papers given him by Mrs. Lincoln before starting, he received from the secretary thanks for all he had done and was told that he could then report to his place or post of duty

The next night found Captain Bedee with his regiment in Manchester, Va. But hardly had he so far recovered himself as to think calmly upon the tragic scene in which he had taken so prominent a part, before the provost marshal received an order from Washington for his arrest.

When that officer showed his order to Bedee, there was such a forcible and temper-toned expression of indignation from the captain for the bungling attempt to connect him, as he then thought, in some way with the crime of murdering the President, that the officer began to strongly suspect that someone at Washington was more guilty of a big blunder than his prisoner was of any crime, and so telegraphed to General Hardie who had sent the order of arrest.

In a short time came a telegram for his release. But this did not satisfy Captain Bedee, who wanted, as he had a right to, such an explanation as would entirely exonerate him from all blame and remove from the minds of his comrades every suspicion that the order for his arrest had thrown upon him.

The following correspondence will tell the rest of the story:

HEAD QUARTERS 2D BRIG., 3 DIV., 24 A. C.
IN THE FIELD, VA., April 26, 1865.

SIR, — I have the honor to report that on the evening of the 18th an order from Washington was received by telegraph at Gen'l Ord's head quarters for the arrest of Capt. Bedee, 12th N. H., to the effect that Capt. Bedee had failed to deliver the President's papers, saying: "He will be arrested, the papers taken from him, sealed and forwarded to Washington."

By Order of
SECRETARY OF WAR,

(Signed) JAMES A. HARDIE,
Bvt. Brig. General, etc

In compliance with the above I was arrested and remained under arrest until the evening of the 20th.

When arrested and taken before Gen. Devens on the morning of the 19th, I stated to him that I delivered the papers of the late President to your Honor on the morning of the President's death, April 15th, at the house opposite Ford's Theatre, where the President was then lying, which you will probably remember as your Honor at the time of my delivering said papers noted my name, regiment, and corps upon the wrapper which you placed around said papers.

On the evening of the 20th the following telegram was received at General Patrick's head quarters:

U. S. MILITARY TELEGRAPH,
April 20th, 1865.

By telegraph from Washington to Gen. Patrick:

I have seen the Secretary who now says that Capt. Bedee did give him cer-

tain papers. Major Hay was not aware that the papers were so disposed of by Capt. Bedee.

Please release the Captain from arrest.

(Signed) JAMES A. HARDIE,
Bvt. Brig. General, etc.

Doubting that your Honor approve, of the public disgrace of an officer who has endeavoured for the past three years to earn an honorable name in the defense of his country, I take the liberty of laying this case before you, hoping your Honor's sense of justice will induce you to set the matter right with the command with which I am connected. I am Sir,

Very Respectfully
Your Obedient Servant,
E. E. BEDEE,
Capt 12th N. H. V's and
A. D. C 2d Brig., 3d Div., 24 A. C

To The Hon. E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON CITY, May 5, 1865.

CAPTAIN.—On the 18th of April last, word came to me from Maj. John Hay, Assistant Private Secretary to the late President, that certain papers taken from the person of Mr. Lincoln on the night of his assassination, which had on that occasion come into your possession, had not been delivered by you as promised; and, further, that you could not be found in this city, and that upon inquiry it was learned that you had left town for the army. I then telegraphed, believing the matter required immediate action, to General Patrick, in the name of the Secretary of War, an order for your arrest, and that the papers in question should be taken from you, sealed up, and forwarded to Washington. Upon this order you were arrested. Ascertaining subsequently that you had delivered the papers to the Secretary of War upon the same night on which you became possessed of them, I telegraphed an order for your release, and you were released.

In view of your entirely honorable conduct with regard to the papers in question, and of the mortifying position in which you were placed by the accusation and the arrest, I desire to express my serious regret at my action; and cheerfully make you the reparation of a full and free acknowledgement of my mistake, which is conceded in the light of my present knowledge of the circumstances of the case to have been an act of serious though unintentional injustice to yourself.

In conclusion I beg that you will please make such use of this letter as may in your opinion be necessary to repair as far as possible the evil occasioned by my action of the 18th of April. I remain, captain,

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
JAS. A. HARDIE,
Bvt Brig. Genl. and Inspector Genl., U. S. A.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 5, 9.20 P. M.

CAPT E. E. BEDEE, *12th N. H. Vols., 2d Brig., 3d Div., 24 Army Corps, Care of Maj. Gen. Dezeus*

Your note of April 26 has just reached me, and I hasten to reply by telegraph. The order for your arrest issued by General Hardie was without my knowledge or authority and was unjust to you. The papers found on the person of the late President were delivered by you to me on the morning of his death and immediately sealed up, your name and address endorsed thereon, and placed by my clerk in the safe of the War Department where they remained until delivered to Judge Davis and opened in his presence.

When informed by General Hardie that he had issued an order for your arrest, I immediately directed the order to be revoked, and an acknowledgement made of the injustice done you. Your conduct in the matter was in every respect becoming your rank and personal character, and I deeply regret that the hasty and unauthorized act of General Hardie should have subjected you to a moment's pain or reproach. If he had informed me before using my name, the error could not have happened. You are at liberty to use this explanation in any way you may deem useful to yourself.

General Hardie has been directed to make a proper acknowledgement to you, which he will no doubt take pleasure in doing, in order to relieve you as far as possible from the pain you have innocently suffered.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

Thus was Major Bedee completely exonerated from all blame and suspicion which the arrest alone and unexplained might have rested upon him; and the very fact of General Hardie's unauthorized action was indirectly the means of establishing, by as high authority as Secretary Stanton himself, the truth, in the main, of Major Bedee's whole story, which otherwise might and probably would have been questioned by some who do not always judge others as they would like to be judged themselves.

It seems, from information furnished by Colonel Bachelder, historian of the battle of Gettysburg, that the names of the two physicians referred to by Major Bedee were Charles A. Leale and Charles S. Taft, both assistant surgeons of United States Volunteers, and that the latter claims to have been the one that was lifted into the box from the stage.

His statement, however, does not agree in some particulars with Major Bedee's, the doctor saying that when he entered the box "the President was lying upon the floor stripped to his shirt," while Bedee in reply thereto avers that "Lincoln was not on the floor at all; neither was his coat off, but only thrown back." There is also a difference in their statements in regard to the time that Doctor Leale entered the box from the dress circle.

But that both of these statements were made over twenty-three years after the occurrence to which they relate, goes far toward reconciling the discrepancy between them, with an honest intention of both.

The regiment while in Manchester had little but police and provost duty to do: and, encamped most of the time in a pleasant grove, between two and three miles from the business centre of the city, there was very little to complain of and much to be thankful for

Rations and water being good and plenty, with enough spare time to rest and care for themselves, the sick and weak grew better and stronger: but more than all else to give to their cheeks the ruddy glow of health was the soul-cheering and life-inspiring thought that the war was over, and that they would soon be at home.

There is no medicine like a cheerful heart, and as Addison says: "Health and cheerfulness mutually beget each other"

April the 19th Colonel Marsh came down from Washington, where he had been on detached duty ever since, recovering from his wound received at Chancellorsville, and made a visit to the regiment. He found a few more of the boys to greet him than when he last saw the regiment in that city on its return from the Gettysburg campaign, and in as much better spirits as they were condition, although they were then feeling much better than they looked, for they had just been released from the Army of the Potomac.

On the 25th the regiment, with its division, marched into Richmond to receive the First and Second divisions of the Twenty-fourth Corps on their return from the extreme left where they had marched and fought night and day in helping to capture Lee's army; while the Third Division, to which the Twelfth belonged, was left behind to capture Richmond.

May 6 the regiment again crossed the river into the capital city to receive the Second and Fifth Army Corps of the Army of the Potomac: and on the 11th the trip was repeated to exchange cheers and congratulations with the Fourteenth and Twentieth corps of Sherman's army on their way to Washington. And for several days there was almost a constant tramp of different corps of both armies into and through Manchester and Richmond, all returning from fields of conquest and victory Sherman's army had "beat the bush," while Grant's had "bagged the game."

On the 19th day of May, by orders from General Ord, then commanding the Department of Virginia, the Twelfth Regiment proceeded by rail from Manchester to Danville, Va., a distance of nearly 150 miles. It arrived at Danville late in the evening, and the men remained in the cars until the next morning when temporary quarters were found in an old tobacco building near the depot.

The same day Colonel Barker issued the following orders:

HEADQUARTERS U. S. FORCES,
DANVILLE, VA., May 20, 1865.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 1

In obedience to instructions from Headquarters, Department of Virginia, the undersigned hereby assumes command of Danville, Va., and vicinity.

It is expected that the inhabitants will render their willing and cheerful sup-

port to preserve order. Any act of violence on the part of any person will be promptly punished. Officers and enlisted men of this command will be careful to avoid all unnecessary interference with the inhabitants.

Private property will be protected; and it is hoped that the men who have exhibited so much bravery on the field will readily recognize the necessity of protecting the private rights of peaceful citizens; and that in the discharge of all their duties they will be firm and courteous.

THOMAS E. BARKER,
Lieut. Col. 12th N. H. Vols., Commanding.

Here Colonel Barker, with his brave and trusted few (for the recruits still remaining in the regiment had proved themselves worthy of confidence), showed that they could wisely rule, as well as bravely fight. Drill, trench, and picket duties were now no longer required, and the rigid rules of war were so far relaxed that the men felt almost like citizens again.

The officers selected by Colonel Barker for his staff, and their official positions will be found in the following roster:

Roster of Staff Officers at Headquarters U. S. Forces, Danville, Va., under the command of Lieut. Col. Thomas E. Barker, Twelfth New Hampshire Vols.

Capt. E. W. Ricker, Act. Asst. Adjt. General.
Lieut. A. W. Jewett, Act. Asst. Quartermaster.
Lieut. G. E. Worthen, Act. Post Commissary.
Asst. Surgeon S. C. Carbee, Act. Post Surgeon.
Maj. Natt. Shackford, Act. Provost Marhsal.
Capt. D. W. Bohonon, Asst. Provost Marshal.
Capt. E. W. Ricker, Asst. Provost Marshal.
Capt. A. St. Clair Smith, Asst. Provost Marshal.

In the absence of Captain Ricker, when acting as assistant provost marshal in Patrick county, Adjt. R. E. Gale, took his place as acting assistant adjutant-general.

Danville was at this time a city in southern Virginia of between three and four thousand inhabitants, and was before the war an important business centre on the Richmond & Danville Railroad, running through Petersburg, Danville, Weldon, and Goldsborough, to Wilmington, N. C. It is situated on the Dan river, and near the head of navigation.

It was here, as will be remembered, that Davis and his cabinet made their first step to re-establish the headquarters of the dying Confederacy after being driven out of Richmond; and it was from this place that the fugitive chief, — as he might then have been properly called, as a few days later he actually was, — still defiant and determined, issued his last proclamation.

In the light of coming events, already so near as to plainly show his perilous situation, it was an appeal so vainly bold and confident in its tone as to excite more ridicule than enthusiasm, even among his own people.

It created no little amusement at the North where a few days later it was published, while its author was hastening "to leave his country for his country's good," and his boasted Confederacy had lost both the *Con-* and the *fed*, and the *crac*-ing process of General Grant had left nothing but the sad tail-ending *y*!

As an interesting literary relic of the war, and as illustrating the resolute tenacity of the ex-rebel chief when all was lost to him and his Confederacy but a forlorn hope, we here give a portion of his final and fruitless appeal:

We have now entered upon a new phase of the struggle. Relieved from the necessity of guarding particular points, our army will be free to move from point to point, and to strike the enemy in detail far from his base.

Let us but will it, and we are free. Animated by that confidence in your spirit and fortitude which never yet failed me, I announce to you, fellow countrymen, that it is my purpose to maintain your cause with my whole heart and soul; and I will never consent to abandon to the enemy one foot of the soil of any of the states of the Confederacy; that Virginia — noble state, whose ancient renown has been eclipsed by her still more glorious recent history, whose bosom has been bared to receive the main shock of the war, whose sons and daughters have exhibited heroism so sublime as to render her illustrious in all time to come — that Virginia with the help of the people and by the blessing of Providence, shall be held and defended, and no peace ever be made with the infamous invaders of our territory

If, by the stress of numbers, we should be compelled to a temporary withdrawal from her limits, or those of any other border state, we will return until the baffled and exhausted enemy shall abandon in despair his endless and impossible task of making slaves of a people resolved to be free.

Let us then not despond, my countrymen, but, relying on God, meet the foe with fresh defiance, and with unconquered and unconquerable hearts.

On the 24th of May Brig. Gen. J J Gregg was, by order of General Ord, assigned to that section of Virginia which included the counties of Nelson, Amherst, Bedford, Campbell, Appomattox, Pittsylvania, Henry, Patrick, and Franklin, which together were to constitute the District of Lynchburg; and on the same day Colonel Barker received by telegraph the following order from General Ord in Richmond:

You will render the citizens of Halifax and Pittsylvania counties all the facilities in your power. Send an officer from command to administer to them the oath of allegiance. Report direct to Brigadier-General Gregg for orders, and also your action in this case.

In compliance with the order and others in relation to the same subject, Captains E. W Ricker, A. St. Clair, and D. W Bohonon were appointed assistant provost marshals, and sent with a small detachment of men to the county seats of Patrick, Pittsylvania, and Henry counties. Lieut. A. W Bacheler was for a time in control of matters in Fairfax county.

To show what, besides administering oaths of allegiance and protecting the citizens from molestation by lawless mobs and predatory bands, these officers had to do and provide for, one of many orders issued either from General Ord or General Gregg appears below:

By Telegraph from Lynchburg,
May 29, 1865.

Colonel Barker, — Please deliver the following instructions to your provost marshals, and send copies to Patrick and Henry counties.

I am directed by the general commanding to instruct you to occupy some building in your vicinity as a poor-house in which will be placed all old and helpless men and women and helpless children and orphans to whom the destitute ration will be issued. You will encourage the keeping together of families, and in case where the helpless have any natural claim upon labors, you will see that the labor of such goes to the support of the holder of the family When plantations have houses, cabins, or other buildings in which the helpless can reside, you will induce them to remain.

It is not desired that idleness should be encouraged, and all the able-bodied will be compelled to work for the support of the helpless.

In addition to the destitute rations you can issue a half-ration of sugar and coffee or tea when deemed necessary by the physician.

I am, colonel, very respectfully,
Jno. B. Maitland,
A. A. G.

From the foregoing it will be seen that Danville was an important and a responsible position, and the selection of the few remaining and battle-tried veterans of the "Old Twelfth" to occupy it was distinguishingly complimentary both to officers and men. It was placing the regiment in comparatively an isolated situation, — a little independent command, relying upon nothing but itself in wisdom to direct or power to execute, and responsible for everything within its jurisdiction.

This jurisdiction not only included Danville and the county of Pittsylvania, but the adjoining counties of Henry, Halifax, and Patrick, in each of which provost headquarters had to be established, and the greatest vigilance exercised to maintain order and protect life and property This section of Virginia had been intensely disloyal, so much so that when Davis fled thither, on that eventful afternoon and night of the 2d of April, intending to make a new line of defense of the Dan and Roanoke rivers (to which end work upon the defenses around Danville was being hurriedly performed under his own supervision when Lee surrendered), he was welcomed, as he says, "with an Old Virginia welcome, and her patriotic citizens, with one heart, contributed in every practicable manner to cheer and aid us in the work in which we were engaged."

To be so soon forsaken by him whose fast waning power they were so ready and willing to sustain, and turned over to the guardianship of the

"infamous invaders" of their sacred soil, was adding insult to injury, such as it was very hard at first for them to submit to or endure.

But dangerous diseases require severe remedies, and the bitterest prescription to the taste has sometimes the most salutary effect upon sour digestion; and especially so, as in this case, when there is both prejudice and pride to embitter the dose, and the condition of the patient is such as to leave no choice of medicines.

There was, of course, an unsettled, chaotic condition of civil and social affairs at this time in all the Southern states where the rebel armies had been able to maintain their pseudo, slave-corner-stone Confederacy; and during this interregnum between the sword and the pen, the bullet and the ballot, the same strong military arm of the government that had crushed all armed resistance to its laws, had, for a while, to assist in protecting and supporting the people amid the broad waste of want, ruin, and desolation that their own mad and rash acts had brought upon them. Everything had been taken from the people to feed their army, so long besieged in Richmond and Petersburg, and thousands of families in the South, when the war ended, had not eaten a satisfactory meal for months. More than this, the white citizens, mostly old men, women, and children, had for a long time been living in constant fear of an uprising among their slaves, as they still called and claimed them, notwithstanding President Lincoln's proclamation: and they not only carefully avoided anything being disclosed to the colored people that would in any way tend to encourage or excite them, but purposely misrepresented the facts and deceived them, so far as they could, in relation to the progress of the Union armies southward, and the prospect of their final success against the cause of their masters.

So successful had they been in keeping these people ignorant of the true situation and condition of things, that in some sections, remote from our lines, they did not know of the result of the conflict and their own freedom until they learned it from Federal soldiers that had been sent into those sections to maintain order several weeks after the close of the war This was found to be true by the experience of the Twelfth boys with the colored people in some sections around Danville.

To preserve order, administer oaths of allegiance to the Government and issue rations to those, white and black, who were in actual want of them, were the three principal duties embraced in Colonel Barker's letter of instructions, when assigned to this command. But acting as commander of the district, there were constantly arising, under the broad application of his first and most important duties of preserving order, and protecting life and property, new and perplexing questions that required the exercise of sound discretion and keen discrimination to rightly decide. In his military administration of public affairs of a civil nature it was very difficult at times to determine what his duty and authority in the premises might be. But of a practically judicious mind and con-

scientiously devoted to the right, whether the cause of complaint came from friend or foe, he, with the aid and counsel of Major Shackford and other officers of his little command, whom he selected as his staff, so wisely managed all matters, coming under his control as to command the confidence and respect of the whole community, as their farewell address will show

Among the many complaints, requests, inquiries, wants, and grievances of the white and colored citizens, the following grave, tragic, and humorous few are given as a fair sample of the whole.

One young ex-master of several negroes, becoming enraged at one of them for daring to tell him that he was no longer his slave and acting accordingly, stabbed him so that he died, under pretense of self-defense, and then reported the fact and gave himself up as a prisoner

Another wanted to know, if he should not be allowed to control the work and claim the wages of his slaves, so long as they were dependent on him, as he seemed to take for granted, for support, and this while he was asking for Government rations on which to feed his own family

A "colored gentleman," feeling somewhat honored and dignified by his new political status, as was not surprising, complained of the abusive language of his "young marsa" in calling him "a *black nigger* any mo'e." He was told that he was right in thinking himself as good as a white man, as long as he behaved as well, and that his "young marsa" would soon have to conform to the new condition of things, and treat him, as was hoped, in a more respectful manner; and that if he did not he, the complainant, was now his own boss and could leave when he wanted to.

One day a bright mulatto girl, with such a pleasing contrast between the color of her teeth and eyes as would excite the envy of many a lady of higher race and station, presented herself at one of the assistant provost offices, and wanted to know if she could "marry a man and hab childern jess like de white folks dus." She was evidently taking a prospective view of matrimonial matters, and used the word "hab" more in a possessive than a procreative sense, fearing that her children might be taken away from her, as in slavery times.

As mutually remindful, another and somewhat similar incident may be related here, where a father of many children — the number now forgotten — who had been married two or three times, desired to be informed whether, "under de new ordernation of Marsa Linkon" he would be allowed to take his pick when and where he could find them.

The disposition of the criminal case above referred to, where the independent freedman was killed by his hot blooded former owner, consisted in giving the latter a formal military introduction to the civil authorities about to assume sway once more in the "Old Dominion."

Colonel Barker no sooner learned of the crime than he ordered the offender under arrest and instituted a Court of Inquiry, the finding of which is here copied from the original record:

HD. QRS. U. S. FORCES,
DANVILLE, VA., June 5, 1865.

Lieut. R. E. GALE, *A. A. A. G.*

Pursuant to S. O. No. 26, Hd. Qrs. Danville, Va., Dated June 5, 1865, the commissioners met. The members were all present, and proceeded in an informal manner to elicit the facts in the case of Edward I. Carter who was reported to have killed a colored man, named Tom, who lived on his plantation and had formerly been one of his slaves. And the members of this commission are of the opinion that Edward I. Carter who under the influence of liquor did kill one colored man, named Tom, by stabbing him in the breast with a knife without cause or provocation; and that because of his crime we are of the opinion that Edward I. Carter should be placed in confinement to await trial by court.

Members of Commission
N. SHACKFORD, *Maj. 12th N. H. V.*
Q. Q. CARROLL, *20th N. Y. Cavalry.*
RUFUS E. GALE, *Adjt. 12th N. H. V. and A. A. A. G.*

Among the sad and sympathetic may be mentioned the case of the old man who was formerly from the North, and claimed that his heart had always been for the old flag, but that he had not dared to acknowledge it before since the war commenced even to his wife who was a southern born "fire eater" of the bitterest type; that he had lost two or three sons in the rebel army, and one, who had deserted to and fought for the Union side, he had reason to believe was still living, but would never dare return to Virginia again.

Another picture of disconsolation and woe was that of the poor widow woman who had given her husband and two sons, her only children, to the "lost cause," and was left without so much as a servant or a slave to pity and comfort her in her great sorrow To talk with her with tearless eyes was more complimentary to the tongue than the heart of him who could do it, even if his ears were closed to her sad tale: for she looked too much of the deep and crushing sorrow that she felt.

Many similar instances of bereavement, want, and suffering might be referred to as coming under the observation or within the knowledge of both officers and men of the Twelfth while stationed at Danville, for the whole South was full of them. But especially was this true of Virginia, the great battle-ground of the war, whose soil was a common sepulchre for the many thousands of both armies who fought, fell, and were buried upon her many blood-stained fields.

There were many disputes arising from counter claims to the ownership of horses that had been left by both the Union and Confederate cavalry in exchange for better ones in their marches through that section of the State, and others taken home by the disbanded rebel cavalry under the terms of Lee's surrender to Grant, many of the latter bearing the branded letters of U. S.

These disputes not only arose between the citizens, but frequently

between them and Union officers authorized to take possession of "Uncle Sam's" property wherever found. The ex-rebel soldier claimed his by right of capture in battle or within their lines: and the citizen, found having one or more of government horses on his plantation, claimed them because he had been obliged to take them, when worn down, poor, and nearly worthless, in exchange for good and perhaps valuable animals; and not to be allowed to keep them after he had kept, fed, and recruited until of some use and value to him, seemed indeed an unjustifiable hardship. Government took the same view of it, and the citizen claimants were allowed to keep them.

The Twelfth boys at Danville, and in the surrounding counties where some of them were stationed as provost detachments, learned more of southern life, and its every-day forms and practices, than ever before while in the army

They learned by personal observation how true was the pen picture of Harriet Beecher Stowe, as given to the world within the book lids of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Yet it was, in reality, only the brighter tints and the lighter shades that they saw, for between slave life in Virginia, and slave life in the gulf states there was a much greater difference than distance; and, as naturally inferred, what was true of the relative care and treatment of the slaves was equally true of the contrast between the Christian refinement of the whites in the two sections.

The negroes still remaining upon the plantations were advised, and as a rule inclined themselves, to remain there, and labor, not as they had been accustomed to, for only enough to eat and drink, but for a reasonable compensation in money or for a part interest in the crops. And here again was a question, viz.: Whether the freed men were not entitled to receive from their former masters compensation for all the labor they had performed for them back from the date of their emancipation, January 1, 1863, by virtue of the war edict of Abraham Lincoln. But this was a Yankee's suggestion, more than the negro's demand; for standing upon the threshold of freedom, with self-dependence as a new and untried experience before him, the black man was more interested in securing remunerative labor in the future, than collecting his just dues for his labors of the past. They were proudly happy in the idea of being their own masters, but the more thoughtful of them well understood that liberty and responsibility were reciprocal terms.

As showing the industrial status of the negro at this time, and the accuracy of official statements required, the following from the report of Captain Bohonon will be found of special interest:

The number of colored people in the county of Henry under 12 years of age are 2,080; between 12 and 55 years of age, 2,916; over 55 years of age, 389, making a total of 5,385. In addition to the above, there are about 320 who were born free. The number of all these between 12 and 55 who will be unable to

earn their living will depend greatly upon the system adopted by themselves or those having them in charge.

In the absence of legislation to the contrary, it is presumed that a very large proportion of this class will remain with their former masters, and for wages will aid in farm labor; for so strong is their attachment to the house and neighborhood in which they were born and raised that very few will voluntarily leave them, and may, with kind treatment and for a reasonable compensation, be induced to engage in agricultural pursuits, and make a support for themselves and employers. Under these circumstances not over five per cent will fail to earn a living.

As these people have heretofore been under the control of white men who owned and furnished the teams and implements of industry used by them, very few have teams, horses, or farm implements of any kind. These articles will be furnished as before by their employers to all who work for wages, and the number needed will depend almost entirely upon that fact.

It is impossible to estimate the number of this class who will be thus employed, but it cannot be less than fifty or seventy-five per cent if left to their own choice. Assuming that fifty per cent will need no implements of husbandry, it will follow that 1,455 of that class, whose families will include those of the first and third class, will have to be supplied. Estimating one mule or horse with plow harness for each family, averaging eight persons, it will follow that at least 120 horses or mules and a like number of plow gear will be required. Most other articles which are needed they can generally procure for themselves.

The first order issued from Washington for the discharge of troops, including the Twelfth New Hampshire, and the long and circuitous official route it took before reaching Colonel Barker, it is thought proper to give here, not simply because of its importance to the men and its welcome reception, but more especially to interest the younger readers of this history, who belong to another generation, in tracing out the many headquarter depots through which it had to pass for endorsements, and in learning the way "red tape" was measured out in the army.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 29, 1865.

To Maj. Genl. H. W HALLECK, *Commanding Military Division of the James:*

The Secretary of War directs that all volunteer organizations of white troops in your command whose term of service expires between this date and September 30 next, inclusive, be immediately mustered out of service. * * * *

All men in the aforesaid organizations whose term of service expires subsequently to October 1, 1865, will be transferred to other organizations from the same State — to veteran regiments when practicable — having the longest time to serve. * * * *

Should your command be reduced prejudicially to the service by this order, you are authorized to suspend it in whole or part, promptly notifying the Adjutant-General of the army with a view to receiving further instructions.

THOMAS M. VINCENT,
A. A. G.

HEAD QRS. MILITARY DIVISION OF THE JAMES,
RICHMOND, VA., May 29, 1865.

Official:
ROBERT H. SCOTT,
Maj. and A. A. G.

Maj. Gen. Ord will carry this into effect in the Dept. of Virginia.
(May 29, 1865.) H. W HALLECK,
Maj. Genl. Comndg.

HEAD QRS. DEPT. OF VIRGINIA,
RICHMOND, VA., May 30, 1865.

Official copy furnished for the information of Maj. Genl. Gibbons, com'd'g 24th Army Corps.

ED. W SMITH,
A. A. G.

HEAD QRS. 24TH ARMY CORPS,
RICHMOND, VA., May 31, 1865.

Official:
EDWARD MOALE,
A. A. G.

The Commissary of Musters of the Corps and his assistants are charged with the prompt execution of this order.

EDWARD MOALE,
A. A. G.

Official:
GEORGE W HOOKER,
A A. G

HEAD QRS. 3D DIV., 24TH ARMY CORPS,
MANCHESTER, VA., June 1, 1865.

Official copy furnished for the information of brigade commanders.

By order of BVT MAJ. GENL. DEVENS,
GEORGE W HOOKER,
A. A. G.

HEAD QRS. 2D BRIG., 3D DIV., 24TH ARMY CORPS,
NEAR MANCHESTER, VA., June 1, 1865.

Official:
A. M. HEATH,
Capt. 12th N. H. Vols.,
A. A. A. G.

HEAD QRS. U S. FORCES,
DANVILLE, VA., June 2, 1865.

Official:
RUFUS E. GALE,
A. A. A. G.

And thus the order comes around and down to Colonel Barker's command of his own regiment and a detachment of the Twentieth New York Cavalry comprising the "United States Forces" at Danville, Va. But to make the whole thing complete requires another order of "copies furnished" by Colonel Barker, commanding the sub-district, and another official recognition by Lieutenant Gale as adjutant of the Twelfth New Hampshire Volunteers; and all this before the last military bow knot can be properly tied with the tail ends of this long piece of red-tape.

To the younger readers, for whom it is intended, this will certainly appear to be a very long tail for so small a kite.

On the 4th of June Colonel Barker telegraphed to General Gregg as follows:

I have the honor to request that my command, which is now on duty at Danville and vicinity, may be relieved, for the following reasons:

Our term of service expires before the 30th of September, 1865, consequently the company and regimental records should be made so complete that the muster out rolls can be made out immediately.

I have not an officer in the regiment who is not either on detached or special duty, and it is impossible to complete their records while on duty and away from their commands.

The next day a complaint by wire was forwarded:

The cavalry here is ordered to Manchester, Va., by General Ord. It leaves me with an insufficient force for the duties required, and almost without communication with Patrick and Henry court houses.

It appears from the foregoing that a cavalry force was then stationed at Danville, and is supposed to be the same cavalry command as reported to him for duty soon after his arrival there. About fifty men from the regiment and a small detachment of this cavalry constituted the command of each assistant provost marshal, who had a county for his department and a court house for his headquarters.

These officers, especially Captains Smith, Bohonon, and Ricker, had much to do; for, beside being crowded with applications of all kinds, they were required to make out numerous reports upon the condition and wants of the people. Some of these reports were quite lengthy, and covered a broad field of inquiry They indicate close observation and careful reflection on the part of the writers, and are so replete with apt suggestions and wise recommendations that they would reflect credit upon officers of much higher rank.

Concerning the illiteracy and disloyalty of the white population it should be stated that only about one third of this class would take the oath of allegiance, and nearly one third of those who took the oath could neither read nor write. This was found to be true at Elmsville and other places in Patrick county where Captain Ricker and Sergeant Horner

went to administer the oath as late as the 7th of June, when the unrepentant had had sufficient time to reflect upon and accept, if they had been inclined, the situation. Of two hundred and seventy whites who took the oath that day, seventy-six could not write their names, and had to sign their papers with a cross.

Thus it will appear that not all the ignorance, existing at that time among the masses of the South, was found upon the dark side of the color line. And in this connection it should be remembered that the ratio of illiteracy was much greater among those who did not take the oath than those who did.

Since the war ended there has been a far greater effort made to acquire an education by the colored than the white people of the southern states, and the former class, aided by philanthropic societies and men of means at the North, have made a progress that even surpasses the most sanguine expectations of their benefactors. Thus aided, and prompted by an active desire to be in this respect on an equal with the whites — to the futherance of which the common school system now quite generally established in the South is an important factor — there is a strong reason for the hope that the day is not far distant when their rights, civil and political, and their protection of life and property shall be as sacredly inviolate in the South as in the North.

But a speedy consummation of this, the sad want of which is a dark, damaging, and disgraceful blot upon an otherwise pleasant and promising section of our fair land, cannot be expected without a corresponding stimulus being given to the education of the whites, who inhabit the same states and get a living from the same soil as the colored people, with whom they are thus necessarily often brought in contact. For this reason it is greatly to be regretted that the Educational Bill of Senator Blair, of New Hampshire, recently pending in Congress, should have been defeated. The measure, as believed, was wise and statesmanlike, and for his long-tried and laborious efforts to have it put upon the statute book of the Nation, he deserves a grateful remembrance.

And now, as could have been said with earnest truthfulness by the remnant of the brave men, for the sake and in the interest of whom and their posterity this history has been thus far written, we gladly approach the end, so far as their blood-tracked and dangerous journey through the terrible scenes and sufferings of rebeldom leads us, and we hasten thither.

The last marches of any distance that any of the Twelfth boys had to make, were made by the county detachments on their way back from Henry, Pittsylvania, and Patrick court houses to Danville. Captain Ricker's command, starting on the morning of the 11th of June, marched thirty-one miles before midnight, and the remaining seventeen miles the next day, as shown by Sergeant Horner's diary; but never was so long a march made before by the same men or any others of the regiment with so little complaint or wearisomeness, for it was understood that they

were scuffing Virginia dust for the last time, as their next movements would doubtlessly be by rail and sail, and both in the direction of home.

Captains Bohonon's and Smith's detachments returned from their respective counties about the same time; and on the 13th the regiment left Danville and returned by steam transportation to Manchester The next morning after arriving in Manchester it marched out three miles to Ruffin's Farm, pitched tents, and went into camp for the last time upon Virginia's soil.

While waiting here for the completion of company and regimental returns, preparatory to its final muster out, Colonel Barker received from Washington, D. C., the following commendatory address. The citizens of Danville, by and in behalf of whom it was written, thought, as will be seen, that the regiment, when it left that place, was to proceed directly home; but not knowing what delays might occur, had wisely sent it to Washington to be forwarded to wherever the regiment, or, if disbanded, its colonel, might be.

TESTIMONIAL TO THE 12TH REGIMENT, NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS.

To Lieut. Col. T E. BARKER, *Commanding:*

SIR, — When the order came relieving you from command of this post, it was suggested by citizens that there should be some expression of our appreciation of the proper and gentlemanly bearing of yourself, your officers, and your entire command while on duty here.

The unsettled state of feeling since the war has ended, naturally hinders the free interchange of friendly tokens between those who so lately and so sternly met as enemies in the shock of battle, and time has not yet blunted the keen sense of the failure of hopes we dearly cherished; but we are not willing you should pass away from among us without some testimonial — valuable, at least, as being no idle compliment, but fairly won by a manly course of consistent courtesy — that may serve to show you and your friends in the far North that southern men can estimate and appreciate worth without heeding lines of separation, whether geographical or political.

It is proper that you, colonel, and the officers and men serving with and under you, should know that you and they possess our respect as soldiers and our esteem as men, for the manner in which you and your command have discharged duties which might have been, in another spirit, painful or annoying to our community; and we deeply regret your removal from this post while a military occupation is continued. We request you to make known to the men of your command our high appreciation of their uniform good conduct, their quiet and unassuming deportment, and their prompt and efficient service in the protection of private property. In hope that when this reaches you, you and your regiment will be once more enjoying the comforts of home and the blessings of peace not soon again to be broken, and believing that we convey to you the common sentiment of this community, we have the honor to subscribe ourselves your friends and fellow citizens.

J. W WALKER, *Mayor*

W T CLARK,	W D. SUTHERLIN,	S. S. BRYANT,
J. W MCKINNEY,	THOS. B. DOE,	T J PATRICK,
C. W WATKINS,	JOHN F FECKLEN.	

When our enemies praise us there can be but little doubt but we deserve it.

As in the commencement of this history * appears the first general order ever issued to the regiment, directing it to proceed from Concord, N. H., to Washington, D. C., on its way to the front, so here, and near its close, will be recorded the last order, general or special, it ever received while in the service, in obedience to which (and that all were more than glad to obey, the reader will not wonder) it was to leave Richmond, Va., and return home to Concord again.

H'D Q'RS 24TH A. C.,
RICHMOND, VA., June 21, 1865.

SPECIAL ORDERS.
No. 153.

In compliance G. O. No. 94, C. S., from this Department, the 12th Regt. N. H. Vols. will be mustered out of service by Bv't Capt. W J Ladd, A. C. M., 3d Div., 24th A. C., and will at once proceed to Concord, N. H., for final payment and discharge.

All enlisted men whose term of service does not expire previous to Oct. 1st, 1865, will be transferred to the 2d Regt. N. H. Vols.

All surplus ordnance, ordnance stores, quartermaster stores, camp and garrison equipage will, at once, be turned in at the proper depots in Richmond, Va.

The Quartermaster Department will furnish the necessary transportation.

By command of
Maj. Gen. JOHN GIBBON.

T ELLERY LORD,
Maj. and Act'g Ass't Adj't Gen'l.

This was an order which, though daily expected, was none the less joyfully welcomed. "Will be mustered out of service" * * * * "and will *at once* proceed to Concord, N H., for final payment and discharge." These were words brightly promising to the eye, sweetly sounding to the ear, and filling the whole heart with an inexpressible feeling of gladness. "Concord" meant *home*, and who better than the soldier, long deprived of its comforts and pleasures, could appreciate the meaning of that often repeated line of John Howard Payne's world-cherished poem,

"Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home."

The Stars and Stripes now floated once more over the capital of every southern state, and a muster-out roll and homeward ride, either on land or water, had been impatiently awaited.

The 22d of June, 1865, was a beautiful day: and early in the morning the Twelfth, having been mustered out the day before, broke camp for the last time upon Virginia soil, and in company with the Tenth and Thirteenth regiments, forming a little home-bound brigade about half the size of a full regiment, marched to "The Rocketts," embarked on board the steamer "State of Maine," and started at 8 A. M. for home.

* Page 16.

As down the river the boat peacefully glided on that lovely June morning, past dismantled forts which but a short time before were crowded with rebel batteries, through obstructions then impassible, and soon rounded out upon the broader river below its confluence with the Appomattox at City Point, there arose in the minds of some a feeling of sadness at leaving behind them so many brave hearts and manly forms, mouldering beneath the crimsoned soil of strife upon which they, the living and the dead, had so often marched side by side for the success and safety of the same cause and country they had so gallantly espoused and valiantly defended.

Though joy was uppermost at the thought that they were homeward bound, yet deep down in the heart, where exist those purest and tenderest emotions of our moral natures that are more often felt than expressed, they sorrowfully regretted that they must leave behind them the silent dust of those once as fond and as hopeful of home and all its endearments as themselves, but to which they could never again return.

From the memory of that day's thoughts and scenes the following farewell lines have dropped through pen to paper:

Good-by, Sunny South, now clouded with gloom,
We leave thee alone in sadness to rest;
Thy streams have run red, each valley a tomb,
But the viper is slain that nursed at thy breast.

Good-by to thy cannon-ploughed fields, where the soil
Is stained with the blood of the Blue and the Gray;
We've watched in your trenches of danger and toil,
Through the dark night of war to the bright peace of day

Good-by, "sacred soil," aye, sacred indeed,
Where mingles the dust of the brave and the true;
Long, long shall the heart of the poor mother bleed
For him who here sleeps "'neath the sod and the dew"

Farewell, comrades dear, with a farewell tear,
We leave you to rest till the bugle's last call
Shall bid them arise, without danger or fear,
Who fell that no star of our Union should fall.

Farewell, patriots dead, though your cause shall survive
The ruin and wreck of war's desolation;
Till man 'gainst his brother no longer shall strive,
But peace and good-will make the whole world a nation.

For we go to our homes, once more there to live
By the bright crystal lakes 'mid mountains that stand
As watch-towers of freedom the warning to give,
If danger again shall e'er threaten our land.

After an uneventful voyage of two days and one night — nearly the whole of the first day being spent in getting down the river to Fortress Monroe — the steamer dropped anchor at 8 o'clock in New York harbor

The next morning, after coaling up at a government wharf on the Jersey City side, the boat with its load of human freight left the great metropolis for the New England "Hub," where it arrived on the evening of the 25th, which was the first day of the week, the men having spent their first Sabbath since their discharge, upon the ocean. Safe anchorage was secured about 8 o'clock, and less than an hour later the three little battalions were marching through the gas-lighted streets to Faneuil Hall, within whose honored walls they found quarters for the night. The day had been a hot one, but the ocean breeze had made the men comfortable. But the evening was much too warm for an in-door bivouac of old veterans, just from the tented field, and many of them chose to sleep upon the steps and even the entrance-walk, where there was more room and plenty of air. Those lying upon the brick or stone walk were thought, by many of the passers-by, to be drunk; but some of the citizens, learning the real cause, invited them to their homes, promising a nice, cool room and a soft bed to those who would accept of their invitation. These good and well meaning citizens were thanked for their kindness, but when told that the soft side of a stone was far preferable to the softest feather bed for a soldier to sleep upon, they went their way wondering if the soldiers were not half drunk after all. They would not have wondered at all at the soldier's choice, had they ever had a full share of his experience.

At 9 o'clock the next morning the Twelfth and other two regiments, filling several cars, left the Lowell depot for New Hampshire. The train reached Nashua before noon, where a cheering reception awaited the returning veterans by the thousands surrounding the depot as the train rolled in. The Thirteenth boys were properly the heroes while the brigade remained in this city, for many of them enlisted there and in surrounding towns, and it was the home of their old colonel, General Stevens, who had been there most of the time after the battle of Fort Harrison, September 29, where he was severely wounded while in command of a brigade including the Tenth and Thirteenth regiments.

The Twelfth remained here with the other regiments through the afternoon and night, the brigade being reviewed in the mean time by General Stevens who, with other prominent citizens, spared no pains to make their stay there a pleasant one. Yet the most of the soldiers thought so much more of being entertained at home than anywhere else, that they took but little pleasure in anything causing unnecessary delay, no matter how agreeably arranged or well intended.

So, after waiting impatiently until 10 o'clock the next morning, they gladly left Nashua for the city of Manchester, where another enthusiastic reception awaited them. After partaking of a sumptuous dinner, prepared for them beneath the shade of some trees then growing on Merrimack Common, and near where now stands the beautiful monument erected to commemorate their deeds, and listening to speeches from

Senator Daniel Clark and Col. Thomas J Whipple, who had once so ardently desired to command the Twelfth, as will be remembered, the brigade marched back to the depot, and 3 o'clock found them again on the rail and starting for Concord.

Manchester had been the central rendezvous of the Tenth Regiment in its organization and the resident city of General Donohoe and many of its members, who would gladly have ended their journey there. But they were not yet quite through with the military order of things, which required them all to report to Gov Frederick Smith, commander-in-chief of the military forces of New Hampshire, at his headquarters at the Capitol.

The Tenth and Thirteenth regiments could each boast of a brevet general to lead and a city to welcome them; but while the Twelfth could claim neither generals nor cities among its honors, yet its fame for valor won on the fields of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and Cold Harbor, had, in common with the Second and the Fifth, spread all over the State, and made it welcome everywhere from the mountains to the sea.

Just before reaching Hooksett the train was thrown from the track by means of a broken wheel or axle, but Chaplain Higgens of the Twelfth, who had his leg broken, was the only one who was seriously injured. This was especially unfortunate for the chaplain, who now had the sympathy as he had long had the respect of the whole regiment. Had he not attempted to avoid the pending danger by jumping from the train, he would probably not have been hurt. But though greatly regretting that even one of their number had been badly disabled while so near the end of his journey home, yet all on board felt thankful indeed that no more had been hurt, and that none of their comrades had been fatally injured or killed.

This accident delayed the train so that it did not arrive at Concord until nearly sunset. The delay and its cause had been telegraphed ahead, and not a little anxiety was felt by the large number of relatives and friends of the returning veterans, who had gathered there from almost every part of the State to meet and greet them. As the train rolled into the depot, cheer after cheer went up from the assembled thousands, and the enthusiastic greeting to the surviving heroes of the three regiments, as they marched, with their tattered and shot-rent battle-flags, from the depot to the State House yard, was such an ovation as only the honored recipients could fully appreciate.

Just two years and nine months before — September 27, 1862 — the Twelfth Regiment had marched from its camp of rendezvous upon Concord Plains to the same depot, on the morning that it started for the "fearful fields of fame." Then, as now, it was the pride of every beholder, but for different reasons. Then, for its form and force — more than a thousand strong and stalwart men — as a promise of brave and manly action: now, though but a sad and suffering remnant

of itself, for a record of heroism and valor that it is more easy to envy than equal. The same regiment in name, but its fame had been purchased at a terrible sacrifice. The Twelfth New Hampshire Volunteers still, and subject to state authority; but oh, what a change that less than three years has wrought in its ranks!

Brave and battle-scarred defenders of your country's flag, that you have never left nor surrendered upon the field, where are your comrades who return not with you to receive our plaudits of welcome to-day?

> Some lie 'neath the sod of the fields where they fell,
> And some rest in peace where their kindred dwell;
> But more, many more, from sickness and wounds,
> Fill graves in the hospital burying grounds.

The brigade was escorted from the depot to the Capitol by the Veteran Reserve Corps, led by a band of music, and, after listening to speeches of welcome by Governor Smith and others, arms were stacked, equipments hung thereon, and the men, in lighter marching order of mind and body than ever before, marched to the Eagle and Phenix hotels, where a bountiful supper awaited them.

The few of the Twelfth who did not find lodgings for themselves — for all were at liberty to go where they chose until morning — encamped for the night in the State House yard.

A few days before the arrival of the veteran regiments composing the brigade, Governor Smith received from General Devens the following eulogistic letter:

GOVERNOR, — The return of three regiments so distinguished as the Tenth, Twelfth, and Thirteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, temporarily organized as a provisional brigade under command of Brevet Brig. Gen. M. T Donohoe, will be to yourself and the patriotic citizens of your State an occasion of extraordinary interest.

All these regiments have recently been serving in various brigades of this division, and the high appreciation I have for their gallant and meritorious labors, and the sincere regard and affection I feel for the officers and men of these organizations as friends and comrades, who have been tried and not found wanting in so many desperate conflicts, prompt me to express to you my sincere sympathy in the joy with which, now that the contest is over and the victory won, they will be received in their triumphant return to their native State. Having bravely and honorably borne their part in all the perils and privations of three years of battlefields; having left behind them hundreds of their brave companions whose lives and deaths have testified sadly yet most gloriously of their fidelity to duty, these survivors will receive at your hands all the acclamations and honors which gratitude can bestow.

Allow me to recall to your Excellency very hastily and imperfectly the history of these regiments. * * * *

Such is an extremely brief sketch of the achievements of the noble regiments who now return to you. I have not desired to enumerate the minor conflicts

and skirmishes in which they have been engaged, nor have I called your attention to the terrible loss of life they have suffered in these battles which have given them just and well earned renown, and have finally terminated in the complete success of the arms of the Union.

You will see, sir, too clearly by their thinned ranks the terrible ravages war has made, and at what price victory has been purchased. Yet while you remember sadly the brave who have passed away, it will be with just pride that you will recollect how bravely they have conducted, how worthy the names of freemen they have shown themselves to be, and how proudly they have upheld the honor of the State which sent them forth. Their tattered ensigns will recall to you the weary night marches, the wet and dreary bivouacs, and the fierce and desperate conflicts over which they have waved since the regiments were sent forth with these emblems of the state and national sovereignty. But although these men return to you inured to the ragged toils of war and bronzed with the smoke of battle, it will not be found that they have forgotten their duties as citizens any more than their attachments to home. In all their trials the hope of this nation has been present with them, and they will prove worthy of all the honor and regard that await them.

I am, governor, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

CHARLES DEVENS,
Brig. and Brevet Maj. Gen. U. S. V., Commanding.

The next forenoon the regiment marched down to "Camp Gilmore," where headquarters were established for a few days until final discharge papers could be prepared, and the men receive what was still due them upon the government pay-rolls; and in the afternoon of the same day a return march to the city was made, and the colors delivered up to the adjutant-general of the State in the presence of Governor Smith, who, in response to a few apt words from Colonel Barker, expressing the heroism of their defense and the hope that they would be carefully preserved, pledged the honor of the State, which the undying memory of an ever grateful people would never allow to dim nor tarnish, that the battle-flags of her sons should be kept as her sacred tokens of their patriotism and their valor so long as a single thread of a single stripe or star remained.

Short leaves of absence were now granted to such as desired to go home before the end of a few more days of what seemed unnecessary delay, but most of the "boys"—for such we must still call them—preferred to wait until they could go and stay in spite of any military power or authority to again call them away

In the mean time they turned in their guns and equipments, quite a number, however, deciding to keep theirs at the price of six dollars, rather than part with them. It was afterward the regret of many that they did not do likewise. They did not then sufficiently consider how valuable, as family relics, the old guns and equipments would sometime become in the hands of their descendants, who would carefully preserve and proudly exhibit them.

On the 3d of July the officers and men of the regiment were paid off in full, so far as dollars and cents could compensate them for their toils, privations, sufferings, and dangers, and then were formed in dress parade line for the last time, to listen to Colonel Barker's farewell address, which fittingly closes this last chapter in the regular line of their history. When Adjutant Gale finished reading the address, it was with moistened eyes and broken utterance, instead of the clear, ringing shout, that three cheers were given for their brave commander, who was himself visibly affected, and then a loud, resounding clap of hands, and the New Hampshire Volunteer Mountaineers had broken ranks once more and forever.

The next day was a happy one indeed for the disbanded veterans of the old Twelfth, for most of them by noon, and all of them before its close, found themselves once more at home, some for the first time since leaving nearly three years before, and there again to live and act as free and independent citizens; and it was, as never before by them appreciated, our great and glorious Independence Day.

Farewell Address.

Head Quarters 12th N. H. Vols.,
Concord, N. H., July 3, 1865.

Soldiers, — The day to which we have all looked forward so long and anxiously has at last arrived. The great work in which we engaged almost three years ago is accomplished, and with the knowledge that we have done an honorable part toward crushing the rebellion, saving the union, and restoring peace, we have been permitted to return to our dear old native State, and are about to resume our peaceful avocations.

You have served your country long and nobly. By your deeds you have won a name that shall live forever. From the bloody fields of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Front Royal, Swift Creek, Drury's Bluff, Port Walthal, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Cemetery Hill, Bermuda Front, and your triumphant entry into Richmond, ages hence will view your deeds, and the generations of centuries to come will honor and bless you for the legacy gained by your valor and bequeathed to them.

Since my connection with you as your commanding officer your conduct everywhere has been a source of pride to me. For bravery in battle you are second to no regiment that New Hampshire has ever sent to the field, and there is no State that can boast of braver troops than our own rock-bound Granite State.

For discipline and drill you have ever excited the admiration of military men. You were once particularly complimented in General Orders by President Lincoln for your superior soldierly appearance at a review of the Army of the Potomac. At the trial inspection of the past winter, though you were just from one of the most severe campaigns of the war, while your rivals were fresh from provost duty, you surpassed them in every respect, and had the decision been rendered on the merits of the inspection instead of *dress coats* over *blouses*, you would have carried off the palm.

While on duty in and around the cities of Manchester and Richmond, Va., your gentlemanly conduct was remarked by everyone; and at the city of Danville, when flushed with all the victory of our arms, and doing duty among a conquered people, you proved that honor belongs to the brave.

By your ever ready, willing, and cheerful obedience to all orders you have rendered the duties of your commanding officer pleasant, and words are inadequate to express my appreciation of your services.

We have delivered up to the state authorities our old war-worn and blood-stained colors, which have been made dear to us through toil, danger, and sacrifice for their preservation. Nobler blood never coursed in the veins of man, or was sacrificed on a country's altar, than has been poured out on many a crimsoned field for them. God bless the noble dead — our comrades still — who have fallen in their defense!

Our last duties as a military organization have been performed, and as we are about to separate, perhaps for time, we must say farewell.

As you have been faithful, brave, and true soldiers, I feel assured that you will be good and worthy citizens, and of your duties as such I will not venture a word, except an admonition that you will ever greet the bereaved friends of our comrades that we have buried in a distant land, or sent home to rest beneath their native sod, with kind words and helping hands.

Soldiers, I am proud of your record, and the highest honor that I ask is that, when the history of the Rebellion is written, my name may be recorded as the commander of the Twelfth New Hampshire Volunteers.

With kindest wishes for you in all your relations of life, and that Heaven's richest blessings may be shed upon you all, I bid you a kind and affectionate farewell.

THOMAS E. BARKER,
Col. 12th N. H. Vols.

CHAPTER XVI

Miscellaneous.

Though the previous chapter closed the military career of the Twelfth Regiment, so far as its marches, battles, and principal matters of record, while in the service, have furnished salient points along its historic line, yet there is much of interest that remains to be written before its history can be called complete, or within a near approach thereto, which is as much and more than can reasonably be expected.

And among the many subjects, incidents, and anecdotes that will be referred to and related in this and the succeeding chapter, some may be considered as reinforcements of the main line, already formed, while others more properly belong to the rear guard. And, without respect to their order in the column of review, this chapter, as indicated by the above engraving, will commence with a brief account of the origin and dedication of the regimental monument that now marks the spot where the Twelfth fought on the field of Gettysburg.

Encouraged by a gift of five hundred dollars from the State to aid every regiment or organization therefrom, that were engaged in the battle of Gettysburg, in erecting monuments on that ever memorable field to mark the places where all the sons of New Hampshire fought, the Second, Fifth, and Twelfth regiments and the Sharpshooters have erected memorials, shaped from the granite of their native hills, that will long stand to mark the places where they fought.

In 1887 the Twelfth Regiment Association chose a committee of Captains R. W Musgrove and A. W Bartlett and Lieut. Rufus E. Gale to decide upon a design, and contract for the construction and erection of a monument for the purpose and upon the field above referred to. The whole work was done, according to contract, by Thomas Nawn of Concord to the entire satisfaction of the committee and the regiment, and was dedicated September 29 in the presence of quite a large collection of the members of the regiment and citizens of New Hampshire who were accompanying them on an excursion to Washington, Richmond, and the battle-fields of Gettysburg, Antietam, Chancellorsville, and Fredericksburg, including among other places of interest a visit to Luray Cave in Virginia.

The monument, as will be seen, somewhat resembles in shape and style a Grecian sarcophagus surmounted by a knapsack. The dimensions of its base are 6 feet 10 inches by 4 feet 6 inches; its die is 6 feet

2 inches by 3 feet 8 inches, and the cap 6 feet 8 inches by 4 feet 4 inches. Its total height, from sub-base to apex, is 8 feet and 4 inches, but standing, as it does, upon a mound that covers an elevated foundation, and the whole upon a billow-like swell of land considerably higher than the road in front or ground in rear, it looks to be much higher than it measures, and its appearance is both imposing and inspiring. It was worked out of unblemished blocks of the choicest Concord granite by the most expert and skillful hands, and is so appropriately and beautifully artistic in design and finish, that it has often been pronounced by competent judges to be one of the nicest among the nearly three hundred stone and bronze memorials that now mark regimental and battalion positions on the monumental field of Gettysburg.

From the centre of the nicely polished front of the die a panel was chiseled out so as to leave therein, in outstanding yet protected letters, the following inscription:

JULY 2, 1863. ENGAGED, 224.
KILLED, 20; WOUNDED, 73; DIED OF WOUNDS, 6.

Beneath this is a couplet from Holmes's pathetic poem, entitled "Brother Jonathan's Lament for Sister Caroline," which was written upon the occasion of South Carolina's legislative act of secession:

> "Our Union is river, lake, ocean, and sky;
> Man breaks not the medal when God cuts the die."

The two remaining lines of the verse are —

> "Though darkened with sulphur, though cloven with steel,
> The blue arch will brighten, the waters will heal."

On the base, as can be plainly seen in the picture, is deeply engraved —

12TH N. H. VOLS.

On either end is a raised diamond, representing the badge of the Third Corps, to which the regiment at that time belonged, and in which it served most of the time while in the Army of the Potomac. Within each of these diamonds is cut —

1ST BRIG., 2D DIV., 3D CORPS.

Upon the back side of the die is the following inscription:

This regiment was raised in four days: served nearly three years in the armies of the Potomac and the James; and lost, in killed and wounded, over 50 per cent of those engaged at Chancellorsville and Cold Harbor, and of its original number while in the service.

It marched to this field on the night of the first, fought here on the second, and supported the centre against Pickett's charge on the third.

THE TWELFTH REGIMENT MONUMENT AT GETTYSBURG.

The cost of the monument, exclusive, was eight hundred and seven dollars, over three hundred being contributed by members of the regiment.

The dedicatory exercises commenced about 3 o'clock: the forenoon, and until a late dinner, being taken up in visiting the most important and interesting parts of the battle-ground, and listening to short explanatory lectures from Col. John B. Bachelder, government historian of the battle, who joined the excursionists on their way to Gettysburg and conducted them over the field.

After a short but eloquent prayer by Rev Thomas Tyrie, a veteran of the First New Hampshire Cavalry, the monument was unveiled by Mrs. H. B. Fowler and Mrs. E. G. Musgrove, who removed the national flag that covered it, and Surgeon H. B. Fowler, in a few expressive words, hailed it in behalf of the living and the dead, whose deeds it now stood forth in all its grandeur and beauty to commemorate, and formally presented it as unveiled to a grateful country and admiring world.

Miss Ellen Jenkins, one of the daughters of the regiment, then read a poem written for the occasion by Mrs. Dr John Wheeler, of Pittsfield, N. H., and Capt. A. W Bartlett delivered the oration.

Capt. R. W Musgrove, chairman of the regimental committee above referred to, next formally presented the monument, in behalf of the surviving members of the regiment, to the "Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association," and the accepting of the trust, in a few appropriate remarks by Mr J M. Krauth, secretary of that organization, closed the exercises.

During the dedication a shower cloud arose whose aspect of rain, which begun to fall while he was speaking, hastened the orator to a close, and abbreviated somewhat the closing exercises.*

This reminded the veterans present of the terrible battle-storm that, coming from the same direction, and at nearly the same time of day, burst and beat upon them while standing upon the same spot more than quarter of a century before.

The poem, oration, and presentation address, having been preserved, are here given in their order The unveiling salutary by Doctor Fowler was impromtu and no report of it can now be found.

Poem.

BY MARY H. WHEELER.

Step softly! this is Gettysburg,
And here our soldiers came;
The hills that are around us
And the skies remain the same.

With Cemetery Ridge to right,
And Round Top there you see;
And here the field and road they crossed
In eighteen sixty-three.

But where are now the multitudes,
The swaying lines of blue?
Where is the smoke of battle
And its dust and darkness too?

Where is the sound of shot and shell,
The cannon's deeper roar?
Where are the smoke-grimed faces
Of the comrades seen no more?

*See mention of in oration.

Step softly! for these blades of grass
With heroes' blood were fed;
And human hearts are blended
In the soil whereon we tread.

These rocks have heard, this sky received,
The moans of dying men,
When ranks of naked souls passed on
To fields beyond our ken.

And many a mother, bowed with grief,
Drooped slowly year by year;
And widows wept and children wailed
For those who perished here.

The nation stood in silent awe
When first the types revealed
The valor of her dauntless sons
Upon this bloody field.

And in the tide of war that rolled
Across this valley then,
Were any worthier or more brave
Than our New Hampshire men?

The Granite State may proudly own
Her regiments, and tell
Where fought her Second and her Fifth,
And her good Twelfth as well.

Her Twelfth, those patriotic boys,
Who left the schools and farms,
And rushed at Father Abram's call
In eager haste to arms.

The Twelfth, or what remained thereof,
Since from its riven ranks
Red war had garnered ample sheaves
On Rappahannock's banks,

Footsore from long and weary march,
Arriving in the night,
With little time for rest or food —
We find them in the fight.

Here in the battle front they stood,
'Mid smoke and flying lead,
With gleam of flashing musketry
On faces of their dead.

And prompt to do, and brave to dare,
And ready to obey,
They fought as only heroes fight,
On that midsummer day.

With cannon thundering to left
And belching death and woe,
Behold them grimly changing front
To meet the flanking foe!

Here French, with sword in hand, went down
In life's delightful morn,
With love and hope encircling him
And glory beckoning on;

And Howe, who bore our flag of state
Firmly to faltering breath,
Nor yielded then his precious charge
But grasped its folds in death;

And Parker, who the stars and stripes
Upheld with loyal pride,
And falling wounded unto death,
Still "Save the colors!" cried.

Our nation's starry standard see,
When all its guard lay low,
By ready hands still borne aloft
Or shaken at the foe.

O words, dull words, how weak they are,
Employed by tongue or pen,
To picture deeds engraven here
In blood and lives of men!

Not all the brave in battle die,
Nor are all heroes slain;
And while we sorrow for the lost,
We prize those who remain.

Where are they? These with frosted hair,
These quiet men we see;
Are these the bold New Hampshire boys
Who fought in sixty-three?

Yes, quiet now, but should their flag
Be menaced by a foe,
You 'd see the old-time courage rise,
The old-time valor glow;

And, like the war horse of the tale,
At the first bugle strain,
You 'd find them falling into line
Prepared to fight again.

The years with steady step march on
As conquering armies do;
They level fortress, trench, and mound,
And feud and fury too.

They set new boundaries to lands,
New rulers on the throne,
And pillage from the precious things
We treasure as our own.

But long this granite sentinel
Its silent watch will keep,
Where fought our valiant Twelfth so well
And where its fallen sleep;

And long New Hampshire tell their roll
And count their brave deeds o'er,
And 'mid her treasured trophies hold
The tattered flags they bore.

And longer yet shall Liberty
Her starry banner wave,
And grateful generations own
The land they helped to save.

Oration.

BY CAPT. A. W. BARTLETT.

Standing, as we now are, upon soil made sacred by the blood of the patriot martyrs, who here offered themselves as a sacrifice for their country's freedom and our national redemption, we realize, as never before, how impotent are words from mortal lips to do justice to those whose immortal deeds shall outlive the monumental granite which we have come hither to dedicate to their memory.

Upon such an occasion as this, silence is more impressively eloquent than speech, for we seem then to be listening to the spirit voices of that vast army of the heroic dead who fought and fell in the great struggle for liberty and union that culminated upon this field a quarter of a century ago.

It is here that the historic past and the prophetic future of our country arise before our mental vision, and solemnly remind us of the obligations and responsibilities of the living present.

We seem to be standing, as indeed we are, on the high dividing line between the right and the wrong, the old and the new; not only as relating to the emancipation of a race and a "new birth of freedom" in our own land and time, but in the whole history of the world's civilization.

Other great and decisive battlefields have changed the boundaries of empires and fixed the destiny of nations, but not until the lightning flash of victory illuminated the dark and threatening battle-cloud that gathered in awful moment and power around the blood-drenched crest of Cemetery Ridge, did the silver lining, the bow of promise, and the sun of liberty, appear to gladden, cheer, and bless, as never before, the people of every land and clime on the face of the earth.

This is not Marathon, nor Morgarten, nor Bannockburn; but greater than either, and high above them all, the name of Gettysburg shall shine as a star of promise in the zenith heaven to light up the pathway of the nations down through the ages of time.

Here, as upon no other battlefield, shall the Christian patriot from every nation come, and in humble reverence bow the head and bend the knee at this consecrated shrine of civil and religious freedom.

How true it is that great and enduring blessings spring not up like prairie flowers, spontaneous on every hand, to please the eye with their beauty and sweeten the air with their fragrance, but are the result of conflict and suffering stern and severe; the offspring, it may be, of the discordant and destructive elements of hatred and passion, directed and controlled by the supreme wisdom of One who makes the wrath of man to praise Him. Out of chaotic darkness and from the elemented strife of conflicting forces came forth light and harmony

> "When the radiant morn of creation broke,
> And the world in the smile of God awoke."

And thus from the throes of chaos came forth order, and the great physical laws of universal creation were established amid the "music of the spheres," as they first rolled from the hand of their Omnipotent Creator. And, as in the material, so in the immaterial or moral world — light out of darkness! life out of death!

Not only has the truth of this been sanctified and solemnized by the suffering

and death of the Saviour of the world in the great plan of human redemption, but we see it illustrated by the lives of men and the history of nations.

But where on the calendar of time do we find such an example of its truth and power in the affairs of men as is found in the history of our own country? It was only by seven long years of conflict, toil, and suffering that our Revolutionary sires laid with their own hands and cemented with their own blood the foundation stones of this Government. But in the virgin soil of the republic they unfortunately suffered the deadly upas of slavery to take root and grow, side by side with the tree of liberty, until it was almost equally dangerous to the life of the nation to undertake to remove, or longer allow it to stand; and our ablest statesmen looked out into the threatening future with fear and trembling for the result.

At last the inevitable conflict and the dark hours came on, not, as was feared, to tear asunder and destroy, but to reunite, strengthen, and perpetuate; and out of the agonizing throes of a civil war, such as no other nation could have survived, America stands forth the laurel-crowned victor of the New World, "redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the irresistable genius of universal emancipation." And thus life and light for the future came out of the darkness and death of the past.

Long, then, after this generation has passed away will the free citizens of a mighty republic meet upon this great monumental battlefield of the world, and proudly claim lineage from those who here fought to save from the foot of rebel invasion that which their fathers had wrenched from the hand of oppression. And among those will come the sons and daughters of New Hampshire to point out where her gallant Second, her "Fighting Fifth," and her heroic Twelfth, as well as her no less valiant company of Sharpshooters and Light Artillery, fought as defenders of the nation's life.

While the history of these organizations is full of brave and noble deeds, and each made a record of glory here, it is only of the Twelfth that I shall be expected to speak. This regiment, the survivors of which, with the aid of the State, have erected this lasting tribute to the memory of their comrades who fell upon this field, was raised by the shores of the beautiful lakes that reflect the lofty mountains that stand sentinels of liberty in our own loved "Switzerland of America." Stalwart and sturdy as their native hills, averaging in physical development a standard scarcely equalled by any other regiment from New England or the North, they went forth from peaceful, happy homes twenty-six years ago to battle on southern fields for the preservation of the same heritage of freedom that their fathers had fought for at Bunker Hill and Bennington nearly a century before.

Of its marches and battles, and their record of suffering and sacrifice from that time to the end of the war, except as relating to this decisive field, there is neither time nor need for me to refer. Although less than a year in the service, such had been the sad havoc of death by disease and wounds, that it formed its battle-line near yonder grove on the morning of the second day of July, 1863, with less than one fourth of its original number and little more than one half as many men as were cut from its ranks two months before on the sanguinary field of Chancellorsville. Of the few still living who answered to the roll-call on that eventful morn, but twelve are allowed to enjoy the high privilege of meeting with us here to-day.

Though twenty-five years and more have passed since you, veteran comrades, weary, worn, and weather-bronzed, with aching limbs and blistered feet and covered with the sweat and dust of the march, first bivouacked on the soil of Gettysburg, yet how vividly it all comes back to you now! You are standing upon the same ground; you recognize the same hills and valleys; you feel the genial rays of the same bright orb above (though yonder cloud now, like the smoke of battle then, obscures his brightness), and are privileged, thank God, to gaze upon the same old flag, with new stars added but none obliterated, still floating upon Cemetery Ridge; but how different the occasion, how changed the scene! It was about this time in the afternoon of that awful strife that you met the enemy on the very spot where you now stand, but how great the contrast between that and this hour's exercises! Because of the memory so painfully vivid of that, how solemnly impressive is this! Then was the fiery battle-blast of iron bolts and leaden hail, cutting through your ranks and covering the ground with the dying and the dead; but now it is the cooling breeze and the gentle rain, falling like tear-drops from Heaven to wash the dust from this monument that we now dedicate to the sacred memory and undying fame of those who perished here.

Then yonder heights were covered with artillery, hot in the work of destruction and death, and leaden hail poured from the livid battle-clouds that hung round their base and spread over these valleys. Then the air quivered and the ground trembled with the rush and shock of battle. Then was the charge and the rout, with the rebel yell and the union shout; the screech of flying shot and the shriek of dying men; the crash of bursting shells and the clash of resounding arms. Then was the first part of Dante's Inferno dramatized by the light of the cannon's flash, and death's high carnival pictured in blood upon the scenes. And thus, for three long days, the awful tragedy of war went on, until these green fields were red with the blood of the wounded and dead of the two great armies of the North and the South in the dreadful struggle for the life of the nation; the one to preserve, the other to destroy. But now the terrible storm is over and the earthquake shock has passed; and in the cloudless sky above, Columbia's star shines so much higher and brighter than ever before that the nations of the Old World

> "No longer question, as they upward gaze,
> Whether it 's the meteor's flash or the sun's bright blaze."

You remember, comrades, and can never forget the many days and nights of forced marches that brought you from the battle-lined shores of the Rappahannock to meet the enemies of your country once more face to face; but now, for the first and last time, on the free soil of a northern state. You remember the last long midnight march of twenty miles; of your unexpected contact with and fortunate escape from the rebel lines; and how, by the light of the moon, you saw the hand of your watch point the silent, solemn hour of one, before you sunk almost exhausted upon your arms to rest. Alas! to how many of your little band of veteran heroes it was the last night's rest on earth — the last short sleep of the brave before the long, untroubled sleep of the grave.

Scarcely had the dawn heralded the approach of that never-to-be-forgotten day, when you were called to arms, and soon, moving forward a short distance, formed your first line of battle. Then came the hours of waiting and

watching for the enemy's advance which was every moment expected. The sun has risen half way in his upward course, and not a sound of battle is yet heard; but you know too well that it is the portentous lull before the dreadful storm, and soon the scattering fire of the skirmish line gives warning of its near approach.

At noon you are again advanced to support Seeley's battery at the apple orchard, then just to the rear of the house upon my left, though the trees no longer stand to mark the spot; and a little later, moving a few rods to the right and front, you take position here with the other regiments of your brigade along the line of this Emmitsburg road. One — two — three, the hours pass, and you anxiously watch the slow descending sun; for, still unengaged, you begin to hope that the evening may come as the morning has gone, and find you untouched by the fire of battle.

Delusive shadow of hope, how soon to be dispelled! For almost before you cherish it, the skirmish fire on your left swells into the tempest of battle, and with the crash and roar of musketry and artillery extending toward the right, will soon burst in all its fury upon you.

It is the determined attack of Longstreet's solid columns, hurled upon the left of Sickles's corps at the peach orchard; and although the iron-nerved and lion-hearted veterans of Birney and Graham are there and the contest is terrific, yet no power of man can withstand the cyclone of ruin and death that envelopes them, and the fatal angle is crushed in and swept away

But you have no longer to wait and listen, for look! the skirmishers are coming in, firing as they run, while close behind them you see the long, unbroken lines of rebel gray swiftly approaching to attack your front. They are the fresh troops of General Anderson's division, and are greeted with shot and shell from Turnbull's and Seeley's batteries on your right and left; but on they come, while the same missiles of destruction from their own batteries, brought rapidly into position on yonder crest, are cutting through your ranks.

Steady, men! Stand firm, New Hampshire Twelfth! for the long expected and dreaded hour of your trial has at last come! They are now within range of your muskets, and you open upon them a rapid and well directed fire.

But before you can stay the tide in your front, above the roar of battle and sharper than the bugle's blast you hear the well known charging yell of Barksdale's forces, who, having nothing now to oppose them on the left, come sweeping down like an avalanche upon your flank. Now is the crisis moment of the trying hour; for just as you resolve to stand or fall, conquer or die, upon this spot already within the vortex of the battle, comes the startling order from General Humphreys to *change front to the rear!*

Knowing it to be little less than impossible for any troops, however experienced or disciplined, to obey such an order with their front and flank heavily engaged, General Carr sends a staff officer to inquire of Captain Langley, in command of the regiment, if his men can be depended upon. "Yes," is the ready response, "if I can make them understand the order." "Then shout it in the ears of every company commander, and let them watch the motion of your sword as the signal for its execution."

But seconds are years now, and moments end in eternity to many of your brave comrades who are falling at every step; but the living close in to fill up

the gaps of the dead, and the order is executed with such steadiness and precision as to convince the foe that something more than raw militia lines is still before them. But nearly one half of your number have already been killed or wounded. Lieutenant French, brave and faithful unto death, falls dead at the feet of Captain Shackford, from whom he is receiving the order, and a few minutes later both color bearers, Parker and Howe, and most of the color guard lie dead or bleeding from mortal wounds.

But the enemy is swinging round his right, that already overlaps you, and before you can hardly check his advance you are ordered to fall back a short distance, when you again face about and open fire upon his lines. But the fight now is as short as it is desperate; for, with the foe upon three sides, retreat or capture seems the only alternative, and your whole division is ordered back upon the supports that are now coming up from the Second, Fifth, and Sixth corps.

With only twenty-five or thirty men left together to defend the colors, you once more face the rushing, crushing torrent of lead and steel that is sweeping the field, forcing the Third Corps back from its advanced position on the right as it has already done on the left, and led by the gallant and noble hearted Lieutenant Fernal, who has since gone to his reward, you advance in the front line of support, helping to retake the ground and prisoners you had lost, and driving the rebel lines back until you occupy nearly the same position as when first attacked. The apple orchard, the wheat field, and Emmitsburg road, so stubbornly defended and reluctantly yielded, are yours again; and one long, loud, triumphant cheer goes up, such as you will never forget nor hear again.

Would that time were mine to speak of the many acts of individual heroism and patriotic devotion here performed by those who fell and those that still survive; but history shall preserve them, and their result and effect shall be known and felt when this monument shall no longer hold its record or even stand to mark the advance line of "The New Hampshire Mountaineers" on the field of Gettysburg.

How fitting then, upon this rise of ground where you first met and last drove the enemy, and around which so many of your brave comrades fell, to bring the enduring granite from your native hills, and erect a monumental tribute to the patriotism and valor of the living and the dead. But the battle is over and the bugle has long since sounded the recall. Come back then, veteran comrade, from this sad reverie of war, and listen once more to the sweet sounding reveille of peace; for the dark night of woe has passed, and the effulgent light of a glorious morn shines above and around us.

The hardships and sufferings of the march and the field, like a dream as they sometimes seem, have passed away, and with them let us hope all the bitterness and hatred between the blue and the gray. No longer, as before the war, united in name but divided in sentiment, nor, as at one time feared, a union pinned together with bayonets, to last only while exercising the military power to enforce it; but now by the wisdom and mercy of Him who hath directed and preserved, we rejoice that ours is not only

> "The union of lakes, the union of lands,
> The union of states none can sever;"

but —

> "The union of hearts, the union of hands,
> And the flag of our Union forever."

Presentation Address.

BY CAPT. R. W MUSGROVE.

It becomes my pleasant duty, in behalf of the veterans of the Twelfth Regiment of New Hampshire Volunteers and of the State they honored, to make formal delivery to you, sir, as the representative of the Gettysburg Battlefield Association, this granite monument which has been placed here to mark the spot where brave men from the granite hills of New Hampshire stood shoulder to shoulder and fought and died for the preservation of the union.

These men from the old Granite State assisted on those memorable days in July, 1863, in making history that will be even more enduring than this block of granite itself, and it is only fitting that the ground on which they fought so bravely for God and humanity should thus be marked with a block from the granite hills of their native State.

We have no doubt that a grateful country, remembering the deeds of her sons on this field, will ever provide your worthy association with the means necessary for the preservation of this shaft, so that generations yet unborn may read in its simple inscriptions the deeds of heroism on this historic field of Gettysburg.

Reunions.

In the first part of this history the Twelfth Regiment is referred to as a family, and the reason is there given why this term of relationship was more applicable to this than any other regiment that went out from our patriotic little State to help save the great and grand estate bequeathed to us by our fathers. And it is because of this, in addition to that common bond of friendship which binds every true soldier to his brother soldier as comrades in peace as well as war, and which is the centripetal force that now holds together more than two hundred thousand of the old veterans as members of the Grand Army of the Republic, that the Twelfth was among the first to organize a reunion association, by means of which its members have kept actively strong those kindred ties, which, though time may weaken, can never be sundered until all are dead; for while the last one survives the memory of his dead comrades will be near and dear to him, and make him yearn to meet them on that peaceful shore, where war's dread sounds can meet their ears no more.

The members of no other regiment of the State, if indeed of any state, have taken so much pains in preparing for, and so much pleasure and satisfaction in attending, their annual reunions as have the survivors of the Twelfth New Hampshire.

While the officers and a few of the rank and file of other regiments have met together here and there at irregular times, and more often as a single company than a whole regiment, except as they have met at the grand reunion of all the veterans of the State holden each year recently at The Weirs, the Twelfth boys have had a grand rally around their colors* at some previously selected one of the ten principal towns in and around which the different companies were raised.

These towns given here in the alphabetical order of the letters of their respective companies in the army, and which was and still is the routine order of holding these reunions, are Alton, Gilmanton, Bristol, Tilton, Ashland (formerly Holderness), Pittsfield, Laconia, Lake Village, Meredith, and Wolfeborough: and up to this writing, 1893, every reunion has been holden in some one of these towns, except two—one on Diamond Island, Lake Winnipiseogee, and the other at The Weirs on the shore of the same beautiful lake, as will be referred to hereafter.

The towns have taken great interest in entertaining the veteran survivors of the regiment as their turns came round, and vied with each other in trying to make their honored guests, their wives, children, and such friends and relatives as they might wish to invite, heartily and sumptuously welcome.

A reunion of the Twelfth has long been a gala day for the town having the honor of the occasion, and for many years the governor of the State and other prominent military and civil officials have made it a practice to

*See *post.*

be present, and willingly contributed five dollars each to become honorary members of the regimental association.

The first of these reunions was holden at Laconia in the fall of 1865, and was little more than a revival, by some of the officers and their wives, of the social gatherings that were so well enjoyed during the winter the regiment was stationed at Point Lookout, Md. It was but a small impromptu affair, and few, if any, present thought of its being the commencement of the long list of grandly successful gatherings that have since followed.

It was an entertainment, however, of the most enjoyable kind. Speeches and songs enlivened the early evening hours, and here was kindled the first one of the afterward famous camp-fires, which have been so important a part of the exercises of every subsequent reunion.

Here, also, was taken the initiatory step, since the war, in that "light fantastic round," which has always been the closing, and to some, one of the most brilliant and enjoyable features of these entertainments.

At this meeting it was suggested, and soon after decided upon, that a general encampment and reunion of all the survivors of the regiment should be holden sometime during the next year, at such time and place, and with such a programme of exercises as a committee, chosen for that purpose, might decide upon.

As mutually assistant and contributory to the success of both enterprises, it was determined early in the spring that the encampment should be upon Diamond Island, one of the larger islands of the lake above named, and that the chief and closing day occur on the Fourth of July upon the occasion of the public opening of a large hotel that had just been built there.

The beautiful place, the double occasion, and the day itself, which proved as pleasant to enjoy as its memories were inspiring, all united to call together a much larger concourse of people than expected, it being estimated that not less than seven thousand persons visited the island during the day.

Camp orders for the Fourth, which was the second day of the encampment, were as follows: "Reveille" at 3 A. M.; "sunrise salute" by artillery; "guard mount" at 9; "dinner call" at 12 M.; "assembly" at 2 P. M.; "dress parade" at 5; "retreat" at 6; and "taps" at 10.

To supply all answering to the dinner call who could not be accommodated at the hotel, tables of rich rations awaited them in the surrounding grove.

The literary exercises, that commenced soon after the sounding of the assembly, were the chief attraction of the day, and consisted of a prayer by Chaplain J H. Higgins; reading of the Declaration of Independence by Capt. H. Q. Sargent; a brief history of the regiment by Capt. H. M. Heath; a poem by Capt. J M. Durgin; and an oration by Capt. A. W Bartlett; followed by speeches of invited guests and other distinguished persons present.

As soon as dark enough there was a grand display of fireworks, lasting for about an hour; and "taps" that night, instead of meaning "lights out," followed by silence and sleep, as in the army, were supposed to be heard upon the drum head and the dancing floor, which had been prepared in the grove for the occasion, about the same time, and to be continued on the latter until long after midnight.

The "Belknap Cornet Band" furnished music during both days of the encampment, and until the departure of the regiment on the morning of the 5th. And thus ended one of the largest, if not most successful, reunion entertainments that the regiment ever had, and one that at once established a reputation which, with but little diminution, it has maintained to the present time.

Soon after effecting its regular reunion organization, the selection and adoption of a badge of membership was acted upon, and the one finally accepted was a diamond shaped piece of plate silver, slightly convexed upon its face surface, and bearing thereon the enameled outline of a heart surrounding a Maltese cross, and in the four corners of the diamond the figures and letters, "12th N. H. V." The shape of the badge itself is impressively suggestive of the red, white, and blue flannel badges worn by the respective divisions of the Third Corps in the army; the different colors in this, as all the other Corps, representing the numbers, from one to three, of the divisions, and the shape of the badge the number of the Corps, that of the Third, as the reader has already learned, being the diamond. The Maltese cross and the heart were the badges respectively of the Eighteenth and Twenty-fourth Corps, in which the regiment served during the last year of the war.

In addition to this regular regimental badge, others in silk, of different colors and styles, have been gotten up for each annual reunion, upon which have been printed the name of the place where and the date when the reunion for that year was holden. At first these badges were designed and procured more for the occasion than as a badge of membership, and were sold for the purpose of helping to defray expenses to whoever might desire one; but later on they, like the silver ones, could only be worn by the surviving members of the regiment and their wives and the widows of those deceased, that the many visitors might know who were the ones amid the crowd that were deserving of and designed to have all the honors of the occasion. The honorary members even, including governors, generals, and members of Congress were not allowed to wear them.

Another interesting and attractive feature of these reunions was the getting up each year of some pleasing and unique souvenir of the occasion, which were eagerly sought for by many beside the Twelfth boys, and which will be found carefully preserved in many houses in the State, as well as out, long after the original recipients have been numbered with the dead.

This practice may be said to have originated in the fertile brain of Woodbury Sanborn, who, though not an original member of the Twelfth family by enlistment, was with or near the regiment much of the time during its service, being connected with the sutler department, and was a warm and tried friend to all who wore "12th N. H. V." upon their caps. He took great interest in their annual gatherings, and did much for their success. He alone designed most of these souvenirs, and was chiefly instrumental in getting them manufactured and ready; and it seemed to be his especial pleasure to keep it all a profound secret, except to two or three of his trusted friends, what the boys at the next reunion were to receive. For a while these mementoes were sent through the mails with invitation circulars to every member of the regiment whose address was known: but the last and larger ones were given out to those present, at cost price, and only sent to such others of the regiment as might care enough about them to pay for making and sending.

These reunion mementoes consisted mostly of miniature equipments of every kind that the soldier had to wear in the army, including the musket, and soon became so popular that they were sought for by many outside of the regiment who wished to have and preserve them as keepsakes; and sometimes, when the demand was active and supply adequate, they were sold at auction, and the receipts therefrom, together with the money received from the sale of badges and ball tickets, was usually sufficient to liquidate incidental expenses.

Among other things connected with these reunions, and worthy of record memory, is the origin of that beautifully appropriate custom of burying deceased veterans wrapped in the flag of their country. This practice, than which nothing can more fittingly honor the last remains of him to whom national honor is due, and which has already been adopted by some of the Grand Army Posts of Massachusetts and other states, as it eventually will by all, was first started by the Twelfth Regiment Association several years before any other veteran organization, so far as can be learned, had introduced the idea or even seriously entertained it.

To one of the orginal drummer boys, whose name is better known now among his comrades than then, belongs the honor of originating the idea and first bringing it to the notice of the public, by introducing a resolution for its adoption at a regimental reunion at Tilton, N. H., in September, 1879. And it was through his efforts that John B. Willard, of Company F, the first one to die after that meeting, was buried at Pittsfield, enshrouded in the same glorious emblem of liberty under which he had marched and fought. Since then, small silk flags have been purchased and kept on hand for that purpose.

The regiment, therefore, can justly claim the credit of inaugurating a custom that ought to have been common throughout the loyal states long before, which should rapidly spread into every state where a Grand Army Post exists, and last so long as an honorably discharged Union soldier survives.

When the loyal heart has ceased to beat,
Of a soldier, true and brave,
Oh, give him for his winding sheet
The flag he helped to save.

For it he stood where thousands fell,
Amid the battle's roar;
And now that all with him is well,
And nought can harm him more,

We'll lay him down, he s done his part,
In silent peace to rest;
With the old badge pinned o'er his heart
And the flag around his breast.

There let the honored dust repose,
Soldier and flag together,
Secure from all their country's foes,
Forever and forever.

During the first few years of their reunions the members of the regiment had naturally a very strong desire of being privileged to rally once more around their old army colors, and an application was made to the state authorities for permission to take one stand of them, at least, from their place in the rotunda of the state capitol, at the next reunion, for that purpose.

It was claimed by the officer of the regiment, who made the request in its behalf, that the only valid objection thereto, namely, the danger of their being injured or destroyed, was met and disposed of by the question that, if the men who had risked their lives and shed their blood to protect and preserve them on the field of battle could not be trusted to take care of them for one day while in their personal keeping, then who could? But while the question was too forcibly pertinent to be answered adversely to the wish that prompted it, yet the adjutant-general, after consulting with the governor and council, dared not allow the precious relics to be taken from the secure resting place provided for them, without legislative authority

Thinking then, as he still does, that the request was a reasonable one, and that the heroes who had so long and bravely defended them should have had the glad privilege and great pleasure of gathering around and saluting their tattered and blood-stained battle-flags once more, when they could do so fanned by the soft zephyrs of peace from their native hills instead of being swept down by fiery blasts upon battle-fields of war, the officer above alluded to introduced a resolution, at the next session of the legislature, authorizing the adjutant-general of the State to let the veterans of every military organization that served in the war have, under certain precautionary restrictions, one stand of their old battle-flags at any one reunion of the surviving members, at any time within five years that they might desire them. And this resolution would probably

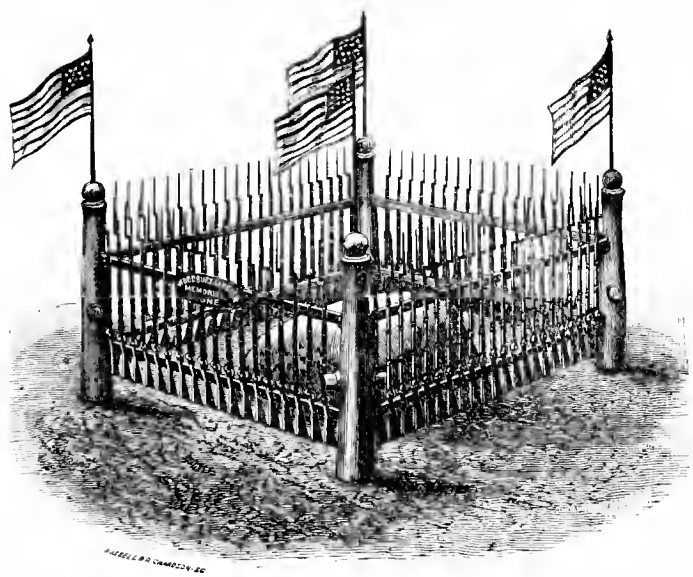
have been adopted and approved, had not the mover been persuaded to withdraw it for special reasons which did not, however, apply to the Twelfth.

But although unsuccessful in two attempts to give one more greeting to, and take their final parting of, their dearly cherished colors, the efforts were not fruitless to the regiment, for out of them grew up the idea of the regiment having a flag of its own. And one evening, while he who had twice failed in his efforts to procure the old flags was discussing with another earnest friend of the regiment the desirability of having a new one, the latter rather impatiently remarked: "Well, well, I certainly agree with all you say and heartily endorse the idea, but to get such a flag as you are talking about, and have it properly lettered and finished, as it ought to be, would cost a hundred dollars or more, and how shall we pay for it? Another idea seemed just then to enter the brain of the other, for, springing from his chair, he walked across the room and back, and then exclaimed: "Never mind the pay! 'where there's a will there's a way': and if you are present at our next reunion, you will see the boys marching under a splendid flag of their own, or thenceforth you are at liberty to write me down in your memory's list as Mr. False Promise." His words proved prophetic, and ever since the veteran members of one New Hampshire regiment have had a flag that they could proudly look up to at each reunion, and that they could keep and use without the fear or favor of any one. And it will be kept as a precious relic of the "Old Twelfth" long after its last survivor has joined his comrades that have gone before, and answered with them the morning roll-call on the other shore.

The flag is five feet by six in size, made of the best quality of banner silk, heavily bordered with gold-gilded fringe, and lettered in gold leaf with the names of the thirteen battles in which the regiment was engaged.*

It was made to order by Charles O. Eaton, of Boston, at a cost of one hundred dollars, and paid for by the citizens of Laconia and one or two other towns of Belknap county It was received by the regiment as a present from the citizens of that county, although the price of it was so quickly raised that but few of her patriotic sons and daughters had the coveted privilege of aiding in the work. Many times the needed amount could have been raised if necessary.

*See table of battles and losses.



WOODBURY SANBORN MEMORIAL STONE.

Whoever has visited that beautiful spot on the western side of the largest and most renowned of our many crystal lakes, where for many years the veterans of New Hampshire have had their annual encampment, and which is visited every year by thousands beside those who attend these military reunions, cannot have failed to notice the large granite boulder so conspicuously located upon the grounds near the crest of the hill in rear of the hotel, and upon the top surface of which are deeply engraved the names of all the military organizations of the State that served in the Union army during the rebellion.

This boulder is about eight feet long and four and one half feet wide upon the upper side; and, rising from two to three feet out of the ground, with a slight inclination from east to west that presents plainly to view its smooth, tablet-shaped top, seems designed by nature for the very purpose for which it has been so properly and prominently used.

Soon after the war, the place where this stone is located was selected as the permanent camping ground of the veteran soldiers of the State at their general reunions, and had long been a pleasure resort where quite a large hotel, several imposing buildings, and many cottages had been erected by the Veteran Association and private parties. Yet of the many thousands who had gathered around and looked upon this singular deposit of the glacial or drift period of the earth's existence, no one had ever thought or dreamed of making it speak for the pride and patriotism of the "Old Granite State," as it now does and will continue to do down through many generations of the future, until it met the thoughtful gaze of one in whose fertile mind the idea first took root, and where it grew into that maturity of conception necessary to its visible realization. To him for whom the stone has been named, belongs not only the credit of

originating the idea itself, but of procuring a deed of the piece of land — twenty by twenty-two feet — upon which the boulder rests, of having it lettered, and of designing the style and procuring the erection of the fence that surrounds it.

This fence is all of cast iron, and was manufactured by D. Arthur Brown, of Penacook, N. H. The pickets are in the shape and of nearly the size of common muskets, with bayonets fixed, and the four corner posts are in imitation of cannon surmounted by four balls, with holes therein to serve as socket holders for small flag-staffs on public occasions, as may be seen in the engraving. On a small oval plate attached to the gate is inscribed:

"Woodbury Sanborn Memorial Stone."

The cost of casting and erecting the fence, amounting to about one hundred and fifty dollars, was paid for mainly by the widows, wives, and daughters of the original members of the Twelfth Regiment.

The boulder, which has been called by some the "Record Rock," was formally dedicated by the Twelfth members at their reunion at The Weirs, where it is located, September 27, 1882. Hon. Charles H. Bell, then governor of the State, standing upon the rock as he spoke, delivered the dedicatory address, which, but for his recent death, would have been printed herewith.

After the decease of Mr. Sanborn, which occurred a few years later, the Twelfth Regiment Association, wishing to erect some kind of a memorial to his memory, appointed a committee of three of its members — Captain Lang, Lieutenant Lane, and Corporal Farrar — to consider and report at their next meeting what, within the means of the association, would be most appropriate. Their report was unanimously adopted, and they were chosen to execute and complete the work necessary to consummate their own recommendation. This, everything considered, was uniquely appropriate, and the most satisfactory thing that could have been done.

It consists, as seen to-day, of a bronze tablet suspended a few feet above the stone by means of an iron rod overarching the same. On one side of this tablet is inscribed the following:

WOODBURY SANBORN

a devoted friend and honorary member of the 12th N. H. Regiment Association, caused this stone to be engraved, and secured the funds of this emblematic fence from the members of 12th Regiment and their lady friends.

Dedicated as a Memorial to the soldiers of New Hampshire by Gov. Bell Sept. 27, 1882, at a reunion of the regiment.

On the opposite side of the tablet this very appropriate sentiment is written:

> As of old, when Moses smote the rock and it poured forth water that the people might drink, so may this boulder, dedicated as a Memorial to New Hampshire valor, give forth a stream of patriotic inspiration that shall continue its flow down the centuries, ever stimulating heroic devotion to Home, Country, and Free Institutions.

At the same reunion of the Twelfth veterans that this rock was dedicated the beautiful new flag bought for them by the citizens of Belknap county, as already referred to, was formally presented; Governor Bell making the presentation speech, and Capt. A. W Bartlett, as president of the reunion association, accepting it in behalf of the regiment.

The interleaf copy of the invitation circular and programme of this occasion is here presented as a fair sample of those issued at all the other reunions. The "memorial service," adopted soon after the war, consists of a dirge by the band or drum corps, followed by a eulogy upon those who have died during the year. The "presentation of badges" refers to a practice that obtained for awhile of giving gold badges, of the same shape and style as the silver ones, to some of the favorite officers. The canteens sold at auction were miniature tin ones, with straps attached, of the same size as the printed picture disk seen upon the programme and copies of which were pasted on to them. The "guess prizes" were those given to a few of those who came nearest to guessing the correct number of articles contained in a mammoth canteen, made especially for that reunion, and holding several gallons; the canteen and contents being then sold at auction with the little ones. Lafayette Newell, the veteran war photographer, a brother of Arthur C. and Albert M., of Company B, took a picture of the beautifully decorated grand stand and all those upon and close around it.* It was from his camera that came many of the original pictures of the boys as represented in this history.

*See engraving.

Presentiments and Visions.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy"

Notwithstanding all the light and knowledge that the world has received both from revelation and science since the human race began, and the fact that we are now living in the bright blaze of the last decade of the nineteenth century, still we are enveloped in mystery and filled with doubts concerning the nature and extent of those occult powers of our spiritual being, the existence of which — since every effect must have a cause — is placed beyond dispute by their many strange and varied, yet none the less unmistakable, manifestations.

However reason, without what some would call the safety anchor of Christian faith, may be inclined, if left alone, to drift out into the dark waters of materialism, yet despite the premises or principles of all purely mental elaborations, and regardless even of many religious claims and creeds, there seems to be something both within and around us that is a part of, and has an inseparable connection with, that electro-etherial and all pervading essence that fills the mystic realm of our spiritual existence.

Although still groping in comparative darkness as regards our future destiny "when we have shuffled off this mortal coil," and especially in respect to our individual consciousness and identity remaining the same, yet no well informed and unprejudiced person will deny that through this surrounding darkness many strange and startling gleams of light have been seen, that no prism or spectroscope of science can dissolve or analyze by any philosophical or chemical tests, or explain from any known physical laws.

And however much or little of unalloyed truth there may be in the fast spreading belief that these gleams of light are faint glimpses that come to us from the spirit world, one thing can be safely asserted, that the time has passed when the high priests of either science or religion can establish or long maintain a reputation for wisdom who are at once ready to reject everything that they cannot explain or understand.

Motion, so far as can be ascertained, seems to be one of the great, governing laws of universal existence, and applies alike to the material and immaterial entity

Without motion there would be neither life nor light, and though we read that light was commanded ere the problem of life was solved, yet before there was either light or life "the Spirit of God *moved* upon the face of the waters."

He, therefore, who forgets or fails to recognize the fact that "the world moves," will soon find himself far behind, and so tangled up and fettered by his prejudices and predilections as to be obliged to fall in with

the grumbling stragglers who are picked up by the rear guard of that noble army of brave and progressive thinkers and actors that will ever proudly lead the advancing column of humanity down the great and grand march of the ages.

The necromancy of the past has already changed into the theosophy of the present, and what was once universally attributed to the "Prince of Darkness" is now ascribed by many to the "Father of all Good."

There seems to be now but little doubt in the minds of the ablest psychologists of to-day but that invisible and immaterial something that we call electricity — with which so much is being done, and of which so much is said, but so little known — is the connecting link between mind and matter. And there are many who believe that the world is about to awake in the morning light of the greatest scientific development that ever interested or affected humanity.

It is already quite apparent that the age of steam is fast passing by, as insufficient for the demands of the hour, and a hidden force, compared with which steam is but an infant, is fast taking its place. How little could Franklin have thought, when he succeeded in capturing a small bottle full of the wild lightning of heaven, that it ever could be so far tamed as not only to become earth's universal messenger, chief source of power, and grand illuminator, but that within less than a hundred years from his simple but world-revolutionizing experiment with kite and key it would become instrumental in healing the sick, and even of comforting the mourner, by lighting up "the dark valley of death," and giving, through mediumistic visions, a clearer and brighter view of the "delectable mountains" on the other side.

Though the inspirational voice that came to Luther when he was crawling up "Pilate's staircase," telling him that "the just shall live by faith," will be heard and heeded by multiplied millions who have not yet lived and moved upon this mundane sphere, yet that this strong and supporting faith is to be made and kept so by an elimination therefrom of many of the religious dogmas and superstitions of the present as well as the past, there can scarcely be a doubt in any unprejudiced and educated mind.

And the time may come in the future,
As we half believe that it will,
When science alone from the electric zone
The world with a new light will fill,

That shall scatter the darkness of ages,
Like dew-mist before the sun;
And men will learn more of mystical lore,
Than yet since the world begun.

Then faith will be founded in reason,
And skeptics can question no more;
For no one will doubt, when life's tide goes out
That 't will reach to the other shore.

However others may ridicule the idea of there being anything in presentiments, except what comes from imagination's illusive fantasies, it is all the same to him who has once felt their strange and mysterious power, for

> "What we see we believe, though the eye may sometimes deceive,
> But what we *feel* we *know*, whether it be the sting or the blow"

And you might as well try to convince one who is suffering from an attack of acute sciatica that he really has no pain, but only imagines that he has, as to satisfy him who has once been under the strong influence of that strange impression that speaks to us so plainly, and yet unheard, of danger and death to come, that there is nothing to it. History, sacred and profane, is thickly sprinkled with remarkable and well authenticated instances of prophetic visions, dreams, and premonitions; and "death warnings" have been prevalent among savage and civilized nations so far back as we have any authentic record of the human race.

What and whence these wonderful phenomena can only be answered by offering one mystical theory to solve or explain another, and thus on into "endless mazes lost"; and yet we have no doubt, as already expressed, that we are fast approaching the daybreak of a new and marvelous era in physchological research which, were it to burst upon us all at once, would astonish and astound the world.

But whether ever better understood than now or not, the fact changeth not that many a poor soldier in our late war, as well as some of their near relatives at home, had presentiments, visions, and dreams; and that those cases, properly coming under the first named class, were so common that almost every old veteran can refer to one or more instances that came under his own observation.

And though we shall only speak of such individual instances occurring in the Twelfth as were made known to their brother comrades by those who felt the fatal impression, there were doubtless others whom fate consigned to gory graves, who knew equally well what their fate would be, but nursed the dread secret in sorrowful silence which their acts and looks would only too soon betray.

With some this strange premonition ante-dated their departure from Concord.* Who is there of Company F who does not remember how often the Christian-hearted "Charlie" Mason used to speak of his death as a foregone conclusion, even almost as early as entering camp after enlistment, saying he should never return; and when chided for talking so, and for allowing himself to look so much upon the dark side, would reply that he talked it because he felt it, and knew it, and that it was not a dark side to him, for he deemed it a happy privilege to die for his country, since he felt sure of his reward in heaven.

He seemed to be proud of falling, as he believed he should, on the field of battle, and his bones now moulder and mingle with the soil beneath the

* See page 16.

leaves that yearly spread their soft vesture over the blood-soaked field of Chancellorsville, as if to cover up forever the last trace of that terrible conflict.

And there, too, is the dust of John B. Merrill, of the same company, who always before jokingly jovial, even under the enemy's fire, awoke one morning from bivouac, on the march to that battlefield, so sober and thoughtful in appearance, that the boys, finding that he was not sick as they first thought, began to joke him, and one of them said: "I guess John's afraid he'll be killed by the Johnnies, but he ought not to be frightened before we get up near enough to hear the music of their minies."

"Well, boys, you can make light of it if you want to, but I *shall* be killed and shall be the first man to fall in the company in the next battle," and his words proved true. He fired his first and last shot at the enemy and fell dead where he stood.

The widow of Merrill, who is still living in Lynn, Mass., says that for three years before his enlistment she had repeatedly dreamed of seeing her husband in the midst of or surrounded with blood; and so often had she dreamed the same thing over and over, that she used to be afraid to have her husband go away from home on the cars, or to go to work where there was any danger of his getting hurt. After he went to war she had no more such dreams about him, but something seemed to tell her that this was what her dreams had meant, and she felt that he would be killed on the field of battle.

Charles H. Marden, of Company B, who fell at Cold Harbor, gave his watch to Sergeant Piper before going into the battle, and told him that he should be killed.

Horace Prescott, of Company H, had an apprehension even from the time of his enlistment that he should be killed in the war. He had a dream before he entered the service that he went to war, and that when in battle he went into an old barn through which the bullets were flying so thickly that he expected every moment to be killed; and as he did not dream of getting out of the barn alive, he thought it meant that he should be killed if he went to war But feeling it his duty to go, and expecting a draft, he enlisted.

After going to the front he expressed, in several letters to his wife, his fears of the fate that awaited him, and when at home on a furlough soon after the battle of Fredericksburg, he told her that he had great fears of the next battle; and in the next letter after going back to the regiment he wrote that he had thought of it ever since his return. In a previous letter he had written as if he would be killed, and said: "May we live together in heaven, I am not afraid to die."

But though always before he had talked and written in a despondent tone and style, in his last letter, as strange as it may seem, he seemed to have for the first time a new hope. This letter was dated on the banks of the Rappahannock and contains the following: "Yesterday and this

morning I feel brighter and more cheerful, and it now seems to me that I shall come out all right," and ended his last earthly missive with the words: "The drum is now beating for us to 'fall in,' and my sheet is nearly full, two reasons why I must close," and then sends to his wife his last farewell.

Shortly before his last battle he had given his watch and some other things to Woodbury Sanborn in trust for his wife, saying, as he did so, that he should be killed in the next conflict. This was, however, a day or two before his last letter above mentioned. The revival of his hopes, just before their extinguishment, seemed like the last rally of the vital forces of the declining invalid, indicating to the experienced physician's mind that the fatal and final hour is close at hand.

Lieut. George S. Cram, of Company I, had a presentiment that he should be killed at Chancellorsville, and talked with Captain Lang about it. The sense of his impending fate was so deeply felt by him, that it seemed to affect him from the time the battle commenced until his death. He had just stepped from behind a tree to assist one of his men to force down a cartridge when the fatal bullet struck him.

Reuben P Willard, Charles Cotton, George A. Swain, and John C. Sweatt, all of Company H, tented together at Falmouth and bivouacked together on the march to Chancellorsville. "On the morning of the battle," as Willard relates, "Cotton spoke as soon as he awoke and said: 'One of us is going to be killed. I don't know which one of us it will be, but it will be one I know, for I feel it.'" It was his last morning on earth.

Lieut. Gorham P Dunn, who was in the writer's mind when referring to the parting of officers and their wives at Point Lookout,* was another one of the many in the Twelfth who long carried with them the impression that they would not live to the end of their term of enlistment. He constantly carried in his pocket a piece of paper by which his body might be identified, gave his wife to understand, at the time and place above mentioned, that they would never see each other again, and in a solemn talk with Lieutenant Hall, on the night before the battle of Cold Harbor, stated, in substance, that all his hopes and expectations for this life would end on the morrow. Lieutenant Hall, speaking of the above, says: "And Captain Keyes talked to me in about the same strain at one time when we were on picket together a few days before the battle of Chancellorsville."

Captain Keyes also told George D. Cross, of his company, while forming line of battle on Saturday night, that he should not survive the battle.

Sergt. Henry C. Buzzell, of Company D, who was mortally wounded at Cold Harbor, had a clear presentiment of his death. Andrew J Small, of the same company, says of him in this connection: "He said to me one day after we landed at the White House, 'I can tell you one thing sure, we are going to have another big battle.' I told him that I expected that we should. He then said, 'Yes, we shall, and it will be my last battle. I shall not be killed on the field, but shall be wounded and die.'"

* See page 164.

He lived nearly a month after receiving his mortal wound, and thus was proved his solemn prediction.

Frank Knowlton, of the same company, who yielded up his life at Gettysburg, said to one of his comrades, while forming a line of battle on the morning of the day he was killed: "If the regiment is engaged to-day, I shall fall to rise no more, unless at the resurrection."

Gustavus Emmons, of Company C, said to Dr. Fowler and several others that he should be killed in the first battle. He told Timothy Tilton he should be killed just as soon as he got into the fight, that he should n't live three minutes, and exclaimed "Oh, my children! my children!" "He was killed," as Tilton says, "at the first volley"

Concerning the presentiment of James M. Jones, of Company A, killed at Chancellorsville, Sergt. O. F Davis contributes the following: "Jones had told me that he should be killed in this battle, and while we were lying by the brook a bullet struck between him and me, and I said, 'guess they mean us,' to which Jones replied, 'How can you speak so heedlessly in the face of death? You could n't, I know, if you felt as I do. I expect every bullet will be my death messenger, for I shall never see the end of this battle.'"

John S. S. Doloff, of Company I, killed at Cold Harbor, is another one who had the mysterious warning, as testified to by both Nathan G. Plummer and Jeremiah F Davis, who were his comrades. The former says: "The evening before the charge, early the next morning, he felt so bad he could not eat, and he did not sleep any all night. I pitied him with all my heart, for I had learned before then that when a poor fellow got it into his head he was going to be killed, the sad event seemed a certainty to him and was always sure to come."

More properly here than in the following chapter, for which it was first written, belongs the following incident:

Andrew P Gilman, of Company D, was so severely wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville that he was unable to get off the field, and lay down by the butt of a large oak tree to save himself from being hit again in the terrible storm of iron and lead pouring upon our lines from the enemy

"While lying there," to use very nearly his own words, "as close to the ground and the tree as I, in my wounded condition, could well get, something told me all at once to get 'round upon the opposite side of the tree. Although it was painfully difficult for me to move, and it was apparently moving into danger, instead of out of it, yet so strongly impressive was the thought, that as soon as possible I changed my position as directed. But scarcely had I done so, when a shell from one of our own guns struck and exploded so close to the spot I had just left, its pieces striking the tree, that I shall always think that my quick obedience to the silent command saved my life. The same shell wounded Joseph Young, of my company, who, like myself, had been previously disabled and was lying close by."

"Did you have any presentiment of his death?" was the question asked by the writer of the widow of Lieut. Charles S. Emery who received his death wounds at the battle of Cold Harbor With a quick and frightened look, accompanied by a sudden movement that startled the questioner, came the quick inquiry, "Why do you ask?" and then, after mutual explanation which brought out the reason of her surprise at being so unexpectedly asked a question concerning so strange and thrilling an experience that no mortal being ever knew or heard of but herself, she related for the first time in her life the following remarkable and mysterious chapter in her sad history, which is here given very nearly in her own words:

It was the night before the battle of Gettysburg, a night never to be forgotten by me, that I had the strange dream, or vision, for it did not seem like a dream, that told me plainer than tongue or pen, and as unmistakably as my own eyes, the fate that awaited my husband and his brother comrade, Lieutenant French. They were, as perhaps you know, schoolmates together, and enlisted from the same neighborhood. I was then stopping here in Loudon with my own folks, and though expecting from newspaper reports that a battle would be fought in a few days, did not know that the two great armies were rapidly concentrating at Gettysburg, and that advanced forces were already engaged on that historic field. I therefore retired that night with nothing more than usual to worry or excite me.

Here the narrator gives a general description of the house, the arrangement of the hallway and rooms on the first floor, as well as the chambers, in one of which she alone slept.

Sometime during the night I heard, as I thought, three or four plain and distinct raps on the outside of the front door. Changing my first impulse to arouse the other inmates of the house, I decided not to disturb them, as they gave no sound of being awake, but to answer the summons myself. Hastily dressing, I took the lamp I had lighted in my hand, and descending the front stairs unlocked and opened the door

There, sad, solemn, and silent, but in perfect lifelike form, countenance, and attitude, and in full dress uniform, stood Lieut. Henry French!

I spoke and extended my hand, but without heeding either, he passed in by me through the hallway into the sitting-room, the door of which he opened and closed after him. For the first time a feeling of dread chilled through my veins, and I hesitated to follow. But something stronger than my fears impelled me forward, and opening the door just closed, I entered the room after him.

Here, in the middle of the room, I saw two coffins, both open and empty, as I first thought, but upon approaching nearer I noticed that only one was empty, while the other held what now seemed the pale face and lifeless form of him who but a minute before stood and moved in life and strength before me. As I gazed upon the empty coffin, a small stream of blood ran out of the foot of it, and fell upon the floor, and something seemed to say: "This is for Charles who, too, must give his life's blood for his country, but his time has not come yet."

Was I afraid, do you ask, and terror-stricken at the sight as I would have been if all had been as real as it seemed? No; the vague feeling of dread and

apprehension that I remember to have possessed me before entering the sitting-room, prepared me for the scene within, and changed to sadness and grief as the meaning of the vision was made known to me.

When I awoke the next morning, either from sleep or a trance, it all seemed so real and so little like a dream, that I lay for a long time, scarcely daring to believe that I was once more on the conscious side of the dividing line; and from that time to this have never been quite able to decide whether I actually got up and went to the door and rooms that night or not.

Having at length convinced myself that I was still in the flesh and rational, I arose before any others of the household were up, and it being not yet late enough to see well about the house without a light, I dared not go into the sitting-room, but went to the front door and found it fastened. In answer to inquiries from the family, I told them that I awoke much earlier than usual and was unable to sleep again for thinking of the great battle that had just been fought; that Lieutenant French had been killed, and many others of his regiment, but Charles (meaning my husband) was as yet safe, or at least alive, and I should see him again if he was wounded.

To the many other questions of how I knew, if I had a dream, etc., I made little or no reply, except to reassert my conviction of the truth of what I had told them; and I further remarked that probably Mr. —— (one of the neighbors who usually went to the village or city every day when anything of importance was expected from the army, and therefore the first to get any news therefrom) would be in during the day and confirm my statement.

As the forenoon wore away my anxiety to hear from the front increased; not that I doubted in the least the truth of my prediction, but that I wanted the rest of the family to be assured that I was not mistaken, and to know myself such additional particulars as the newspapers might give. Before noon Mr. —— was seen coming over across the fields, and soon we were all eager listeners to the news he brought. He told of the great battle that had been fought, of the death of Lieutenant French and twenty or thirty others of the Twelfth Regiment, but thought my husband was all right, because his name was not in the list of killed or wounded. A day or two later and a letter from his own hand left no longer room for doubt that he had passed through the terrible carnage unscathed.

With such news to encourage and cheer me, my folks could not understand why I still continued sad, gloomy, and despondent. At first they attributed it to the untimely fall of our early friend and schoolmate, Lieutenant French, but seeing no change as the days went by, they thought that I must be sick, as indeed I was, but it was a disease of the heart that no medicine could reach, and the cause of which they little knew. My husband was alive and well, but the empty coffin was constantly before me, and there was but little more doubt in my mind for whom it remained open, than there was whom I saw in the other one.

Thus the fall and the winter came and went, and in the spring the regiment, as you know, joined the forces under General Butler, and was engaged in several of the battles and skirmishes between Petersburg and Richmond. Through them all my husband safely went, and I had almost begun to hope that I was mistaken in the interpretation of my vision when a letter from my husband informed me that the Eighteenth Corps, in which was his regiment, had been ordered by transports to White House Landing, whence it was then on the march to reinforce the Army of the Potomac under General Grant.

I now seemed to anticipate afresh that the sad end, so long delayed, was soon to come; and a nervous feeling of impending danger too plainly told me that the worst was about to be realized. A few days later and I received another and the last letter ever written by him for whose safe return I had so long waited and prayed in vain. It was written on the night and in the early morning before the terrible charge of Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864.

He had commenced the letter on the evening of the second, and wrote that the morrow would again bring carnage and death into the ranks of the Twelfth, and that he felt that he should not again be among the lucky few who would escape unharmed. About midnight he wrote again, saying he was sure he should fall, but whether he should be killed on the field or receive his mortal wound he could not tell. Toward morning, and but a short time before the charge, he finished the letter, stating that in answer to his prayers he had then the assurance that although the bitter cup must be drunk for the redemption of his country, as his great Captain had drunk his for the redemption of the world, yet he should not be killed outright, but should live to see me once more at least before he died.

This was enough, for I knew his presentiment must prove true, and with a hasty preparation I immediately started for Washington and found my husband there in one of the large hospitals, prostrate and weak from the nervous shock and loss of blood from two severe wounds, one in his left arm and the other in his right thigh.

Now followed days and nights of watching and praying, while life and death seemed balancing in the scales, until at last the physicians spoke encouragingly, and thought the danger well nigh passed. His arm had been taken off, and the stump was healing so well that he, too, was beginning to entertain strong hopes of final recovery and the enjoyment of many happy days with me in our pleasant cottage home.

We had talked over our trials in the past and our hopes for the future; he had told me of the battles he had been in, and of his narrow escapes; and several times spoke of the great battle of Gettysburg, and the death of Lieutenant French, and of how he had saved the national colors of his regiment from capture in that battle. When told that I had never before heard anything about his saving the flag, he seemed surprised, and wondered that Adjutant Heath, who went, you know, from the same town, had never written home about it.

He then related to me briefly the circumstances, and said: "If I should not live to get home, Heath, I have no doubt, will make known the facts about it and see that full justice is done me."

He also talked to me freely all about the strange premonition he had the night before he was wounded, how deeply it impressed him, and how glad and thankful he was and ought to be that he was not killed, like so many of the brave boys around him, but was still alive with the chances daily increasing of his seeing his native hills once more, and there living to enjoy the blessings of peace which he had given his own blood and limbs to secure.

During all this time, nearly two months, I said nothing of my own warning more than a year before, and, although it was almost constantly in my mind, I carefully avoided saying or doing anything to awaken in his mind a suspicion that I did not share with him his often expressed and most sanguine hopes of his final recovery.

And, to tell the fact, he had lived so long and improved so much, that, at times, the desire to have it so was so strong, I thought I could see a silver lining to the dark cloud of fear and doubt that had for many months hung over me; but it would soon disappear and leave a still deeper shade of gloom, that no ray of hope could penetrate or dispel. But the days and nights of anxious waiting and watching were at last nearly numbered, and the final, fatal hour was fast approaching. As well and hopeful as usual, my husband had closed his eyes in peaceful, quiet rest; but something of the same dread feeling of impending danger that I had felt once or twice before, as you will remember, came over me, and I could not sleep.

Soon I was summoned to his bedside, and I knew, even before I could get there, that the dread messenger had come. I found him, slowly but surely, bleeding to death! Secondary hemorrhage from his wound in the groin, caused by the sloughing open of one of the femoral arteries, had broken out, and there was no power in medical skill to stop it.

Just as he breathed his last, a stream of blood ran from off the foot of his bed upon the floor, just as I had seen it run out the foot of the empty coffin, and the realization of my vision was then and there sadly and solemnly consummated.

The following strange but true story the writer had himself from the lips of the widow of David S. Sanborn, of Company H, who was killed in the battle of Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864. Mrs. Sanborn still resides in Laconia, where her husband resided at the time of his enlistment.*

The night before the battle in which David was killed, I had a strange dream —if I can rightly call it such, for it seemed like no other dream I ever had — which proved, as you will see, most seriously and solemnly prophetic.

It then and has ever since seemed to me that I was as fully awake as I am at this moment, but I suppose I could not have been. But however that may be, I thought I saw my husband in the midst of the fight, and pushing bravely forward with his comrades toward the rebel lines. And while watching, with a commingled feeling of pride for his valor and fear for his danger, I saw him and others by his side go down, and it seemed as if I could hear the roar of the guns and was for a moment in the midst of the conflict and carnage. I saw, oh so painfully plain! my dear husband lie bleeding and dying upon the ground, with the dead and wounded all around him; and so distinctly vivid was the scene that it almost makes me shudder now to recall it. I even remember the general outline of the field as it appeared to me and the particular configuration of the ground where David fell and I saw him lying; and I have since been told by members of his company who were in the battle, but lived to come home, that my description of the field and battle was about as accurate as they could have given themselves.

Well, my vision ended with his death, and when I arose in the morning — I will not say *awoke* for it seemed, as I have said, that I was not asleep — it was the beginning of my great sorrow, for I felt as sure then, and every day until the news came by mail, as I did afterward, that my life companion would greet me no more on the shores of time.

And notwithstanding the efforts of my relatives and friends to make me believe it was only a dream, and that the next letter I should get from him would not

*Recently deceased.

only prove that he was alive and well, but show perhaps that he had not been in any recent battle, it was all hopelessly vain, for I knew, as I told them, that I had received my last letter from him.

Thus much for the wife's vision on the night before that fatal morn; but who can tell what her soldier husband saw or felt while he stood silently watchful as a picket amid the surrounding gloom of the same night? What entered into his mind and heart, and left its solemn conviction there, is, like the vision, beyond the power of mortals to decide or explain; but that something did there can be no question.

Almon J Farrar, of the same company, says:

At that time Sanborn and I tented together, and he, on the night before the battle of Cold Harbor, was detailed for picket. Early the next morning, before the pickets came in, rations were issued, and I, as was usual for one tent-mate to do when the other was absent, drew his rations with my own. So when he was relieved and came to his quarters, I told him that rations had just been distributed but that I had looked out for him. Not receiving an immediate response of some kind, as was expected, I looked up at him, and saw that he looked pale and troubled. I was about to ask him if he was sick, but before I could do so he said: "Well, you will never have to draw any more rations for me." Wishing to hear what more he might feel inclined to say I asked him what he meant, although I already too well knew, "Because I have eaten my last ration," was his short but solemn reply.

He ate not a mouthful of the breakfast I had prepared for him, for I knew, from the orders that had come in during the night, that he would have no time to do so before being called into the ranks, and only said, as I tried to cheer him up: "It's no use, my last hour has come," and so it proved, for before another had commenced he lay one among the many who had fallen to rise no more.

The venerable Christian parents of "the Nelson boys," as they were called, of Company D, both had a warning of the death of their son Dan, who was killed at about ten o'clock in the morning, while assisting his wounded brother from off the field of Chancellorsville.

That of the father seemed to be in the nature of a presentiment, while that of the mother was entirely different, although it is significant that both were felt and heard at the same hour that the angel of death visited their son more than a thousand miles away. The former sought and found relief in prayer, although confirmed thereby in the belief that his son would never more return.

The writer, who visited them at their old homestead in Bristol, heard the strange experiences of both from their own mouths, and will here give, as near as memory will allow, the mother's strange story as if she herself was talking to the reader.

I was sitting here alone in this very room one forenoon, which, as I well remember, was on the 3d day of May, 1863. All at once there was a quick, loud rattle of the fence bars, that you can see there directly across the road, and the thought came

into my mind, how much that sounds as I have often heard them when one of my dear boys, now so far away, would spring upon and over the bars in going across lots to one of our neighbors whose sons were intimate with mine. This naturally led me into feelings of sadness, from which, however, I was quickly startled by the plain sound of footsteps coming across the dooryard and approaching the end door. The sound of the footsteps ceased when the door was reached, and I waited and listened a moment for some one to rap or come in; but, hearing nothing more, I got up and went to that window, where, as you notice, I could see both the doorway and all that part of the yard, but no mortal person nor living thing could be seen. I then went immediately out of the door and looked all around the buildings, but could not see or hear anyone, nor see any tracks where I had first heard the footsteps near the corner of the house.

You may ask what there was to startle me when I heard the footsteps, since the sound of the bars indicated that some one had climbed or jumped over them, as I supposed there had, and it was quite as probable as otherwise that any person doing so would be on some errand to the house. Ah! here comes in the mystery — his invisible presence! as I then felt and have ever since believed; for the step that I heard *was the peculiar and unmistakable step of Dan!*

You will not wonder now that it startled me almost into trembling; nor doubt me when I tell you that from out the solemn silence that followed, there came to me a voice unheard, but painfully felt and plainly understood, that told me that my dear boy was no longer a resident of earth.

The days that followed, before any report came from the field of battle, were those of resignation rather than apprehension about him, for both my husband and myself felt and were nearly certain what that report would contain in relation to his fate. Our only fear was for his two brothers, one of whom, as we soon learned, had been seriously wounded.

Something similar to the strange experience of the Nelson parents, just related, is that of the father and mother of Alfred W Maxfield, of Company F, who was killed in the same battle as the Nelson boy.

Mrs. Maxfield, in telling her story some years ago, said that she well remembered the day that her son was killed, and always should until her death, because she never had anything like it come to her before.

She said she could not explain nor even intelligently express her feelings in full, but one thing, more prominent than all the rest, was that it seemed as if her son was with or very near her; and so strong was this mysterious impression that she would look up from her work and around her to see if he was not actually present. She felt and then believed that he was dead and his spirit was with her. And who shall question it, since no other explanation can be given, and at that time his spirit no longer animated the material form that lay motionless and breathless on the field of Chancellorsville.

But stranger still, and seemingly impossible, his father said that while at work in the field, at or about the same time, his son appeared to him in bodily form, and that he saw him, or thought he did, as plainly as he ever saw him in his life.

The following concerning Henry H. Nickerson, of Company B, is from the pen of George E. Place, of the same company:

He had been showing such depression of mind that I finally inquired of him the cause. He replied that the first battle he went into he should be killed. I tried to cheer him up, arguing that presentiments were simply superstitions; but I could not lift him out of his mood. I was in the habit of offering prayer when retiring at night, and one night to my surprise he knelt with me and prayed. After that he appeared more cheerful, but would occasionally refer to his presentiment. The following spring occurred the battle of Chancellorsville, and in that fight he was killed.

Captain Savage foresaw his doom and told Surgeon Fowler the day of its coming. It seems, from what his widow has since related, that he must have had quite a clear vision of his fate from a time almost as early as his enlistment, and that he felt very sure, when at home on a furlough a short time before the battle in which he fell, that he should never return to his family again.

Many others might be mentioned, if space permitted, as having presentiments of their death, among whom are Edwin A. Kelley, of Company F; Frank Knowlton and Benjamin F Sanborn, of Company D: and several of the recruits. Of the latter was Frederick W Dietze, of Company F, who was killed at Cold Harbor He told Sergt. B. M. Tilton the day before the battle that he expected to be killed, and that he had fifteen hundred dollars in a waist belt that he wore about his body, which he wanted Tilton, if he fell, to take and send to one of his relatives, giving Tilton the name and place. He fell as he had predicted, and the money was sent as requested.

And last to be related of the regiment, though the first to happen, is the case of Darius Robinson, of Company I. It was the first sad lesson of the regiment in the strange mystery of presentiments, and left too deep an impression to ever be forgotten. He was a strong, resolute, and apparently a brave hearted man; and he appeared light hearted and cheerful with the rest of the boys until the regiment reached Baltimore on its way from Concord to Washington and the battlefields of the South. Here, while waiting for transportation, a sudden and very remarkable change came over him, and when inquiry was made by his officers and comrades as to the cause, he said he was going to be killed, and bemoaned his fate because of his wife and child.

Thinking that he referred to and was worrying about being killed when the regiment should be called into action, and knowing nothing then about presentiments, they made light of his fears, telling him that it was foolish and unmanly to borrow trouble about a thing so far ahead, and that he might never have to go into battle at all. His reply was that the folly was with them instead of him, for he knew what he was talking about while they did not. He said he had no fears nor expectations of

ever going into a battle, and knew that he never should, unless fought within two hours, for he should be shot through the heart before the regiment reached Washington. Thirteen miles from there and he lay a corpse on the bottom of the car through the door of which the fatal bullet entered and pierced his heart, just as he had predicted!*

Although it was not intended to extend this subject beyond the family circle of the Twelfth Regiment, the exceptions concerning General Sickles and Colonel Cross, of the Fifth New Hampshire, will be here given.

General Sickles was so sure that he would be seriously wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, where he lost a leg, that he had Doctor Alexander take the place of Doctor Simms as medical director of his corps, that the latter, in whose skill he had great confidence, might be at liberty to attend to him.

The heroic Colonel Cross, who was mortally wounded in the same battle, predicted his death before, saying to his old friend, Colonel Whipple, while at home recovering from wounds received at Fredericksburg, that he should surely be killed in the next battle he should participate in after his return to duty He expressed the same conviction to many others, among whom were Doctors Fowler and Sanborn, of the Twelfth, telling them where and how he should be wounded, and expressing a wish that he could have been shot dead and spared the pain of such a wound. This was but a day or two before the battle, in which he remarked to one of his officers who knew of his feelings: "I am still upon my feet, you see, but my time is short."

A few minutes later he was being carried from the field upon which he had been prostrated by a bullet penetrating his bowels and lodging in his spine; knowing that his wound was mortal, he wanted his men to shoot him and end his suffering.

* See page 25.

The "Boys."

One of the strongest evidences of the immortality of the human soul is that, while confined to this terrestrial sphere, it is always young.

The mere animal senses, from which most of the outward acts evolve, may become dull and dim, and the physical powers weakened by the wear and strain of task and time; but there is something deeper down in the well-spring of our spiritual being, call it what or when you may, that never fails to respond to the bright and beautiful, as well as the noble and the good. And it is from this source that the sweet, pure waters of perpetual youth come bubbling up, to refresh and rejuvenate the old, as well as to enliven and exhilarate the young.

Ponce de Leon is not the only one who has crossed oceans and traversed continents to find that which alone exists in the human heart — "the fountain of perpetual youth."

Yet such is the folly of the world that, urged by the impulse of blind desire rather than guided by the wisdom of sober reflection, we chase, like boys that we are, our own shadows until the sun of life's short day has set, and we rest in the dark, still night of the grave.

Rest! Nay: for what is the need of rest for that which never grows old nor weary? And who shall question, that in this final so called rest of the tired and worn out embodiment of animalized clay, we shall find that, the shadow of which we have so long pursued — the youth and pleasure of immortality

But craving pardon of the reader for so long an introductory ramble along the mystic border of the spirit world, let us return to our text and subject, and write about the "boys" a while.

This was a common name given to all, whether young or old, who wore the blue at any time, '61 to '65, and which still clings to those who now survive, though their heads are fast whitening by the bleaching frosts of life's closing years.

That this should have become the term used by officers and men and finally adopted everywhere outside of the army as well as in, is not surprising when it is considered that a great majority of those who enlisted were in the years of adolescence or scarcely beyond the age of legal responsibility. With so large a sprinkling of beardless humanity in the make-up of the army, it is easy to imagine that there must have been more or less of frolic and fun to enliven the otherwise dull and monotonous routine of camp life. One of the principal sources of amusement among them was card playing. This was so universally common that few, even including the chaplains, did not learn to "call," "pass," "beg," or "peg" in the different games of poker, euchre, high-low-jack, cribbage, etc.

Many, who had been brought up to look upon a pack of cards as a bunch of fifty-two free passes to eternal ruin, soon forgot or reasoned away their early home-instilled prejudice, and became adept euchre players. This was the great game in the army and did not loose its hold upon the "boys" when the war ended, but it soon became so universally popular that a well worn "euchre deck" could be found in almost every house. The good old father and mother looked on, at first, with fear and trembling, but they could not deny what seemed to afford so much pleasure to their boy for whose safe return they had so long waited and prayed; and, beside, whatever of evil there was, it was too late to avert, for he had already learned to play And so, not only were the long winter evenings made merry by the boys and girls playing four-handed games of euchre, in many houses where a game of cards was never played before; but, stranger still, such is the power of example, upon the old as well as the young, to influence for good or evil, that in many pious homes the game was admitted and entertained as a welcome guest where, a few years before, it would not have been allowed an introduction to any of the family Whether there will be blessings or curses in another world for this great change from the old Puritanic order of Christian society, the reader must decide for himself and act accordingly

But there were many other ways for amusement in the army beside card playing, and some that were not so pleasing to all concerned. Pranks, tricks, and jokes of every class and kind filled up the leisure hours of some who seemed to believe that a little mischief is the spice of fun. We will give just a few of those most commonly practiced. A suspected "rheumatic," who has been for a long time excused from duty, is frying his pork and steeping his coffee, on the coals in his little winter-hut fireplace, for supper, preparatory to taking a comfortable night's snooze, while some of his company comrades are getting ready to go on guard, where they think he ought to be. Pretty soon there is an explosion, and the pork and coffee, with frying pan, dipper, coals, ashes, and burning faggots, either go up the chimney or chase each other around the poor fellow's head and tent, as he jumps like a scorched cat from the one just in time to receive a shower of hot coffee and ashes upon the other The next morning there is noticed an extra hitch in his gait, as he cripples along behind the "whiskey and quinine squad" to get excused again from duty, which is especially pleasing to those who have found that a mixture of powder and hot ashes while it gives instantaneous relief is not a lasting cure for rheumatism.

"Smoking out" was another way of bringing the inmates out of their tents, which though less expeditious was quite as effectual. This was easily done by climbing up the cob-house chimney, covering the top over with an old rubber blanket or barrel head, and then hiding near by and listening for results. Of course this would be done after dark, and the fun came to the ears rather than to the eyes, but was none the less enjoyable

for those who liked to hear another audibly manifest his utter disregard of the third commandment until the breath that came from his mouth was nearly as blue as the smoke that poured out of the door of his tent.

His boisterous demonstrations of anger would arouse his comrades for half a dozen tents or more on either side of the company street, and prove him so good a subject for that kind of a joke, that he is not allowed to rest long before his chimney plays the balky mule with him again, and then he makes complaint to his company commander, and has the great satisfaction of being assured that just as soon as the offender *is apprehended*, he will surely be punished: but that the most liberal construction of military law will not authorize him to punish the whole company for the wrongful acts of one or two of its members.

Another chimney trick was to drop three or four blank cartridges down the smoke-flue on some cold evening when there was sure to be a good bed of coals for them to fall upon, and late enough for the tent occupants to be abed and asleep.

As between the wide-awakes and sleepy-heads the latter were naturally the debtors on the joke ledger, in acts as well as words, although the balance was sometimes the other way

On the debtor side may be mentioned the following: One warm, sunny day while out on picket, one of the boys at the reserve camp fell asleep. After a long, sound snooze he dreamed he had started for heaven, heels foremost, and awoke to find it to be literally true. Some of his comrades had tied his legs to the top of a birch tree, that they had bent down, and strung him up fifteen or twenty feet in the air by his heels.

Another one, caught napping, had a fence of brush wood built around him, and dreamed that he had gone in an opposite direction from the other fellow, and was suffering the tortures of the wicked, when he awoke to find himself surrounded by a circle of fire, not quite near enough to scorch, but altogether too near to be comfortable.

There was, also, no lack of athletic sports, such as jumping, pitching quoits, wrestling, etc., with now and then, in the regiments favorably stationed in forts or on garrison duty, a game of base ball, although this game was not then, as now, the craze of the day

In the wrestling contests the Twelfth had one boy of whom his regimental comrades could say as "Bob" Ingersoll said of General Grant: "There he is, *match him* if you can."

He was a drummer, and could handle his feet about as quickly as he could his drumsticks; and this nimbleness of foot, with corresponding quickness of strength and elasticity of body, allowed him to easily jeopardize the understanding of his antagonist, while of his own, he was just about as sure as a cat.

His name was *Libby*, but he was never an inmate of that or any other rebel prison, for his nature was too lively, both in muscle and mind, to be captured either dead or alive. His strong hold was "collar and elbow,"

in which trial he would stand up to the last, and then call for the "next." Though his title of championship was often contested, it was never yielded, within the knowledge of the writer, who has often seen him prove his rightful claim to it.

But the reader must not infer, from what we have written, that all the time not occupied by the duties of military service was spent in mere pastime games and sports. Some found both pleasure and profit in writing many letters to friends and relatives at home. One officer, whose ambition to deserve well of his country would not allow him to stay at home and plead the excuse that he had just been married, used to write his young wife a letter every day while he was in the service, making nearly a thousand letters, longer or shorter according to circumstances, written to her alone, with nearly as many loving replies for him to read.

There was, also, an extensive correspondence by the "boys" with patriotic girls from all parts of the North, who, under assumed names, would first write in answer to soldiers advertisements in the papers "soliciting correspondence with two or three intelligent young ladies with a view to pleasure, profit, and perhaps future acquaintance." This was so extensively carried on, during the last of the war, that thousands of letters were interchanged between the boys in the army and the girls at home; and thousands of young ladies, many of them of the highest social standing, found a new source of pleasure, springing out of a high and patriotic sense of duty, in writing interesting and encouraging letters, and thus contributing in no small degree to the mental pleasure and profit and the moral elevation of the many happy recipients. So prominently popular did this custom become, before the end of the war, that many newspapers and literary journals freely offered their columns for notices of this kind sent them from the army: and the "Waverley Magazine" had, at one time, no less than three or four hundred of them in a single issue. One of a few rhyming couplets, written and sent to that paper by a member of the Twelfth in the summer of '64, and given the post of honor by being printed at the head of the first column of a whole page or more of similar advertisements, was answered by nearly a hundred letters from all parts of the North. Most of these were evidently written by ladies of education and refinement; and not a few, coming from those of the "blue stocking" class, were rare specimens of Chesterfieldian type, and abounded in noble, patriotic, and soul-inspiring sentiments that found a ready echo, and made a lasting impression in the heart of the young but veteran soldier who was fortunate enough to receive them. Those he could not find time to answer himself, he gave to his comrades to answer.

Had more such letters been received, early in the war, in place of the illiterate, disloyal, copperhead kind from stay-at-homes in the states and runaways to Canada, there would have been less skulking and fewer desertions from, and more victories for, the Union army

These epistolary acquaintances did not always end with the war, but were often continued long after; and, sometimes, where the interest and pleasure were reciprocal, ripened into friendship and matrimony Many a romantic love story, with more of truth than fiction, might be and doubtless has been written, the first chapter of which would introduce the brave soldier boy and his fair but unknown correspondent, many hundred miles apart. Photographs were often solicited and exchanged, and some pictures of rare beauty, and bespeaking as well as the letters the highest type of intelligence and refinement, have long had a place in the family albums of more than one of the once young and happy soldier boys of the Twelfth.

But something more than the amusing and sentimental was necessary to satisfy the active minds of many, who, while they felt that no sacrifice was too great in their country's cause, were yet impatient for the end to come, that they might once more return to the schools and colleges they had left and prepare themselves to win laurels on the broad battlefield of civil life, where merit and not favoritism bestows the badge of honor or the insignia of command.

These sent home and had standard text-books of the schools sent out to them, and employed their leisure hours in storing up useful knowledge. Among these might have been found Wayland's "Political Economy," Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding," "Plutarch's Lives," and the poetical works of Shakespeare, Young, Pope, and others of American as well as English authorship.

Some of these books still exist, and have a place on the library shelves of ministers, doctors, lawyers, and judges, who were once privates in the ranks of war, and whose names may be found in the general roster of the Twelfth New Hampshire Volunteers at the end of this book.

So much, and much more might be written, in relation to the "boys" — their games, pastimes, and habits of camp life — who took a part in the great Rebellion of 1861–'65.

The Rank and File.

The writer of this history would always feel as if he had not done his full duty, if he should neglect especially to refer to how great a share of merit and praise belongs to the rank and file in our late war: yet it is true that to that great majority, who so faithfully and valiantly served in that great and grand army of Union Volunteers who fought for one flag and one destiny for our Pilgrim heritage, a just measure of honorable recognition has seldom if ever been given.

It is the large, uppermost, and therefore visible and nicely chiseled blocks of granite that are usually looked upon as the foundation stones of the vast and imposing superstructure which they seem alone to support and uphold; and that which is laid with formal ceremony, and therefore attracts the greatest attention, is called the chief corner-stone, symbolizing, in this illustration of an army, the president of the civil government, who, as in our country, is commander-in-chief of the army and navy

But how few of the vast multitudes who look thereon, and to whom they are pointed out with pride, allow the penetrating gaze of their mental vision to deepen down and examine the equally strong and necessary, though smaller and less symmetrical, that lie below; or go deeper yet, and thoughtfully observe and consider the small and shapeless cobble or rubble stones, which, though unseen and seldom thought of, are the most important of all, for they underlie the foundation. Upon these, as the true and reliable basis, the whole superincumbent weight must rest though it grind and crush them to pieces and into the earth, for upon their united strength and endurance the fate of both army and nation depends.

Upon those, then, who carry the knapsacks and the muskets falls the great burden to support which they must suffer every hardship and toil, their only privilege being to passively submit and patiently endure.

Such is the necessary subservience of the rank and file in every well disciplined army, that all the non-commissioned men and privates are obliged to move and act upon the low, drag-drill level of the brute, and in many of the armies of the world are but little better treated or more respected.

As a mere tool, sharp or dull, as he may be more or less intelligent, the private, or "enlisted man" (as all are called in our army not holding a commission), acts only as he is acted upon through the orders of his commander

He has no voice, choice, or discretion, not even to decide whether he is sick or well; but able or unable he must do duty, unless excused by the regimental, or some other, physician, if his commanding officer says so. No matter how apparently unreasonable, hazardous, or sacrificial the order, it must be obeyed, for to refuse is mutiny, and the penalty is death.

"His not to question why,
His but to do and die,"

is the one short couplet that tells the whole truth.

In the rank and file of no other army did there ever exist so high an average of intelligence as was found among the sergeants, corporals, and privates of the great army of the Union, that in spite of official incompetence and jealousy saved to posterity the noblest heritage of Freedom.

In their veins flowed the best blood of the nation, and in their ranks could be found honorable and even distinguished representatives of almost every trade and profession of life. They came not only from the farms, mills, counting-rooms, and shops, but they came from our academies and colleges, from the platform, the pulpit, and the bar, and even from the professor's chair and the judge's bench.

In the ranks of every regiment marched men equal to almost any emergency, and often far superior, morally and intellectually to him whose eagle-strapped shoulders gave him the authority to command. Many of these served for three years, or the whole war, without a "strap" or "stripe" of promotion; and some, proudly refusing any rank higher than a private, served as such their full term of enlistment, and after the war were rewarded by being elected to Congress, where they faithfully served as honored representatives of the states that elected them and of the great grand army of privates of the whole loyal North.

While an army, however intelligent, without a leader is little better than a mob, it is equally true that the leader, whatever his skill or experience, depends mainly upon the bravery and devotion of the rank and file who follow him, for his victories.

But such was the intelligence of the Army of the Potomac in our late war that had its commanders depended more upon the average judgment of its rank and file, and less upon the advice of their corps commanders it would have been a great deal better for the common cause.

Had their reasonable wishes been granted, the door pried open by their bayonets at Malvern Hill would not have closed until Richmond had been securely within its possession. Had their protests been heeded, the needless slaughter and fruitless sacrifice of Fredericksburg and Cold Harbor would have been avoided, and many thousands of precious lives saved to be yielded up, if necessary, upon a battlefield where there was some reasonable prospect of success.

A vote of the rank and file at Chancellorsville instead of a council of war, if allowed to carry out their wish and will thus expressed, would as surely have then and there ended the slave-holders' rebellion as it did the military career of one of its ablest defenders: for the destruction of Lee's army which he could not have avoided, and the capture of Richmond which must have inevitably followed, would have been death blows to the Southern Confederacy, and two years more of awful strife would never have been added to the sad history of our civil war.

Again at and after Gettysburg, had those who had there saved the nation, almost in spite of their commander, been allowed to countercharge immediately after Pickett's repulse, or even to follow up Lee's retreat as every man almost was eager to, knowing well their great advantage in attacking a defeated and retreating army far from its base of supplies, and against which the very elements were conspiring and had well nigh cut off its only avenue of escape, the most inexcusable blunder, perhaps, of the whole war, on the Union side, would have been avoided, and Williamsport instead of Appomattox would have been the Yorktown of the Rebellion.

Some, young and verdant, scarcely in their teens, enlisted from the school-room and, before the close of the war, arose to high rank and held responsible positions, commanding regiments and even brigades. One who was enrolled and for several months served as a drummer-boy in the Twelfth Regiment was promoted to a captain, twice had from high authority the assurance of a colonelcy, filled the office for some time of general judge advocate, and acted for several days as chief signal officer of the Army of the James. It has been truthfully said that there was no position in the army below that of a major-general that could not have been safely filled from the ranks at a moment's call, although it was no great honor to many of the non-commissioned officers, or even privates, to be placed on a par with some of the brigadiers during the first year of the war

It should also be noticed that great injustice was often done the men in the ranks in the selections made for promotion. Friendship or favoritism often were more potent than merit or ability in procuring a chevron or an epaulet; and sometimes both, especially the latter, were bought for money that went into the pockets of officers who were not half as honorable or worthy of respect as their negro servants who blacked their boots. It is also true that the men were quite frequently unjustly punished; and sometimes, though rarely, unreasonably and cruelly punished. And here, to do full justice to all, can be found the primal cause for not a few of the many desertions in our army, although the number is very small as compared with those who dishonored themselves and their country's cause through the influence and even advice of "copperheads" at home.

"Deserted" is a dark and damaging word to have written after the name of any person who enlisted in the service of his country; and some would give thousands of dollars to expunge it and would even blot it out with their life's blood if in its place could be written: "Killed on the field of battle." Yet, could the roll-book of the recording angel be opened to mortal ken, some of those who are marked in the war records as deserters would be found recommended for promotion or honorably discharged, while very many of those who were honorably discharged would be found marked as deserters. And among these last would be found the names of a surprising number of officers of all ranks from second lieutenant to general. For it must not be supposed that because officers are not often

recorded as deserters on the regimental rolls that they were so far above the moral, rank-and-file grade as never to have been guilty of such a thing. Justice to those who received and obeyed orders from their commissioned superiors requires that so much of the truth, at least, be told about the latter as shall convince the reader that the number of deserters were as large, proportionally, among the officers, who went out as such, as among the enlisted men; but the same is not probably true of those who were promoted from the ranks.

If the commanders in our army, who had the power to accept or reject the proffered resignations of their subordinate officers, could have read between the lines the true motive and real purpose of "Yours very respectfully," etc., a much smaller number of these plausibly written and obsequiously addressed requests for an honorable discharge from the service would have been returned "approved," and many less of the colonels, majors, captains, etc., would be found to-day in the ranks of the living. He, though an officer, was none the less a deserter, because his rank or official position gave him a better chance to cover his cowardly tracks to the rear on the field of battle, or privileged him to leave the service upon some flimsy pretext or false representation when he no longer cared to serve his country. Yet officers of this kind could be found in every regiment, and the Twelfth cannot be claimed as an exception. Although the general roster shows but one officer "dishonorably discharged," a true and impartial record would place the negative prefix before several other "honorably discharged" officers of the regiment, two or three of whom would now bear the stigma, as they ought to, but for the intercession of relatives and friends. And in behalf of the rank and file let it be known that the same true and just record would strike off and out forever any and every dishonorable word or syllable concerning many true and brave soldiers against whom has been written the words "deserted," "reduced to the ranks," etc. Many of these discreditable markings were originally made through mistake, ignorance of the facts, or official stupidity, and having since the war been proved unjust and erroneous have been stricken out. As illustrative of the last named reason for such inexcusable blunders may be mentioned the case of Arthur C. Newell, of Company B. By some little irregularity in the order or return of his transfer from the Twelfth to the Sixth New Hampshire, he was not properly accounted for on his company book, and the adjutant, being in some doubt how he should be reported, asked instruction of the assistant adjutant-general who happened to be standing near by. "Put him down a *deserter*, sir," quickly responded the pompous assistant adjutant-general, without even a single inquiry into the merits of the case, and thus through gross, if not criminal heedlessness and ignorance a good man and soldier was written down as a deserter, and so stood disgraced for more than twenty years upon his country's record, and was only obliterated, after much trouble and expense, when

he, who had patiently borne the great wrong for many years, had gone with his case to that Higher Court

"Where every wrong is righted,"

and his poor widow was left alone to get the records corrected, or go without the pension that she was justly entitled to, and which he, but for this excuseless error, might have enjoyed the benefits of while living.

They may sing of our generals of great renown,
And compare them with Jackson and Lee,
Of Sheridan's ride "from Winchester town,"
And Sherman's great march to the sea,

But who to each one gave a deathless name,
And saved us a country the while?
Their names are not found on the scroll of fame,
For they marched in the rank or file.

And though few and faint are the words of praise
For them in song or in story,
Yet their bones lay thick in those life-giving days,
And paved Grant's way to glory.

Then blessings untold of a grateful world
Be their monumental pile;
And wherever our flag of hope is unfurled
There 's honor to the rank and file.

Heroism and Terrorism.

When the mind desponds the body correspondingly suffers, and, unless the cause be removed, will soon sicken and die; while if the soul is cheerfully resolute and brave, the physical energies are strengthened and sustained to combat and overcome both danger and disease, and sometimes almost defy death itself. Marked illustrations of this fact — the power of mind over matter — often occurred in the army, no regiment of any considerable service being without well authenticated instances.

The sad record of death at Falmouth during the winter of 1861–'62, as mentioned in the first part of this history,* may be referred to in this connection, where, the cause continuing, the results to so many were fatal, for medicine had no virtue to strengthen the pulsations of a desponding heart. "Camp fever" they called it, for want of a better name that would not proclaim the fact that nothing ailed many of them but *homesickness*.

But sometimes the mind-brooding gloom of anticipated death was broken by unexpected rays of hopeful light before the sombre shades deepened into the endless night of the tomb; and then how quickly a marvelous change for the better, and how soon as well as ever, let the following truthful incident relate:

A Vermont chaplain had caught the camp fever, and concluded he must die. Doctor Fowler, whose reputation as a skillful manager of this disease had reached the chaplain's friends, was sent for to see if the sick man, who was daily growing worse in spite of his regimental surgeons, could not be saved. Doctor Fowler knew the disease of his patient before visiting him, and was well assured, from what he had learned of the case, that it required heroic treatment. The chaplain received him with an expression of impatience that his friends should think it any further use to fight against the decrees of fate, for his time, as he said, had come to die, and no mortal power could save him.

The doctor listened patiently awhile, looking his patient sternly in the face, and then he opened his tongue battery upon him with such telling effect, calling him anything but a man worthy of either medicine or mercy, that soon the reverend warrior, who was first made to feel ashamed of himself, began to get mad, which was just what the professor of physic was aiming at. And so he kept firing away, sending shot after shot of ridicule, sarcasm, and abuse at his patient, until the latter could not stand it any longer, and, with a face red with anger, ordered the doctor to leave his quarters.

After the chaplain was left alone and his passion had subsided a little, he began to reflect that he had been listening to a good deal of truth, if it was told him with little regard to politeness; and, after

* See page 57, *et seq.*

seriously considering the matter awhile, he resolved to take the doctor's advice to get up and show that he had some spunk and courage, instead of being frightened to death at nothing but his own imaginations.

The doctor had a good deal of faith in his prescription, and was therefore more pleased than surprised to have the chaplain ride up to him, a few days afterward, and express great obligations for receiving from him sharp words instead of bitter pills, for they had been the means of saving his life.

Now mark the contrast between the last and the following:

"Then you want me to tell you just what I think of your chances to get well, do you?" said the rebel surgeon to Lieutenant Durgin, as he lay surrounded by many other wounded soldiers of the Union army after the battle of Chancellorsville.

"Yes, doctor, I do, for I want to know the worst: and I hope that I am as well prepared to meet the great enemy of the human race as I was the enemies of my country."

"Well, lieutenant, I am sorry to tell you that I do not think that you have more than one chance in a hundred."

"Trusting that He who multiplied the loaves and fishes will increase my chances. I shall try hard to believe you are mistaken, doctor."

And for many years he lived to joke about how little the rebel surgeons knew about the mysterious ways of Providence.

"Bury him in the orchard there as soon as he dies, and then hurry up and join the regiment."

These were the words that Corporal Farrar heard spoken to the comrade who had been left with him as he lay in a rebel's house prostrate from a terrible wound just received in one of the fights to cut off Lee's retreat after evacuating Richmond. But the brave-hearted corporal liked neither the time nor place of his burial, and concluded in his own mind that the ceremony should be postponed, notwithstanding the surgeon had said that he could not live two hours. After three days of patient waiting, his attending comrade, encouraged by the apparently improving condition of his charge, started out early in the morning to find an ambulance if he could, to convey the corporal to some place where he could be properly cared for. It was late in the evening when he returned with the object of his search. With what joy he was received by the suffering soldier the reader may try, but in vain, to imagine.

"That," said Corporal Farrar, "was the longest day of my life. With the uncertainty when or where any of our forces might then be found, even if my comrade was fortunate enough to escape capture himself; with the weak and helpless condition that I was in, still trembling between life and death, and so near the latter that an hour's delay might

make his return, if he came at all, too late; and the old rebel in whose house I was left, looking and acting as if he would like, from hatred instead of pity, to put me out of my misery, each hour came so heavily laden with such severe suffering and discouraging apprehensions that it seemed as if it would never pass."

A few days later and the corporal found himself in the "death ward" of a general hospital, from which he was the only patient, save one, who lived to come out alive, although supposed to be one of the first to die when he went in. Two or three months later he went home on a furlough.

Nearly thirty years of grave-filling have passed since he was left to be buried far away on the banks of the Appomattox, but he still lives, as hopeful, if not as active, as ever, and can tip the scales any day at two hundred and sixty-five pounds! *

"If you have any business to do or word to send home, you had better attend to it at once, captain, as I fear you cannot live but a short time."

The plucky commander of Company E, with bullets enough in his body to kill any common man, looked up quizzically into the surgeon's face for half a moment, as if to see that he was not joking, and then replied: "You go to h—l, doctor, if you want to, but don't think you are going to take me along with you just yet, for I don't propose to start until some time after this war is over."

He has not started yet, and before he does it is hoped that he will conclude to go in the opposite direction.

These are but a few of the many instances of heroic fortitude and indomitable courage exhibited by the brave-hearted soldiers of the Twelfth when in more hopeless places than on the field of battle; and let it not be forgotten that of such are they — some of them but mere boys — who did so much to immortalize the record of the regiment. But not of this keen-tempered mettle are all mankind possessed. Some, as already shown by the chaplain's case, are born for paths of peace and have no business in the ranks of war; and it would be ridiculously false to say that the Twelfth had none of this latter class on its rolls. Though able in muscle they were weak in the nerve to face the cannon's mouth; and if by chance were confronted with imminent danger would become as helpless oftentimes as a child. Their will was good, and some of them, who were honest-hearted and proud-spirited, would have given many times their pay for the physical courage to do and dare like their brother comrades. Such ones were, of course, more to be pitied than blamed; and when recognized as undoubtedly belonging to this Quaker order, were usually treated leniently by their officers and comrades, though not always with that respect, perhaps, which they really deserved.

* Deceased since the above was written.

Beside the two classes above mentioned, there is another always to be found in the ranks of a new regiment, of which the Twelfth had its full share. The men — if they can properly be called such — that belonged to this class were those who never possessed the true elements of honorable manhood, and whose base and selfish natures were not changed by taking a solemn oath, when they enlisted, to be true to the cause of their country. They could perform their part but would not; had both the courage and the strength, but neither the desire nor disposition; and out of which came nearly all the "bummers," "coffee-coolers," and deserters that disgraced the service.

To play sick was one of their favorite games and rheumatism was usually their most successful hand. Though regular attendants at surgeon's call they were always ready to "fall in for rations" or to eat their full allowance when carried to them.

On the march, if obliged to go, they were sure to be the first catch of the rear guard and no matter how persistently urged along or closely watched, when the battle-line was formed they were not there. Sometimes, when unable to dodge the rear guard or to get a surgeon's pass to the rear by pretending to be sick, they would wound or disable themselves with the double object of keeping out of an impending battle, and getting into the hospital or their final discharge. This was usually done by shooting or cutting off a thumb, finger, or toe, or sending a bullet through their hand or foot, instances of this kind being within the memory of every old veteran.

Imperative justice demands that to the undying honor and glory of the brave and noble heroes who never flinched from duty, but followed the flag of their country through privation, hardship, and danger until disabled by sickness or wounds, relieved by death, or discharged because their services were no longer needed, the readers of to-day should know, and future generations have the chance to learn, that their duties were harder, their burdens heavier, and their sufferings greater because of being obliged to perform that part of the work which belonged to, but was shirked by, their unworthy and recreant associates.

The Light of Experience.

It was a common expression among the rebel soldiers who came into our lines voluntarily, as thousands of them did during the last year of the conflict, that it was "the rich man's war, and the poor man's fight." The blinding scales of ignorance, without which the great American Rebellion would never have been, were melted from their eyes by the fire of battle, and they were permitted at last to see, as did Saul of Tarsus, that they had been fighting without light against the right, and at once grounded their arms of rebellion. And here it may be stated as a fact, though many may question or contradict it, that but for this new light and its influence and effect upon the rank and file of the Confederate army it would probably have taken as many years of war to have preserved this Government, as it did to establish it, if indeed it could have been sustained at all. For as true as one of the ablest defenders of the "lost cause" fell on the field of battle by the bullets of his own men, so true it is that the *cause* would have been much longer sustained, if ever *lost*, but for the fatal wounds it received in the house of its friends.

The vile serpent of treason saw the tree of knowledge in the middle of the garden of national peace and prosperity, and stung itself to death. All potent truth, operating on the mental rank and file of Lee's army, did more to disintegrate and destroy it, during the last few months of the war, than all the generalship of his great and successful antagonist.

"Do you think you could be induced to take up arms against the Government again to perpetuate that institution?" asked the writer of an ex-Confederate soldier in Tennessee who had just expressed his gladness that the great evil of human slavery no longer degraded the South or divided the nation. "Yes, sir, *with the same light*," replied he, with particular emphasis on the last four words. And in this short adjunctive clause of four simple monosyllables is embodied a whole volume of the blood-stained pages of our country's history that posterity may well read and reflect upon; for it may there learn the true secret of the rise and fall of the greatest and most causeless rebellion "that ever existed since Lucifer led his cohort of apostate angels against the throne of Omnipotence."

Slowly but surely as the precession of the equinoxes, the world is moving, not backward, but forward and upward toward a higher plane of intellectual and moral existence; and the time must soon come when artillery duels between nations, like the practice of the false code of honor among individual citizens, will be known and found only in the history of the barbarous relics of the past. Already two of the greatest and most enlightened nations of the world, of which we are proud to know that our own is one, have bravely set the example of international arbitration.

Save with a few half savage tribes of the "dark continent" the *ipse dixit* of kings is no longer a law that can be disobeyed only upon the penalty of death. No ruler of the nineteenth century could or can say, as did Frederick the Great, "I am the state." And the only one who has, for the last hundred years, fought to make his will supreme, met his fate at Waterloo, and yielded up the sceptre of his power, not to England or the allied powers, but to the "rising genius of universal emancipation."

"Old Tom."

The following touching tribute to the memory of Major Savage's old war horse, that lived over twenty years after the war, was written by the major's son-in-law, John W Currier, Esq.

Old Tom is dead!
As this is read,
What reminiscences of field and camp,
Of sickness, hunger, long and weary tramp;
Of dreadful strife, of ghastly wounds and death,
Of prison pens with foul and stifling breath:
Of home and friends and peace of twenty years,
Rush through the soldier's mind and bring the tears.

Though but a horse, how well his part he bore
'Midst shot and shell
And rebel yell;
'Midst cannon's roar
And scenes of gore
Unflinchingly he went! and who did more?

Old Tom is dead!
How oft 't was said,
"Here come the Major and Old Tom";
How cheers arose as they passed on;
How proud he was, with step so high,
With head erect and flashing eye!
He seemed to know he was himself
A member of the brave old Twelfth.

Old Tom is dead!
And thus 't was said
Of Major when, two years ago,
Amidst the winter's blinding snow.
He passed the picket-line of life.
Both now lie low beyond all strife,
Both steed and rider gone; they rest,
Their honor bright, their memory blest.

A Box from Home.

This history would be incomplete without a few words written about the boxes that used to be received by the "boys" from the loved and loving ones at home. Thousands of these were sent from every state, especially when the different regiments were stationed where they would be likely to get them before moving; and hundreds were received by members of the Twelfth while at Falmouth and Point Lookout. A letter would first give notice that one had been started, and then how impatiently its arrival was awaited. And when, at last—for frequently weeks and sometimes months would pass before they would get transportation through—the box would reach camp, how the heart would beat quicker and the countenance brighten, as the happy recipient with quick feet and hands would carry it to his quarters, and pry, pull, and twist at the double-nailed, iron-banded cover until his eager eyes could see and his hungry tongue taste, the good things that lie so closely packed beneath.

And it was surprising how much a loving mother, wife, or sisters would manage to pack into a little space of less than half the size of an ordinary shoe-box. Here, so far as it goes, is a fair sample schedule: A loaf each of brown and white bread; a lot of gingerbread, cookies, and doughnuts; two or three meat pies; a large sweet cake: four or five pounds of cheese; a large can of boiled cider apple sauce, a small jar of pickles, and another of sauce or preserves; pears, peaches, and grapes, if in season, and some apples from his favorite tree; some hickory or chestnuts, and a jack-knife "from brother John"; some maple sugar or store candies, and a comb, or mending case "from sister Jane"; with many other things more useful than eatable that had been sent for perhaps by the receiver, or thought of by the sender of the box as necessary to the soldier's comfort and health.

Now, reader, is it strange that a box like this was considered a treasure, and especially when you considered it came from *home?* And is it any wonder that when they came by the wagon load, as they sometimes did, that there was a regular gala-day in the camp of the Twelfth? But this, like everything else in this life (how can we otherwise than hope it different in the next), had its shaded and sometimes sorrowful side. It was bad enough after so much care and cost of preparing and sending, to have part of the contents spoiled from being needlessly long on the way; or the whole lost or stolen and never received at all. But think, O reader, and let tears follow the thought, of the feelings of that mother or that wife, to say nothing of father, brothers, and sisters, who, while she anxiously waited to hear from the box by a letter from the cherished one to whom she had sent it, received instead a letter from his captain or tent-mate, stating that he died or was killed a short time before or perhaps on the very day that his box from home arrived in camp.

Drum Corps.

An essential part of every regimental organization is the drum corps. Its purpose is not to drown the groans of the wounded and dying, as the boys used to be told in *ante-bellum* times, for drums and fifes seldom get so far to the front when the battle rages, but to cheer up the soldiers in camp as well as on the march, beat the different calls, and carry the wounded from the field of death when the battle is over

It must not be supposed, however, that the musicians during a battle, where they act as stretcher-bearers, are always back beyond reach of the enemy's shot, for this would often be further to the rear than the amputation tables and field hospitals to which the wounded are carried. And sometimes the stretcher-bearers are required to expose themselves for a short time nearly or quite as much as if they were in the line of battle;

> "And some there are who can truthfully tell
> Of hair-breadth escapes from the enemy's shell,"

Who carried a stretcher instead of a musket during the war The soldier of the line, though he stands in the midst, and takes an active part in the work of destruction, strange as it may at first seem, knows little of the real sufferings and horrors of the inhuman carnage that surrounds him. He hears, perhaps, the death shriek of a comrade, as he falls by his side, and sees the blood oozing from the mortal wound; he heeds it not in the excitement of the hour for he is too intent in the work of killing the enemy to think of his comrades, or even of the danger of being killed himself.

But how changed and different with him whose duty it is to visit the fresh field of carnage where the pitiful cries of the wounded mingle with the groans of the dying, and where every tender and humane feeling of the soul is shocked with heart-sickening scenes of blood. This perhaps may be best illustrated by the following incident:

George Aiken, the good-hearted and able-minded fifer of Company B, had often discussed with one of his comrades the question of justifying the shedding of blood upon Christian principles, he contending for the affirmative, when the cause, like our own, was right and just. But soon the terrible carnage of Chancellorsville opened his eyes to a new revelation or, rather, his mind to a correct understanding of the old; and about his first salutation after returning from that sanguinary field was: "Well, B——, I have become a convert to your doctrine. My eyes have convinced me of what your tongue could n't, and I fully agree with you now that God never instituted any such way as this to settle disputes, whether just or unjust."

But the musicians had something to do in the camp as well as on the field. From the *reveille* of early morn to the bed-time *taps* the service of the drum and fife was regularly in demand. After the *reveille* came the more welcome breakfast call, next the surgeon's call, then the orderly's and drill call, and the double-drag beat for dinner. In the afternoon came the *assembly* for battalion or brigade drill, the *recall*, the playing of the whole corps at dress parade, the *retreat* at sundown, next the *tattoo*, and lastly *taps*.* They were also required in many regiments to act as camp orderlies,— their tents being pitched near by the colonel's quarters, within easy call when wanted,— one being usually in waiting at the colonel's tent all the time for this purpose; having, therefore, to take their turn on duty, and while the other men did the watching they had to do the running. But there is this important difference, however, between the drum and the gun in military service: The former ends its beat at 9 o'clock and turns in for a night's rest, while the latter has to renew its "beat" and turn out every four hours when on guard no matter what time of night or what kind of weather It will be seen, therefore, that the hardships, dangers, and responsibilities of the gun are greater than the drum, and that the former has a claim to higher honors.

With this much for the benefit of those who may read this history when the rules and usages of war will, it is hoped, be less familiar to the people of this country than even at the present time, a brief account will now be given of the drum corps of the Twelfth.†

When the twenty knights of the drum and fife — two from each company — first came together at "Camp Belknap" in Concord, they were quite as verdant in the practice of music as in the science of war With one or two exceptions they had enlisted *as* musicians, not so much because they *were*, as because they *wanted* to be such: thinking, perhaps, if allowed to make their own music, they would not be obliged to face the music of the enemy. It is doubtful if there were half of the drummers that knew a "*flam*" ‡ from a "*ferrididdle*," ‡ or two-four time from six-eight; and the fifers were but little better, although two or three of them could play quite well. But think not there was any lack of native talent or ambition in this crude score of ear-distractors, for the development of both was soon apparent, though not so much in the greater harmony and sweeter melody of the players as in the consummate strategy and shrewd tactics used by some of them to see who should have the undying honor of being leader, and be promoted to the high rank of *drum major!* Had the Darwinian process of natural instead of self-selected fitness been allowed to decide a contest so vital to the weal or woe of the regiment, all would have been well; but Fate, through Colonel Potter as a humble instrument, after a long and fierce struggle, reaching from Concord to Arlington Heights, otherwise directed, and the doom of one man at least was fixed. This poor fellow's name was Skinner, of Company I, and not being willing to skin other folks' skunks he concluded to "*skin out*": In

* See next page. † See anecdote. ‡ Names of primary strokes by the old teachers.

other words, not getting his deserts, as he thought, he *deserted!* He was a natural musician, a good drummer, and splendid fifer, and should have been appointed to lead the corps.

His successful competitor, from the same company, now took command; and under the potent sway of his "toad-sticker" (a name derisively given to a kind of sword designed for non-commissioned officers, but soon discarded as useless) the drum corps became an organized reality. But the elements of discord existed, and there was more harmony in their music, even, than among the players until the "boss" concluded to resign his position and seek what he soon obtained, a discharge from the service. After this, peace and brotherly love prevailed, and they were allowed to select their own leader, which they did, taking turns by common consent until January 1, 1864, when James S. Baker, of Company E, was regularly appointed "principal musician." The next and only other one to hold that position, according to the records, was Ira C. Evans, of Company C, who was appointed just four months later. When, in April, 1863, the regiment sent to Washington to get a saddle and bridle to give the Colonel, they also bought a base drum for the musicians, and Ira M. Rollins was selected by them to beat it, which he did until the end of the war. Though once stolen it was recovered, and still may be heard, sounding as loud as ever under the vigorous and well-timed blows of its veteran master, at the regimental reunions.

In addition to the regular camp calls enumerated on the preceding page, there should have been mentioned the adjutant's and police call for the forenoon, and the drummer's call for almost any time of day.

Several recruits joined the corps at Point Lookout, of whom, William O. Little, of Company D, died in the service, and Thomas Dalton, of the same company, was killed in front of Petersburg.*

Of the original twenty, one was accidentally shot before leaving Concord, one died of small-pox, one was promoted to sergeant-major, and one deserted, leaving but seven, beside those who were discharged for disability during the war, or from hospital at its close, to come home with the regiment, of whom five are still living. Their names are Jacob Hanson, James S. Baker, Ira C. Evans, George W Pitman, George C. Currier, Amos Damon, and Ira M. Rollins, whose pictures and life sketches will all appear in another chapter

It is a little remarkable that two of the veterans of the fife and drum, Damon and Evans, went out and came home together as fifer and drummer of Company C, and that both can still make merry music together, though the former was over seven and one half years more than twice as old as the latter — who was born April 16, 1841 — when they enlisted in August, 1862.†

And there is one other fact that just now and for the first time presents itself, and this is that both the writer and the printer of this history have the honor of once belonging to the drum corps of the "Old Twelfth."

* See page 222.

† Query for the grandchildren: Damon's age, April 16, 1895.

History of the Colors.

The first stand of colors were presented to the regiment by the hands of Adjt. Gen. Anthony Colby, who made an appropriate speech, at "Camp Belknap," in Concord, September 26, 1862.

The state or regimental colors, like the national, were of regulation size, having a field of deep blue with an eagle, holding in its left talon a cluster of arrows and in its right an olive branch, as symbols of war and peace.

The first color bearers were Sergeants Jonathan M. Tasker, of Company B, and Charles H. Kelley, of Company F, the former carrying the national and the other the state colors.

At or soon after leaving Arlington Heights, the state colors, according to the recollections of Sergeant Tasker as best authority, were taken by Sergt. William J. Howe, of Company E, who carried them on the march to Falmouth, Va., and through the battle of Fredericksburg A day or two after this battle Sergt. Marquis D. L. McDuffee, of Company K, was selected to carry the state flag, and he and Sergeant Tasker carried the regimental stand of colors afterwards, until both were pierced with bullets in the midst of the terrible strife at Chancellorsville, and so seriously wounded as to be obliged to leave the service.

When Sergeant Tasker was hit in the leg he still bore up his country's flag by leaning against a tree for support. Colonel Potter, noticing this, asked the sergeant if he was hurt, and then told him to give the colors to one of the guard and go to the rear. The name of the corporal to whom the flag was then given is not known, but from the best information attainable, it is quite certain that he was either killed or so seriously wounded as to die soon after The next and last of the guard to take the national colors before retreating, was Corp. William H. Straw, of Company D, who was found by Sergt. Maj. A. W Bartlett when the few left of the regiment were falling back to escape capture. When first noticed, Corporal Straw was lying at the foot of a tree a few rods back from the battle-line with the flag-staff still firmly grasped, as if he would only surrender them with his life, while the blood was fast flowing from a wound on one side of his head. The sergeant-major, scarcely stopping to see if the brave corporal was living or dead, for it was now a race for his own liberty or life, snatched the flag from his hands and by an urgent call upon the little strength he had left, succeeded in clearing the woods and crossing the brook just in time to escape capture. Even then, but for good luck that seemed almost providential, the flag must have fallen into the enemy's hands; for before he could get over the little sand hill beyond the brook the rebels came pouring out of the woods close behind him.

REGIMENTAL COLORS.

But the foremost, too eager to secure what seemed so near their grasp, discharged their pieces as they ran without effect; and before they could reload, the "stars and stripes" — not "full high advanced," but fast retreating and carried in any way to least retard the bearer's flight — had nearly reached the crest. Only a rod or two further and they will be safe for a while, with a fair chance of reaching the rallying line of the Union forces at the Chancellor House. But how to gain the few feet that would carry them below the line of the rebels' aim, was the question of an age to be answered in a moment, for the hissing bullets come thicker and closer making hot air streaks across the temples of him who is now chiefly intent upon saving himself, though he still clings to the colors. He expects at every step to fall, and fall he does, not forward upon his face with a ball through his head or body as expected, but backward with both covered with earth and half buried *alive*, as he gladly finds when, spitting and scratching his mouth and eyes clear of dirt and gravel, he takes in the new situation, and sees a deep furrow that a friendly solid shot or shell has ploughed diagonally across his line of retreat. His pursuers have seen him fall, *dead* as they suppose, but while they rush up to the foot of the hill on one side he descends as rapidly upon the other, and soon, with the flag of his country, is safe behind the Federal batteries that have been aligned to check the rebel advance. He has always remembered that cannon shot as a "friendly" one, because he thinks it saved his life, as the bullets were then flying so thickly and closely around him that it seemed impossible to escape.

The state colors had left the field some time before, carried therefrom by their brave and resolute bearer, Sergeant McDuffee, who, though severely wounded, kept his promise to the colonel to bring them safely from the field if life and strength enough were left him to carry them. He refused to yield them to other hands until he reached the river and found the remnant of the regiment, that had been ordered back there for rest and reorganization. In this battle both colors were many times perforated with bullets.

Luther H. Parker, of Company D, and Charles W Hoyt, of Company G, were next detailed for color bearers, the latter carrying his but a short time before Sergeant Howe, recovering from his sickness, took the state colors again, and he and Parker carried the colors on the march to the field and into the battle of Gettysburg, where both were shot down, Howe being instantly killed, and Parker receiving a mortal wound. As most of the color guard were either killed or wounded about the same time, it is not certainly known who took the colors when Parker was wounded, but there is but little reason to doubt that they were grasped by Corp. Samuel Brown, of Company C, who was one of the guard, just as he himself fell into the embrace of death. But even now the proud emblem of our national sovereignty so far from being allowed to trail in the dust, scarcely, if at all, touched the ground; for, until rescued from capture, it served as a covering sheet of that brave guard who fell and lay beneath its folds.

To whom next belongs the honor of saving the regimental colors has been a subject of long and careful inquiry by the author of this history that full justice might be done to all concerned. He had supposed, at the commencement of his work, and it was very generally understood and believed by the regimental survivors that Adjt. Andrew M. Heath took both the national and state colors up from where they fell and carried them back to where the brigade halted and again faced the foe; and such had become history so far as shown in the brief sketches of the regiment printed in the old adjutant-general's reports of the war. But the weight of the evidence that patient and thorough investigation has discovered to counterbalance this published statement is so preponderating as to demand its correction.

It now appears that Lieut. Charles S. Emery, then sergeant of Company F, and Corp. John R. Davis, of the same company, deserve great credit for the part they took in saving the flags in that battle. It was they who first came to the rescue and saved them from the hands of the enemy by snatching them from the dead, while the danger of death was pressing heavily upon themselves, and carrying them until they caught up with the regiment, just as it halted to re-form its line for another advance, when they gave them to Adjutant Heath.

When Sergeant Howe fell he made a death grasp for his flag, as if his last thought was for its preservation, and so firmly were his fingers closed upon the fabric that when Corporal Davis snatched them away, while Emery grabbed the national colors, he tore out of the flag and left in the sergeant's death-clinched hand a piece about one foot wide and fifteen inches long.

Lieut. A. W Bacheler, then a private of Company E, being detained on the retreat to look after a wounded comrade, was one of the last to leave the ground; and while doing so noticed the piece of flag which he attempted to snatch away as he hurried to catch up with the regiment. Seeing at a glance the cause of his failure, and not being willing that so much as a shred of either flag of his regiment should fall into the enemy's hands, he stopped long enough, though under a most destructive fire, to unclinch the dead sergeant's fingers, one by one, and thus save the precious fragment which he kept and still has in his possession. When the regiment halted and re-formed, Adjutant Heath called for volunteers to carry the colors, and Corp. Edward L. Shepard and Private George E. Worthen, both of Company E, stepped out from the ranks and took them. For this gallant act both were promoted on the field, and the dates of their appointments as sergeant and corporal should have been July 2 instead of July 5 as appears in the records. Worthen, ambitious for promotion, was the first to step forward, and selected the "stars and stripes" as his standard, which the adjutant, seeing that he was but a small and young private, hesitated at first to give up to him. But, feeling assured that such brave resolution to *take* could not lack of heroic determination to *carry* and

defend so long as there was muscular strength enough left to do so, he yielded to the brave private's wish: and Corporal Shepard, equally brave and patriotic, though less sanguine and impulsive, took the state colors. These two soldiers carried the colors through the remainder of that and the next day's fight, in the battle of Wapping Heights, and all the time until the Fall of '64, when the regiment was at Point Lookout. While stationed here the national colors were carried for a while, and next after Worthen, by Sergt. Charles S. Emery, of Company F; and it was from this place that both the national and state colors that had been through three great battles of the war, and one smaller engagement, were sent home for preservation in the archives of the State.

After this the regiment never had any state or regimental standard, but carried only the national flag for its banner. It is not known who was the first standard bearer after receiving the new colors, but if not one of those already mentioned it was probably Sergt. John C. Sweatt, of Company H, who took the national flag about that time and carried it from then up to and through the battle of Swift Creek, Va., which was fought within two miles of the city of Petersburg.

On the same day and immediately after this battle Sergt. Charles W Hoyt, of Company G, was selected to carry the colors, Sergeant Sweatt being for a time disabled from doing so; and he continued to act as the regimental standard bearer until he was cut down in the terrible charge at Cold Harbor He bravely upheld his country's flag through the battles of Relay House, Drury's Bluff, and Port Walthall, and when disabled by a severe wound at Cold Harbor he still clung tenaciously to his colors and had succeeded, by dodging from tree to tree, in getting back nearly or quite to the breastworks, when he gave the colors to Corp. William Wallace, Jr., of Company K, who carried them off the field. There has been a little dispute between these two brave soldiers as to just what part of the field the latter took charge of the colors; but it is of trifling importance as affecting the well deserved honors of either, and not at all to be wondered at.

When Corporal Wallace found the few left together of the regiment, he gave the flag, with the staff stained with blood from Sergeant Hoyt's wound in the hand, to Colonel Barker,* and this was his presentation speech: "Here, colonel, are your bloody old colors. Sergeant Hoyt sends them to you with his compliments, and wants me to tell you that he is wounded." No old soldier need be told that they were received with cheers. The bullet that wounded Sergeant Hoyt left its mark on the flag-staff.†

Corporal Wallace was then and there made sergeant and entrusted with the colors he had helped to save. He carried them during the trying days that the regiment continued to face the enemy at Cold Harbor, through the siege of Petersburg,—except for a few days that he was sick,—the battle of Cemetery Hill, all the time at Bermuda Front, and north of the James until inspected and sent home by order of General Butler.‡

*See page 206. †See sketch of Hoyt's life. ‡See *post*.

Upon the regiment receiving a new national standard he was ready and willing to carry it on the march and stand up under it on the field again, as he had with the old one: and he was rewarded at last by the proud privilege of bearing it triumphantly into the city of Richmond. Having borne the colors for a longer time than any other standard bearer of the regiment, and until the end of the war, it seemed too bad that sickness should prevent him from exercising the still prouder privilege of carrying them home to the capital of his native State.

He reluctantly relinquished his trust, being no longer able to carry them, but a few days before the regiment started for home, and Sergt. Joseph F Stockbridge, of Company B, who had carried the colors for a short time once before, and whose enviable record as a soldier merited the honor, was selected as the last color sergeant of the Twelfth New Hampshire, to bear aloft that glorious and now world-respected banner of freedom that this regiment had so long and heroically defended.

The following are copies of the official papers that were sent home with the colors from Bermuda Hundred, November 4, 1864. The request of Colonel Barker, that the flag be sent home for preservation instead of being condemned for being no longer serviceable, which probably accompanied the adjutant's certificate here printed, has not been found.

I certify that the National colors of the 12th N. H. Vols. became unserviceable in the following manner: At the battle of Drury's Bluff, May 16, 1864, the ferrule on the top of the staff was struck by a bullet and split.

During the twelve days' engagement at Cold Harbor, Va., the staff was shot off in two places, one of the tassels destroyed, and the colors badly torn. In the engagement before Petersburg, August 1, 1864, the spear-head was shot away and the colors otherwise damaged, all of which was done by bullet shots from the enemy

A. M. Heath,
Adjt. 12th N. H. Vols.

The request was returned with the following endorsements:

Dropped from returns. Names of battles mentioned in the Adjutant's certificate to be inscribed on them and the colors to be forwarded to the Adjt. General of New Hampshire to be preserved in the archives of the State with their history. The Inspector feels unwilling to place the mark of condemnation on a standard that has so good a record.

Abel E. Leavenworth,
Lieut. and A. A. Inspector General,
Provisional Brigade 18th A. C

Head Quarters Dept of Va. and N. C.
Fortress Monroe, Va., Oct. 12, 1864.

The disposition within recommended will be made.

Approved: Benj F Butler,
Maj. Gen. Com'd'g.

HEADQUARTERS 12TH N. H. VOLS.,
PROV BRIGADE, PROV DIVISION, ARMY OF THE JAMES,
DEFENCES OF BERMUDA HUNDRED, Nov 4, 1864.

To the Adjutant General of New Hampshire.

SIR,— I take pleasure in forwarding to you the national colors, which have been the banner of the Twelfth New Hampshire Volunteers for the year past, to be preserved in the archives of the State, as recommended by the Inspector General, and ordered by General Butler.

A standard, that has been so gallantly borne and so bravely defended, is worthy of as proud a position as is in your power to give it. Their tattered folds speak volumes to the heroic few who still remain to tell the sad story of those who have fallen in their defence.

Ages hence, when treason and rebellion, at home and abroad, shall be known only among the things that were, when the stalwart men who are now defending their country's rights and honor shall become bowed with age, and their heads silvered with the frost of time, then will they look upon the "stars and stripes," under which they have fought and conquered, with an honest pride, and bless those who have so wisely prepared a place for their preservation.

This stand of colors has been in the possession of the regiment since Sept. 1, 1863; and has been carried during the present campaign in the following named battles: Swift Creek, Va., May 9th and 10th, 1864; Drury's Bluff, Va., May 16th, 1864; Cold Harbor, Va., June 3d to 12th, 1864; Petersburg, Va., June 15th, 1864; Cemetery Hill, Va., July 30th, 1864.*

Honorable mention should be made of Sergeant Hoyt, of Co. G, who so gallantly carried the colors at Cold Harbor and brought them from the field amid a shower of bullets, even after he was severely wounded. Sergeant Wallace, of Co. K, is also deserving of much credit for the brave and commendable manner in which he has since borne them.

We transfer them now to the care of the State, hoping they will be carefully preserved until we have fought a few more battles and made peaceful citizens of traitors and rebels. When peace shall be restored, the Union re-established, and our glorious banner shall wave proudly over the whole and united country, then we will return to the quiet walks of life and resume our peaceful vocations.

I am very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
THOMAS E. BARKER,
Lieutenant Colonel 12th N. H. Vols.
Com'd'g Regt.

* See revision of battles and losses.

The Signal Service.

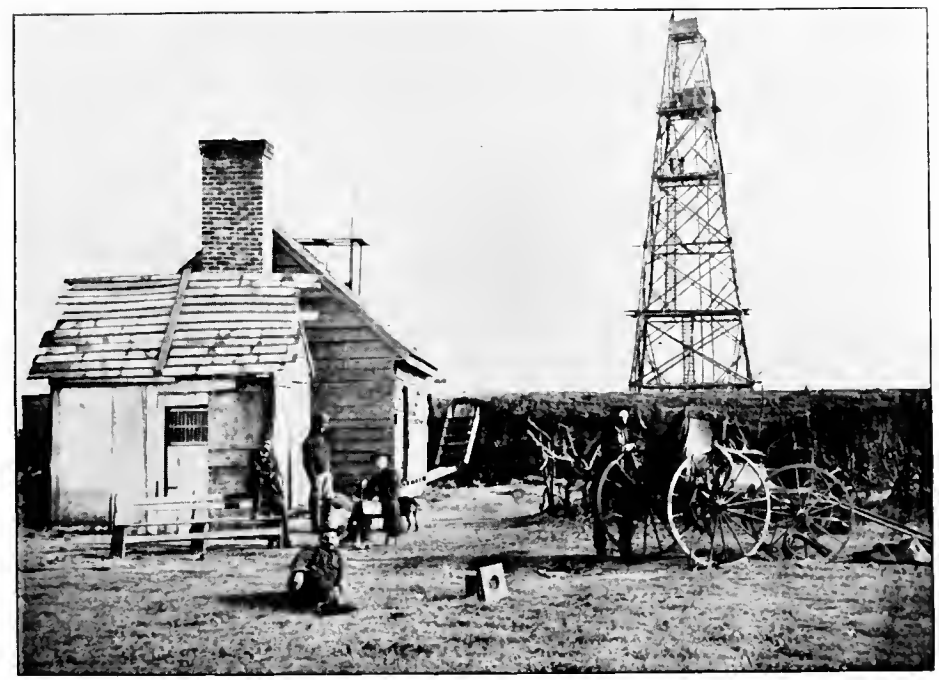
Communication by signals of some kind on land and sea, in time of war, is a practice as old almost as history itself: and has increased in importance since the invention of gunpowder, and down through the annals of modern warfare until a signal corps and code of some kind is to-day considered an indispensable part of every regularly organized army among all civilized nations.

This practice of sending orders and dispatches by means of signals is of especial utility when, as is frequently the case, time and distance are important factors and the result of lasting consequence, as was conspicuously illustrated in our late war by the messages sent by General Sherman to General Corse, while marching through Georgia.

One of these messages gave to Corse the information that a part of Hood's army was marching toward Allatoona with the evident design of capturing a large amount of ammunition and other stores, and of taking possession and filling up a long, deep railroad cut near there, now known as "Allatoona Pass"; and ordered him to reinforce both places and fortify the latter at once, as the holding of the road at that time was essential to the success of Sherman's plans. The order was obeyed just in time to save the pass from a most desperate attempt to capture it by a rebel division sent there by General Hood for that purpose. It was during this fight, which lasted for six hours, and was one of the most stubborn of the war, that Sherman, who had ordered troops to the relief of the garrison, sent the now world-famous dispatch: "*Hold the fort for I am coming*," and to which the heroic defender, General Corse, made the bull-dog reply: "I am short a cheek bone and an ear, but can lick all h—l yet."

Sending messages by means of signals is therefore of great advantage to an invading army where a dispatch bearer would often have to cross the enemy's country and liable to be captured, or where word can only be sent by penetrating the enemy's lines where greater danger still would be incurred. For this reason, knowing that the rebellious states would have to be invaded, the signal corps was early organized, and thoroughly drilled and equipped under the orders of General McClellan, as soon as he took command; and its history, which is being written, cannot fail to show its great usefulness not only in transmitting orders and messages of importance, but in collecting and reporting important facts of observation.

To assist in both these ways, but especially in the latter, high signal towers were erected at the most convenient and available points, while the Union army lay south of Richmond and Petersburg in 1864–'65. They were built of pine logs by the engineer corps and varied from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet in height. They were so strongly braced as not to be easily blown over or shot down; although both the "Cobb Hill" and



THE COBB HILL SIGNAL TOWER.

"Crow's Nest" towers, alluded to elsewhere in this history,* came very near being destroyed, the first by wind and the other by the rebel artillery These two towers were of the same dimensions, each being one hundred and thirty feet high, thirty feet square at the base, and seven feet square at the top, which was reached by means of long ladders zigzagging from platform to platform from the ground up.†

The picture here given is of the "Cobb Hill" tower and shows the parapet of the fort lying between the position of the artist's camera and the tower, and which cuts off, as will be noticed, the bottom view of the latter. This fort was built upon the spot where the owner of the estate lived in a large family mansion when our troops first landed at Bermuda Hundred and City Point, and from whom the tower took its name.

The tower and detachment of men connected therewith were, at the time the picture was taken, in charge of a signal officer who had previously followed the colors of the Twelfth Regiment, and is shown in the engraving sitting in a chair and holding a newspaper in his hands. The man standing near him was his colored cook and waiter, and the two others reclining at his right and front were two naval captains then in command of gun-boats, lying in the Appomattox river a short distance away; while the person seen standing by the wagon on the opposite side was one of the men employed by Brady & Co., the noted war photographers of New York city, the other, being at the camera, cannot of course be seen.

The house, occupied at that time as the officer's headquarters, had been the family residence of one of the slaves that worked upon the plantation; and the staging across the ridgepole was built to signal from before the tower was built. The quarters of the men, some of whom can be seen upon the tower, and the stables for their horses were on the other side of the fort. The dark spot seen on the first section below the top of the tower was a sort of box shelter for the men on duty during the winter season, as one of them had to be constantly on the watch, no matter how cold or severe the weather.

Quite a long and interesting account might be written of this tower. General Butler wrote several pages about it in his recently published book, but his statements are mostly laudatory of himself and require a liberal sprinkling of "salt," as the boys call it, for easy mental digestion. Even his statements of matters of historic value are, to say the least, open to considerable criticism. He describes, for instance, the projectile thrown by a 12-pounder Whitworth gun as being "some two feet long, in shape a four-sided bolt, and revolving on its axis made a great noise," and in the same connection refers to it as making a "terrific shriek." Now it is no wonder that such a projectile as he describes should make a terrific shriek, but it is a wonder that any person who had ever seen or heard the sound of one should have written about it as above quoted; and more wonderful still that such a description should come from the pen of one of General Butler's reputation.

* See pages 173 and 241. † One of these towers had a windlass elevator; see engraving and anecdote.

One who has seen and heard much more *of*, if not *about*, them than General Butler ever did, says that a "Whitworth bolt" as they were aptly called by those familiar with them, was cylindrical instead of rectangular in form, and that every one was evidently turned out by a lathe as smoothly and with as much symmetrical precision as any piece of very nicely balanced shafting This indeed was absolutely necessary to that accuracy of aim for which the Whitworth gun has been so long noted. "A *four-sided* bolt, revolving on its axis" would be much more likely to *hum* than to *hurt*, and by its "terrific shriek" give unnecessary warning of its coming, as it would never be likely to hit any person or thing at which it was aimed. It is true also that a 12-pound bolt was about ten instead of twenty-four inches in length, and two and one half inches in diameter, being conic shaped at one end, and with a spiral groove around it, so as to fit into a corresponding twist projection in the barrel of the gun.

The foregoing has been written to correct an error of belief quite common among the old veterans, and one which General Butler himself seemingly entertained, in relation to the Whitworth gun and its projectile, the "terrific shriek" or "unearthly screech" of the latter being so frequently heard spoken of by them; when the actual fact is, that no such frightful sounds were ever made by any projectile fitted for and coming from a Whitworth gun. The sound made by the swift passage of one of these bolts through the air was peculiarly different from that of other artillery projectiles of similar size and weight, but neither louder nor more frightful.

Many of those that were thrown at the tower here represented, buried themselves in a hillside beyond, and were dug out by visiting parties from the North and carried home.

General Butler's story of being in this tower when the enemy saluted him with a couple of these shots materially differs from that of the signal officer then in charge of the station; but the general acknowledges that he was "considerably frightened" and says: "If one of the projectiles had hit either of the corner posts of the tower it would have undoubtedly come down, and myself with it, faster than would have been agreeable." Yet the Crow's Nest tower of the same height and build withstood the concentrated fire of five guns — three of them 200-pounder Brooks's rifled guns — from 9 o'clock in the morning until 4 o'clock in the afternoon; and though its platforms, ladders, and braces were more or less stove up, it still stood sufficiently firm and erect to allow the signal officer and his flagman to receive and send messages upon and from its top. It was estimated that not less than one hundred and sixty-five shots were fired at the tower within the time mentioned, one hundred and thirty-seven of which were verified by actual count, commenced at the suggestion of the lieutenant in charge of "Water Battery," near by, after he had been watching for more than an hour to see it go down.

A soldier who visited the tower soon afterward said: "I don't believe there was a whole stick left in the structure; all were either splintered or broken. Even the boards of the platform on which the officer and his flagman stood were broken by pieces of shell that had burst below them."

Though this is slightly exaggerative, it is so true substantially that had General Butler been obliged to stand there he would have been convinced, if not too badly frightened to calmly consider the subject, that something more powerfully destructive than a Whitworth bolt would be necessary to demolish a signal tower.

The author of the book from which the above quotation was taken,* in referring to the trying experience of the officer upon the tower at this time, says:

> At the battle of Chapin's Farm he found that two cannon had been planted the night before just across the river on purpose to knock him out of the tower while the heavier guns of Howlett's battery were trying to knock it down.
>
> No wonder that when the "ball" opened on that eventful day he turned to his flagman and remarked: "We might as well make our peace with God, for we shall never get out of this alive." Yet, strange to say, and impossible as it seems, though platforms, posts, ladders, and braces were rent, splintered, and broken, yet the tower stood, and they did get out of it not only alive but unhurt!
>
> He has informed the writer that, though it was "a mighty uncertain balance of chances," he has once or twice stood in a place of greater danger, but never where it required greater nerve power to control himself. "To keep your eye," said he, "steadily at the glass, and keep cool enough to catch and interpret every switch of the distant flag through the smoke of battle, while a 200-pound shell explodes within the tower directly beneath you, and spiteful percussion 10-pounders are flying around your head, is not, as you can imagine, a very easy thing to do. There is an almost irresistible impulse to let the message, however important, go to the d — l, and look around to see if you are not going in the same direction yourself."

The top of that tower was a very busy as well as dangerous place at that time, as the officer and his flagmen — for there were three or four different ones of the latter during the day — were almost constantly engaged in taking, answering, and transmitting messages, some of which were between Grant and Butler, and in giving the latter and General Ord information about the rebel troops, their strength, position, and reinforcements, that were opposed to them.† It was because of the commanding view of their lines and movements given to us from this tower that the rebels were so intent upon destroying it.

Signal messages were sent by means of flags by day and torches by night. The flags used varied in size and color according to the distance and the location of the sender. The smallest — called "action flags," because used in battle and for short distances — were eighteen by twenty-four inches, while the largest, used for long distance signaling, were either

* Robinson's history of Pittsfield, N. H., in the Great Rebellion. † See page 241.

six feet square or six by eight, and the staffs or poles to which they were attached were from twelve to sixteen feet long. With flags of this size messages could be sent in a clear day from one mountain top to another though separated by a distance of thirty and forty miles, as was several times the case in keeping up communication between the two wings of Sherman's army on his famous march "from Atlanta to the sea." In such a campaign as his through the enemy's country, the signal code practice was of great advantage. The colors of the flags were white with red centre, where the background was dark like the woods; black, with white or red centre, where the background was light like the top of a tower or woodless hill; and red with white centre, when signaling on the water: the intention being, as will be seen, to use a flag, the color of which would make such a contrast with the shade of the background of the sender of the message as to be the most distinctly seen by the observer who receives it.

To signal at night, two torches made by setting fire to balls of cotton roping soaked in spirits of turpentine and attached to poles were used: one of these torches was swung to the right, left, or front the same as a flag and the other placed upon the ground or floor just in front of the flagman's feet. The use of the foot torch will be better understood when the reader learns the meaning of the motions which will be now briefly explained, so that the reader may know how messages are sent. Every motion of the flag or torch to the right or left symbolized a letter or part of a letter, not over four motions being made for any one letter: but the numerals required five motions for each figure. The number and direction of the motions are indicated to the flagman who makes them by numbers called off to him by the officer who sends the message. Even numerals meant motions to the right and odd ones to the left, and the figure five was used when the officer wanted a motion to the front, a single motion in that direction denoting the end of a word, two motions the end of a sentence, and three the end of the message. The foot-torch helps to distinguish the side from the front motions of the one held in the hands.

The officers were required to make oath that they would not divulge any part or secrets of the code, but as the old code is no longer used, and the object of its secrecy not now existing, it is here given, so far as the simple alphabet went, as used in 1864.

A	11	I	2
B	1423	J	2231
C	234	K	1431
D	111	L	114
E	23	M	2314
F	1114	N	22
G	1142	O	14
H	231	P	2343

Q	2342	V	2311
R	142	W	2234
S	143	X	1431
T	1	Y	222
U	223	Z	1111

If the officer wanted to signal the letter A, he would call out *eleven*, and his flagman would immediately make two motions of his flag or torch to the left: if the letter B was to be signaled, he would call *fourteen twenty three*, and the flagman would make one motion to the left, two motions to the right, and another motion to the left; and so on through the whole alphabet, the even figures of any number calling for motions to the right, and odd ones to the left.

Beside the letters there were numerous abbreviations which, together with numbers for the common ending of many words like *tion*, *able*, *ing*, etc., very much aided in sending a message. But as a still greater aid in the matter of time, which was sometimes of great importance in battle, a few letters, made by a few quick switches of the flag, would be sufficient to send an order or dispatch from the commanding general to one of his grand division or corps commanders, as: "A. R. L.—Advance and reinforce our line;" "E. A. L.—Enemy advancing on our left;" "L. O. R.—Keep sharp lookout on your right;" "F O.—Fire over us," etc.

The phonetic method of spelling was practiced in the signal service and found very necessary to a quick and easy working of the code. A word, unless a person's name,* was very seldom spelled out in full, the vowels being left out, and it would have surprised a novice to see how rapidly two old signal officers could communicate with each other.

From the foregoing the reader cannot fail to understand something about that of which even the old veterans know but little, viz.: the *modus operandi* of army signaling.

During the first part of the war the signal codes used in the Union and Confederate armies were so similar, that messages sent on either side were frequently intercepted by the other; and this continued, much to the annoyance of the signal officers and the detriment of the service in both armies, notwithstanding several changes in the codes, until some ingenious Yankee invented the "cypher-disk" method of signaling, which was too hard a puzzle for the rebel signal officers to solve, and the language of our flags and torches was ever after an unknown tongue to them; while we continued to read theirs, intercepting several messages more or less important, to the end of the war.

On the day after the battle of the "Mine" or Cemetery Hill, the following rebel message was read by one of our officers as it was flagged from one of their signal stations to one of their ironclads on the James river.

*See anecdote.

July 31, 1864.

To Flag Officer Mitchel:

Grant sprung a mine at Petersburg at 5 A. M. yesterday; charged and took our line. Mahone, with his own and Wright's brigade, recaptured the works and captured General Bartlett and staff, 75 commissioned officers, 900 prisoners, and 12 stands of colors; and also recaptured the party that was taken. Five hundred Yankee dead are in the trenches. This is official.

(Signed.) SMITH,
Major.

The next and last to be written upon the subject of signaling is a message sent from "Cobb Hill" tower to General Butler through his chief signal officer on the morning that the rebel works, above referred to, were blown up, and referring to the same explosion:

COBB'S HILL, July 30, 1864, 6 A. M.

Captain Norton:

South, 5 degrees west, cannonading for the last half-hour about 5 miles distant. Also a line of smoke indicating musketry fire. Our shells bursting over and beyond the enemy's lines. South 30 degrees west, about $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles distant, a house burning.

(Signed.) BARTLETT,
Signal Officer.

The following is from a poem by Capt. Daniel W Bohonon, which was written for, and read at, the reunion of the regiment upon Diamond Island, July 4, 1866:

Once more we meet, my comrades dear;
The past has claimed another year,
Since each one clasped the friendly hand,
In welcome greeting to our band.

The years fly on with rapid wing,
Change, joy, and sorrow still they bring;
The earnest hope, the task begun,
The patient toil, the victory won,
The cares of life engross us still,
To test the heart and try the will.
For not alone in days of war
Should we be true to duty's law,
But, without thought of toil or cost,
Life should be one grand holocaust,
Burning on honor's altar bright,
With patriot zeal, with radiant light.
Yet haply, from our earthly lot,
Something survives that changes not;
Something by love and trial made
Nobler than produce, stocks, and trade,
That in our varied, checkered lives
Like holy incense still survives.
'T is affection's boon, to mortals given,
Received on earth, bestowed from heaven!
That man retains, strong proof of all,
Something possessed before the fall!

We that survive, alas! how few!
Remember eighteen sixty-two,
When from the farm and college hall
The TWELFTH was borne from duty's call,
How with sad hearts, and yet elate,
We left the noble Granite State,
Not knowing then, as now we see,
How death was immortality;
For not a life for country given,
Is ever lost in sight of heaven,
And the meanest gift for that high cause
Will win the angels' sure applause.

* * * * * *

And now, my comrades, ere you part,
As holy zeal pervades the heart,
In Life's Great Book a page turn back,
And see the march and bivouac;
Scan the long list of names "relieved
From duty," called to a higher field.
Their earthly cares ceased with this life,
Who will befriend the child and wife?
Be it ours to act a father's part,
Relieve the want, console the heart,
And cherish well with heart and head,
The memory of our noble dead.

* * * * * *

The Union Volunteer.

As an additional tribute *— for too much cannot be said in their praise — to those to whose united efforts, standing shoulder to shoulder, we are so largely indebted for our national existence, the following extract from an oration, delivered upon the occasion of the reunion mentioned on the preceding page, and referring to them and their great leaders, will be here given:

It is not in vain that we contemplate the transcendant genius of a Washington, who like Fabius could "save a nation by delay," and so govern the vicissitudes of fortune by the foresight of philosophy as to secure victory from defeat, until, like Cæsar, the eagle of his conquests could soar above proud Albion's crest and cause the British lion to couch beneath the shadow of its conquering pinions; for we learn, thereby, the better to appreciate the goodness and greatness of our own beloved Lincoln, who, imitating the virtues of Washington, will live in the undying praise of ages yet to come. As the savior of his country and the great emancipator of a long-oppressed and down-trodden race, his name shall be inscribed, with that of his illustrious predecessor, high up on the monumental adamant of imperishable glory.

Washington and Lincoln! Exemplar of Christian heroes! Prince of freedom's martyrs! The father of his country, and the savior of the same! In what favored age or nation shall the pen of the historian be able to record the existence of characters so greatly good and gloriously sublime! Greece could once boast of her Aristides and Leonidas, her Socrates, Solon, and Epaminondas; while Rome could vote the golden purple and laurel wreath to her Cæsars and her Scipios, and point with pride to a Cicero, a Fabius, Cato, and Cincinnatus; but where among all those illustrious heroes, philosophers, and statesmen shall we look for the immortal fame of a Washington or the deathless name of a Lincoln! Commissioned of Heaven to perform, like Moses, a great and important part in the grand drama of events — to accomplish the work of ages in the sublime revolution of an hour — they have nobly fulfilled their mission and gone to surrender up their credentials into the hands of their great Sovereign and Commander. Had we nothing else to bequeath to posterity but the examples of such exalted merit, as is exhibited in the single life of Abraham Lincoln alone, it would be a patrimony more valuable to the rising generations of our blood-washed and freedom-dedicated land, than all the wealth that ever grew from soil enriched by the bondman's sweat, or watered by the slave mother's tears. Though he fell with his armor on, as the great chief of a martyred host of fallen patriots, and has, like them, sealed his mission with his blood, yet Lincoln survives, and with "malice towards none, but charity for all," his spirit —

> Invisibly shall beckon on —
> A leader and a chieftain born
> But never born to die.

*See page 359 *et seq.*

But the greatest of men are but humble instruments in the hands of the Great Master Workman, and as such no more deserving of praise than the poorest subject or weakest private beneath their rule or under their command. The American citizen, however humble or obscure, who obeying the dictates of conscience shouldered his musket in defense of the liberties of his native land, and fought the red-handed and black-hearted traitors face to face until the viper-headed monster of armed Treason could no longer strike its deadly fangs at the nation's vitals, is deserving of as high a tribute of praise as can be bestowed upon any man, for any achievement in any age or time. But for the brave heroes that composed the rank and file of the Union army, where now would be the declaration of freedom and equality that you have listened to with glowing countenances to-day?

When at half past four o'clock on the 12th day of April, 1861, the first gun was fired upon Fort Sumter, and the thunders of the great American rebellion struck their first notes to sound the march of a hell-born despotism upon the ears of a startled and astonished world, who was it that, forgetful of all but his country's peril, waited not for a father's benediction, a mother's prayer, or a sister's parting kiss, but rushed boldly to the rescue and threw his body as a living sacrifice upon the altar of his country? The Union volunteer! And tell me, when the rebel hordes swarmed upon Arlington Heights and their glistening bayonets filled the streets of Alexandria; when the dark and threatening clouds of dissolution and ruin, rolling up from the southern horizon, spread their muttering thunders over these northern skies, and hissed their forked lightnings around the dome of our National Capitol; who was it, that true to his country and his God, rallied around that glorious old standard of Yorktown and Saratoga, and drove the dark minions of sedition back till the shades of Mount Vernon were no longer desecrated by their presence? The Union volunteer! He it was who, three years ago to-day, planted the stars and stripes upon the fortified heights of Vicksburg, and bore them triumphantly over the rebel dead upon the decisive and ever to be remembered field of Gettysburg. And, fellow comrades, you will bear me witness to the truth of the assertion, that had it been left to a vote of the rank and file of the surviving heroes of the terrible struggle upon that historic field instead of the decision of your ostensible leader, one of the greatest blunders of the war would have been avoided, and Williamsport instead of Appomattox would now be known as the Yorktown of the rebellion. And, sir, if the soldier citizens of the loyal States were to compose the jury that is to try the arch-traitor of Fortress Monroe next November, I should have no fears but that they would render a verdict worthy the honor and justice of a country, which he has drenched in fraternal blood to destroy, but which they, by their unexampled sacrifice and valor, have saved from his traitorous grasp.

Let it not be forgotten, then, that to him who has carried the cartridge box and the musket, belongs no small share of the nation's gratitude and thanks for the high privileges and invaluable blessings which, through the mercy of an overruling Providence, have been vouchsafed to thirty millions of American freemen.

The Chances and Changes of War.

"The smaller the chances the greater the changes," is certainly true in war No better illustration of this could well be given than a careful inspection of the Twelfth Regiment when it left Washington, October 17, 1862, for the front, and again upon its return to that city after the Gettysburg campaign, July 27, 1863, but little more than nine months afterward.*

When Colonel Barker took command of a brigade near Fort Harrison, in the Fall of '64,† one of his regiments was the Second New Hampshire in which he was serving as corporal when captured by the enemy at the first battle of Bull Run; and this was his first connection with the regiment afterward.

Thus one of the members of the "Gallant Second," from the ranks of which so many officers had been promoted before the close of the war, had arisen from the rank of a corporal to the position of an acting brigadier-general, and the change in the regiment itself was scarcely less remarkable.

Lieutenant Dunn, who after the battle of Chancellorsville was one of only four officers out of twenty-eight left able to do duty, wrote a letter home in which he said: "Who would have thought a few months ago, when I enlisted as private, that I should have command of the remnants of two companies of the regiment now?"

Of the ten hundred and nineteen original members of the regiment mustered into the service in the Fall of '62, only two hundred and forty-two were mustered out at the end of the war; and of the eighteen officers who came home with the regiment, only four held commissions when they left the State, and but one of them, Surgeon Fowler, bore the same rank as when he started. The other fourteen, including major, adjutant, acting quartermaster, and assistant surgeon, all arose from the ranks; four of them being sergeants, two corporals, and eight privates, when they went to the front.

Closely connected with the foregoing is the significant fact, not often considered, that in "the mighty task performed," of crushing out the "Great Rebellion" of 1861–'65, the harder and greater part was done by a comparatively small part of those who enlisted to do it.

Doubtful as this statement may at first seem a little reflection will show its correctness. The record of the Twelfth will sufficiently illustrate. No regiment of stouter and more rugged men went into the war from the whole North, perhaps, and yet it took but about two months of comparatively easy service to reduce its rank and file to less than eight hundred effective men to enter its first battlefield. Four months and a half more, all except the "Mud March" in winter quarters, left only five hundred and forty-nine men to carry muskets from Falmouth to Chancellorsville, from

*See page 143. †See page 242.

whom not less than five per cent should be deducted to get nearest the number of those who actually fought the enemy on the day of that terrible carnage. Less by one than sixty days later, and but two hundred and twenty-four officers and men were present and ready to confront their country's foes on the field of Gettysburg: and when the regiment arrived in Washington about three weeks afterwards, as above referred to, only sixty-nine musket bearers answered to the roll-call, being all then left for active duty in the ranks out of nearly ten hundred that left Concord just ten months before.

But how do you account for the rest? is the question that will naturally arise in the mind of the reader, and the answer to which is here given with approximate correctness as follows:

25 per cent in the grave; about one half killed in battle.
20 " sick and wounded in hospital.
15 " " " discharged.
10 " " " on furlough.
10 " on detached service or special duty
5 " at "Parole Camp," Annapolis, or in Southern prisons.
5 " at "Distribution Camp," Alexandria, awaiting orders.
5 " in Canada or elsewhere, as deserters.
5 " otherwise or not accounted for.

It will be seen from the above that about fifty per cent of the whole regiment were out of the service entirely before they had been in a year; and of the remainder, most of whom were in hospital or on furlough, not more than one third ever returned to the regiment for regular duty, those surviving and not discharged for disability being transferred into the Invalid Corps, or allowed to do light duty elsewhere, as nurses, clerks, etc. Many who returned to the regiment at Point Lookout were discharged or again sent to the hospital before the Spring campaign opened. From that time to the end of the war, through all the hardship and fighting of Bermuda Front, Drury's Bluff, Cold Harbor, the long and severe siege of Petersburg and the hard and trying service of the Fall and Winter following, the number of the original members who stood by the flag would scarcely average one hundred, counting both officers and men.

It is true that few regiments of the war on either side suffered so severely and lost so heavily for the time it served as the Twelfth New Hampshire; but its record will all the better convince anyone who will study it that it was the heroic few who fought the battles for the many And all this, not that a large majority of those who did little were any the less willing and brave, but because they had not the iron constitution and good luck to sustain them on the march and save them from wounds or death upon the field, that their more fortunate comrades had, and without which the bravest heart and noblest soul had but to yield, as so many did, to the stern decree of fate, for such are the chances and changes of war.

CHAPTER XVII

Experiences, Anecdotes, and Incidents.

Loading Up.

It must force a smile into the face of every old veteran, whatever his aches and pains, as he recalls in his memory the loading up, or rather loading *down*, process of the raw recruit, preparatory to his leaving his state for the front.

He of course knows his business, and intends to take only the absolute necessities of his new calling. He uses his common sense — too common with many — and seems to have no doubt that experience will prove the wisdom of his acts. And so he picks up and jams into his knapsack and pockets this, that, and the other, one third of which perhaps will never be of the slightest use to him, and one half of the remainder more of a burden than a benefit.

He thinks it certain he shall need a pair of slippers to rest his aching feet, as he takes his accustomed after-supper smoke by the camp-fire before retiring, but hesitates about taking a dressing-gown or a night shirt. Two or three changes of underwear are of course indispensable, and also as many pairs of socks, gloves, neckties, suspenders, etc., etc. And thus he keeps on adding to what "Uncle Sam" has supplied him with, in the way of clothing, until his knapsack is full, while quite a number of articles that he *must take* are left out.

He stops, scratches his head, and seriously considers the situation. He cannot carry an extra bundle for this would interfere with the handling of his gun, and there is not room in his pockets. He has often been told that "where there's a will there's a way," but concludes that the originator of that apothegm could never have been a conscript or a volunteer; and he begins, for the first time perhaps, to soberly reflect upon the inconveniences of army life, and wonders if what the future has in store for him will be much rougher than what he bargained for with himself when he enlisted.

But the die has been cast and the stamp, in size and form, must correspond. And so he overhauls his load, and commences to select out and repack.

First before him now, comes the *tourniquet*. He has his choice to carry that or bleed to death, if he should ever be so extremely unfortunate as to be wounded; for if they were not life-saving inventions, why should every soldier be furnished with one?

Then the *havelock*, so called because extensively used, he is told, by the army of Sir John Havelock during his campaigns in India. That must not be left for it not only protects the back part of the head and neck from sun and dust, but guards against sudden colds from winds and rain, and perhaps may save him from an attack of *cerebro spinal meningitis*.

Next comes the half-dozen or more of patent medicines and appliances that he has bought of camp peddlers, all of whom have been there themselves, and know all about it. First among these, because nearest the heart, is the "*bullet-proof, steel vest lining*" He cannot afford to risk himself in battle without that, if it is slightly cumberous and heavy to carry or wear, for "they saved thousands of lives in the Crimean War," in proof of which he has seen a bullet dent, directly over the heart, in the one the peddler himself wore at the siege of Sevastopol.

Then he picks up the "*sponge-cap-pad*," so wisely designed and constructed as to keep the head cool, however hot the sun or exciting the contest, and he decides to take it because so light and yielding, and may save him from a stroke of the sun, if not of a rebel sabre. So, on the *multum in parvo* theory that he is trying so hard now to reduce to practice, he presses into the pad a bottle each of Jamaica ginger, "anti-scorbutic mixture," and toothache drops, wraps them all up in a "*medicated abdominal supporter*," and a "*buckskin lung protector*," and with a box or two of pills for biliousness and malaria, and a pair of cork soles for wet weather (which reminds him of one need that he cannot hope for, an umbrella) he congratulates himself that he is securely casemated against everything except cannon shot and yellow fever.

But these only cover his sanatory stores and special life-preservers, while quite a pile of the useful and convenient still remains untouched, awaiting his disposal. He looks them over, and one thing, of great prophylactic virtue, which he had strangely overlooked, is at once selected as too vitally essential to his life and health to be forgotten. It is the "*Soldier's Drinking Tube*." (Right here comes in a good joke and a hearty laugh at the expense of Sutler Hodgdon, which he and all of Company E still living will not fail to appreciate.)

This very wonderful instrument was highly recommended as something quite as useful (?) as it was unique. Like all great inventions it was simple in its mechanical construction, consisting of a small rubber tube, about three feet long, having at one end a pewter mouth-piece, and attached at the other end to an "*automatic, duplex water-filter*" By using this not only would the infusorial myriads that infest the streams of the South (to say nothing about snakes, lizards, and centipedes), but the deadly microbes of disease be excluded from the stomach, and thus typhoid and intermittent fevers, dysentery, and many other dangerous and prevalent diseases of the army be avoided. Moreover, it could easily be carried in the haversack or tied around the neck ready for constant use.

Having securely tucked away in the corners, or sandwiched in between his clothing, these most important and useful articles, without which his life would be at the mercy of the enemy and the elements, he commences the stuffing and cramming process with such other of the many remaining things as seem to him most necessary and desirable, as follows:

The *knife, fork, and spoon combination*, all in one or each separate, just as required for transportation or use, and weighing half a pound or more; a small dressing-case of hair and tooth brushes, comb, looking-glass, etc.; a pair of buckram leggins to keep off the mud and dust in case he should ever have to wear the bungling army shoes that he has just drawn but given away as useless to him (oh, the folly of ignorance); a portable inkstand and writing portfolio, with paper, pens, and pencils therein; presents from friends and relatives, including, as most useful of all, the little box, bag, or bunch of every-day wants,

carefully selected and put up by the hands of a loving mother or sister; and last, but not least in the opinion of our young hero, a revolver and dirk-knife, with which to fight the "Black Horse Cavalry" and "Louisiana Tigers."

Now he is *loaded up*, ready and listening for the bugle-call "Fall In"—a call that he will better understand the meaning of before long—let us anticipate enough to cast a pitying glance ahead where we can see our resolute and ambitious expounder of common sense theories, so strong and hopeful at the start-out, but now puffing, sweating, and chafing, and a little later bending, staggering, and cursing beneath a load heavy enough to discourage an average sized mule.

It is now a case of experience *versus* theory, and our *raw* recruit, as defendant, soon finds the verdict against him without recommendation for mercy or benefit of clergy.

More than one stout-framed and strong-muscled volunteer of the Twelfth, who had been used to hard, heavy work upon the farm, and in the logging swamp, found himself woefully deceived in the estimate of his ability to carry on the march, in addition to his gun and equipments, three or four days' rations, and forty or sixty rounds of cartridges, a knapsack filled to strap-length capacity with things as above scheduled, and surmounted with a big rubber and woolen blanket roll. What were thirty or forty pounds squarely resting and securely strapped upon a pair of shoulders, either one of which had often carried three or four times that weight? Why he could "tote" that all day, rain or shine, with a little "nigger" boy perched on top the blanket roll to carry an umbrella. But time and distance, two important factors in the problem, he had not sufficiently considered in his calculations; nor had it been demonstrated to him by the convincing logic of test trial, that

> Though the morning pack is easy and light,
> Woe, woe to the back before it comes night;
> For the soft and the light, ere the long day has sped,
> Will grow hard as a rock, and as heavy as lead.

How He Was Mustered In.

Howard Taylor, the "Little Corporal," of Company C, had, from the first news from Sumter, felt an irrepressible desire to enlist, and so, when the company was raised from among his neighbors and acquaintances, notwithstanding his youth and smallness of stature, he was bound not only to enlist but to go—so far and fast, at least, as his short legs would carry him.

Having boldly written his name on the enlisting paper, and taken the oath of allegiance, the next thing was to pass examination and muster. Happily Doctor Fowler was examining surgeon, and upon him he soon found he could rely, not only for safe passport under his hand but for aid and assistance in running safely past the second and greater danger, the final inspection of the mustering officer. To do this successfully a pair of shoes was made for him, big enough to admit of extra inner soles, an inch or more in thickness, which with height of heels and

thickness of taps outside to correspond, was sufficient to stilt him up two or three inches beyond his natural perpendicular. Thus toed and heeled, with pant legs long enough to cover, he walked resolutely up the company front from his place on the extreme left, faced and saluted like a West Point cadet, and passed, unchallenged, into the service of his country. His record there, as seen by the sketch of his life, was second to none, and reminds one of the lines attributed to Doctor Watts:

"If I could reach from pole to pole,
And grasp creation in my span,
Still I'd be measured by my soul,
The mind 's the standard of the man."

The Awkward Squad.

The whole regiment was little better than a large, green, awkward squad, while its camp was on the pitch-pine and huckleberry plains of Concord. But while every green soldier will be necessarily more or less awkward in his movements, it does by no means follow, as the sequel will show, that every one who is awkward must be green. Though "practice makes perfect" the amount required varies largely according to subject and circumstances. Some are quick to learn and some slow; and while, as a rule, the latter are slower and more bungling in their motions and acts, the body being but an outgrowth of the mind, yet some are awkward in every physical movement whose minds are exactly the reverse, quick to grasp and keen to penetrate, and many awkward youth of the army are to-day among our most honored and successful business and professional men in the country

Every captain will remember half a dozen or more of his men who gave him more trouble when first drilling his newly enlisted company than all the rest. In forming his company they were quite sure to make just so many saw teeth in the line, one out and another in, and it seemed almost impossible to get them into proper position, whether the order was right or left dress. "Eyes right" to the rest was sufficient, but their eyes were always "out of squint" from three to eight inches, according to their distance from the established guide. They would be equally as awkward and blundering in learning to properly execute other orders, and it often became necessary to select a few of the most intractable ones and give them rigid drill discipline by themselves, and these constituted what was called the "awkward squad." Sometimes an officer or sergeant as green and awkward as the men would purposely be requested to drill them, and then there was fun for all. Gradually, however, they would learn to conform with their brother comrades, in line and evolutions, until but one or two were left to bother. But these would usually hold out much longer than the patience of their instructor; and then, from the latter, there would too often come harsh words and abusive epithets, mixed up perhaps with more or less violation of the third commandment, all of which would be borne with submissive silence or a muttering grumble audible only to their nearest comrades.

But though he who is slow to perceive, is generally slow to resent, yet when once aroused to anger he is equally slow to forget; and the officer did not often fail to get paid back, sooner or later, with compound interest from date. But sometimes it was "cash on delivery"; as when Lieutenant ———, of Company —, had roundly abused one of these moderate and careless fellows, whom he was drilling in the manual of arms, the soldier suddenly brought his gun to an order, and looking the officer squarely in the face, calmly said to him: "*Do you think, sir, that your language will make me any the less awkward, or you any more dignified and respected?*" It was a deadly shot, for it pierced the heart.

His Last Inspection.

"It touched the temper of his pride,
And stung his soul to madness."

Another incident, of which the writer is reminded by the last, may as well be related here, although more properly belonging to a later page of this chapter

At one of the weekly inspections, which generally came on Sunday, one of the men of Company B, who was then acting as cook, was unexpectedly ordered into line one morning, at Hillsborough, Va., in rather a smutty and greasy condition. He had not supposed the cooks would have to go out on inspection, and his gun, therefore, was about as dirty looking as its owner. He pleaded for an excuse or more time to prepare, but the order was imperative for "every man out," and he must immediately appear in his company line. He did so; but knowing the severe strictness and quick temper of the lieutenant-colonel, who was to inspect them, he trembled for the result. When the colonel came to him, without asking a question or stopping for an explanation, he took the soldier by the collar, stepped him a pace or two to the front, where the whole regiment could see him, and told him to stand there until further orders. When the inspection was through, and the companies marched back to their quarters, he, in obedience to the special order, still remained standing where he had been placed. Long he stood and seriously he reflected. With some it would have been considered good luck to get off so easily, but not so with him. Naturally as proud as he was sensitive, to be thus exposed to the ridicule and reproach of his comrades stung him to his vital centre, and he could not bear, much less forgive, the wrong. Judging from his appearance, the colonel had supposed him nearly void of pride or shame, but so greatly had he mistaken the elements of the man, that in his well meant effort to rekindle, the flint-struck spark had touched powder instead of punk wood, and caused an explosion, the results of which were as lasting as they were sudden. At last, no one coming near, the soldier dismissed himself and returned to his quarters; but not until the bad but unalterable resolve had been made. As with sad but stern features he appeared among his comrades, one of them, who knew his keenly tempered spirit, remarked to another: "When morning comes there will be one less of us to

answer to the roll-call." "What do you mean," replied the latter, "have you had a presentiment?" "Yes; not of death, however, but *desertion*." The morning came and verified the prediction!

Halt!

There were times when the private's power and authority were supreme and his orders had to be obeyed, not only by the colonel of his regiment, but even by the commanding general of the army When the soldier was on guard, he was master of the situation, and it was dangerous to disobey his commands, as more than one officer of the Twelfth learned to his great mortification, if not sorrow, and sometimes both. It did not take the average volunteer of the army, who carried the musket, so long, as a general rule, to understand his business as it did the officers: not wholly because he had less to learn, but frequently because he was the better scholar. Nor were the men of the ranks slow in "sizing up" the officers, gauging their mental calibre, testing their temper and disposition, and learning their peculiar traits of character; and those naturally inclined to be too pompous, arrogant, or superofficious were, sooner or later, pretty sure to receive at their hands a wholesome, and sometimes severe, discipline. It was then that the officer had a chance to learn the spirit, and test the mettle of his men, and if not too big a fool to learn by experience, which was sometimes the case, one lesson was sufficient.

The foregoing is well illustrated by the following:

More for instruction than from necessity guard had been established at "Camp Belknap" for a few days, when one of the above described officers, who had been over to the city on his prancing steed to show himself, came riding up, like another Alexander mounted on his fiery Bucephalus, and was about to enter the camp, when the soldier on guard at the gate ordered him to *halt!* Stung with madness at the audacious impudence of a private soldier, who should thus dare to so far insult his official dignity as to question or dispute his right to go when and where he pleased, he put spurs to his horse, intending to ride over the guard and so punish him for his insolence, and assert his own power and authority by one bold, brave, and heroic act! But the hero was on the ground instead of on the horse, and quickly bringing his musket to a cavalry guard, the point of the bayonet was buried in the horse's breast, and with a rearing plunge the wounded animal dashed away, leaving his rider sprawling on the ground at the soldier's feet. With a volley of commingled oaths and groans, and in a manner much more ludicrous than dignified — the latter quality being now at a sad discount — the officer soon found his perpendicular again, but was at once told to *shut* and *stand*, without another word or step, unless he wanted what he ought to have had instead of the horse, and which a glance at the face of the guard told him he would get if he made another motion of tongue or foot. As he stood there, waiting for the sergeant of the guard to release him, he would have made a picture in striking contrast with one of himself a few moments before.

The after history of this officer and man was what might have been expected from the incident related. One soon went home in disgrace, for cowardice in the presence of the enemy, while the other proved one of the truest and bravest men of the regiment, and received six or seven wounds in the defense of his country

> Brave to resent a slight offence,
> Shows little courage or common sense;
> But he, who has a lion's heart,
> Will always stick to duty's part.

Slightly Previous.

He proved to be a good and trusty soldier of Company G, but as yet he was a mere tyro in the military camp, when seeing Colonel Potter about to cross his beat one day at Arlington Heights cried: "Halt! halt! halt! You can't pass here without saying 'Concord.'"

This, for the time being, took the regular army discipline all out of the colonel, and it was some time before he could command his own countenance sufficiently well to inform the guard that he was put there to *receive* and not *give* the countersign.

Set Him Up in the Boot and Shoe Business.

While encamped at or near Waterloo, Va., a southern citizen came into camp, and commenced buying up all the shoes and boots he could persuade the boys to sell by offering prices for those half worn out considerably above the quartermaster's charges for new ones. But the attempt to thus furnish a supply for the rebel troops did not prove pleasant nor profitable; for no sooner was the knowledge thereof made known to Colonel Marsh, than the boot and shoe contractor was booted out of camp by that irate officer, leaving all his *booty* and money already paid therefor behind him. "Served him right." "Wa'n't he a cheeky cuss!" "Guess he won't want any more Yankee gaiters (what the colonel had on that day) very soon." "You 're right he won't, unless someone beside the colonel makes delivery." "Well, why should he, for did n't he *get* right *smart* of 'um' this time?" And thus the joke and fun went around, all the better appreciated by those who not only regained their shoes and boots, but retained their money.

Adding Insult to Injury.

As a sequel to the sheep story related on pages 33 and 34, and at the same time the best and meanest part of it, according to the light in which it is viewed, appears here the following illustration of Yankee "cheek" and impudence:

A day or to after the old Virginia farmer had hunted in vain for his lost sheep that he was sure had been "gobbled up" by the Twelfth boys, one of them (the boys, not the sheep) by the name of Ben Thompson, (whose eyes, when not asleep — and he was not often caught napping — were always wide open on the inside behind, where the optic nerve spreads, though much of the time during the day more than half shut on the outside in front, where the fringed eyelid curtains assisted him to "play 'possum" when occasion required,) gathered up the pelts, that he knew better where to find than the farmer did, carried them over to the farmer's house and tried to sell them to him, offering to take Confederate money for them at the low price of one hundred dollars per pelt. This was about an equal thing in surface measure, but Ben thought, as he told the farmer, that the bare skins were worth much more than the paper, and that he really ought to have more, for by an equal exchange of square inches the latter would be getting the wool, which was more than half grown, for nothing.

This, considering the circumstances, was rather a cruel joke to play upon an enemy even. But the dividing line between *meum et tuum* often takes a devious and tortuous course, especially in times of war As may be guessed, *Ben's bargain busted.*

Chickens for Breakfast

The following adventure of three of the "boys,"* of Company F, occurred on the march to Falmouth, Va.:

"Now just wait until it gets dark enough and we'll see what can be done toward a chicken breakfast."

"Found out where they roost?"

"You bet I have."

"Well, I'm with ye tent-mate, provost guard, bloodhounds, and shot guns to the contrary notwithstanding."

"Bully for you, John, and we're not reckoning our chickens before they're hatched neither, for these are full grown, plump, and fat, or I'm no judge of rebel poultry."

The first speaker had just come in from gathering dry sticks to kindle a fire to make their coffee and roast their salt pork, after halting for the night; and while doing so had made — not altogether accidentally — the glad discovery above referred to, — for the boys had learned ere this to have an eye to the windward, even while they were marching *Lee*ward.

So, soon after dark, our two chicken-hungry amateurs of the line, with one more, who was taken in as a *silent* partner, set out on a Christian commission of their own, determined on securing a little appetizing broth for suffering humanity. Arriving near the farmhouse, they approach cautiously; but finding all quiet they enter one of the outer hovels within which the innocent and unsuspecting biddies roosted. According to the plan of attack, two of them enter, while the third stands guard to give the alarm, if there seems to be any danger of being either "*cooped*" or "*gobbled up*" themselves. Mounting into the loft, one of them commences grabbing, wringing, and handing down to his com-

*B. M. Tilton, John Hillsgrove, and James Farley.

panion, not, however, without eliciting a loud protesting squawk from one of his victims before the fatal neck twist could be given.

Half a dozen or more are thus disposed of when, fearing it unsafe to remain longer after the warning note had been sounded, he whispered to John, if he had not got about enough.

"Yes, I reckon so," comes up the half audible reply, and so after handing down one or two more, he gets quickly and noiselessly down himself and starts for the door, out of which he went unexpectedly sudden by the aid of a sweeping blow from a hand-spike, stake, or something of the kind aimed evidently to kill but fortunately only grazing the back of his head and falling upon his shoulders with sufficient force to land him on his hands and knees several feet from the door Bounding like a bat-ball, he finds his legs under him again, just in time to evade another blow from the irate owner of the premises, who unknown to our hero had taken John's place to receive the chickens, while John and Jim had got wind of danger just soon enough to save themselves but without time to warn their comrade, who was thus left to his fate. Our trio had chickens, indeed, for breakfast, but one of them (the boys, not the chickens) sucked the broth for his share, it hurt him so to chew

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The Peddler — a Spy

During the winter of 1862–63 a man got permission to go through the camps and peddle maps. He purported to come from some place in the North and so far as is known by the writer was never seriously suspected of being other than what he professed and appeared to be. After the battle of Gettysburg he was apprehended, tried, and executed as a rebel spy Several of the Twelfth boys who saw him at the time of execution recognized him as the same man.

Who Stole the Colonel's Beans?

This was the question, ofttimes accompanied by a knowing wink, that went the rounds among the boys for a long time after the march to Falmouth, and which we have often heard significantly put and *knowingly* answered by some of the drum corps boys since the days when they were under military jurisdiction. The colonel of course never doubted but it was some nocturnal poacher from another regiment (for certainly none of his boys would be guilty of such a grave misdemeanor), unless, at some reunion after the war, upon hearing the dinner-call beat, he was reminded of his long before Sunday morning breakfast *without* beans, and chanced to look over his glasses in the right direction. If the receiver is as bad as the thief, some that are still living are, we fear, not entirely guiltless.

A Narrow Escape.

FIFTY MILES' TRAMP WITHIN THE ENEMY'S LINES.

When the regiment left Waterloo, Va., there were more sick ones than could be carried in the ambulances, and some of these were allowed to ride on the baggage wagons, while others had to walk and get along as best they could. Among the last was Harlan Paige, of Company B, who was sick with *jaundice*, and being unable to keep up, W H. Sleeper, of the same company, was detailed to help him along, and look after him if he should grow worse and have to stop.

The following account of their adventures by Paige is here given:

We only made about two miles the first day, and at night found quarters in a deserted negro shanty. The next morning, upon going to the door, we saw just across the road five rebel cavalrymen who at the same time saw us; but just then a squad of our own cavalry came dashing up the road, and the five retired to their support. A brisk skirmish ensued, during which the two boys made off as fast as they could.

That night we were passed by our cavalry before reaching Warrington, and the rebel advance, close following up our army, were soon again in sight. The next morning we were met by Captain Fowler, of Company C, who was going back to bury Edward Pratt, of his company, who had died of disease the day before. We called his attention to the danger of so doing, telling him he would surely be captured. He could not believe that rebel soldiers were so closely following until he found himself a prisoner in their hands. Each day the rear guard of our army was skirmishing with the enemy; and several times we were passed by our cavalry who told us we should surely be picked up by the rebel cavalry as it seemed we must, for we would then be left between the two lines with the rebel forces often in sight. After passing Catlett's Station, we saw no more of our army, but Stewart's cavalry was all around us, and we had to use the greatest diligence to escape capture. In just one week we arrived at Bull Run where we found our forces guarding the bridge, and from whom we learned that seventy-two of our men had come in before them, but all as paroled prisoners. Here we received transportation to Alexandria. I was now nearly well, but Sleeper was sick with chronic diarrhœa, and was admitted to Baptist Church Hospital where he died in a few weeks. My experience of that week was the most trying of any I went through during the war. But the saddest of all was, that he who had so faithfully nursed and watched over me when sick, should so soon sicken and die himself.

The Bitter with the Sweet

Many of the Virginia farmers, living on the route that the army took from Berlin to Falmouth, kept bees, and many were the *stirring* remonstrances and *stinging* rebukes made by the bees and received by the boys who tried to capture them.

Most every company had two or three old bee hunters in it, who were constantly on the lookout for something sweet, and sometimes they *got it* from the bees, without getting any honey from the hive.

One of these watchful ones, sitting by his tent one warm day, soon after encamping at Falmouth, and seeing a honey-bee light near by him, concluded to try and ascertain the direction of his "home-line," and, if successful, to follow it up to its headquarters. So he carefully caught it in his tin dipper and giving it an extra ration of brown sugar released his captive and watched its flight.

Two or three hours later he had found its forest-tree habitation, and with the assistance of two comrades, he soon was in possession of quite a bountiful supply of honey.

Another sweet-toothed member of Company D was so fond of the apiarian extract of southern plants and flowers that he stole a hive of bees and carried hive, bees, honey, and all on his back for several miles, before the regiment halted for the night and gave him a chance to enjoy the fun and pleasure of smoking out the bees and eating the honey.

But usually the honey hunters waited until the farmer and his bees were too tired and sleepy to be on guard before venturing to load up. Even then, however, there was sometimes more run than fun in the business, as the following experience of one of Company A's foraging heroes will plainly show.

He had marked with his eye, as he marched by, a farmhouse near which were several gum-tree bee-hives. The regiment going into camp but a short distance beyond, gave him a good opportunity to fulfill his part of a contract with his tent-mate, that if the latter would pitch tent and get supper, he would bring in a most delicious dessert. So before the camp guard was posted he was taking back tracks toward the farmhouse, lingering a little for the twilight to fade before venturing to approach it. But impatient to join his comrade in a luscious lunch of hard-tack and honey by the time the coffee was ready to wash it down, he was, perhaps, a little bolder than the semi-darkness would warrant; for no sooner did he grab a "bee-gum" and start for camp, than the watchful farmer grabbed his gun and started for him!

At first he clung to his prize, for the very weight that impeded his progress convinced him of its value. But when a bullet whizzed by his head, followed by the sound of rapid footsteps in the rear, he concluded to lighten up and let out, lest a gun-breach or a butcher knife might accomplish what the bullet had failed to. It was now a race between fear and revenge for a short distance, but the former was the swifter footed, and in a few minutes our Company A man was sitting by his own camp-fire and explaining to his comrade, as they drank their unsweetened coffee, his experimental proof, that though

"Stolen sweets are always sweeter,"

yet life is the sweetest of all.

"Camp Corporal."

The following is a description of one of the first company quarters built at Falmouth on the camping ground of the Twelfth.* It was constructed

*See page 37.

by Corporals Clarke, Lane, and Whittier, of Company G, and named by them "*Camp Corporal.*" Corporal Clarke in a letter to his wife says:

We laid it out seven feet square and built it up three feet from the ground with pine sticks or small logs, and in one end — the front, next to the street — we built a fireplace, projecting out the size of it, in true southern style, and opening into our room, which is a kitchen, dining, sitting, and bed room, parlor, cellar, chamber, and attic, all in one. The fireplace is about three feet wide, and two and a half feet high in front, and then commences the chimney, tapering in as it goes up four or five feet above the ridge-pole and is topped out with a barrel. The chimney takes up about half of the front end, and the other half is left open for a door. After logging up three feet high all round, except the doorway, we put on the ridge-pole and cover with our shelter-tents for a roof.

Next we take the clay mud, of which there is no stint here, and chink up the crevices in the log walls and plaster up our chimney. Our three rubber blankets answer well for the two gable ends and a door and our house is completed.

Our bedstead is a rack of limber poles, covered with cedar boughs for a feather bed, and our woolen blankets and overcoats answer for sheets and coverlids. We sleep feet to the fire, and sleep warm. We have got the best house in the camp, they all say; lots of the boys and officers have come to look at it. General Whipple stopped and looked us over, as he was riding past the other day, and I have heard that he suggested to Colonel Potter that others take pattern by us. I am writing this by the light of our fireplace.

"Tail End Tu."

One day, while Colonel Potter was standing outside his tent and looking over his glasses for the return of an orderly, whom he had sent after his horse, he noticed a queer looking specimen of the *genus homo*, dressed in a semi-military costume, sauntering across the parade ground in that lazy, careless gait that bespeaks anything but the trained soldier.

Having several times before noticed the same fellow hanging around the camp, the Colonel determined to "interview" him. So, getting into his saddle, he rode up to the man and something like the following colloquy occurred:

"Who are you, sir, and to what company do you belong?"

"W-a-l-l, Colonel, to answer yer last question fust, so I sha'n't forgit and git mixed up, I don't exactly belong to any company jest neow, but kinder go it alone, yer see! though before this ere pesky war split us, we used to hang out as Ben Thompson & Co."

"I perceive, sir, you are more rogue than fool, and —"

"Thank yer, Colonel, for the compliment, but —"

"But *what*, sir? I want to know what your business is out here, and what you are hanging round in this way for."

"W-a-l-l, yer know, Colonel, a good coconut will chitter when yer shake it, but yer can't git the milk nor meat out till yer crack the shell."

The Colonel was more pleased than angered by this shrewdly evasive reply, although he well understood the hint it contained, that he had got a hard nut to crack. But not wishing to compromise his official dignity, and curious to know what would be the next evasive twist of the fellow's wit, he decided to hazard another inquiry, and looking as sternly as he could into the comical countenance of the enigmatical Yankee, said:

"What do you mean, sir, by such silly subterfuge? Do you want me to order you under arrest, as an idle camp follower and suspicious character?"

"Oh no, Colonel, I don't want any orders to rest anybody, though I jest guess yer right about these ere idle camp fellers acting mighty 'spicious! I've been watching out for 'em with one eye, myself. And that's the reason, yer see, Colonel, that I can't train in their company; for there's nothing 'spicious or speckled 'bout me, but I'm jest as full of fun as two kittens and a fiddle."

The Colonel's sober-faced gravity was severely taxed, and he slightly touched the spur to his horse to hide a smile that was forcing itself into his mouth and eyes. As he turned his horse round, he at first thought he would ride off and leave his antagonist master of the situation; but hating to be so ludicrously driven from the field, he again faced to the front, and once more unlimbering his tongue battery gave him another, and the last, interrogatory shot.

"Will you answer my questions, or will you not, sir? I give you one more chance to explain yourself and your business here."

"W-a-l-l th-a-r, Colonel, since yer so mighty pertikeler to git a wee sip of the coconut milk, I'll jest tell yer, that if this ere regiment should happen to git turned wrong side out before it gits through, and go back to New Hampshire *tail end tu*, I should then be Colonel instead of you."

Good Eaters but Poor Fighters.

Plenty of lazy and worthless fellows were found in every new regiment; but they soon weeded themselves out of the ranks, and either became "hospital bummers" or got their discharge from the service.

"Seventy-five for rations and only twenty-five for duty," as Company F's wit used to say when he would see a large number of those "fall in" at the dinner call, who two or three hours before had, also, answered the surgeon's call and got excused from duty And it was somewhat surprising how soon a dose of quinine and whiskey or a tonic pill would create an appetite for a good plate of pork and beans. But what was more surprising still, how the disease for which they would daily take their medicine, and the appetite which demanded a full supply of hearty rations could so long continue mutual friends and run the business together as joint partners. We suppose, however, it may all be accounted for, not upon any theory of natural affinity, but upon the fact that consumptives usually have voracious appetites, and this class were all chronic consumers of "Uncle Sam's" time and money, as well as rations, without ever returning any equivalent either in camp or on the field.

Rabbits and Bloodhounds.

The following comes from one of Company G boys, who was so tall and slender that his comrades used to call him "Lengthy":

One night while at Falmouth, I was sent outside the picket-line to keep a sharp eye on the house of a citizen who had the freedom of our lines and was suspected of not being quite as loyal as he professed to be.

There was an old log shanty not far from the house, and here I thought to establish my headquarters; but, on approaching a piece of woods close by, I could hear in the stillness of the night ominous sounds, twigs snapping, and leaves rustling, as if someone was approaching. No one coming in sight, after waiting and watching a while I plucked up courage to reconnoitre a little, and found, instead of guerrillas, *two little, innocent jack-rabbits at play!* Returning, I could hear noises in or under the log house, and was sure someone was there. So, with gun all ready for action, I crept up cautiously, and seeing a tobacco cask placed suspiciously against the house, I gave it a violent kick, when out sprang a big bloodhound, or a kind of a blood and thunder one, judging by the way he roared and frightened me. I at once changed my headquarters.

A New General.

One day while picketing on the banks of the Rappahannock, J B. Leighton, of Company G, was hailed by a rebel picket across the river, and asked if he had any coffee.

"Plenty of it," responded Leighton, "come over and get some."

"Wish I could," replied Johnny, "but I tell you what I will do, Yank, I'll exchange a cargo of the weed for one of the berry."

"All right, rig up your transport, Johnny, and send her along."

In a few minutes a little "dug-out," with rudder set to hold it against the current and laden with a twenty-ounce plug of tobacco, is pushed out into the stream and slowly makes its way toward the opposite shore. While the Federal picket watches its diagonal course across the river, the witty reb again shouts to him: "Oh! Yank, did you know we'uns have got a new general?"

"No, who is it?"

"General Starvation by ——— "

Company G man took the hint, and when the transfer boat returned it carried, in addition to the coffee barter, a big chunk of pork and a lot of "hard-tack."

Long Roll.

"And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again."

Although it was a long roll that quickly aroused the colonel, it did not reach the ears of the rank and file until the next morning when "Mother,"

as the boys all called him, was joked about dreaming of an attack of the rebel cavalry, and trying to sound the alarm by using his legs for drumsticks and the colonel's head for a drum.

It was during the first night's bivouac after breaking camp for Fredericksburg that "Mother Jones" in trying to keep warm—for the night was bitterly cold—got himself, in some way, horizontal to the plane of descent and rolled for some distance down over the steep, frozen ground, bringing up suddenly against the *head*-quarters of Colonel Potter himself, who being thus unceremoniously disturbed in his slumbers, remonstrated in regular army style against being run over by his own men.

Incidents of Fredericksburg.

Corp. Charles E. Moody, of Company H, with Moulton, Wilkinson, and Lewis, of his company, were placed on guard over a house, during the battle of Fredericksburg, in which was a sick woman who could not be removed when the city was bombarded. They would have been left and taken prisoners but for a continued muffled sound coming to them from the river, near which they were stationed, which, upon investigation, they discovered the cause of just in time to join the rear of the army that was hurrying across the pontoon bridges.

A minister's wife by the name of Stowe, with her three children, remained in the city all through the battle, although the house they staid in was struck eight times with solid shot or shells, and one passed through the underpinning into the cellar, directly under the room where she was sitting, surrounded by her frightened children. Yet, strange to say, not one of them was injured, but all escaped without a scratch or bruise. This incident was told to Captain Barker by Mrs. Stowe, herself, on the last day the army occupied the city It was learned before the evacuation, that several civilians, white and black, remained in the city during the battle, screening themselves from the artillery fire of the two armies by getting into cellars, cisterns, etc. Some of them kept secreted after the danger was over fearing the "Yankee" soldiers would kill them at sight.

One of the Twelfth stood watching a soldier of another regiment who was trying to milk a nervous cow that he had found in one of the stable yards, and was about to offer his assistance, in hopes to get a little milk himself as a recompense, when a shell from a rebel gun so suddenly started the rebellious cow, that both milk and milker went onto the ground, and the observer another place soon found.

A Frightful Leap.

Walter Libbey, one of the drummer boys, who was about as heedless as generous, and always ready to make sport for the boys, thought one day he would show the officers a specimen of General Grant's cadet horsemanship. So, mounting a spirited animal, without saddle or bridle, he gave a Comanche yell, which so frightened the horse that he soon changed the would-be Ulysses into a veritable John Gilpin, riding at a break-neck speed up the length of the parade ground, and heading directly for a wide, deep ditch that had just been dug out for a hospital reservoir The officers, whose laughing shouts helped to scare the horse when he first started, now stood in fearful silence, expecting to see both beast and boy go headlong into the open reservoir. But the suspense was as short, as the glad cheer that followed was loud and long; for, with one tremendous bound, the noble steed landed himself and rider safely on the other side, and John Gilpin was General Grant again. The most remarkable part of this incident is, that one of the men who afterward measured the ditch is now living, and is willing to swear that it was *seventeen feet wide!*

Too Big for His Clothes,

but not big enough for the tripe.

There was one man in the regiment who was called Company D's giant, who was six feet and two or three inches tall and weighed three hundred and fifty pounds. He was so large that it actually took two pair of pants to make one pair that he could wear.

His appetite was even greater than himself, and it was quite astonishing to witness the amount of "salt horse and hard-tack" he would manage to stow away at an ordinary meal, to say nothing about his alimentary capacity after he had been on short rations for a few days.

To decide a bet between two of his comrades he undertook one day to eat the whole of a steer's tripe at one meal; the conditions being that he should have all the time he wanted to complete the job, but that he should keep up a constant grinding and swallowing until either he or the tripe was vanquished. It was a long, hard contest, and it seemed for some time that the giant gormandizer had the best of it; but after about two hours he seemed to have lost all relish for his favorite dish, and notwithstanding the urgent oral efforts of his backer to get him to try and "finish up just that little piece left" it was no use, for his overloaded stomach revolted and he threw up — *the sponge.*

"But man we find the only creature,
Who, led by folly, combats nature."

Cold Water Joke.

Major Savage with a heart "as large as an ox," as the boys used to say, was one of those graduates of the old school who deemed it extremely impudent, especially while in the army, not to have a supply of "commissary" always on hand, as well for the benefit of himself, as the entertainment of his friends; and he was not the only officer of the regiment who seemed to endorse the *benefit* idea, when exposed to the malarial poison of the South, on the homœopathic principle, doubtless, of *similia similibus curantur*.

One day at Falmouth, Captain Shackford, who was always ready for fun, stole slyly into the Major's tent, while he was out on his rounds as officer of the day, and exchanged his spirits of rye for about an equal quantity of cold water, and then got several other of the line officers to be on hand when he should return, to listen to the *dry* humor of their victim.

Pretty soon the Major rides up to his tent, dismounts, and, as expected, invites his brother officers to step in and "take a smile" with him. Taking off his hat and wiping the sweat from his brow, as was his habit, he says: "Well, gentlemen, it is n't often, you know, that I take anything, but when I do, it is generally about this time of day." Then reaching under his bunk he finds his jug where he left it, and in order to satisfy the others that it is "safe," he is persuaded to take the first drink. Putting the jug to his lips, intending to take it "straight," in regular army style, he swallows one mouthful, squirts the next upon the ground, and with well feigned terror, exclaims: "My God! I'm a *dead man!!*"

Influence of the Moon.

A balmy atmosphere, clear, genial, and soothing beyond expression, had caused the tents of our regiment nearly all to be vacated, that their occupants might the more fully enjoy and pleasantly pass the quiet camp hours between retreat and taps.

Lunar's bright crescent, slowly nearing the western horizon, seemed to vie with Venus in her brilliant glow to give light and beauty to the scene. The colonel and lieutenant-colonel, outside their canvas walls, sat in silent and pensive enjoyment. From the company quarters, across the parade ground, came songs of home and boyhood, commingled with sounds of mirth and sport.

But soon the attention of our senior and junior commanders is turned toward the drum corps quarters near by, where they can distinctly hear an earnest discussion between two of the musicians as to the reason why the outline of the other part of the moon could be dimly seen when there was a "new moon." The members of the drum corps at this time acted as camp orderlies for regimental headquarters, and the lieutenant-colonel, calling to the one whose turn it was to be on duty that day, inquired:

"What fellows are those at your camp discussing the moon?"

The orderly hesitates and listens.

"Can't you tell them by their voices?"

"Yes, sir; that's what I was trying to do. I think it is B— and C—."

"Well, who is that talking now?"

"It is B—."

"Is he that little, young drummer about the size and age of yourself?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I want you to not forget to tell him when you go to your quarters that I want to see him at my tent to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock."

"All right, sir."

The next morning at the precise hour designated, our young disputant, expecting nothing but a severe reprimand for the loud talk of the evening before (though wondering all the while why "*t' other fellow*," who was quite as loud spoken, had not been called upon to face the music, as well as himself), rapped at the colonel's tent, gripping his teeth to keep his heart from jumping out of his mouth, as he listened for the response from within which bid him come in.

A glance at the colonel's countenance at once dismissed all fears he might have had of being very severely dealt with; and a few assuring words (so different from those he had ofttimes before heard from the colonel's lips when irritated or displeased) convinced him that either the colonel never intended to punish him very badly, or had thought better of it after the soothing effect of a good night's sleep. But we will particularize no further but boil the whole story down by saying that the result of the evening spat and the morning chat was, that our young combatant of the tongue was soon requested to exchange his drumsticks for a sword, which he continued to carry through several promotions to the end of his service. So much for the benign influence of the *new moon*, especially when seen over the *right* shoulder.

Incidents of Chancellorsville.

Sergt. Moses Chapman, of Company I, says that he set his gun against a small tree to get out his extra cartridges, and while doing so — only a minute or two — six bullets struck the tree.

Ira Meserve, of Company F, tells the following:

When Jackson's forces scattered the Eleventh Corps, he saw a soldier, who was with the supply train, leading a packed mule that he was hurrying along as fast as he could to get out of danger, but bound to stick to his mule instead of leaving everything to save himself, as most of his comrades had done. Soon a shell or solid shot struck the man's knapsack or the mule's back-pack, or both — I never could tell which or what — and both leader and led fell — no, not dead! but all in a heap together; and all I know about the rebel shot striking the baggage instead of the bearers is that while the former seemed to be scattered, the latter were quickly seen to rally, but the man had by this time concluded to let the mule go to grass.

Lieut. B. M. Morrill says that a rebel prisoner taken Saturday night at Chancellorsville told him that General Jackson was for a few moments substantially a prisoner in our hands but we did not know it.

This statement is probably true, for it confirms that of Sergeant Tilton, of Company F, who was thrown out on picket that night just in front of the wood path in which Jackson is said to have taken his last ride to the front.*

Sergeant Tilton has always claimed that some rebel general, that he believes to have been General Jackson, rode out of the woods a few rods, took a quick survey of the open field in front and then rode back into the woods.

Tilton lay silent and unseen in the sedge grass within a hundred feet of where the officer halted; but it being in the dusk of the evening so that he could not distinguish with certainty, and having orders not to fire but fall back at any advance of the enemy, he dared not take the responsibility to act.

George W Andrews, of Company E, who with his comrade, Clark V Hines, a Brown of Company C, and another whose name is forgotten carried Colonel Potter out of the Chancellor House after it had caught fire, says:

We first carried him to a small log house near by, and had just laid him down when a shell or solid shot stove the chimney down and a brick came within six inches of the Colonel's head. "My God, boys, this is no place for us," exclaimed the Colonel; and we then carried him quite a distance to another small house, which had evidently been a negro shanty, where he remained until taken prisoner which was very soon after

Sergeant Piper, who took a rebel prisoner at Chancellorsville but had to let him go to save himself from being taken on the retreat, relates the following conversation with an officer, belonging to another brigade, who came up to the right of the Twelfth near the close of the battle:

He walked for a little distance along the battle-line of the regiment and exclaimed: "My God! Look at this line of death! Whoever saw dead men on dress parade before?" He was seen by several of those who were still fighting on the right of the regimental line, and seemed to be as cool and self-possessed as if there were not the "zip" of a bullet or the sound of a gun to be heard. Coming up to me, as I was the highest officer left in command of the company, he inquired:

"What regiment *is* this, and how long have you been fighting here?"

"Twelfth New Hampshire; can't tell how long."

"Where are all your officers?"

"Dead or wounded, I guess, I have n't seen any of them lately."

"Well, hold your ground a little while longer if you can, brave men, and I will —."

The remainder of his sentence was not distinctly understood, as he started for the rear before completing it; but the Sergeant understood its full meaning to be that he would look after them. In a few minutes he came running back, and when within hearing distance shouted: "*Fall back at once! They are coming down upon you ten deep!*"

*See page 74.

A Confederate captain who fought in our front, but was afterward taken prisoner, inquired about the name and number of troops that so long and stubbornly held his brigade in check; and, after incredulously receiving the information that only one regiment was then and there opposed to them, said:

"Well, if your regiment had advanced a few rods further it would have had a breast-work of our dead to fight behind." He also said, referring to our buck-and-ball cartridges, that they never met infantry troops in battle before, who *fired grape and canister!*

The officers and men of the Twelfth who were taken prisoners were led back to the rebel rear, after the battle, over the same ground upon which they had fought; and, from what they all have been heard to say, it would seem that the statement of the rebel officer concerning the terrible slaughter of his brigade there was not much exaggerated. Captain Lang says: "They lay in heaps," and Lieutenant Place writes: "The ground in front of us was literally strewn with the dead rebels. I saw one with the head severed from the body."

The woods caught fire where our troops fought in this battle and quite a number of the badly wounded, according to rebel reports, were burned to death.

That such was the fate of some there can be no reasonable doubt. Warren Tucker, of Company D, who was taken prisoner, says that he saw one poor fellow of our army, brought in by the rebels, so badly burned that you could pick the flesh off his arms by handfuls. And Captain Lang mentions another — possibly the same one, however — who was so badly burned that he begged for someone to shoot him to end his misery. The above is remindful of a Federal prisoner who was seen to deliberately blow his own brains out, though he was neither burned nor wounded, as the observer was aware of. He was desperately determined, perhaps, that his name should never be added to the death-roll of Andersonville or any other rebel prison.

It was long feared, though nothing confirmatory has ever been learned, that some of the Twelfth who were left wounded in the woods were burned, as the fire was reported to have spread over that part of the battle-ground. During later years there has been a growing hope that such was not the case.

Shakespeare on the Battle-Line.

It was on the blood-drenched field of Chancellorsville; Death's carnival was at its height and the brave boys of the Twelfth were falling on the right and on the left, many to rise no more until awakened by the arch-angel's trump at the last great roll-call.

Dante's "Inferno" was being dramatized by the lurid light of burning brimstone from the cannon's mouth, whose smoke obscured the sun, when one of the actors in this terrible tragedy, thinking to act a double part and embellish Dante

with a line of Shakespeare, all at once dropped his gun, raised his hands in a theatrical attitude, and while a comrade near by looked to see him fall — supposing that he was shot in some vital part — loudly voiced Mercutio, as follows: "Ask for me to-morrow and you shall find a grave man." Then coolly picking up his gun he went on with his main *role* until the close of the dreadful scene.

The above incident is strictly true, as can be proved by both actor and prompter, who are still living, viz.: F P Rhodes and A. W Bacheler, of Company E. Another incident of like nature cannot probably be found in the whole history or traditions of the war, North or South.

Wanted More Juice.

"For thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do anything but die."

It is a well known fact that tobacco chewers and smokers use a much greater quantity of the narcotic plant when laboring under great anxiety or unduly excited. But one would think that when excited to that intense strain of nerve that the soldier is in the midst of a hotly contested battle, there would be little want or thought of the favorite quid.

Such, however, was not the case with Sergeant Stockbridge, then private of Company B. It is not surprising that in biting off and spitting out so many cartridge ends, he should have lost his cud; but it is strange enough to deserve mention, that he should be hungry enough for another, to stop, take the plug from his pocket, and bite it off, while the bullets were flying like hail around his head. Yet he did it, and then resumed his firing apparently as cool and careless as a man at a day's work. We do not know of anyone in the regiment stopping to light his pipe in that or any other battle, but Ira Meserve, of Company F, says he had his pipe knocked from his mouth by a minie the night before, while supporting a battery at Hazel Grove.

No, I Thank You.

The following is from Corp. O. H. P Young, of Company B:

Just after the panic of the Eleventh Corps at Chancellorsville had subsided a little, I suggested to one of my comrades that we build up a little fire and have some coffee; and while the coffee was cooking, I cut a stick and stuck it into a piece of "salt chunk" and was holding it sizzling over the fire to grease the way for a mouthful of "hard-tack" to go with it, when a piece of shell struck the stick, throwing the meat directly into my comrade's mouth, burning his lips and throwing him back on the ground, exclaiming: "What the d — l was that? I'm shot!" But soon taking in the true situation of things he says: "I guess I'll take my coffee before they feed you with that," and left for some safer spot, leaving me rolling on the ground in violent convulsions — of laughter.

"This is Military,"

As the boys used to say when some apparently foolish move was made, or an unnecessary amount of "red tape" was put on.

A soldier in the ranks, so far as his actual knowledge goes, has little chance to understand or power to direct. Being almost wholly ignorant of the premises, his conclusions are often necessarily erroneous. For this reason he often complains without grounds therefor Especially is this true of the "raw recruit" who has never received instruction from that severe but best of drill-masters, experience. Unschooled in military logistics, and never having read of Carthaginian strategy or Fabian policy he fails to see the necessity or appreciate the beauty of curved lines traced out for fifteen or twenty miles through Virginia mud, with forty or fifty pounds fastened upon his hips and shoulders, and ending, perhaps, with a midnight halt at or close by the place or point from which he started in the morning.

However a president may like "swinging around the circle" it has no pleasures for him, but seems a circumference of drunken folly with no centre of sober common sense; and I am sorry that truth compels one to say that, *sometimes*, he is more than half right.

It was after one of these swings or countermarches, to deceive the enemy before the battle of Chancellorsville, that a well remembered comrade of Company B, who fell in that dreadful conflict a few days later, having exhausted both his strength and his patience, at last gave oral vent to his feelings in the most earnest and serious manner, as follows: "I've had enough of this confounded nonsense; and if I could only write as well as Sam Stiles, I would show this whole thing up to the authorities at Washington, as sure as I'm alive."

Sam Stiles was, and had been for many years, a well known writing-master living in that part of the State from which the soldier enlisted.

A Sharp Reminder.

Division hospital at Falmouth, Va., in charge of Doctor Marshall, was crowded with wounded soldiers after the battle of Chancellorsville. Here many of the brave boys died from sheer neglect, Doctor Marshall and his assistants lying and staggering around drunk, when the light was going out of the eyes of some, who would to-day be living could they then and there have had proper care and attention. It is hard to believe that noble lives were sometimes sacrificed needlessly on the field by incompetent or drunken officers; but it is much harder to know that true and brave men as ever met their country's foes should be obliged to suffer and die from their wounds in the hospitals, where they had both reason and right to expect the best of treatment and care, from the worse than criminal neglect of those whose business it was to attend to them.

Doctor Fowler, having properly cared for all the cases under his immediate charge, went over one day and offered his services in dressing the wounds of the many yet uncared for in the division hospital referred to. His offer being insultingly refused he turned around to leave, when his quick eye caught sight of a hand moving to attract his attention to one of the cots near by Approaching he found one of the most pitiable cases of mangled and suffering humanity he had ever seen. Nothing more was needed to bring his temper, naturally quick and already started, to a white heat, and stripping off his coat and drawing his revolver he threw them into a chair, the latter on top, and with an oath that the time and occasion seemed to extenuate if not justify, bade defiance to *rank* or *rum* while he dressed the wounds of the poor fellow, who as a last hope had besought his aid. It is, perhaps, needless to say that he was not molested by anyone during the operation. At another time while assisting in the same hospital and attending to one of his own men, Charles Smith, of Company D, who was lying in a very critical condition, General Sickles and staff, all unexpected, came suddenly in with quite a number of attendants bustling and clanking along behind. This was too much for the Doctor and turning upon the General, whom he recognized, he said:

"If I were in charge here, I would not allow you to come in here in this way."

"Why, sir; what do you mean?"

"Mean? I mean you are doing more harm here in five minutes than can be undone this side of eternity Look at that man (pointing to Smith, whose eyes were wild in the delirium of excitement) just balancing on the dividing line of life and death and see for yourself what I mean. If I could not put a stop to it any other way I would make complaint to General Sickles himself."

The General saw his error at once, but the Doctor's last shot *killed*, and ordering his followers back, he very quickly and noiselessly went through the ward.

Good Pluck.

Lying in a ditch a few yards to the rear of the edge of the woods where the Twelfth fought at Chancellorsville was a young, curly-headed, and bright-faced boy, belonging to a Massachusetts regiment, who had been badly wounded in the head; while beside him lay Corporal Tilton, of Company F, severely wounded in the arm and shoulder

The lines of rebel gray had driven our forces back and were madly pushing forward with threatening oaths of vengeance for the death of their great leader. A few yards further and the wounded soldiers, if they fortunately escaped the bayonet thrust, would be prisoners in their hands. "Now for one more shot at the gray devils," says the girl-faced but lion-hearted boy; "just see me bore a hole through that officer right in front of us," and before his comrade could remonstrate against the seeming folly of giving two lives for one, the musket was discharged and the officer fell.

The Grumbler.

Every company in a regiment had one or more constitutional grumblers. They seemed to be made out of cross-grained material, and nothing went smooth with them at any time, unless when asleep, and then they must have had unpleasant dreams. They did nothing, even to eat their rations, without a grumbling protest of some kind, and finding fault with everybody and everything was about as natural to them as eating or sleeping

As may be supposed, the grumbler, as a rule, belonged to the second or third rate class of soldiers; but now and then would be found a notable exception.

One of these phenomenal exceptions belonged to Company — (we 'll not give the letter, lest he recognize himself and goes to grumbling again, for he still survives) and, judging him by his deeds regardless of his mutterings, he was one of the best soldiers in the regiment. The habit had become so inseparably connected with his military existence that he would grumble at the right as well as the wrong, at good luck as well as bad, and — well, here is a fair specimen and an amusing illustration.

When retreating from the woods at Chancellorsville, where he had been knocked senseless by a minie ball that had grazed his scalp, he was overtaken by one of his comrades, who remembers of hearing from him, almost word for word, as follows:

"This 's about what I expected. Joe Hooker might have known better than come over here. But now he 's got here, I don't see why in thunder he don't stay and fight, instead of backing out in this way. I can't see any sense in fighting until you 're most all killed and then quit. If I 'm going to fight I want to fight and have the thing through with and done with it."

The serio-comic part of this will be better appreciated by the reader to learn that while he was thus sputtering, the minies were flying thickly around him and the blood running down over his face and clothes.

Distance Across the River.

"If I only had a quadrant I would prove to you that your estimation of the distance across the river to the rebel pickets is too great by nearly one half." This remark was made by General Boman to one of his staff while out on picket one day near the Rappahannock.

"But can't you get the distance without a quadrant, General?" ventures to inquire a green, insignificant looking boy of the Twelfth Regiment who had been listening to their conversation.

"No, I don't know how to; do *you?*"

"Well, I was thinking it might be done, near enough at least for all practical purposes."

This calm and considerate answer to his somewhat scornful question at once banished all feeling of resentment from the General's mind for being so abruptly reminded of his ignorance by one of his own soldiers, and he pleasantly requested him to put his thoughts into action, and demonstrate the correctness of his idea.

Thus encouraged, the young man said he was willing to try, if he could have a little time, and one or two men to assist him.

"All the men and time you want," replied the General, who was getting quite as much interested as amused.

Ten or fifteen minutes later, the problem had been solved, and the untutored youth — for he had never been instructed in the higher mathematics by anyone but himself — proceeded to explain to the college graduate, professional man, and army general what he never knew before, that the distance across a river, or to any point or place, within sight and not too far away, could be quite accurately ascertained without the use of either quadrant or sextant.

"A Pound of Pluck is Worth a Ton of Luck."

The truth that General Garfield encompassed in this rhymed line is illustrated and verified in the life of almost every successful man; but history has never furnished a more conspicuous example than the brave struggle and brilliant career of its world-renowned and lamented author. It is worthy the undying companionship of "Poor Richard's" best, and so peculiarly applicable to and characteristic of the great statesman and philosopher that many will, in after years, attribute it to him.

But not among the great and wise alone does this brave maxim have a meaning Almost every day's experience of active life does, in a greater or less degree, demonstrate its truth and force to the low and weak, as well as the high and strong.

The march from Falmouth, Va., to Gettysburg, Pa., was enough to test not only the pluck, but the endurance of the bravest and strongest; and toward the close of one of the longest and hardest day's marches, on the slippery tow-path, one of the boys of Company D got so wearisomely sad, that things looked to him most discouragingly blue, as evinced by his looks and emphasized by his tongue. At this, one of the smallest and youngest of his comrades, walking up to and slapping him upon the shoulder, exclaimed: "Cheer up here, and give us a smile for a tear; we shall live to tell our grandchildren of this yet." Both are now living; one is a grandfather already, and the other will doubtless soon have the same honor, though neither is yet fifty years old.

The Cherry Picker.

While the regiment was supporting a battery in the orchard near the Emmitsburg road at Gettysburg, one of the boys of Company E climbed into a cherry tree, the better to help himself to the tempting fruit thereon.

Though he went up nimbly like a live squirrel, he came down more like a dead possum, to the great amusement of his comrades when they found that the solid shot that brought him down had more frightened than hurt him. He was never quite able to tell whether the limb he stood on was cut off, or he knocked off the limb. His own version of the affair put into rhyme is very brief, but quite expressive:

I heard something snap, and I felt something "*drap*"—
Make no queries;
For th' next thing I knew I had got all through
Picking cherries.

Incident at Gettysburg.

"Deep rest and sweet, most like indeed to death's own quietness."

When exhausted nature demands a rest she is not at all particular of the time or place. Sleeping beside the dead has been the experience of many a soldier, but the following incident has a touch of pathos in it that renders it peculiarly interesting:

Albert D. Jones and Christopher C. Joy, of Company A, were both mortally wounded at Gettysburg, and died on the field, the former about midnight, and the latter at 2 o'clock in the morning.

Their comrade, Thomas E. Lawlor, as kind as he was brave, found them in the evening after the fight, and remained with them until they died. Jones suffered but little pain, and seemed resigned to his fate. After his death Lawlor gave his whole attention to Joy, who was suffering much from wounds in his breast and back, desiring frequent change of position, and requiring the constant effort of his faithful attendant to aid and comfort him. Two slow hours pass and the pains of the dying patriot cease; and so kindly gentle was the approach of death, to release him from his suffering, that Lawlor thought he was going to sleep. But scarcely do his fingers, on the pulseless wrist, tell him that it is the sleep that never ends, than he himself is soundly sleeping by the side of his dead comrade, to awake when the loud roar of cannon sounds the *reveille* of another day of strife and carnage to end, at last, in victory

So, side by side, there slept the brave,
The living with the dead.

Diplomatic.

In addition to what has already been written,* we will give one more instance of the tact and shrewdness practiced by the "sub" recruits to rid themselves of the Union blue.

*See page 151 *et seq.*

While stationed at Point Lookout, one of them, evidently of French parentage, received papers from Washington for him to be allowed to go to that city on important business connected with the French Legation. They were signed by the French consul and countersigned by the secretary of war. Captain Langley, to whom, as commander of the regiment, they were first presented, took them to General Marston, who, not doubting their genuineness, granted him leave of absence for six days. The next morning's boat up river took him on board, and from that day there was one less to answer to the roll-call in Company I. It was all a clever forgery!

What He was There for.

A boat had just brought down from Washington another load of "subs" for the brigade at Point Lookout, and some of the officers went down to the wharf to get the first look at them.

Among the motley crew of the odds and ends of humanity was one fellow, who was so badly wind-broken by phthisic, or some other throat or lung trouble, that he could walk but a few steps without sitting down to puff and blow a while. "What in the name of —— are you out here for?" asked Captain Langley, who passed by where the poor fellow sat, coughing and wheezing, on a stone but a few rods from the landing. "*Fourteen hundred dollars*," was the short but truthful reply.

Doughnuts.

One of the sergeants of Company H, whose first name is Alma, was a great lover of doughnuts, and different from most of young husbands he thought his wife could make quite as good or better doughnuts than his mother So he wrote home to her from Point Lookout for a recipe how to make them.

He received in reply a box, containing not only the desired information, but also many nicely cooked eatables, among which, of course, were a big lot of his home-made favorites. When these were gone, to the sweet relish of his own, and the delicious taste of many a comrade's, palate, he concluded to test his own skill in the fat and flour business; and procuring the necessary materials by the aid of one of the officers giving him an order on the commissary. His effort was crowned with so much success that he soon not only supplied himself, but also many of his comrades, who quickly purchased all that he had to spare.

He had not anticipated the money-making part of his culinary effort, and was all the more pleased to see how nicely the pleasure and profit of eating and selling run together. But one day there came a sad end to his newly established business. His fat caught fire, the fire caught the tent, and all save the cook and his kettle went up in smoke.

April Fool Pies.

It was the morning of the first day of April, 1864. Many of the officers' wives still remained in camp at Point Lookout, although it was expected every day that the regiment would receive marching orders.

Albert Newell, of Company B, had for some time been acting as chief cook for the officers, assisted with now and then a hint and a dab from their wives, who hated to acknowledge themselves beaten at their own trade by a man. Albert was thinking what he would have for dinner when all at once he jumped at an idea and — caught it. "Now I have it," he says, talking to himself and pleased with the catch, "and bruise my elbows, if I don't give these ladies a lesson in cooking that will refresh itself in their memories every April Fool's day so long as they live."

So, to prove his words by his acts, he at once proceeded to tangibly formulate his new idea, and knowing that "the test of the pudding is the eating" he determined to have the sample test ready for dinner, chuckling to himself at the thought, as he mixed up the ingredients, that without the condiments there would be more *test* than *taste*.

Now it happened that nearly all of the mess were very fond of mince pies, and to have them just right every wife of course had to have a finger in the mince if not in the pie. But for this meal the cook had followed his own recipe and brought forward for a camp-mess dessert some as nice-looking, newly-baked pies as had been seen since the rich, brick-oven specimens of their youthful days; and they were all the more welcome because nothing so delicious was that day expected. So no sooner seen, than expressions of commingled pleasure and surprise arose from all sides of the table.

"Why, Albert, why had n't you let us know and we 'd have assisted you," exclaimed one of the ladies.

"Yes, indeed, we would," chimed in another, "but I guess he 's beaten us all."

"'Too many cooks spoil the broth,' you know," replied the cook. "So I thought I 'd 'go it alone' this time," and he went just in time to save his head from a hot plaster of *all*spice except the molasses and *sawdust*.

Point Lookout.

The name of Point Lookout seemed especially applicable to that place by the soldiers of the New Hampshire brigade stationed there during the Winter of 1863–64, for they had to be constantly on the lookout, as we have seen, watching for desertions from their own as well as escapes from the prisoners' camp; and the amount of vigilance required, as divided between the "subs" and the "rebs," was for a while about the same.

The following incident, however, relates to the latter:

Just at dusk, one day, a return working squad of prisoners was found by count to be three less than the number taken out. It was very evident they had hidden under one of the cook-houses, near which the squad had just passed, and

after trying in vain to talk them out by pretending to know they were there, a search was made. Corporal Roderick, of Company F, volunteered to crawl under and ferret them out. After feeling about for some time he was about to give up, when he suddenly struck fresh scent in the smell of apples recently cut or bitten; and knowing then that his game was there, he with an extra effort pushed himself a little further ahead, and pulled out by the heels two of the missing "Johnnies." They declared they knew nothing of the whereabouts of the other, but the corporal knowing better, but wishing to save another long crawl and tight squeeze, resorted to strategy. So, going into the cook-house and walking heavily across the floor to the spot under which he had no doubt the missing man was lying, he said to one of his men, in quite a loud voice: "Send a bullet down through the floor right here," designating the spot by a stamp with his foot. This "cooked the possum," and the next instant was heard from below, the cry: "*Don't shoot, I'll come*," and he came.

A Pointed Answer.

Shoulder straps were frequently lowered a little when too highly worn by their proud owners to suit the taste of the chevroned "non-com," who were oftentimes a little envious, and not inclined to grant them any further liberties than the regulations allowed; and when they were found outside of these, but little mercy was shown, so far, at least, as wit and ridicule could go. Sometimes the soldier, when he knew his business better than the officer (which was by no means uncommon), would refuse to obey the orders given him, and then he would be arrested and an appeal taken to the colonel or regimental commander, resulting, perhaps, in his release from arrest, and a sharp reprimand to the officer.

At other times when disputes arose between an officer and one of his men, the latter, regardless of guard-house or court-martial, would hazard the unwarrantable authority of administering the reprimand himself; and at the same time try and convince his military superior, *argumentum baculinum*, that in war, as well as law, there is always two sides to every question.

An amusing instance of this kind occurred one night, on the sentinel's walk around the rebel prisoners' pen, between a lieutenant and a corporal of the guard. The officer, wishing to prove by his vigilance that he was worthy the straps he had just donned, crept stealthily up the stairs onto the walk, and before the guard, who happened to be a little slow and easy, could halt and challenge him, grabbed hold of the barrel of the sentinel's gun just as it was brought down to a guard poise; and thus making himself master of the situation, as he thought, he commenced to lecture his man for being so easily surprised and captured, asking him what he would have done, if it had been an enemy that had thus stolen upon him. "This is what *I* would have done," came the quick, sharp response of the corporal, as equally quick and much sharper the point of his bayonet *backed*

up the truth of his tongue by a penetrating touch in the officer's rear. Although for some days the officer never sat down without being sorely reminded of his discomfiture, still he never preferred charges against the corporal, who had so cleverly beaten him with his own tactics.

Snowball Battle.

It was on the memorable 24th of March, '64, that the great Snowball Battle between the Second and Twelfth was fought. On the day and night of the 22d there had been a severe snow storm, which a rising temperature had converted into an ample supply of ammunition of the best quality There was, at first, only a slight skirmish between some of the younger and more impetuous on the picket-line; with no design or expectation of bringing on a pitched battle. But soon the reserves were drawn in, and falling back on the camp guard the battle became general, and a most spirited and determined engagement followed. There was charge and countercharge, while the cheer and jeer of the contending forces could be heard loud above the din of combat. The fighting was so fierce and at so short range that the contestants used their *side-arms* instead of their muskets, but the firing was all the more rapid, and balls filled the air on every hand. The Second, being more experienced fighters, gained at first some tactical advantages; at one time coming very near executing a decisive flank movement by getting in the rear and taking the line of the Twelfth in reverse. Finally, after heavy losses (of patience and temper) on both sides, and some of the *raw* recruits had commenced throwing solid shot in retaliation for wounds they had received, a few of the more daring stalwarts of the Twelfth charged on the enemy's centre, broke through his line and succeeded in capturing Colonel Bailey and carrying him on their shoulders triumphantly into their own camp. This decided the contest, and thus ended one of the most warmly contested but at the same time *coldest* conflicts of the war

Her Prayer Answered.

"A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole *lifetime* in bondage."

By virtue of a license, more matter of fact than poetic, the writer has changed "eternity" into a single lifetime in the above couplet, for reasons to be found in the leading incident of this narrative, which made a deep impression upon the writer's mind at the time, and must, I think, more or less interest the reader now.*

*See page 165.

One cold morning late in the Fall, just after roll-call, two or three boats were noticed nearing the Point, which, as they approached the landing, were seen to be loaded in part with negro refugees from the Virginia shore. The largest of these boats — which had evidently been built and used as a kind of freight barge — was rowed by four men and loaded, as those who stood watching supposed, with goods of some kind that they had taken with them. But no sooner had the boat touched the wharf, than was uncovered to our astonished eyes some twenty-five or thirty women and children of all ages, sizes, and colors, from the blue-eyed quadroon child in the arms of its darker-hued mother, to the ebon-faced but hoary-headed centenarian lying upon a feather bed in the stern of the boat. What a picture was this, to be looked upon by men from New England homes! But the still more impressive was yet to come. All but this old woman were soon landed; and now, tenderly and carefully, by the strong arms that had rowed this boat load of human freight across the broad mouth of the Potomac, she is carried on her bed across the landing to the high ground and placed in the midst of those who accompanied her hither, and who now gather around, as if to shelter her from the chilling winds, and screen her from the too curious gaze of the surrounding soldiers. But from the midst of that strange group came sounds that awakened still greater interest in the minds of those who were fortunately near enough to hear. In tremulous but enthusiastic tones, from the glad heart of this aged matriarch of her race and kin, was heard the exclamation: "*Thank de Lord! Thank de Lord that I am at last free!*" and again in a few minutes we catch the words: "De Lord be blessed for answering the prayer of my long and weary life before I die!" And with similar, oft-repeated utterances, she was carried off to the "Contraband Camp," where from the excitement and exposure of her exodus from the land of bondage to the Camp of Freedom, she soon breathed her last, still thanking God that she could die free.

Oh! what a lesson here to those who had been taught to believe, as some of us did, that slavery was of divine origin, the true normal condition of society, where the strong and the weak, the high and the low, are alike protected and all equally happy and contented.

The Shaver Shaved.

Soon after landing upon Virginia soil from Point Lookout, a "sub" by the name of Layfever, of Company G, after two or three days' absence without leave, returned; but stubbornly refused to give an account of himself until under the pains of punishment he owned up as follows:

He said that a certain barber of the place was driving the double trade of shaving Uncle Sam as well as his soldier-boy nephews; and that for the sum of twenty dollars he would assist any soldier to desert, by having him rowed across the river into the rebel lines. He confessed to having paid the barber twenty dollars, but for some reason thought it not best to carry out his part of the programme. To test how much of fact this story contained, and safely dispose of the barber if it should prove true, Captains Barker and Bedee, disguising themselves as privates, proceeded to the barber-broker's headquarters and soon made a bargain

with him to be rowed across the river in consideration of forty dollars, which they gave him. In the meantime Sergeant Clarke, of Company G, with Layfever as guide, and both armed with revolvers, had found and secreted themselves at the place designated on the bank of the river, and awaited the arrival of the barber with his two fresh customers. But they were not so "fresh" as he had bargained for, and proved to be unexpectedly *hard* customers for him and his ferryman accomplice, who were both arrested, and after being made to disgorge their ill-gotten funds were turned over to the provost-martial for such disposition as a court-martial might see fit to make of them. Layfever afterward deserted again, jumped another bounty, and one day, some months later, Sergeant Clarke told Captain Bedee that he had seen their mutual friend in the ranks of another regiment.

The colonel of that regiment was informed of the supposed discovery, and readily consented to a review by Colonel Barker and his special staff of the Captain and Sergeant. But contrary to military etiquette the Sergeant took the lead as they walked down the line, and, when opposite the man he was hunting for, turned to his superior officers, and pointing with his finger, inquired of them if they ever had seen that man before. They both were as sure as the Sergeant that they had; and notwithstanding the deserter's protests of innocence he was arrested, tried, and condemned as a deserter, but managed to make another and final skip before the extreme penalty of his crime could be executed upon him.

How To Do It.

On the 9th of April, '64, the brigade had just halted near the Richmond & Petersburg Railroad when General Wistar rode up in front of the Twelfth and inquired if there were railroad men in the regiment.

Captain Shackford and five or six men at once stepped to the front and saluted. Addressing the Captain he inquired of him the quickest and most effectual way of destroying the road. With one eye half shut and the other wide open and full of fun, he advised as follows: "I think, General, if you want to save time and make a clean sweep, you had better *detail the Twelfth New Hampshire to guard it!*"

The General laughed at this unexpected repartee, and continued his conversation with the Captain, thinking undoubtedly that he who was so quick at a joke would not be slow in his ideas how best to demolish a railroad.

"What are You Dodging At?"

It was on the Petersburg and Richmond turnpike. The regiment was exposed to a raking fire from a rebel battery just unlimbered on a hill about half a mile in advance. A young staff officer rides up to Captain Barker, commanding, and tries to deliver an order from General Wistar, but is too badly frightened to make himself understood.

Finally the words, *regiment*, *un-under*, *cov-cov-cover*, were stammered out, and the Captain, first sending a hot shot of — impatience after the retreating form of the message-bearer, gave the command: "*Attention Twelfth!*" Just then a shell or solid shot came screeching down the turnpike, and so familiarly near that the boys made a polite bow to it, as soldiers are quite apt to do when these impulsive fellows come near enough to demand recognition. "What are you dodging at, boys? That shell didn't come within half a mile of you," exclaims one of the line officers who, hearing the order, was now approaching the line to take command of his company. Hardly has the last words left his lips, when *who-o-i-s-h-sh-sh* comes a shell within a few feet of the speaker's head which he instinctively ducks nearly to the ground. "What are you *dodging* at, Lieutenant?" was at once the repetition and answer of his own question by half a score of voices, accompanied by a peal of laughter in which the officer was obliged to join, and the memory of which makes him smile as he writes these lines.

South Carolina *v.* Massachusetts.

One of the most significant and remarkable coincidences of the whole war, if the story is true, occurred at the battle of Swift Creek. It was known by the author at the time, that the severest fighting of that day was between South Carolina and Massachusetts troops, and that two regiments, at least, one from each State, wore the same number; but for the following additional facts, which seem stranger than fiction, he is indebted to George E. Potter, of the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts, in the history of which can be found an extended account, fully verifying his statements.

From this authority it appears, that not only one but *three* regiments from each of these old rival states met, face to face, to decide on the field of battle what had long been disputed between them in their country's forum; and that these regiments consisted of the *Twenty-third*, *Twenty-fifth*, and *Twenty-seventh* Massachusetts Volunteers in one brigade, against the *Twenty-third*, *Twenty-fifth*, and *Twenty-seventh* South Carolina troops in the opposing brigade! The commander of the Palmetto chivalry, seeing himself stubbornly resisted by regiments under the Bay State colors, ordered his Twenty-fifth to charge; and, as if by design, it was the *Twenty-fifth* Massachusetts (instead of the reverse, as was once boastfully predicted) that "welcomed them with bloody hands to hospitable graves." Colonel Pickett, observing that the rebels in his front were getting ready to charge, ordered his men to cease firing; and when within thirty yards range, he gave the command, "*Fire!*" every bullet, nearly, found its man, and *Sumner was avenged.*

Christian Patriotism.

"Pity and need make all flesh kin."

Sergeant Osgood, of Company C, was wounded in his leg at the battle of the Relay House, and soon found himself lying in an ambulance by the side of a Confederate soldier who was suffering severely from a bad

wound in his thigh. Noticing the perspiration in great drops upon the prisoner's face, the Sergeant raised himself upon his elbow, and with his own handkerchief kindly wiped the face and brow of his fellow passenger. After repeating this two or three times in silence, the Confederate commenced the following conversation:

"Well, this is unexpectedly good and kind in you, Sergeant, but how strange! Here are two deadly enemies, side by side, and one is wiping the sweat from the other's brow."

"Enemies! I did not know that we were enemies before."

"Why, you belong to the Union army, don't you?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, I belong to what you call the rebel army."

"I am aware of that, but I see no reason why we should be enemies. I don't know as you ever injured me, or that I ever injured you, and why should we have any ill will toward each other?"

"What are you fighting us for then?"

"We are not fighting you. We are fighting what you call the Southern Confederacy, only wishing to injure you, as we are obliged to in order to destroy that; so we can have but one government, and that the good old one of our fathers, under which we can all live in peace and harmony, as heretofore, and the old flag of Bunker Hill and Yorktown once more wave over a united and happy nation."

"Well, I never looked at it in just that light before, but I reckon you are right about us fighters, if not on what we are fighting for."

"Yes, and I am right about that, too, and the right must and will prevail, as time will prove; and I trust you may yet live to enjoy the privileges and blessings of the very government that you and your comrades are now trying to destroy. What may I call your name?"

"My name is Madison A. Brown; I belong to the Twenty-fifth South Carolina regiment."

"By this time," relates the Sergeant, "we had arrived at the Half-way House where my friend was carried into a tent, and I have not seen or heard from him since; but I have often thought of him, as doubtless he, if living, has of me."

Did n't Catch It

Those who know anything of the *momentum* of a solid cannon shot, however slow its velocity, or have heard the old war story of the man who lost his foot by putting it out to stop one slowly bowling along upon the ground, will appreciate the following:

While driving the "Johnnies" back across and beyond Kingsland's Creek, and when the Twelfth, in line of battle, was slowly following up the skirmishers, a solid 20-pound cannon-ball came bounding and trundling along toward the centre of the line, as slow and apparently as harmless as a schoolboy's truck. Colonel

Barker, seeing it coming some distance ahead, and more of course for fun than need, for his men knew enough to avoid it, gave the command: "*Open right and left, and let that ball through, so I can catch it.*"

Knowing that he would "catch it" if he tried, he wisely concluded not to try.

"Little too Close."

The day before the battle of Drury's Bluff, which was Sunday, Sergeants Piper, Dockham, and Paige, of Company B, were lying together on the ground, with the last named in the middle.

The enemy's sharpshooters had, as usual, taken their positions in trees and were making their rifle-balls tell for the southern cause whenever an opportunity offered itself. In a few minutes Sergeant Paige jumps up, exclaiming, "Oh! oh!" rubs the back of his head and wants to know who has kicked him. A bullet had gone through his haversack, against which his head was resting and which was filled with "hard-tack," grazed the hind part of his head, and passing down through his shirt, vest, blouse, and rubber blanket, had ploughed up the ground for a foot or two between his legs. The ball was dug out of the ground and is still in possession of the receiver. After joining with his companions in a laugh at his being so amusingly "kicked" by a Johnnie half a mile or more away, he lay down again just in time to save himself from another bullet that cut his gun-sling just behind and above him. Thinking the calls a *little too close*, the trio made a change of base for a restful snooze in a more secure position.

Almost a Prisoner.

The following experience was written by the lamented Capt. John H. Prescott, who was, at the time referred to, an aide-de-camp on General Wistar's staff:

When our forces had commenced to fall back from Drury's Bluff, we passed through a strip of woods and formed a line of battle in an open field, to hold the enemy in check until our artillery could be placed on a rise of ground just in our rear. Alongside of the woods, there was a rail fence for a piece and then brush, etc. In front and across the road was a very thick growth, through which we had just retreated.

General Wistar and staff were in this open space at the rear, when he turned to me and requested that I go up and order each regimental commander to move back to the new position. The Twelfth was on the left, and I went to the right first, gave the order and then down the line to where I supposed the Twelfth was. But it was not there. I supposed it had moved on to the left to close up a gap or something. I had not placed the Twelfth and did not know exactly its position. I went on down to the left to where I came to an open place, but I could not see it there. I went to the rear a piece through the woods and under-

brush, but I said: "The Old Twelfth is n't to the rear, I know. It has n't retreated without orders. It has gone to the front, if anything, and it must be the other side of that road." So I went up to the front and across that road, going along a line where there were no large trees but a few twigs and brush, some breast high, and some over my head.

It was so thick, though, on each side that I could see nothing to the right or left. I crossed the road, went over the fence, and came up to a large tree. I said to myself: "I will stop by this tree till I look about awhile." But no sooner did I get beside this tree, which stood upon a little knoll, than I saw the rebels lying on the ground as thick as they could be. There was no longer any brush, and the rebs could see me as plain as day. Twenty men at intervals along the line at once arose to their feet and covered me with their guns (I was not more than two hundred feet away) They hallooed all sorts of things to me: "Hio; we 've got you now, you Yankee son of a b——h!" "Come in here, you d——d Yankee!" "We want you, Yank; come right along!" etc., etc. I said to myself: "Here now is Libby prison and a lingering death therein, or a run and a chance of several bullet holes through me." I at once stepped close behind the tree, keeping my eye on the rifles to see if any advanced. My first impression was that they would rush for me, and I drew my revolver, thinking I would sell my life dearly there rather than go to Libby or Andersonville and starve to death. As I drew my revolver they hallooed again all sorts of things, and heaped upon me hellish epithets. One officer I saw, with sword in hand, motioning to me. All were hallooing. Still I kept cool, while my wits were put to the test. I cast my right eye to the rear to see if that offered any hope of escape. About twenty feet to my right and rear stood a very thick bunch of bushes, higher than my head, and within a few yards to the rear of it were other bushes and trees, thickening, as near as I could tell, toward the rear, but I could not tell how far. I said: "This is my only chance, and I must take it." No sooner had I thought it than I wheeled, gave a bound, and landed behind this bunch, and you never saw a whitehead scratch gravel for the rear faster.

Crack! crack! crack! went the rifles; curse! curse! curse! went their mouths; hiss! hiss! hiss! went their bullets. They made me almost deaf. Not a bullet, however, hit me. I never knew how I got over the fences. I didn't see any as I remember; but suffice it to say that in a few minutes I was back with General Wistar, to find that the Twelfth had been moved to the rear by a division staff officer in a hurry, for fear it would be captured, from that open space to its left up to which I went in the search; and I found I had been entirely beyond all our troops, alone. I was out of breath and had some bush scratches, but there was no time for rest, for Butler was scared and again on the retreat.

Appearances are Deceitful.

It is not always that the trimmest soldier is the best fighter, but quite frequently the reverse. Bandbox soldiers are well enough for dress parade and review or headquarters etiquette, but style does not last long

on the march, and is of still less account on the battlefield. In military no less than civil life, the rule pertains that it is unsafe to judge from appearances.

One of the best officers in the regiment,* who went out a private and returned a captain, and who was gifted by nature with superior intellectual endowments, was so careless and indifferent about his dress as to often excite the jests and ridicule of his comrades; and his peculiar manner and expression of countenance corresponded so well with the laxity of his toilet that a stranger, at first sight, would naturally think that his place in the mental scale of human existence must be very near the bottom. Yet when duty called he was always there, ready and willing to do his full share; and after the war he became honorably known through the press and upon the platform.

As a further illustration of the truth of the subject title hereof, we are reminded of an anecdote about one of the best fighters in Company D.

He always wore his pants about six inches too low, turning up the legs that much at the bottom to keep them from dragging under his feet.

At the battle of Drury's Bluff a piece of shell passed between his legs just high enough to tear away the seat of his pants without severely injuring him. Quick as thought he whirled and started for the rear, holding on with both hands as he run as if to save the pieces. But he was only *unmanned* for a moment, for, finding no loss or friction of parts as he halted to examine, he uttered an exclamation of disgust at his own laughable mistake, and returned as good and as brave as ever to the battle-line of his regiment.

"A Slight Clip" of Dry Wit

While our forces were advancing against the outer works of Fort Darling, the rebel artillerists would entertain us, now and then, with full-shotted salutes of broken rails and such other pieces and chunks of iron as they could pick up, which would shriek and screech through the air like demon spirits let loose to terrify and destroy

On the morning of the battle at Drury's Bluff there was a volcanic blast from the enemy's batteries of railroad iron, solid shot, and shells that blew up one of our caissons, killing several men and horses and creating considerable excitement.

John Bent, of Company B, a recruit, but a good soldier and comical genius who stuttered badly, was severely wounded at this time by a piece of scrap iron or shell. Captain Barker, commanding the regiment, seeing him coming to the rear in a crippled condition, asked him if he was seriously hurt. "N–n–n–no–not very, I guess, Captain. O–o–o–on–only a slight clip. The d–d–damned rebels fired a whole b–b–ber–blacksmith shop o–over here just now, b–b–but nothing happened to hit me *except the ha–ha–han–hanvil!*"

*Captain Bohonon.

"Two Horses and a Nigger."

Abraham Jackson was the name of a colored refugee, who came into our lines at Point Lookout and acted as waiter for Doctor Fowler until drowned in the James river at the battle of Fort Harrison.

When the enemy sent a flock of 10 and 12-pounders over to wake us up early in the morning of the 16th at Drury's Bluff, quite a number of these swift-winged messengers of destruction alighted near by the hospital quarters of the Eighteenth Corps. It was not yet hardly light, and for a time there was quite a commotion among the disciples of Esculapius, where confusion and diffusion were both sudden and rapid, and all for the very natural, if not laudable, desire to save an effusion of (their own) blood. But "Abe" was as cool as a morning-picked cucumber, and bringing up the rear in centre, with a horse on either side of him, he exclaimed: "Goddy mighty, massah; thought one while you's out two horses and a nigger, suah!"

"Another Can of Strawberries."

In addition to the incidents of Cold Harbor related in the account of that battle in a former chapter, two or three will be here given in connection with the following:

After the charging column of the brigade had been hurled back, and while the enemy's fire was sweeping every foot of his front occupied by our troops, cutting down trees and men who were seeking protection behind them, the irrepressible wit and heedless daring of John Emerson, of Company F, made him an object of attention to friend and foe. Standing up, entirely exposed, he made mocking and insulting gestures at the Johnnies until from a rebel battery directly opposite there came a terrific discharge of grape and canister, as if sent purposely to sweep the Yankee tantalizer from the face of the earth. But untouched and undisturbed, he stepped up and stood out even higher and bolder than before, and beckoning toward the battery, shouted out: "*Good enough, Johnny! Send us over another can of strawberries!*"

His wit and apparent absence of all fear attracted special attention from those around him, and a general, standing behind a tree near by, took pains to inquire about his name, regiment, etc.

Picked Up the Wrong Chap.

This from the pen of Sergeant Clarke, of Company G, is both characteristic of the Sergeant, and illustrative of that official pomposity, too common in the army

In the afternoon after the charge, as we lay in front of the enemy's works, I was standing behind a tree and Lieutenant Heath behind another near me. An officer came along and ordered me to step up to my regiment. I told him I was

already up with my regiment, and that the one in front was not mine. He said he did not care whether it was or not, I must take my place with it. I said I should not do it. He drew his revolver and threatened to blow me through if I did not immediately obey him. I brought my gun to a "ready," and was getting earnestly *ready* for him too, when Lieutenant Heath told him that if he knew his business he had better be about it, and upon this he left.

His Ordnance Return.

"Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death,"

Captain Bedee was always very particular about having all his military papers made out and forwarded in proper shape and time; and especially his ordnance returns.

While in the trenches at Cold Harbor he was struck by a minie in the head, and rendered senseless for a while. As soon as he recovered sufficiently to know where he was, he looked up to one of the officers standing over him and said: "If anything should happen to me see that my *ordnance return is all right.*"

A few days after this, as he lay in the hospital, when shown the ball that struck him, he remarked: "Did n't the fools know better than waste their powder on my pate, when they had tried it in vain with 20-pound shells?" referring to a similar wound received at the battle of Chancellorsville from a shell that Sergeant Tibbetts, of his company, who was looking right at him at the time, was always ready to swear "struck him right square in the head and *stove the shell all to pieces!*"

A Timely Protest.

Another instance of sleeping on the field of battle is here related:

In bringing off the dead and wounded at Cold Harbor a night or two after the terrible charge, Sergeant Gordon and Benjamin Thompson run their poles under a fellow to carry him to the rear and bury him, who proved to be a live picket, stretched at full length upon the ground, fast asleep. Entirely exhausted, he could not keep awake, even when right in the face of the enemy. Although he could sleep well enough among the dead, he did not care to be buried with them.

He was not reported, for he deserved more pity than blame, and those who found him knew too well how to sympathize with him.

"Got My Bait with Me."

For pluck and luck — good pluck to fight, and bad luck to get hit — "Captain Shack," as some of the officers used to call him, was second to none, perhaps, in the whole regiment.

Riddled with minies at Cold Harbor he rode twelve miles to White House Landing with his grit and wit as good and ready as ever; and the first recognized voice that Doctor Fowler heard after getting his hospital ready, and waiting for the wounded to come in, was that of the little commander of Company E, calling out as gleeful and jocose as ever: "Doctor Fowler here? I 'm going a fishing — got my bait, all cut, with me."

"Two Balls and a Ramrod."

One of the boys of Company H, while in front of Petersburg, found one day a ramrod in the trenches. And, thinking that all fight and no fun was getting to be a little too monotonous, he resolved to double his charge, top out with the ramrod and give the "Johnnies," for once, as good as they sent.

So ramming down two cartridges into the barrel of his gun already foul from previous service, and putting the ramrod on top, he waited until a fresh puff of smoke betrayed the cover of a rebel sharpshooter, and then, taking good aim, let him have it. Whether the "reb" had reason to laugh or cry is not recorded; but though mortally wounded, he would have laughed until he died, could he have seen our comrade turn summersaults backward, while his gun seemed to imitate his motions in the air above him. The fun was at the wrong end of the gun to be best relished by the holder, who for a long time could not say anything in reply to the jokes of his comrades about "two balls and a ramrod," because he had the *mumps* in his right jaw and — *shoulder*.

It was a picture realistic,
But more comical than artistic.

Foraging Between the Lines.

In the late Summer and early Fall of '64, while Grant's line confronted Lee's from north of the James to nearly the South Side Railroad, there was much amusement, not unmixed, however, with danger, in the night foraging excursions of the boys in search of potatoes, corn, onions, melons, etc., that happened to be growing between the lines. It must be remembered that at this time the lines were closely drawn, only a few rods apart in many places, and a sight by day, or a sound by night, on one side, was sure to invite a bullet from the other. But what was a piece of rebel lead, compared with a mess of sweet potatoes or corn to roast, onions for a soup, or a nice watermelon for dessert, after a dry breakfast of "salt horse" and "hard-tack"? Certainly nothing; for was n't one a tempting rarity, while the other was altogether too common to be hardly respected?

Many a "vet" in reading this will smile as memory recalls his own or a comrade's experience in search of some palatable anti-scorbutic grown in the "sacred soil" of Virginia, and one of the "Dirty Dozen"* will recognize himself as the hero of the following story:

It was just about dark enough to see but not be seen, and the melon patch was but a few rods in front of our line, as carefully located by one of Company F boys before night. So he quickly but noiselessly creeps over the breastwork and crawling along "on all fours," soon finds himself among the vines, where he feels and squints for the luscious fruit. But finding only some small green specimens left, he ventures a little farther out, but still finding none worthy of capture, and not wishing to return to be laughed at for so much danger and pains with nothing to show for it all, he concludes, after holding a council of war with himself, that he will reinforce with new courage, crawl beyond the middle line and prove

"That he, alone, is sure of luck
Who shows himself most full of pluck."

Scarcely has he commenced to put this resolution into motion when, as if already proving the truth of the couplet, he espies dimly through the darkness, but a few feet ahead of him, a large melon. But now he halts, stretches and flattens like a toad, for he thinks he hears the click of a gun lock. In breathless silence he lies and listens, and gazes into the darkness. He hears nothing now but the beating of his own heart, and sees nothing but a dark spot on the ground which he now fully believes must be nothing more or less than a big watermelon. What else can it be? No longer willing to borrow fears of his imagination he draws himself up into creeping posture again, and commences to advance; when, all at once, out of a vedette hole (that our young hero had mistaken for the big melon) springs a full grown and well armed "Johnny reb," exclaiming: "Now I've got ye, you d—n 'Yank,'" as he thought he had, and was intending, doubtless, to take him prisoner, but the game was too quick for him and he only had the satisfaction of sending a bullet after the retreating form of the melon hunter, who, having thus opened the ball of a regular fusillade for some distance up and down the lines, contented himself to remain quiet behind the works the rest of the night, wondering how one poor soldier could be the innocent cause of so much trouble, and congratulating himself in being able to balance the account so far in his favor; for if his pluck did not get him the melon, it was certainly his good luck *that the melon did not get him.*

A Right-eyed Squint

Who is there much better remembered by the surviving members of Company F, than the jolly-hearted youth, scarcely half way through his teens, who used to act as "marker" at Falmouth in the formation and evolution of the regimental line on parade and drill.

*Name given to the regiment by one of its witty members after the Gettysburg campaign. See page 143.

He was too full of frolic and fun to ever have a sober face, unless when sleeping, but always greeted you with a roguish grin suggestive of the joke or prank that was pretty sure to follow; and then he would run away with an explosive laugh that would sound something like the bursting of a coehorn mortar shell. Notwithstanding his years, he never cried baby; but with good pluck and luck was always "present or accounted for" until the end of the war. One day, during the siege of Petersburg in the Summer of '64, while some of the best marksmen of the regiment were exchanging shots with the rebel sharpshooters, our young friend, wanting to give them a right-eyed squint, himself, begged the privilege of doing so of one of his company, who had been for some time busy swapping minies with a keen-sighted "Johnny," through nearly opposite portholes. With a caution to "keep his eye peeled" the rifle is loaded and given to him. With a contemptuous *nonchalance* he thrusts the barrel through the hole in the earthworks, draws back the hammer, and puts his cheek to the stock for a death-aiming sight. But the swift leaden messenger was coming instead of going, and before the hammer fell upon the cap on his gun tube, it went whizzing in broken pieces through the cap upon his head, while splinters of stock and lock played tear and scare with his face and hair. For once, Fred (there, you 've got his name at last) looked sober; and though the boys used to laugh at and joke him a good deal about *getting* instead of *keeping* his eye peeled, and of its being a case of *jump* instead of *love* at *first sight*, etc., it was some time before he could more than half appreciate it all, because "he could n't see it" with only *one eye*.

Duty and Danger.

"I do perceive here a divided duty."

A prominent New Hampshire man, who had been sent out by the State to visit and attend to the wants of her soldiers, started one morning, with Chaplain Ambrose as guide, to find the Twelfth Regiment, then in front of Petersburg. He was acquainted with many of the regiment and seemed very anxious to see them. As they approached Fort Steadman an artillery duel, on a small scale, opened between the lines as was almost the daily occurrence during the siege.

The Chaplain, taking no notice of it, rode unconcernedly along toward the scene of action; but the state dignitary fell behind, and so lagged, both in pace and conversation, that the Chaplain sought to encourage him by remarking in a humorous way, that it was nothing but a little game of base ball by the battery boys, and that there was no danger to be apprehended until within range of the enemy's guns. The faint-hearted civilian still kept in the rear, but slowly and silently followed after, until a stray shot, reaching a little farther than the others, dropped down and exploded fifty or seventy-five rods in front of them. This was a cautionary signal that our tyro of war felt duty bound to heed, and reining up his horse so quickly as almost to unseat himself, he told the Chaplain that he could not possibly consent to go any farther. "Not that I 'm any *afraid*," he continued, "nor anything of *that* kind, I would n't have you *think;* but duty to

my family and to my office forbid that I needlessly expose myself. It is different, you know, with you, Chaplain, for you have got no family to provide for, or to mourn for you, and you cannot appreciate my feelings. I think I had better go back to City Point." The Chaplain thought so too, and so they separated; one to the rear in duty to his family and his office, and the other to the front in duty to his country and his God.

When words assert and acts deny,
'T is plain to see which tell the lie.

The Death of Poor Clipper.

"Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself, as he that putteth it off."

One day when the regiment was in the reserve camp in the ravine in front of Petersburg, and the enemy were unusually liberal with conical-percussion and spherical-fuse, Colonel Barker and Adjutant Heath thought they would take a short tour of observation on the left, to see how General Grant was progressing in that direction.*

Their horses had been saddled and brought to their tents, that stood side by side, ready for mounting. Colonel Barker had passed out of his tent and stood by his horse's head, talking with the Adjutant about the superior merits of his charger, and jokingly asked him if he did n't wish he had as good a one, etc.

Scarcely were the words spoken, and before the Adjutant could reply, there was a *whuzz* and a *thud* and the horse lay dead at the Colonel's feet, with a 12-pounder hole through his body.

This equine war veteran, whose strange history as well as death deserves mention, was bought in New Hampshire by Adjutant Bedee, as his war steed, before the regiment went to the front; and when, after the battle of Chancellorsville, that officer ended his military career, he sold him to Captain Langley, then in command of the regiment; and when he, also, left the service he was bought by Captain Barker.

He was named "Clipper," because it turned out to the sorrow of the thief, who was afterward apprehended, and his purchaser, who had to pay for him twice, that he had been stolen from a man in the State of Maine, and his hair clipped off, so that he could not be so easily followed or identified. And when he fell, so many miles away from the quiet, green pastures of his early home, the miserable thief, who had thus been guilty of indirectly bringing him to his sad end, was serving out a five years' sentence in the State's prison.

Signal Confab with General Butler.

The writer of this, who was then a signal officer, stationed at "Dutch Gap," had the pleasure of transmitting through the lines the first news of the fall of Fort Morgan, connected with which is the following rather amusing anecdote:

* See page 222.

One afternoon in the last of August, 1864, he succeeded in getting from a rebel picket a copy of the "Richmond Whig," containing the news of the capture of Fort Morgan, and the possession of Mobile bay by our forces.

He immediately signaled the important item to General Butler. In a few moments came back the interrogatory response: "By whose authority is this message sent?"

Answer: "Upon the authority of the "Richmond Daily Whig," of this date, and with the compliments of ——— ———, signal officer at Dutch Gap, who alone is responsible for sending it."

A short pause, and then comes the reply: "I have the paper, but there is no such news in it."

After a hasty glance at the paper and its date, to be sure he was right, the officer sent back: "I, also, have the paper, and it contains the news, *verbatim*, as I have sent it."

A longer pause, during which the writer was wondering what the matter could be and what would come next, and then he reads through his glass a positive reiteration ending with a significant inquiry like this: "I have looked the paper through again, and there is no such item to be found anywhere in it. What do you mean?"

By this time things were getting seriously mixed, but remembering David Crockett's common-sense maxim, he takes another careful look to reassure himself that there is no *squint* in his *own* eye, and then ventures a *surrebutter*, to wit:

"I beg pardon, but I have looked at the paper again myself, and, if I can read plain English printed on poor brown paper, correctly, there is such news, viz.: the capture of Fort Morgan, etc., to be found in it."

Quick as the signal flag could switch, comes back the order: "Send a man with that paper to my headquarters at once."

The order was promptly obeyed, and the carrier instructed not to return until he found out the mystery, if he had to stay there a week. It was now nearly dark, and the man coming very near being drowned in crossing the river, the paper was thoroughly soaked when handed in for the General's inspection. The sequel is, there was a morning and evening issue of the "Daily Whig," which was just then interesting *news* to the officer.

"What's in a Name?"

Well, a good deal sometimes, especially if it happens to be of Polish origin, as the signal officer, referred to in the last anecdote, thought one day when communicating with one of Kosciusko's liberty-loving descendants.

He had been trying in vain for some time to make out what kind of an ending that a new officer, with whom he had never interchanged signals before, was trying quite as earnestly to give to a message that the latter had been sending him, when losing all his patience, after several calls to "repeat," he inquired: "What in the name of common sense are you trying to give us, anyway? Cannot make anything out of the last part of your message but a crazy jumble of letters."

To the great but amusing surprise of the puzzled inquirer came back the response: "Oh! I finished my message long ago, and am simply trying to sign my name, but you don't give me a chance!"

"Spell it out slowly once more then, and I wont interrupt you again until you get through."

The flagman was now requested to write it down while the officer took it, letter for letter, through his glass as follows: J–C–K–R–Z–Y–W–O–S–Z–Y–N–S–K–I! It took all but two of these fifteen letters to spell his last or family name; the first two were for Julius Cæsar.

One Shot was Enough.

It was strangely true as has been often proved, and as every old soldier well knows, that he who feels the bravest when safe from harm is usually the greatest coward when danger comes: and that the exact converse of this is equally true.

Men, as a rule, do not boast of their courage and prowess so much to deceive others as because they are deceived themselves. They feel to have what nature has never given them; while many a war-scarred veteran, on the other hand, seriously feared, all the time from his enlistment to his first battle, that he could never face the bullets of the enemy. Of the former class are the two following anecdotes:

One afternoon in the Summer of '64, two "Christian Commission" fellows, just from the North, had found their way, unchallenged, to the top of Cobb Hill signal station, on the Appomattox, which was then in charge of an officer formerly from the Twelfth New Hampshire.

In answer to their apologies for intrusion, they were reminded by the officer that it was not a very safe place just then to take a view from, as the enemy, every fifteen or twenty minutes, was sending over spiteful notices for him to vacate, in the shape of Whitworth projectiles.

At this, the smaller and quieter one suggested to his companion the propriety of going down instead of unnecessarily exposing themselves. But the other laughed at his Christian brother's timidity, with no enemy within a mile of him, as he expressed it (he little knew of the long range and deadly aim of a Whitworth), and boldly exclaimed: "Well, if you aren't a brave one to come out to war. I should just like to be under fire once to see if it would affect me as much as the bare thought of it does you."

The officer had no doubt now which of his two visitors was the braver, and his wish that the next shot, momentarily expected, would come close enough to take the starch out of the pompous one, was soon granted.

"Well, don't be impatient, my brave friend, and you may be lucky enough to have your ambitious desires gratified," said the officer, without waiting any reply from the one to whom the taunting remark was directed. Hardly had these words been spoken when the flagman, who was on the watch for the flash of the gun, cried out: "Here she comes," and the next instant our brave hero of

the moment before reels against the side planking and goes down, apparently lifeless, upon the floor.

With no color in his face, no strength in his muscles, and not enough talk in his tongue to utter a single word in reply to the bantering questions of the officer about how he liked it, wanting to be under fire again, etc., he was lowered down in the windlass cradle, his legs being no longer able to use the ladders that he went up on.

Only a few words more need be written of this Whitworth shot and its target:

It came so near it took his breath,
And frightened him almost to death.

Braver to Send than Receive.

The commander of the double-turreted monitor, Onondago, that in the Fall and Winter of 1864–65 was the largest and the only first-class war vessel of four or five that held the James river above City Point, and guarded that place against an attack of the Confederate ironclads that lay between them and Richmond, was always bragging about what he would do if the "rebel rams," as he called them, should come down the river and give them battle.

The signal officer, referred to in the last anecdote, was then in charge of "Crow's Nest Tower," which stood on the bluff near where the Onondago lay, and used to direct the shots from her guns that were sent into the enemy's lines.

This brought the two officers into frequent communication, and the naval commander would so often refer to his wish that he could aim his guns at the rebel ironclads, at close quarters, instead of wasting his shot by throwing them at the enemy's works a mile or more away, that the other said to him one day: "Well, now, I'll not question but you honestly feel all you talk; but, if the rebel rams should commence butting you with their steel horns one of these mornings, I would n't wonder if you would be the first one to hoist the white flag." Although this expression of opinion was as sincere as it was plain, yet the speaker little thought that his words would so soon become literally true.

A few weeks later, January 23, 1865, the enemy's ironclads, with their long steel prows, did commence butting against the Federal chain of obstructions above Dutch Gap, and opened a severe fire upon our little opposing squadron, of which the Onondago, mounting a 15-inch smooth-bore and a 200-pound rifled Parrott in each turret, was the chief reliance. Yet no sooner did the action commence than its brave-tongued commander ordered his boat to steam down the river, and with such cowardly haste as to run through a pontoon bridge that was in the way of his flight. He was afterward tried for cowardice, cashiered, and sent home in disgrace. The foregoing is but illustrative of the fact, so well known to every old veteran,

That he can be relied on most,
Who is the least inclined to boast;
While those impatient for the fun
Are usually the first to run.

THAT STUMP.

John F Webster, of Company I, while confined to the hospital by a severe wound received at Gettysburg, was a listener to the following amusing conversations between a sharp examining surgeon and some of the hospital "bummers" that he had been instructed to start for their regiments:

Walking up to the ward master — a great, stout fellow, who had grown fat on much food and little exercise, and who had been so long there that he supposed himself secure from all liability of ever, again, being sent to the front — he said:

"Well, sir, what's the matter with you?"

"I've got a lame back and hip."

"From what cause, sir?"

"I was struck on the back by a limb that was cut from a tree by a solid shot at the battle of Chancellorsville."

"Take off your coat and pants and let me examine you."

"O there 's nothing you can see now, doctor; but it injured my hip and spine and —"

"The spinal cord, and affecting the sciatic nerve, causing you great pain at times, I suppose."

"O yes, doctor, I have suffered —"

"A great deal, no doubt, and there is more or less weakness of the nervous system affecting the will power of the mind and causing a growing disinclination to move round and control the muscular action of the lower limbs."

"Yes, doctor, that 's just it; you 've explained it better than I could myself."

"Very likely; yours is by no means a rare case in army hospitals. Now, let me see if you can shut one eye and stand on the opposite leg."

The sergeant tries the leg with the injured hip, and, after seemingly great effort and much wabbling, fails.

"Just as I expected. Now try your other leg, and see if you have any trouble with either one or both eyes shut."

"No, doctor; I can stand on this leg all right."

"So I see, and I think I understand your case perfectly."

Then turning to the physician in charge of the ward: "I suppose you would call this a case of acute sciatica complicated with incipient locomotor ataxia which, without heroic treatment, will rapidly progress to a fatal termination, would you not?"

The ward doctor, now both amused and puzzled, half nodded his head; but before he could make up his mind what to say, the sergeant, who had heard the word "fatal" and saw the nod, could wait no longer, but anxiously inquired: "I don't know, doctor, as I really understand you. Do you think I am in a dangerous condition?"

"Not now, sir, but you soon will be."

"What do you mean, doctor?"

"I mean, sir, that you shall soon have a chance to smell the invigorating fumes of burnt powder, and take your share and chance of the toil and danger of your comrades in the field, instead of bumming round here any longer. You will start for your regiment at 8 o'clock to-morrow morning."

By this time several other hospital loafers, who had heard some of the conversation, began to tremble in their nicely blacked shoes, for they saw that their days of soft bread and bed were numbered.

The next subject for examination was a lymphatic specimen of the Teutonic race, "fat, fair, and forty," who, for fear of the very danger that now confronted him, had for some time been trying to get his discharge; having a much stronger liking and keener relish for sour crout and lager beer, than for "hard-tack" and coffee.

"Now, sir," said the examining physician, "we are ready for your case. In what battle were you wounded?"

"I vash no hit mits ze gun, docsher, but me vash keek mits ze mule rightsh in ze shtoomick."

"When was that, sir?"

"Dat vash in ze battle of—of—vhats you calls it, when we fights mits Sigel?"

"What were you doing with a mule in battle, sir?"

"O it vash ze mule vhats done mits me. Itsh me shtoomick so bad, itsh no goot in ze army mits me, shure, docsher; so I vish zhu give mine dishsharge."

"All right, sir, I will discharge you, now, from this hospital, with orders to report to your regiment for duty as soon as you can get there."

"O, mine Got! docsher, mine Got! I ish dead, shure! I can no shtand it! Zhu no tinks me shick, cos me vhats zhu call poor, tamn Dutchman; zhu no tinks me shick, docsher. O, mine *Gott!* mine shtoomick! mine *fader in himmel!* vhats shall I do?"

But no amount of badly mixed Dutch and English pleading could change the doctor's verdict; so, leaving his second patient still bemoaning his cruel fate, and remarking as he passed along, that it was another bad case of chronic laziness and constitutional cowardice, he soon hunts up another victim and again inquires:

"Well, sir, how happens it that you are here?"

"I fell over a stump and—

"Fell over *what* stump, *where*, and *when?*"

"On the last night's march before the battle of Gettysburg."

"And after you fell over that stump you fell out of the ranks, and remained behind until after the battle, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, I could n't help it."

"Oh, no! of course not; for you are the seventeenth man, that I have found to-day in this hospital, that tumbled over that very same, identical stump! You will have a chance to talk it over with them on your way back to your regiment to-morrow."

How He Saved His Money and His Life.

Sergeant John S. Collins, of Company H, was one of the unfortunate number who were captured out of the Twelfth Regiment on the "Bermuda Front," as then called, in the Fall of '64.

As customary with the rebel officers and their soldiers, when they made a Yankee catch, every prisoner was closely examined, not so much to ascertain if he had any secreted arms, as to disencumber him of his

"greenbacks" and watch, if he had any; and their victim was considered worthy of especial congratulation if he succeeded in saving his coat and boots from exchange for the worn-out ones of some of his captors.

While standing in line to be searched, Sergeant Collins noticed how his comrades, whose turns came before his to be examined, were being treated, and quickly improvised a shrewd plan whereby he saved all of his money, except a few pieces of scrip, which luckily consisted of but one bill, and that a twenty-dollar one.

Without exciting the least suspicion (for what could be more natural than that he should earnestly desire one more smoke, before losing perhaps both his pipe and tobacco), he commenced to fumble through his pockets, and pretty soon took out his jack-knife, tobacco, and pipe, and, putting the latter into his mouth, began to cut from the plug of his cherished weed a good hollow-hand roll to fill it with. But contrary to the usual custom of loading pipes, as well as fire-arms of a more dangerous kind, the wadding already prepared, was put in before the ammunition. After the bowl of his "T D." was jammed full to its very brim, our cool-headed hero of the occasion deliberately takes a match from his vest pocket, and giving it a quick scratch down the right-hip side of his army blues, proceeds to light it. This, after burning up two or three matches, and taking a number of apparently hard and long drawn suction drafts, followed by as many nearly or quite smokeless puffs, he partially succeeded in doing; but no sooner were the cool, independent, and almost insulting acts and manner of the Sergeant noticed by the officer in charge, than he was sharply ordered to "*stop smoking.*" This he was more willing to do than the officer was to have him, though he obeyed the order with great seeming reluctance. He was the only one of that prison-bound squad who saved his money, and he told the writer years afterward, when attesting to the truth of the story, that that twenty-dollar "greenback" saved his life, referring to his suffering experience at Salisbury.

All the Same.

Though a cold night in December, '64, the orders were that no fires be built upon the picket-line, so that the enemy should not know the position of that part of our army.

After shivering humanity could stand it no longer, Corporal Tibbetts, of Company G, gathered together some dry sticks and leaves, applied the match, and stood warming his benumbed fingers by a good cheerful blaze, when the officer of the line came riding furiously up and angrily asked the Corporal if he did not know that the orders were to have no fires.

"O yes, sir," was the cool reply.

"Then, sir, how is this? Do you not intend to obey orders?"

"Well, I guess I 'm puty well up to the average in that respect, Colonel; but, *con dem it all*, I might as well be shot to death as froze to death."

The officer saw that he was talking to an "old vet," and after a shrugging, "Urgh! 't is awful cold," and a few words about not letting his fire burn up too bright, rode along, leaving the Corporal in command of his post with his comfortable headquarters undisturbed.

In Rebel Prisons.

What the Union soldiers suffered in the prison pens of the South, could it all be written, would never be known; for words, however carefully chosen or skillfully arranged, can only produce a faint somber shading of that dark and damnable reality known only to those who suffered there.

The following is from the pen of Lyman N. Merrill, of Company I, than whom there were few, if any, better soldiers ever captured by the enemy:

I wish to give a very brief description of how I lived and was treated while confined in the rebel prisons.

I was captured on the seventeenth day of November, 1864, while on picket on the Bermuda line. I was first taken to Richmond, and stayed one night in the old Libby prison. I was then sent over across the street to the Pemberton building, where I remained about two weeks. Dick Turner came around and called the roll every morning. I was next taken to Salisbury, N. C., getting there about December 6. O. P Hall, of Company D, and G W Dockham, of Company G, and myself used to den together in a hole in the ground. We took care of ourselves the best we could. We had a very small piece of corn bread and a little rice water that they called soup. They gave us a small piece of meat once, which is all that I can remember of — and it was a very small piece at that, about half as large as my two fingers — while we were in the prison. We were drowned out of our hole three times. We had to get out and stand in the rain until it stopped. The hole would fill up full, and we would have to dip the water out as best we could, having nothing but a pint tin cup to do it with. When it was all out we would crawl back into our hole again to keep from suffering from heat or cold as the season and weather might be.

We stayed there until the twenty-second day of February, 1865, and what a glorious Washington's birthday it was to us to be relieved from such a place as that! No pen can describe the suffering there was in those prisons.

The History of a Five-Cent Piece.

"'Tis strange, but true; ——"

The following remarkable instance of the fact that a good as well as a bad penny sometimes returns, is from the pen of Col. Thomas E. Barker:

While a prisoner of war in Old Parish prison, New Orleans, La., in December, 1862, like many of my associates, I became quite skilled in the manufacture,

from the bones in our rations, of rings, charms, Masonic emblems, etc., which were eagerly sought for and purchased by the many visitors who were allowed, on certain days of each week, to see us.

On one occasion I received, among other change for my wares, a five-cent piece bearing date of 1795 and marked with the initials "M. K." Regarding it a rare specimen, I resolved to keep it to add to a collection of coins that a friend in the North had been for many years gathering, should it be my good fortune ever to return from captivity to my old home and friends. Soon, however, our rations were diminished, and even the supply of bones run out; so our only source of revenue stopped, and I was reduced to this last five-cent bit. Though placing upon it a greater value than any ten dollars I have ever seen since the war, the temptation to buy with it a cup of molasses one day, when hard pressed by the gnawings of hunger, was too much, and it went out of my possession into the great Crescent City

Two months later, while *en route* for Salisbury, N. C., having received some money from home, I gave one of the guard in charge of us a dollar to buy some articles of food at one of the railroad stations for myself and comrades, but he forgot to return.

Several days after arriving at Salisbury prison, where we were confined for the next three months, one of the Confederate soldiers, who was cognizant of the mean act of the man who stole my money, found and compelled him to restore it to me. To my utter astonishment but great delight, there among the rest of the change returned to me was the identical five-cent coin that I had so reluctantly parted with at New Orleans two or three months before. My fond ambition and desire, intensified by this circumstance, to take it to my friend was gratified a few months later, when we were paroled and sent home.

Twenty years after the war, my friend concluded to dispose of his coins, and the old five-cent piece came again into my possession; and from its strange tenacity to follow me, it now has a permanent place among my most valued keepsakes.

What He Had Come For.

The hero of this amusing incident was the good and brave private Nudd, of Company I.

He had just returned from a furlough visit home, granted him for superior appearance and deportment in the competitive trial on Chapin's Farm, when, one day, he was seen in dress parade trim, marching, with his musket at "right shoulder shift," toward General Weitzel's headquarters.

"See! there goes Nudd for another furlough," exclaimed one of his comrades to another; "and I'll bet you he gets it, too."

They did not know that he had got a little too much of that which brings trouble instead of furloughs already, for he had the firm and measured step, erect carriage, and proud bearing of one of the king's foot body-guard, and he marched as straight forward as if he was making a perambulatory demonstration that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points.

But it was no such a trifling object as a thirty days' furlough that he had in view now His aim was higher, and he was bound to bring down, as the sequel will show, much bigger game; for the spirit within him stirred up his blood and fired his ambition to dare, if he could not do, great and noble deeds. Soon he reaches the General's tent, and with arms already at a "shoulder" he demands immediate admission as a bearer of verbal orders from the highest authority and of the greatest importance. After a brief parley with the guard he, by order of the General who had overheard the conversation, was admitted; and marching in and saluting the somewhat surprised but more amused commander of the right wing of the Army of the James, he assumes the stone-stern rigidity of a soldier statue, and speaking in tones of unquestioned authority, he says: "*General Weitzel, I have come to relieve you of your command!!*"

Why It Wouldn't Draw.

Of the same quaint and queer soldier of Company I, as individualized in the last anecdote, another may be here told.

He was a mason by trade, and was one day employed by his company commander to build a chimney, with fire-place, for the officer's new log house that he had erected with much care and pains for his winter quarters; although, as will be seen elsewhere, his intentions of permanent occupancy were never consummated. When the chimney was all finished as well and nicely as green-pine brick and mud plaster in skillful hands could make it, the officer was greatly puzzled and perplexed because it would not draw, the smoke coming out of the fire-place instead of the chimney top, in spite of dry boughs and pitch-pine stumps to drive it up.

The builder, who has gone to his quarters, is recalled, and asked to explain the mystery. He mutters something about the chimney being green and the workman being dry, the last part of which the officer easily interpreted, and offered to give the mason an order to draw a canteen of whiskey if he would make the chimney draw.

"Can't do it, Capt., but if you'll put a one spot 'greenback' with the order we'll call it a square cut for past and present, and you shall see the smoke go heavenward up your chimney and a bright fire burning in your fire-place 'right smart o' quick.'"

"How quick?" demanded the officer.

"Quick as I get the order and the dollar."

Thinking that impossible from his own experience, and that the chimney would have to be all built over before it could ever be used, which would be worth the price demanded, he scribbles off the order, pulls out the money, and gives them to the waiting and grinning soldier, who at once mounts to the top of the house, and runs a stick down the chimney until the paper he had cunningly fixed across the draft is broken through, and the smoke goes up in triumph at the magic touch of the witty artificer, followed by a shout of laughter in which the victim of the trick heartily joins; while the shrewd perpetrator, descending to the ground, salutes the officer, and walks back to his quarters.

A Story of the Picket-Line.

The first day the regiment went out on picket, after returning from Petersburg to the Bermuda lines, was the time that the following interesting incident occurred:

A few of the men had been stationed in the woods at some distance apart and considerably in advance of the other pickets, as was frequently done in the absence of cavalry, as infantry vedettes.

One of these men, soon after taking his position, thought he heard something moving among the leaves not far in front of him, but the undergrowth was so thick he could not see what it was. After listening intently for some time, and when about to give it no further attention, thinking it was nothing more than some small wild animal, he heard quite distinctly a sound like the breaking of a dry limb that convinced him that a human being, and probably an armed rebel, was approaching. The next moment and the Twelfth boy was under cover and on his guard.

Lying close and still, he anxiously awaited further developments, feeling all the while somewhat nervous at the prospect of having a single-handed skirmish at close quarters with a "Johnny Reb." His first impulse was to fire and fall back to the reserve; but thinking he might be mistaken as to the true cause of his apprehension, and having no reason to suppose from the sound that more than one animal, human or brute, was within danger distance of him, he concluded not to run until there were some more threatening signs of being hurt. Feeling almost ashamed of himself that he, an old soldier, and fresh from the deadly lines of Petersburg, should be now frightened at what might prove nothing more than a squirrel in the woods, he arose from his crouching position behind a large tree, determined to know whether his imagination was playing fool with him or not.

So he started forward, keeping a sharp lookout, however, to the front for whatever might appear. Stepping into a little hollow which gave him a chance, by stooping a little, to take a ground look for some distance ahead, he discovered, as he thought, and as it proved, a pair of butternut colored legs moving swiftly behind a tree. With a soldier's first thought, he at once dropped upon the ground, raising his head just enough to watch sharply the trunk of the tree from its roots up to the height of a man.

Although he had now a slight advantage of the situation, it was, nevertheless, not a very desirable one to occupy; but there was no safe retreat for him now, without greater risk of his life than to remain where he was and watch his chances for the first shot. Besides, he was no coward, and did not like the idea of showing the white feather, even to save his own life. Hardly had he cocked his gun and brought it to a range sight, when part of a face was plainly seen upon one side of the tree, and while he was waiting for a full-sized head or bust for a target, the thought occurred to him: "What if I should fire and miss?"

Having nothing but a muzzle-loader to fight with, he would certainly then, at so short a distance between them, be at the mercy of his foe, who could either kill him or take him prisoner as he chose.

Whether the rebel had seen or only heard him, when he advanced, he did not know, but from the quickness that he covered himself, he was quite sure that he had been seen. Some little time passed with no change in positions, one hugging the tree and the other the ground; the latter feeling he could lie down and watch as long as the former could stand up and wait. At any rate he was not going to fire until sure of his game.

While his antagonist could not advance except at his peril, he could easily cover a retreat; but this gave our picket man no especial anxiety, as he was more interested, just then, in saving himself, than in slaying his enemy But in this, as in many other instances in life's strange experiences, in the army as well as out, there was, between apprehension and realization, a pleasantly wide and safe space for self-congratulation. The Confederate, as the sequel will show, was not of the "Louisiana Tiger" type, thirsting for blood, and concluded, after a brief consultation with himself, to test the temper and disposition of his patiently watchful Lincolnite, with his tongue instead of his gun.

"Halloo there, Yank! What ye hunting for?"

The voice came so unexpectedly that it startled the lone representative of the Twelfth New Hampshire, and he, for the moment, did not know what to say, or whether to reply at all. But not wishing to be outdone in picket-line socialistics any more than tactics, he responded:

"O, *I'm* not hunting; only watching to see what *you're* hunting for."

"Well, I was hunting for the Yankee pickets, and I 've found one, I reckon."

"You 're right for once, I guess, 'Johnny,' but what do you want of them?"

"I wanted to find out if the d — d niggers were still on your picket-line, but as they are not I reckon that you'uns and we'uns might as well be friendly as to shoot each other for nothing. What do you say to that, Yank?"

"All right, 'Johnny,' if you mean what you talk."

"Well, see if I don't," was the quick reply of the Confederate scout — for such he proved to be — as, leaving his gun, he stepped boldly out from the tree, "and I am ready to meet you half way and shake hands as a pledge of good faith."

This was putting our hero in the most scary place of all, for how did he know but the man carried a revolver or dirk knife, neither of which he possessed himself, and had taken that way of getting the advantage of him. But not wishing to show less courage or manliness than the rebel had, he was about to follow his example, when, to his great relief, there appeared two of his comrades, attracted to the place by the loud conversation.

Upon seeing the new comers the Southerner again put himself in an attitude of defense, but being reassured that he should not be hurt or captured, if he would come forward as he had proposed, he soon had the privilege of shaking hands with three Yankees instead of one, and having quite a long chat with them. He said that he had volunteered to go out in advance of their line to ascertain whether the colored troops were still in their front. He said, also, that "we'uns are all plumb down on nigger soldiers," and if he had found one of them, as he expected to, he should probably have shot him.

With promises that they would not forget the lesson of the occasion, should they ever meet again, they parted, each to his post of duty, and all with stronger impulses of brotherly kindness than they had felt before for years.

A Soldier's Prayer.

Asa Witham, of Company D, now a minister, had one evening as usual offered up a fervent petition to "the God of battles," before retiring

A member of Company H, of Celtic descent, who had very attentively listened in his own tent close by, concluded he could improve the effect as well as profit by the example, and immediately followed in a serio-comic style, his voice rising higher and higher as he proceeded in his true Irish strain of eloquence until all the occupants of the adjoining tents were eagerly listening, hardly knowing whether a good or a bad spirit had taken possession of him whose voice had never before been heard among the morning or evening orisons of camp. But they had not long to wait, for the following conclusion of his prayer, which came unexpectedly as the climax of a most earnest and patriotic appeal for victory and peace, must have convinced them all that his Democratic, if not his Christian faith was Simon-pure: "And, O Lord, what we most desire and must have is 'the Union as it was, and the constitution as it is'; *we ask no more, and we'll take no less.* Amen."

Did n't Wait For Another.

This brief incident shows of how much value to the service were some of the new regiments sent out to the front just before the close of the war.

At Chapin's Farm, after the capture of the fort, a big shell came over into our lines, cut off quite a large tree, and striking the ground scooped out a cartful or more of dirt, but did not explode. The "hundred-days' men," lying near by, jumped up and started to run; but seeing veteran troops close advancing — the Twelfth New Hampshire being among them — were shamed from continuing their flight.

Soon another shell came along very nearly in the track of the first, struck a big pine log and exploded, filling the air with chunks and splinters of wood, and pieces of iron. This was too much for the "Doughty Dutchmen," and they scattered in haste, the old soldiers jeering and hooting at them as they ran.

Concluded to Try Him.

One day while the regiment was encamped at Williamsburg, Va., there came an order for its commanding officer to send a lawyer, if he had one, to brigade headquarters, to act as judge advocate of a general court-martial about to be convened for the trial of several deserters and other offenders.

Now the regiment never had but two or three full fledged members of the legal profession, and those had "played out" long before there was any chance to advocate their country's cause on the field of battle.

But the reputation of the "New Hampshire Mountaineers" was at stake. Nothing had ever before been required of or from them that they could not perform or supply, and their proud commander was determined that they should not be found wanting now. So he sends for a lieutenant in one of the companies, and shows him the order. Taking in the situation at a glance, the lieutenant began to protest against the colonel's evident intention, and plead his ignorance and inability; but he was cut short by the earnest and emphatic remark: "This regiment shall never be called upon for an officer or man to fill any place or position, however responsible, that it cannot supply, so long as I have the honor to command it; and, as you come nearest to filling the bill at this time, you must go."

This settled the matter, so far as the lieutenant's duty was concerned, and soon, with the order in his pocket, he was on his way to General Wistar's headquarters. With commingled feelings of fun and fear at the ludicrous position he was being pushed into, and the probable result, he presented himself and the order to the adjutant-general of the brigade, who with a smile, that had something more than affability in it, took him before the commanding general, and introduced him as "the officer sent up from the Twelfth New Hampshire for general judge advocate."

There was evidently a slight touch of irony in the peculiar inflection given to the last three words; nor would the reader wonder could he have seen the comical looking candidate for so responsible a position. Standing there, a mere stripling, but one half-inch above the army standard, and weight correspondingly light, with an indescribable grin upon his flushed and beardless face, he looked more like a half grown schoolboy than he really was, or the result would, doubtless, have been less favorable.

The General, looking up from the table upon which he was writing, gazed quizzically at the lieutenant for what seemed to him full sixty seconds, and then with a furtive glance at his adjutant-general, and with more sternness in his voice than countenance, made inquisition of his new acquaintance as follows:

"Are you a lawyer, sir?"

"No, sir."

"Have you ever acted as judge advocate?"

"No, sir."

"Have you ever been a member of a general court-martial?"

"No, sir."

These three questions had followed each other in quick succession; but now came a pause, the General thinking, probably, that there had been some mistake. But remembering that he had sent for a lawyer the General again inquires:

"Have you ever *studied* law?"

Here the unwilling witness was touched in a tender spot, for the truth compelled him to answer:

"Yes, sir, a little, before I got into "Uncle Sam's" employ, but I guess I have forgotten it all before now."

"Sit down here, sir," pointing to a chair near him, "and let me see."

The result of the examination, which was short but sharp, being quite satisfactory, the young judge advocate, after receiving full authority and all necessary instruction for opening and conducting his court the next day, returned to his

regiment feeling much better satisfied with himself than when he went. It is but justice to this officer, who is still living, and a practicing member of the bar, to say that such was his success in his new position, that he was promised by General Wistar a recommendation for the position of a post judge advocate until the end of the war, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

Saved His Head.

Sergeant Stockbridge, of Company B, who was one deserving the honors of the "old guard," always used to be picking into every unexploded shell he could find, and his comrades, who used to call him "Stodgum," had often told him that his curiosity would cost him his head some day, if he did n't look out.

That day came while encamped at Chapin's Farm, but he *looked out* just in time to save his head. A big fuse shell from the enemy struck in the camp and rolled down the company street. In a minute Stockbridge was on its track, but when within ten or fifteen feet of it he noticed a little puff of smoke just in time to drop upon his face before the shell exploded.

His Last Game of Cards.

There were few, if any, better soldiers in the Twelfth or any other regiment than E. G. C., of Company D; but he was always full of his fun, and no one liked to play euchre better than he did.

One day, when the regiment was near Fort Harrison, he and three others — two from the Ninth Vermont, and one from the Fifth Maryland — were playing a four-handed game, using a rubber blanket spread upon the ground as a table.

Soon a shell came over from the enemy's line and exploded so close to them that it left only a shapeless mass of mangled flesh in the place where but an instant before sat his partner of the Fifth Maryland, in the full form and vigor of life.

Though none of the others were seriously injured, yet the poor fellow thus sadly and suddenly summoned hence was not the only one of the four who had played his last game of cards.

How He Got Out Of It.

George E. Place, of Company B, who was detailed from the regiment to act as one of the provost guard of Whipple's division, a few weeks before Chancellorsville, here gives his experience of the evening before the main battle, when Jackson's forces scattered the Eleventh Corps and struck a staggering blow to Hooker's whole army.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon of May 2, 1863, a day I shall never forget, we were standing in a field somewhere near the plank road. A squad of ten or fifteen rebel prisoners, captured by Berdan's sharpshooters, passed us, in charge of a guard, each one with a uniform different from the others. We learned from the guard that they were a portion of a Georgia regiment. A squad of cavalry men stood near us, and one of them began to berate the passing squad. "We 'll have every mother's son of you," he exclaimed, "before we go away from here."

One of the rebs, a man of about fifty, hunch-backed, and with, I think, the largest nose I every saw on a person's face, with an ominous shake of the head, replied: "You 'll catch h—l before night."

It was not long after the squad had passed, before, away off on our right, out on the still air of that bright afternoon, like the eruption of a volcano, burst that thunderous roll of artillery that heralded "Stonewall" Jackson's attack upon the Eleventh Corps. A few minutes afterwards we advanced a short distance towards the Chancellor House, and took position just within the edge of some pine woods. Everything in our vicinity was as yet very quiet, no intimation having reached us of the disaster that had occurred. Presently, a few stragglers began to make their appearance, coming through the woods from the direction where the firing had been heard. In conformity with our duty as provost guards, we ordered them to fall in on the left of our company, which each one quietly did as he came along.

The stragglers continued to increase, and it was not long before the number exceeded our own company As yet, no one had given any account of themselves as to how they came to be there. Probably their silence was owing to the fact that they were skulkers, and felt ashamed of their conduct. More and more numerous they appeared, coming through the woods. I began to suspect that something was wrong. I turned and looked at our captain. A troubled, inquiring look rested on his face. Looking at the increasing stream of soldiers, he finally exclaimed: "What does this mean?"

A soldier, evidently a German, excitedly replied: "You had better get out of dis as quick as you can. De rebs are right on our heels!" The next instant, one dense mass of men came pouring through the woods upon us.

"Forward, march!" shouted our captain. On we started, just in advance of the retreating stream, soon reaching an open field, where a German battery was busily preparing either for action or retreat. They were directly in our path, and we passed between their guns. We passed on a few rods further, when a scene of the wildest confusion and panic ensued. The main body of the retreating force had struck us. I immediately became conscious that I was in a dense crowd; a crowd that was surging along as fast as legs could carry them. Several times I was literally lifted from my feet, and it required the greatest exertion on my part to avoid being thrown down. The boys in my company began throwing away their knapsacks. I was urged to do the same. I had sixty rounds of cartridges and five days' rations, besides other physical comforts in my knapsack, yet I did not, as yet, feel like parting with it. I passed a horse lying upon the ground, struggling to regain his feet, with a hole in his flank as large as an orange, from which the blood was issuing in jets. It is a mystery to me how that horse could have received its wound, for no firing on that part of the field had then occurred.

Presently, I became conscious that I was alone. Burdened with my knapsack, I could not make as fast time as the others, and so was left in the rear. It was now dusk. I came to a small brook, and was just going to leap over it, when a shelling suddenly began, coming from the field where we had passed the German battery The shells had scarcely left the guns, when bang! bang! from one or more batteries posted on a bank not more than ten rods ahead of me. I wondered if the battery we had passed had been captured by the rebels and turned upon us, or if it had fallen back, and was among those who were now returning the rebel fire. The volley from our guns was the first intimation I had that I was running into the mouth of batteries, as it was now quite dark, and it would hardly be necessary to say that I was very much excited. (I have noticed that soldiers don't like to use the word "frightened" to express a peculiar emotion, and so it becomes convenient to use the word "excited.") For a few moments after the fire had opened, I felt sure that my last hour was at hand; but I soon noticed that the danger was not so very imminent, as the shells passed a safe distance above my head.

It was a grand pyrotechnic display. The air seemed to be full of fiery serpents, formed by the burning fuse, passing each other in opposite directions, and every one hissing like a demon. There seemed to be many more guns on our side than the rebel's, and the firing soon ceased, lasting about ten minutes. It was a grand display but I did not feel particularly anxious to stop and witness it. I thought it about time to part with my knapsack, which I proceeded to unstrap as quickly as possible. It seemed as if never before it had taken so long to unstrap it. As soon as I got free, I changed my order of march "by the left flank," and marched (?) up the ravine. I soon reached a road, and had a purpose to cross it and go on a little further so as to be sure of getting safely past the flank of the batteries: but just as I stepped into the road, a rebel gun, planted in the road to my left, on the opposite bank from our batteries, threw a shell which passed but a short distance above my head. My eyes instinctively followed its course. It passed on but a short distance and exploded. The glare revealed the fact that it had exploded directly over one of our guns, and but a few feet above it. I thought to myself, "if that shell did n't kill or injure some of those gunners, it is remarkable." I learned afterwards that one man was killed, and two wounded by it. That shell caused me to change my purpose in regard to crossing the road, and I turned, intending to keep it, but I had scarcely turned when a shell from one of our guns, right in front of me, came whizzing over my head, so near that the wind of its motion staggered me; indeed, I could compare the force with which that wind struck me, no better than by saying that it was like a big barn door being stood up in front of me, and then, by some mighty force, dashed to the ground in an instant. That shell changed the order of my march again, and I turned out of the road and into some woods which stood close to the road, and ran on about twenty rods, when I sank to the ground, completely out of breath.

The firing soon ceased, and all was quiet. I lay there about an hour, and began to get quite rested. I thought of my knapsack, and concluded I would go back and see if I could recover it. I soon found it, but it had been rifled of everything except my shelter tent. I picked it up and sadly strapped it to my back. I had scarcely done so, when they got into a row on the picket-line, and

a shower of bullets came whistling around me. One passed so near my neck that I felt its wind stir my hair; but I had already grown to be quite a veteran, and went leisurely on my way. I soon found our captain and some half-dozen of the boys. All night long the boys kept dropping in, and by morning all but two had come.

General Weitzel to Doctor Fowler.

On the evening before the last "on to Richmond" was sounded, Doctor Fowler, then in charge of Point of Rocks hospital, received the following order from General Weitzel, commanding on the north side of the James:

Head Qrs., &c., &c.,
April 2, 1865.

Dr. H. B. Fowler, *Surg. in charge Point of Rocks Hospital*

Sir,—You will prepare your hospital to receive one thousand wounded, at once. We start for Richmond to-morrow by light. *Hell is to pay and no pitch hot.*

By order, &c.,
G. Weitzel,
Maj. Gen. Com'd'g.

Still Patriotic.

On the day of the capture of Richmond, all of the Union soldiers, of course, were in good spirits, and some had foolishly tried to excel their comrades in the exuberance of their feelings by the aid of spirits of another kind.

Daniel Cheney, while passing along a street, saw one of his comrades of Company E sitting on the steps of a store building, looking and acting as if he had been celebrating at the expense of his usual soldier-like appearance and deportment, as well as his manly dignity.

"Why,———,what are you doing here?" interrogated Cheney.

"O Dan, is that you? I'm so glad (hic) to find you. I've been hun-hunting (hic) and 'unting for the bo-bo-boys till I can't s-s-stand any longer."

"So I am sorry to see. You are evidently in a bad condition."

"Yes, the condi-d-dition is (hic) is very bad, but the *s-s-sit-situation is glorious.*"

He evidently had gotten the status of himself and the army slightly mixed up.

They Troubled His Dreams.

Anyone who has journeyed through some parts of the South will appreciate the following, from the true and tried Thomas Lawler while in charge of the jail at Danville, Va.:

I had the present of a nice cot bedstead, and so after getting through my duties at the jail I put on my new straw bed that I had prepared for it, put my cartridge-box and boots under my head, using a newspaper for my pillow-slip, and, congratulating myself on having so rare a chance for a good night's rest, went to bed, and was soon fast asleep. By and by I partly awoke, and attributing my disturbance to the actions of the jail birds that I had charge of, said: "Quit your fooling there or you will get locked up."

Pretty soon I was aroused again, this time to a full consciousness of my situation, and jumping up I found my cartridge-box on my head, the newspaper and blanket at my feet, and could hear my boots going across the floor. As soon as possible I struck a match and what a sight did I see! There was a whole army of all ranks and grades, from major-generals to privates, with a vast array of the latter, all out on *skirmish drill*, except a strong detail of pioneers who were clearing the field of all obstructions. Securing from the latter my cartridge-box and boots, I shook my blanket and threw my bed out of the window, and found quiet repose for the rest of the night upon the floor.

"Three Hundred Dollars and a Cow."

He had marvellously escaped unscratched from the woods where the regiment had fought at Chancellorsville, and had just begun to congratulate himself on his good luck, when up jumped half a dozen or more of rebel soldiers, from some bushes that had concealed them, and very earnestly invited him to join their company Not wishing to offend the sensitive spirit of Southern chivalry by any seeming discourtesy, and being too near to make any successful pretension that he did not hear, having already looked them in the face over the barrels of their leveled muskets, he concluded to accept of their invitation, whatever might be his reception. He was at once sent to the rear, and the next day started with many more "blue coats" for Richmond.

Now this young but plucky member of Company E, as said of "Bully Brooks" of *ante-bellum* days, was "a good fighter but a poor traveler," and he neither liked the journey nor the destination.

He had been used to tramping over the green-pasture hills of his native town of Holderness, and catching the bright-speckled inmates of her clear-running streams; but being caught himself was another thing, and far less enjoyable. He did not, moreover, quite like the prospect of marching with blistered feet through forty or fifty miles of Virginia mud, to find rest at last within the walls of a rebel prison; and so he went up to a man with long gray hair and beard, who was pointed out to him by the guard as the surgeon, and, showing him the large blisters upon his feet, asked that he might be allowed to remain with the wounded and disabled prisoners that were to be left in the rebel lines upon the field. But all the aid or sympathy he got for his pains was, "I 'll risk ye," the doctor thinking, no doubt, that —

> Willing feet to come must be made to go,
> No matter if blistered from heel to toe.

With an angry grind of the teeth he turns away, and immediately commences to do a little thinking for himself; and about the first thing that presented itself to his mind was the not very consoling old saw-toothed rhyme,

"What can't be cured must be endured."

Quick as the clap follows the flash, when the lightning "strikes," a bright idea struck *him*. Why not supplement the somber-hued old adage and leave, at least, a tail-end margin of hope by adding, "*unless you can dodge it.*"

"Nothing risked, nothing gained," kind memory at once brought up to reinforce his resolution, already formed, and while the guard makes another halt to take in a new squad of prisoners, he drops, unobserved, into a bunch of bushes, and soon the officer in charge marched his captives, amounting, now, to several hundred, down the plank road *en route* for Richmond, leaving the lucky dodger still safely hidden, like Moses, in the bush.

The following night he crawled out of his leafy covert, and, finding an old negro hut, climbed up into the loft and was soon fast asleep. When he awoke it was nearly 10 o'clock in the morning, and although greatly rested by so good a dose of "tired nature's sweet restorer," the demands of an empty stomach were becoming persistently urgent, while he had not so much as the crumbs of an empty haversack with which to furnish a supply, all having been taken from him by the "Johnnies." Here was something that could be neither quickly cured nor long endured; but to *dodge* the rebel pickets and across the Rappahannock river, where he could get food without fear of recapture, was altogether of a different size and kind from the bush-drop dodge that had served him so well the day before. But it was foolish, he thought, to give himself up to despair or the rebels without trying his luck a little longer, and so he was about to go down and walk out onto the field and play the lame duck dodge, when he heard someone moving about below.

The noise he had made, not thinking anyone else was in the house, had been heard by the rebel citizen, as he proved to be, who, after listening for a few moments in vain for some other sound from above, started to go up the ladder. Fearing worse treatment from him than the rebel soldiers, and having nothing to defend himself with, our hero made a bold leap through the hole, pushing the man off the ladder by hitting him with his shoulder as he jumped, both landing with a crash upon the floor below, one upon his heels, which he so quickly took to that he could never tell whether the other struck upon his head or back. Whether the citizen or soldier was the more frightened or hurt will never be known; but whatever of evil the former had intended, the latter, as the would-be-lame duck, had escaped by the use of his wings, and such free and rapid motion of his legs, until he reached the woods, as to prove him more of a land than a water fowl, and having the locomotive powers of an ostrich.

Under cover of the woods he hoped to remain awhile undiscovered, and possibly find something to eat; but he was soon again under the watch of a rebel guard, who put all manner of questions to him, as to where he had been since the battle, and threatened to send him to Richmond, "with the rest of you'uns," at the first opportunity. This, he pretended, was just what he wanted, so as to get out of marching and fighting for a while, and could n't understand any more than they could, how in the world they came to take away all the rest of those

that were able to travel and leave him behind. At last one of the officers said to him: "If you have no more heart for the work than you pretend to have, what did you come down here to fight us for?"

"*Three hundred dollars and a cow*," was the quick response; at which they all set up a hearty laugh, not only at the idea, but at the quaint, comic way he expressed it, with the peculiar Yankee pronunciation of the last word.

"Wonder if Uncle Sam' won't give us all a *k-e-o-w*, if we 'll go back and work for him on the old farm?" jokingly inquired one of the men.

"I *reckin*, *right smart* he would, with a little *nigger* boy to milk her," answered the prisoner boy, as a *quid pro quo* for the "*keow*."

Whereat there was another outbreak of laughter, followed by a free and amusing interchange of queries and jokes, in which the "funny Yank," as they called him, managed to hold his own so well that he gained the good will of his captors and was told that he might "hang 'round hare and tote water for you'uns," thousands of whom were still lying on the ground, wounded and dying, with no shelter but the shade of the trees, and nothing but the dew of welcome night to cool their fevered brows.

In a few days the badly wounded of the Union army, as he was informed, would be sent across the river under a flag of truce, while those who had sufficiently recovered from sickness and slight wounds to be able to travel, would be marched in the other direction as another, and the last, squad for Libby prison; and then he would have the pleasure, as he pretended, of accompanying them.

It was now only too evident that something must be done, and that quickly. But *what*, *how*, and *when* formed around him an adverbial triangle, to escape from which presented a problem about as difficult of solution, as that which so long puzzled the brain of Pythagoras. Indeed, was not the task of the great Grecian philosopher easier than his own; for he of Samos, with two sides given, had only to find the third, and a whole lifetime to do it in; while he of the Twelfth New Hampshire, was completely hemmed in on every side, with nothing given him but a choice between Libby and lice at Richmond, and liberty or death in an attempt to escape, with only a day or two left him to decide.

His choice was soon made, but his plan of operations was not so quickly decided upon: for he well knew that a hap-hazard undertaking was too uncertain to rely upon where so much depended upon the result. At last, prompted by the thought that had often recurred to him since its first happy inception and practical test, on the day of his capture, he resolved to try the confidence *dodge*. He had already, he believed, won the good will and confidence of the captain, who commanded the provost guard that captured him the second time, and learned from him that this officer had a sister in New York that he thought a great deal of, and to whom he was very anxious to send word of his being alive and well.

Here was, certainly, a slender sprout of hope, and he concluded to nourish and cultivate it. To his great joy the soil was congenial, and it grew and flourished beyond his most ardent expectations. He made the officer believe that he had not been joking about his being tired and sick of the war, and that while he did not like to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy and remain in the South, as suggested to him, he was only waiting for the opportunity of a furlough that had been promised him before the battle, and that he was sure to get as soon as he got back to his regiment, to skip to Canada, where he had a copperhead

uncle who had recently moved there to escape the draft, and then old "Abolition Abe" might get him back if he could.

A dish so well cooked and seasoned could not otherways than be palatable; and so the rebel captain swallowed it all, but expressed some fears that the promised furlough might not be so easily procured. Being assured that getting a furlough from the Northern army was "as easy as falling off a log," and exacting a solemn promise from his confidant that he would see his sister on his way home and never again return to the army, he promised, in return, that he would try and get his Yankee captive across the river at the first good opportunity.

When, in a day or two, the Union army sent over their ambulances for the wounded, fearing the captain would not keep his promise, or fail in trying to, he tried hard but vainly to elude the rebel guard and get across the pontoon bridge on his own hook. But the officer was as good as his word, and, before the next morning, had sent him in a small skiff across the Rappahannock, from which, with light feet and a lighter heart, he very soon found his way to General Hooker's headquarters, and thence to the camp of the fortunate, but sad and sorrowful, few who had been left to march back from the bloody field of Chancellorsville.

Quicker Lost than Found.

Here is given an incident that the writer forgot to connect with other brief ones, referring to the same battle, as one printed earlier in this chapter

Lyman Hamblet, of Company F, picked up a bass drum while retreating from the shot-swept field of Chancellorsville. One of the sharpshooters then under the command of Captain Locke, who was a witness to this incident, told Hamblet to throw it away, as he would be lucky to save himself without encumbering himself with old drums.

No quicker were the words spoken, and before the advice could be heeded, a cannon-ball crushed through the drum and gave close warning to the Twelfth boy that, though safely off from that ridge of death, where the bodies of so many of his comrades were left to be buried by the enemy, he was still upon dangerous ground.

Abraham Lincoln's Greatness.

As shown by the following incident, which well illustrates the great chieftain's kindness and consideration at all times and for every person, whatever his rank or condition, was of the highest order of that native nobility that only belongs to the very few God-like characters, who by their lives have blessed and honored mankind.

O. F. Davis, of Company A, while in the Veteran Reserve Corps at Washington, was one day called upon, as sergeant of the guard, to permit President Lincoln to enter one of the military prisons, at the door of which he had been

halted by the soldier on guard there. The sergeant said that his instructions were to allow no man to enter without a pass from the provost marshal or General Auger, then in command at the capital. "But do you not know me?" asked the President.

"Yes, sir, answered the sergeant, I know you are President Lincoln; but my orders are strict and unqualified, and I have no authority or discretion but to obey and inforce them."

"But you receive your orders from your superiors in rank, do you not? and I am, as I suppose you know, commander-in-chief of the whole army of the Union."

"Yes, sir," humbly replied the sergeant, who was beginning to doubt the correctness as he more clearly appreciated the delicacy and responsibility of his own position, "but I received my orders from the officer of the guard, and should I not continue to obey them until changed or countermanded by him, instead of any one else, even though it be your honored and respected self?"

"Very well, Sergeant," was the calm and quiet response, and a few minutes later the sergeant was sent for by the provost marshal, where the former again found himself face to face with President Lincoln, and trembling lest the marshal was to severely reprimand him in the presence of his honored and distinguished visitor. But he was soon gladly assured to the contrary, when the President, without waiting for the marshal to introduce or explain, simply said: "Sergeant, you have been sent for that I might compliment you upon knowing your duty, and thank you for daring to perform it."

Thus was one member of the Twelfth, as the whole regiment had formerly been,* noticed and honored by one of the greatest and best of men.

Married Her "Just the Same."

"None but the brave deserve the fair"

Ignorance and prejudice are intimate associates, and it is because of the baneful influence of the former upon the mind and heart that the latter finds a lodgment there.

Every old soldier knows how deep and bitter was this prejudice between the northern and southern sections of our country at the commencement of the war There would have been much less of this, if the people of these sections had better known and understood each other. But while this feeling, to a greater or less degree, obtained at the North, much wider and deeper, because of the ignorance of the masses, it pervaded and penetrated every part of the South. It can hardly be believed now, though none the less a fact, that there were some white persons living in the southern states when the war commenced, who actually believed that Abraham Lincoln was a mulatto, and that some of the Yankees had horns on their heads like cattle. Bitterest of all, in feelings of pure hatred, were the southern women. This can hardly be

* See page 62.

accounted for, except upon the principle that "the sweetest apples make the sourest vinegar."

A good anecdote illustrative of this intensity of feminine dislike of all Yankeedom, and everybody and everything therefrom, is the following:

Some fifteen years after the close of the war a bright, active specimen of the New England Yankee, who had been a partcipant of the "late unpleasantness" between the sections, concluded to go South again; but this time, bearing a message of peace and good will, instead of hostile arms.

Liking and prospering, he finally concluded to make a life settlement there; and, as the next wise thing to do, bethought himself of selecting from the many beautiful daughters of the "Sunny South" one who would become his domestic partner for the same length of time. Soon he became acquainted with and attracted toward one of the three daughters of a widow lady whose husband and one or two sons had been killed fighting for the "stars and bars." Things progressed with mutual satisfaction, and with no announced objection from anyone for a time; but our home and wife seeker had noticed such a difference of temperature between the maternal and matrimonial atmospheres, that he feared that a sudden cold current from the former would produce a storm.

Soon the cold blast came, too ice-like to be pleasant, but not soon enough, as will be seen, to do much damage. The watchful mother, deeming further delay hazardous, sought an interview with the young man, and the following conversation between them occurred:

"It seems, Mr. ———, that you and my daughter, Zelia, think 'right smart' of each other."

"It seems about the same way to me, Mrs. ———, and I hope, craving your approval, that things may prove as real as they seem."

"Now, my dear sir, I am really sorry to hear you say so, because I cannot share with you in any such hope, even if my daughter does. Yet I am more pained than surprised by your earnest avowal, and frankly confess that I am some to blame for not speaking to you before about it."

"Am I to understand, then, that you decidedly object to your daughter's reciprocating any affection that I may have for her, stronger than that of simple friendship?"

"Yes, sir, most decidedly so; and now listen, and blame me not, while I talk 'plumb straight' to you what I both feel and mean. You are a promising young man, and have been so correct and exemplary in your deportment and habits since coming to our section of country that I have never seen or heard one single thing against you. Though this be all true, and that I myself feel more friendly and kindly towards you than I care now to express, yet it is equally true and much more certain, that rather than have one of my daughters marry a full-blooded New England Yankee *I would quicker cut her throat!*"

This, substantially as above written, came to the writer's ear a few years ago, from the tongue of the aforesaid Yankee himself, at Morristown, Tenn., where both were then sojourning.

"But," added the narrator, who had evidently too often faced hot shot from the cannon's mouth upon the field to be badly frightened by the same salute from a woman's mouth in the parlor, "I married the *daughter*, just the same, and she is my *wife* to-day."

Whiskey

This article, which the boys used to call "commissary," was, paradoxically speaking, both plenty and scarce in the army — plenty for commissioned officers at twenty cents a quart or canteen full, at the commissary's, but absolutely forbidden to the men at any price.

When, however, a colonel or other commanding officer of a regiment or battalion deemed it necessary or judicious for his men, because of unusual hardship or exposure, he could make requisition for a barrel of whiskey as a free treat from "Uncle Sam." Of course the frequency of these treats to any particular regiment depended more upon the temperance ideas of the colonel than upon the physical condition of his men; although it was observable that many commanding officers who used it most themselves were not correspondingly liberal in its free distribution to those under them. Perhaps this was because they had learned from their own experience the folly of its use. But it must not be supposed because the commissary was not allowed to sell it to any but commissioned officers that the rank and file never got any except when issued to them, upon rare occasions, in rations of a gill each. Those who could be trusted to make good use of it — and their number, until the recruits came, was but little smaller proportionately among the privates than the officers — could usually get an order for a canteen full from a commissioned comrade when solicited, unless the situation of their regiment was such that the officer could not get it himself, which was frequently the case.

Sometimes, moreover, the men would shrewdly manage to supply themselves with liquors of some kind, not only without the aid, but in spite, of the officers. This was true of quite a number belonging to the New Hampshire brigade while stationed at Point Lookout, Md.; and it cannot be denied that the Twelfth, after the "subs" appeared, furnished its full quota. Money, with this class, was of no value as compared with anything that could intoxicate; and some of them would balance a bottle of whiskey with its weight in gold, almost, rather than deny to themselves the contents of the bottle.

This fact becoming known, together with the information that a very good substitute, called "apple-jack," could be procured in any quantity, but three or four miles from camp, for less per gallon than many of these new comers would give for a single sip, it was more than Yankee cupidity could well withstand; and some of the speculative ones taxed their inventive wit to procure, transfer, and deliver without discovery. It was quite an easy thing for almost any of the old members to get a pass across the "neck" into the country above, but to get back by a guard who had special instructions to carefully search for the very article that they wanted to carry in was quite another thing. But where the demand is urgent, the supply must sooner or later come, as it did in this case; and so when the boys came back from a visit up to the "Pines" loaded

with canteens of milk and big pumpkins, the guard was too much interested with the thought of luscious pumpkin pies to even imagine the beautiful yellow fruit of the vine, so carefully carried with the smaller ends up, could possibly contain anything contraband. Nor did the most vigilant guard think of leaving his post to dive beneath every string of logs that the men used to raft down the creek to see how many jugs and canteens of "apple-jack" he could find hid beneath the raft.

Sometimes, when the right kind of a man for this smuggling business happened to be posted at the "block-house," as the building at the narrow pass was called, the "fire water" speculators would run, until the "relief" came round, a very successful business: for the guard, expecting a liberal share of the profits, could not of course be supposed to know by sight, smell, or taste the difference between "apple-jack" and apple-jelly, or perceive any contrast between the strong juice of the peach and the strained juice of the cow. And the profits, as above mentioned, were most temptingly large, where some of the recruits were willing to, and actually did, give as high as five dollars for only one suck at a canteen of whiskey, peach brandy, or even "apple-jack."

Now and then the buyer would get drunk and be arrested, and then an investigation follow, but no one, not even the culprit himself, would know or could be made to tell where the liquor came from that caused the trouble.

One day Signal Officer A. W. Bartlett, while sending a message from the top of one of the highest of the signal towers, thought he noticed an unusual wabbling of his flagman as he swung his flag in answer to the numbers given him. The next moment the officer knew he was not mistaken, though with his face to the glass he could only see by a side glance, and looked up just in time to grab the man by his coat tail and save him from a drunken tumble of one hundred and thirty feet into eternity. When the rescuing grab was made, the man, who was trying to stand upon a box close against and not more than thirty inches below the top of the outside planking, had so nearly lost his balance in trying to hold on to his flag, the weight of which was tipping him forward over the fatal edge, that a few seconds delay would have added another to the long list of tragic deaths caused by the great sin of intemperance.

And great as is this evil in civil life, it was even greater, if possible, in the army, notwithstanding the general prohibition of intoxicating liquors. And this strong statement there would be none to dispute if the world only knew how much of misery and death, in the hospital and on the field, was directly or indirectly attributable to the demon of alcohol.

"Boney"

This history would be incomplete should no mention be made of him who, though his name cannot be found upon the muster-rolls, deserves to be remembered for his courage and fidelity, and for always acting well his part, whether in the camp, upon the march, or upon the field of battle.

He was large and intelligent above the average of his kind, being of Newfoundland descent, and weighing, when he entered the service, just five pounds less than one half the weight of his master — the once robust and stalwart third sergeant of Company H — who could tip the scale at one hundred and eihgty.

"Boney" went with or followed the regiment from Concord to Arlington Heights; thence to Berlin, Md., and Falmouth, Va.; through the battle of Fredericksburg and the "Mud March" following; through the battle of Chancellorsville, where he was severely wounded; and was last seen on the fourth or fifth day of the march toward Gettysburg, when, being no longer able to keep up, on account of his wound, he was shot, as is supposed, by one of the rear-guards. Thus sadly ended the life of a faithful servant and true friend of his master and the boys of the company, among whom he had become a special favorite, and was greatly missed.

He was also brave, as well as trusty, showing, when the occasion demanded, the true grit of a fighter.

At Frdericksburg, when the loud bark and dismal howl of all the dogs in the city broke suddenly out upon the midnight air, "Boney" thought the time had come for him to act, and quickly signified his determination to attack the whole rebel horde, single-handed, at the word of command. Again, at Chancellorsville, instead of turning tail to, he fiercely faced the foe and made ready for close action by uncovering his weapons of defence, which he doubtless would have used with effect had the rebels reached our line in their attempted charge.

One thing is true of him that cannot be claimed, perhaps, of any human contestant on that field, that he refused to go to the rear after he was dangerously wounded, but bid defiance still by snapping and growling at the shot and shell striking and bursting around him.

"Couldn't Play With Knapsacks On."

BY DRUM MAJOR IRA C. EVANS.

While the Army of the Potomac was camped in front of Fredericksburg, in the Winter of 1862, reviews were being constantly held so that the boys would not get restless and uneasy(?). First there would be a brigade review, then a division review, then a corps review, and finally to wind up with a grand review by President Lincoln.

Now every time the boys were ordered out for these reviews, they were ordered to appear in "heavy marching order." This toting around a whole stock of "gents' furnishing goods" became a little monotonous after a while, so the drum corps of the Twelfth New Hampshire held a "council of war," and decided that they had stood about enough of it, and as the other regimental drum corps were not compelled to wear theirs, they would leave the knapsacks in camp at the next review.

A short time after we had come to this decision an order came that the army was to be reviewed by President Lincoln. We appeared without our knapsacks,

took position at the right of the regiment, and marched to the parade ground in front of division headquarters, where the other troops of the division were assembled, and the line of march was taken for the reviewing ground. All went well until we got about a mile from camp, when the colonel happened to notice we were without our knapsacks, and then came the inquiry:

"Where are your knapsacks?"

George Washington like, we would not tell a lie and replied, "In camp, sir; we cannot play with them on, or rather we cannot play as well."

Nothing more was said, and we were congratulating ourselves we had gained a point. But judge of our surprise after we got back to our camp, just at sunset, after a hard day of it, to receive orders to "sling knapsacks," heavy marching order, and report with our fifes and drums at headquarters.

After reporting at headquarters we were ordered to march up and down the parade ground, and keep step, as usual, to our own music. We took our position at the head of the grounds and started off, the whole regiment of course being out to "review" us. One or two of the boys did not take very kindly to this style of punishment, and while the most of the corps were playing some two-four time, they took it into their heads to play a six-eight or four-four time, and the result was that no one could tell what we were playing, for it was a perfect babel of sounds. This was kept up for fully half an hour, to the great delight of the boys of the regiment. Finally the colonel motioned for us to form in front of headquarters. We obeyed this order with greater alacrity than we were ever known to obey one before. The colonel addressed us thus:

"You have done well. I cannot see but what your playing is about the same whether you have knapsacks off or on. Go to your quarters, and the next time you get orders to appear in heavy marching order see that you obey!"

We returned to our quarters, but, considering the "devil of a racket" we made, thought the colonel was either a little sarcastic in compliment, or had a "bad ear" for our kind of music.

Libby and How We Got Out of It

BY LIEUT A. W BACHELER.*

We were on the lines between the James and Appomattox. Had been "bottled up" there with Butler early in '64. At the time of which I write it is hard to tell which was getting the better of it—the "Johnnies" in trying to keep us and the cork in, or Butler in trying to get us and the cork out. Disinterested parties would doubtless have voted for the "Johnnies." However, we and the rebs were making the best of the situation, and daily, on the picket-lines between the hostile earthworks, you might have seen us making the usual exchange of coffee and salt for "terbac," or swapping "New York Tribunes" and "Baltimore Americans" of yesterday for the Richmond morning sheets damp from the press.

Not a few of us struck passable sort of friendships in our stolen inter-

* See page 252.

views with the rebs, if that could be called friendship, in which the interested parties stood ready to blaze away at each other on the slightest provocation. For all that, I never could see that euchre or whist, with "Johnnies" for "pardners" those pleasant autumn months, was any the less of a game. In fact, it was about all the excitement we had. There is nothing a soldier dreads more than the monotony of camp-life. We were there to whip out the rebellion and get home, and we could n't understand why we were so long about it. We were all of us complaining of the hum-drum of the "bottle" when the incidents of my story occurred. All the veteran regiments, except our own, the Twelfth New Hampshire, had been withdrawn from the Port Walthall front to reinforce Grant before Petersburg, and their places supplied by the greenest of all green troops, Pennsylvania regiments high up in the two hundreds. "Johnny reb" knew of the change almost as soon as ourselves, and very soon thereafter arranged the tea party of which I write.

The night of November 17 came still and moonlit. Pickets had been relieved at dusk, and the fresh guard had just settled ourselves for another of the quiet nights we had enjoyed so long, when at ten in the evening, with a preliminary volley that seemed to wake the dead, the rebs charged on the new troops on either flank of the Twelfth boys. They were off like sheep, and the "Johnnies" closing in our rear coolly began to blaze away at us at point-blank range. The game was up, there was no dodging that, for they out-numbered us ten to one, and before we knew it forty-six* of us were "gobbled" without waiting to hear any objections on our part. Over the rebel breastworks we were hustled and there disarmed; all overcoats and good hats or boots being especially contraband. By a sheltered path we reached a wood near the Richmond & Petersburg Railroad, where we were told to cut wood and start a fire if we wished. Minus the warm overcoats and blankets of "Uncle Sam," none of us objected to the moderate exercise necessary for a night's supply of fuel, nor to the diversion that was afforded by the labor to our somewhat unsettled thoughts. No amount of vigorous swinging of the axe nor cracking of stale jokes seemed to put a very cheery glow over the outlook, and it was amusing to notice the sickliness that pervaded every attempt at a smile. Morning came, and after a breakfast of pea soup we were crowded aboard a freight car, and in a short hour found ourselves in Richmond. A rabble of boys and hoodlums followed us on our march through the city of a mile or more. The tramp was enlivened with jeers and greetings of the crowd, and off-hand insinuations at the dejected figures we presented. I recall, at this distance, only those whose intimate relations to the subject of rations caused them to make the profoundest impression on our minds. Here is a specimen: "Say, Yank, gib yer yo choice, Libby House or Carstle Thunder, boath right smart hotels, I reckon, fare high, 'ropean plan, sah;" or, "Hey, Yank, beant yer hungry? Jis yo waint, sah, bes uf fodder comin', sah." These and other kindly touches compelled us, despite our forlorn circumstances, to put on sickly grins that in their chilliness betokened no small lack of genuiness.

We soon reached our destination, a large two-story brick structure, with the ominous sign at one corner, Libby & Son, Ship Chandlers and Grocers. In the lower room, popularly known as the "reception room" by our boys, we were

* See page 252.

left for that day and the succeeding night without food, and with only such opportunities for sleep as were afforded by the damp brick floor. Next morning we were ordered to "fall in," strip ourselves, place our clothing on the floor before our feet, and wait our turn at being searched. Money, watches, and pocket-knives were especially contraband, as being possible aids to an attempted escape through bribery of their own soldiers.

It would hardly be respectful to the gentle reader to relate the extremities to which we were put in concealing these obnoxious articles; it is enough to remind him that though Yankee ingenuity was taxed to its utmost, it was, in most cases, equal to the occasion, despite some temporary inconvenience at one or another part of the body caused by unwonted burdens. Our next move was to the second story of the building, to which we were conducted by a tall, gaunt Virginian named Pryor This man in *ante-bellum* times had been a noted "whip" among the plantation slave-drivers "down ther in Henraker," and in that apprenticeship had been well trained for the duties of prison keeper.

Never shall I forget the sight that met our gaze as we entered. Several hundred haggard countenances, in every degree of emaciation, were upturned in answering stare. In the universal filth and squalor it was hard to recognize in the creatures before us comrades once as well fed and cleanly clad as ourselves. The tell-tale blue, that here and there appeared through the dirt, was a silent though convincing witness. Instantly we were surrounded by eager inquirers,—our regiment, how we were captured, what Grant was at over there by Petersburg, had we heard any talk about an exchange of prisoners, did we bring a spare hardtack; these and hundreds more were the questions we tried to answer Meanwhile a drum had called us into line for breakfast. The meal was served at ten each morning and always consisted of a standard dish—the refuse of Richmond markets—bones, bits of beef, pork, and mutton, indiscriminately mixed, were first boiled in large kettles, cut into bits of three or four ounces each, and served with corn-meal bread, the regulation cut being four inches square and two inches thick. This bread was simple meal and water, without salt, and not unfrequently was sour on being served. My first piece of meat was a choice morsel of pork-rind, apparently fresh from the sty, and as I was not yet starved to such fodder, I threw it with some spite on the filth of the floor. "Never you dun mind," said Pryor, "you 'll jes thank me fur its like, fo yer out er thes yer." The scrap was kicked about and trampled for some time unobserved until a drummer boy of sixteen or so, captured by Mosby in the valley the summer before, caught sight of it, and before I could protest had devoured it with all its filth in evident relish. At four in the afternoon the drum called us to the same fare with this variation, that to the water in which the morning's meat had been cooked, were added a few black beans, and more black bugs, and after cooking, a pint of the mixture was doled out to each prisoner.

The ratio of nutritious elements in this soup can best be estimated by the formula current among us Yanks for its manufacture. "Two beans and seven gallons of water, if too rich add water seasoned with skippers."

With the soup the bread ration, like that of the morning, was served, and this without any variation constituted our supply of food. The day was cheerless enough in our crowded and filthy quarters, but the night was even worse, and would come upon us all too soon. There was small comfort in lying on the

hard floor, crawling with vermin, while the searching December winds blew unchecked through the casements where once there had been windows. With scanty clothing and no blankets there was nothing for it but to spend half the night in promenading the floor, or lying close packed, "spoon fashion," to utilize what heat we might through contact with our neighbors. It is amusing, even at this late day, to recall the methods in use for relieving our stiffened muscles and aching joints. After a troubled sleep of two hours, someone, whose aches had passed the point of endurance, would sing out, "Yanks, attention! Company right turn! march!" Woe to the unlucky dreamer who was tardy in his motions! Worse woe if, in the bewilderment of his first waking, he mistook the direction of his turn! No apologies were accepted, and he was at once compelled to sleep by himself until voted into the ranks again by the unanimous consent of all. So passed the weary days, and still more wearing nights. We watched each other grow thinner, and paler, and more haggard. We saw the finer instincts of kindliness and good will die out into the universal selfishness that asserted itself under the guise of self-preservation. We saw, in not a few cases, reason dethroned. We saw some of these madmen, true to the one mastering instinct for food, gather the very vermin that had fattened on their emaciated bodies, and with these eke out their scanty fare. We saw despair with its black midnight taking possession of face after face. We saw the dead, day after day, carted off to unnamed graves. The only ray of sunshine was when the boys with husky voices sang some of the old camp songs, and "Tenting To-night," or "John Brown's Body," or "Star Spangled Banner" rang out through the dingy halls. Once when we had reached the last verse of "John Brown," a council of war was held to settle the question of completing the song, and hanging "Jeff Davis to the sour apple tree." It was decided to venture by a unanimous vote, and we were well on our way through the lines, when old Pryor burst into the room with an oath, and cried out, "Now jes be dun with tha' cher, and no mo' of it," and at the same instant the guards outside "blazed away" at the open windows with the evident design of reminding us where we were. No one was hit, however, and we were careful afterwards to omit all reference to the obnoxious verse.

It would be quite unlikely that men in circumstances like these should fail to discuss, in subdued tones but ever deepening interest, the chances of escape and the means for accomplishing it. One of the men captured with me was Ben Thompson, a native of Wolfeborough, N. H. He was one of the best specimens of the traditional Yankee,— shrewd as a lawyer, keen at trade as a Jew, full of resources, and plucky. He lacked all reverence for dignity or rank, and would always succeed in worming his way into the confidence of officers without appearing intrusive.

The following story told at Ben's expense, just before our capture, illustrates his character better than any words of mine. Ben had been detailed for picket duty one day, and scenting a chance to turn an honest shekel, he filled his haversack with commissary coffee, and watching his opportunity traded it off during the day with the "Johnnies" for tobacco and papers. Next day Ben was sick, "unfit for service," so the surgeon said, and was missing from sight for some hours. Everybody supposed he was asleep in his tent. Nothing of the sort. With his surgeon's release from duty in his pocket, and his haversack on his

shoulder, Ben struck for the James, hired a darky to row him across in his dug-out, and turned up late in the forenoon at Dutch Gap canal, then two thirds dug across the narrow tongue of land where Butler was cutting off a seven-mile reach of the river. For two hours Ben drove a thriving trade, and found the troops at work in the canal, hungry for both news and the weed. He was nearly done with his traffic, and had begun to congratulate himself on the generous pile of greenbacks in his possession, when General Butler, with an orderly or two at his heels, made his way on foot into the "big ditch." Thompson failed to see the General until he was close upon him, and knowing that he had been driving a contraband trade, he naturally feared a confiscation of his gains. However, drawing a bunch of choice Havanas from the depths of his haversack, a reserve fund apparently provided for an emergency, he ran up to the General with, "Good morning, General, I've been trying to find you for a week, for I did want you to try some of my fresh cigars, and I hope you 'll do me the honor to accept them with my compliments." Before the General could refuse or accept the proffer, a ten-inch bomb from one of their mortars was dropped by the "Johnnies" in somewhat anxious proximity to the group. Exploding as it buried itself in the ground, it did no further damage than to cover the General and his escort with mud. But Ben, taking advantage of the excitement of the moment, cried out, "Good God, General, if that 's the manners you show a kindly disposed person like myself, the sooner I 'm out of this the better!" and with the words he ran like mad out of the canal, and was soon lost to view around a bend of the river.

Seeing Ben in a brown study one day, a fortnight after we reached Libby, I inquired what he was thinking about. Instead of any direct reply, he asked if I knew anything about shoemaking, and on my replying in the affirmative, he told me of a chance turnkey Pryor had offered him to make shoes for the Confederacy. "And who knows," said he, "but there 'll be a chance for us to skedaddle out of this, if once we get into the shop." Next morning thirty of us were detailed as shoemakers, and found ourselves in a building adjoining the main prison hard at work on shoes for the rebel army. There was a partial division of labor among the gangs that brought the stitching to me and the fitting of the soles to Thompson. Early in our work I noticed Ben went through a curious process of cutting deeply across the outer sole of every shoe, on the reverse side at the front, where shank and heel meet. Of course it ruined the shoe, which would do well if it served the wearer while he was walking away from the quarter-master's. "That 's my mark," said Ben, at my inquiry. "Escape valve, you know, for the guilty conscience of a fellow at work aiding and abetting the enemies of his country." Neither of us ever met a "Johnnie" afterwards, but we ached to ask him if he had ever worn any of the patent brand manufactured by the Yanks at Libby.

Across Water street from our shop was a large warehouse used for any overflow of prisoners, but empty at the time we were there, on the second floor of which, in a small room, old Pryor kept a variety store. It was a sort of perquisite to his office of prison keeper, and aided in eking out a scanty salary. Pryor was accustomed almost daily to conduct squads of half a dozen prisoners to this store, and sell them bread, pies, apples, and other eatables. His prices were outrageous, fifty cents for an apple, one dollar a loaf for bread, two dollars for an apple-pie

baked in an ordinary saucer. This process of sale was thought altogether safe, as the warehouse was within the prison enclosure and always surrounded by the line of sentries. When Ben and I had studied the situation and formed our plans for escape, we broached the matter to our fellow-shoemakers and endeavored to induce some of them to join us. But the danger of recapture and the terrors of Castle Thunder proved stronger than our arguments. It was fortunate for us that they were so, for we learned by experience that the smaller the number in an escaping party the less likely were the rebs to pursue and retake them. However, nearly the entire shop wrote anonymous letters to their friends, and these we agreed to deliver to the mails within a reasonable time, Ben remarking that if anything happened to that particular penny-post he should bring suit in the court of claims against the Southern Confederacy.

December 12, the day we had chosen for our attempt, was dark and stormy. Holding off as late in the afternoon as we dared, we informed Pryor that we needed something to eat, and with four other comrades who were in our secret were taken over the street to the store. Thompson and I made our purchase first, and then stepping aside, our companions engaged the keeper's attention while we noiselessly crept up a second flight of stairs to the third story. There we were fortunate enough to find an immense pile of condemned tent-cloth, much of it with the stamp of the United States upon it. Working our way deep into the pile, we anxiously waited for any sounds that would indicate we had been missed. Comrades have since told me that Pryor at once inquired for us, but on being assured that we had returned to the shop seemed satisfied and returned the remainder without further questions. Six hours of weary waiting followed, for we had agreed to wait for midnight, as the safest hour for our attempt. Nothing broke the dull monotony of the time save the sleepy "Post No. 1, all 's well!" of the drowsy sentinels, carried in turn around the prison by each succeeding sentry. Soon after twelve we were astir. Cutting the tent-cloth into long strips we braided a triple strand into a passably strong rope of some thirty feet in length. Fastening one end to a table we had found near by, we dropped the other from a window. It was short by ten feet, but we had no difficulty in dropping that height. Thompson slid down first and I followed. Once at the bottom we found ourselves inside a board fence fifteen feet high, with the smooth side next the prison. Luckily, however, there were lying about the remains of the boards and timbers of which the fence had been built, and having piled these up cob-house fashion, I mounted the pile, and Ben mounted my shoulders. He could just reach the fence top, and being muscular he was over in a twinkling, and had dropped me a piece of the tent-cloth and pulled me to the top. We found ourselves in the back yard of a private dwelling, and working our way toward the street were attacked by a ferocious bull-dog, whose howlings alarmed us even more than his bite. The cur quickly yielded to Ben's suavity and caresses and left us for his mat on the doorstep. In glancing over the front fence we were startled to see a sentry standing with his piece at order arms only a few feet away on the brick sidewalk! There was nothing for it but to put a bold face on the matter and leap the fence. Hastily agreeing to meet at a neighboring street light, Thompson was first over, and coolly walked away whistling. In ten minutes I followed without the whistle, and shortly rejoined Ben at the appointed place. Just why that "Johnny" failed to challenge us we never knew, but the proba-

bility is that overcome by drowsiness he was stealing a nap over his gun. As neither of us had more than a general knowledge of the streets, such as we could gain by our first march through them, or by our study from the prison windows, we tramped on with only the vague notion of reaching the suburbs and concealing ourselves until the succeeding night. Now and then we passed a watchman or some belated traveler, but the pieces of tent-cloth we had brought along so completely disguised us that no one asked any questions. An hour's hard tramping found us bewildered, and once more in the heart of the city. Affairs took a serious turn.

We dared not inquire of those we met, nor at the houses, but hurrying on at our best pace found ourselves in another hour climbing the parapets of the third or inner line of works surrounding the city on the north. We saw no troops, as most of the rebels were with Lee guarding the Petersburg front. The ditch in front of the works was deep and half filled with water, but creeping along in the darkness we soon reached a log laid over the chasm for the use of their troops. Over this we were threading our dizzy way, when Ben, who was ahead, slipped and tumbled in. He disappeared for a moment, but soon came up puffing to the surface. I ran along the bank and dropping him my canvas soon fished him out to *terra firma*. Every rag of clothing on him was saturated, and the bread in his pockets converted into mush. Faint streaks of dawn now showing themselves admonished us to be pushing on, and despite Ben's condition we hurried away for something that looked like woods in the distance. We found the woods a swamp, thick-grown with trees and underbrush. Exhausted and faint, we found a spot somewhat more solid than the rest, where we lay down in the shelter of a large cottonwood tree. After an hour's sleep we both woke shivering and chilled to the very marrow. Ben was the worse off, the result of his morning's ducking. To add to our discomfort a drizzling rain set in, and I was soon as badly off as my companion. We dared not light a fire even if we had had the means; the most we could venture on was to rise occasionally to our feet, stretch our benumbed and aching limbs, and return quietly to our drenched beds on the ground. Soon after noon the sky cleared somewhat, and sounds of voices began to be heard; these indicated the presence of a camp on the opposite side of our swamp. Not long after, the men seemed to start a hunt, and some dogs had evidently treed an animal. Soon we heard the clip of axes, the tree was felled, and then dogs and men pushed on for the interior of the swamp. Nearer and nearer they drew to our hiding-place, and in a moment I saw the gray squirrel they were after dart into a hollow oak not three rods from us. Three dogs and fifteen or twenty men were close behind. We fugitives instinctively hugged the sod beneath us. Foiled in the chase, the men gathered sticks and dry grass or bark and started a fire in the hollow butt. The smoke soon forced the squirrel from his retreat, and with a leap he took to the nearest trees; the dogs rushed over in hot chase, but failed to molest us; the men taking a shorter cut avoided us altogether, and in a few moments we knew by their shouts that they had bagged their game and were on their way to camp. It was a narrow chance, and Ben remarked, as we began to recover breath, that if that was a specimen of what we were to encounter the probabilities of our escape were slim. Darkness, our best friend, came at last, and we crept out of our hiding-place as fast as our chilled and stiffened limbs allowed. With the pole star as guide we steered northward,

in order if possible to cross the Chickahominy and put that stream between us and any pursuers that might be on our track. Carefully avoiding the roads, except when it was necessary to cross them, we tramped on through the weary hours of the night, startled now and then by the snapping of a twig or the movement of some animal more frightened than ourselves. At times we were up to the knees in mud and water, and again were climbing steep banks, or working our painful way through thickets and underbrush where we suffered severely from the thorns and briers. Near day dawn we crossed a second and less pretentious line of parapets and were rejoiced to find these, like the last, unoccupied by troops. Soon after, we crept up to the negro quarters of a Virginia plantation and stealthily pushing in the door we entered. At one end of the room was a large fireplace, and stretched on the floor of unbaked clay, in a half-circle, were the dusky forms of half a dozen slaves, with heads turned toward the fire that was now smouldering low on the hearth. After some vigorous shaking we succeeded in rousing the sleepers, and begged for a chance to dry and warm ourselves.

Trusting to the innate sense of justice in the slave, we did not hesitate to confide to them our secret. The story seemed to hasten their endeavors to make us comfortable. The family was soon astir, and the matron quickly mixed corn-meal into a hoe-cake, raked the hot ashes aside, patted the cake into passable shape, and tossing it among the embers soon had it ready for us. "Good Lor', massa, af yer d only tole dis yer when yer fuss come, mabbe yer 'd done gon an had dis hoe-cake eat up to now," said the kind creature, half apologizing for her tardiness in preparing the meal. Never before was food so sweet; for though a little of Pryor's bread still remained, we had found small opportunity to eat, compared with the comfort of this humble home. The meal over, we talked of shelter near by, and the man of the family, a brawny negro, a plantation hand of the best type, offered to stow us away on a loft of loose boards over the fireplace. We slept out the entire day in comparative comfort. On coming down the ladder at nightfall, the good fellow told us that his mistress had spoken of soldiers who had called at the house to inquire for prisoners that were said to have escaped two nights before from Libby. So we knew we were missed and that no stone would be left unturned to retake us.

"Endu'in de wah sah, we's cullered fo'ks s'had mighty hard times, an we's han't dun awishin an aprayn yer Linkum fo'ks cum right soon," said our host as we bade him good-by We now pushed for the Chickahominy, and crossed it near midnight a few miles west of Mechanicsville, where we leaped the stream without difficulty, it being hardly more than a brook. Once over, we turned southward determined to use the stream as a guide, as we knew it would finally bring us to the James, where we were sure of finding Union troops. As the night wore away we again sought the help of negroes at a plantation cabin. This time, after getting warmed and clothing dried, we were conducted to an open shed, fifty rods or more from the house, where the man of the family stowed us away deep under the cornstalks that filled the shed. Giving us a large hot stove for our feet and piling above us many an armful of the fodder, he bade us keep quiet, and promised to come for us after nightfall.

About 4 in the afternoon the sound of voices roused us and we heard a cart approaching the corn-rick, "Ise dun gwine ter gib dis yer mule no mo' co'n, case he's jus fass gettin good fer nuffin," said the voice of our friend, the boss

hand on the place. A gruff answer we could not make out was made to his remark, and then we heard the cart back up to the stalks, and the two men began to load. Their voices grew more and more distinct as the pile over our heads grew thinner. "Wha furs yer gwine ter kill dat ar mule?" complained the slave, "Cart 's dun loaded nuff an mo' " But the master bade him keep on; he even took the fork himself and eased the slave for a moment. Again and again the two men walked over us, and once the fork tines passed through Thompson's trowsers, but luckily missed wounding him.

At last the expostulations of the slave in the mule's behalf had their effect, and the cart drove off. We breathed freer for the moment, but would cart and master return? Ben pulled his jack-knife from his pocket, and opening it scanned the only weapon of defense we possessed. Then, shaking his head, said, "It 's no use, Bach, we 're gone as sure as thunder if he comes back, and even if we get the best of him in a fight, he 'll rouse the neighbors and we 'll be gobbled." We saw there was nothing for it but to be out and off, so gathering our traps, and seeing a piece of woods near by, we ran for it, and seemed to have escaped observation. Though it still lacked two hours of dark, we concluded to continue our tramp. A light snow had fallen during the day, and half melting not only quickly soaked our army brogans, but made it almost impossible for us to halt for rest with any degree of comfort. We had marched an hour perhaps, when, skirting a piece of woods, we suddenly came to a junction of three roads, and saw before us a mill on the bank of a small stream. The ruins of a much larger mill were near at hand, and we soon learned that this was Gaines's Mill that had figured so prominently in the seven days' fight before Richmond. Some men were at work on the mill, and a squad of Confederate cavalry was cooking at a fire near by. So sudden had been our approach that almost before we knew it we were in plain view of the group, and not ten rods away I would have sold my chances cheap, and Ben afterward told me that he saw Castle Thunder for an instant as plainly as if he were in it. "Come on," whispered he, "It 's no use running, but remember to let me do the talking." I gladly noticed that the boldness of our manœuvre had completely thrown them off their guard. We asked each other in turn the natural questions at such a meeting. Ben told them that we were officers of the Eleventh Virginia Infantry, and had volunteered to go as spies into the Yankee lines to find out the progress Dutch Gap canal was making.

Our dress of Union blue seemed to confirm our story, and in fact Thompson volunteered the information that we had secured the clothing the better to escape observation. "Do you know Captain Polk of the Eleventh?" said the officer in charge of the picket. "Well, I reckon," replied Thompson, "he belongs to my mess, I left him only a day or two ago. Fine fellow, cap." A part of this was literally true, for in exchanging the courtesies of the picket-line at Port Walthall, we had met the officer referred to. Questions over, we were invited to share the supper of the party, and regaled ourselves with bacon roasted on a stick over the fire, and corn bread cooked at a neighboring farmhouse. With many wishes for the success of our venture, and a promise on our part to call on them on our way back and relate our adventures among the Yanks, we parted the best of friends. "Take care of yourselves, boys, them Yanks are mighty sharp," were the last words that followed us. Moving down the road so long as the light of their camp-fire was in sight, as soon as possible we struck for the

woods, and after getting under cover took up the double-quick for a mile or more without a halt. By that time the excitement of our adventure had subsided enough to allow us to speak, and Ben turning to me said, "Bach, another one like that 'll be too much for me."

Early that night, the third since our escape, and only a couple of miles from Gaines's Mills, we found ourselves tumbling about among the intrenchments and bomb-proofs of Cold Harbor battle-field. A field where, on the third of June preceding, our regiment at the head of Humphrey's division, had made the fatal charge that cost us more than half our men in the short space of five minutes. No Twelfth New Hampshire boy hears the name Cold Harbor without a shudder to this day.

Traces of the savage fight were lying about everywhere. Canteens, cartridge-boxes, shattered muskets, and here and there the bleaching bones of comrades looked up into our faces, white and distinct in the darkness. Damp and chilly as it was we could have enjoyed a short nap, even in that place, had I not, in groping about for a smooth spot, struck something hard and round, and upon carrying it to the light, seen the grinning features of a skull looking at me with its sightless eyes. We could endure fatigue better than sleep with such companionship, and resumed again our weary tramp. It was a hideous night; blackness all about, but light enough for us to distinguish the scattered bones of the dead which now and then caused us to stumble, and wonder what the poor owners of seven months before would have said to this rude intrusion on their long sleep. At 2 o'clock that night a light ahead gave warning of a dwelling. It proved to be a negro cabin. Within, a father, mother, and three adult daughters were at work at their task of shelling corn, a task which they assured us must be finished before they could receive their rations of food for the next day. Despite their own dire necessities, they begged us to remain the day out at their cabin and offered to share with us their scanty fare. With some hesitation we concluded to stay, worn out as we were with anxiety and travel. A few dirty rags spread on the floor of a loft in one corner of the cabin served as a bed, and so completely worn out were we, that, though the family continued their usual occupations, neither Ben nor myself knew what was occurring. Early the succeeding night, after thanking our host, and promising to free them from their bondage when we had conquered the rebs, we were on our journey; and getting bolder with our increasing distance from Richmond, we determined to take the roads instead of avoiding them as we had hitherto done. By 10 o'clock we had reached Barker's Mill, the scene of another fight of the Peninsular campaign, and an hour later were passing the ruins of Tyler's house. The two roads leading down to Sumner's grapevine bridge over the Chickahominy river were left to our right. We had learned that these bridges were no longer passable, and hurrying on our way we crossed the Richmond & York River Railroad and struck the highway leading to Bottom's bridge. There we had determined to recross the stream and strike for camps of our troops that we knew to be on the north bank of the James, and some twelve miles distant. About 3 in the morning we approached the bridge, and much to our surprise found a bright camp-fire at the centre of the road and about four rods from the farther end of the bridge. Horses were picketed near by, their saddles on, betokening readiness for prompt movement. A sentry stood dreamily looking into the fire at his feet, his carbine at "secure."

Thompson and I hastily retreat into a thicket by the roadside. We discuss the situation in whispers. There are two alternatives open to us: a tramp of seventy miles down the peninsula to Fortress Monroe with all the risks of capture such as we had already experienced, or an equally hazardous attempt at crossing the bridge in the face of an armed guard, with almost the dead certainty of bringing up in Richmond. Pros and cons are carefully weighed. So evenly balanced seem the chances that we cannot make a choice. "Lie still, Ben," said I, "while I go out and look them over again." Leaving him in the woods I creep along on my hands and knees to the end of the bridge nearest us. The road is an embankment as it approaches the bridge, and high above the level of the ground on either side, reaches the crossing at a dead level. The river, a black, ugly stream, flows sluggishly by It is fifty feet or more in breadth. Anyone attempting to cross must move the entire distance in the face of that picket standing there by his fire, and nearing him at every step. There are six men, at least, under their blankets near the fire. If there were but one we might dash upon him and overpower him. I return to my companion and report. "There is one chance in a thousand," I said, "and that is the best I can make of it." Ben suggests lots; agreed. He cuts two twigs,—"Long one means the long road; short one, the bridge." He fixes them; I draw It is the long stick! Off we start down the long pike, trying to think we have done the best in choosing as we have. We can hardly drag one foot after the other. Our feet are parboiled with their constant soaking; every motion of the body is torture; the terrible strain of the last five days has begun to tell, not only on our physical endurance but on our will power as well. "Ben," I say at last, "this is slow murder. I 'd as soon starve in Libby as walk myself into the grave. What do you say to trying the bridge?" "I m agreed," said he, and back we tramp over the half-mile we have just come. We agree that I shall lead, and Ben keep close behind; if the guard challenges us we are to rush for the woods, and run the chances of his missing us when he fires. Once on the bridge we drop on hands and knees and creep cat-like across. Every inch brings us nearer the picket; he stands like a statue. He seems to nod once, but as I wait for another look he stoops down and tosses some brands into the fire. We move on; each thinks the other makes twice the noise he needs to. We are at the end of the bridge. My eyes are almost bursting from their sockets as I watch that man at the fire. A yard more, and we are safe! It is the longest yard I have ever traveled; it ends at last, and I creep down the embankment at the roadside farthest from the guard. Ben sticks close behind, and is the last to be out of danger. We steal away through the bushes and take the first long breath, and as we do so the sentry for some reason, we never knew what, rouses his sleeping companions and they stand to arms. A mile away under the shelter of some pines we stretch out on the pine needles and are fast asleep in a twinkling.

The sun was high before either of us awoke. We concluded it was best to lay off for the day and not run the chance of meeting scouting parties of the rebs. As soon as darkness permitted we were again on the road, and happy in the thought that it was our last night out. At the first farmhouse we reached we very incautiously walked up to the door and knocked. A white woman appeared, evidently the mistress of the house I asked for food, she answered by asking who we were and why we were there in that plight. Ben interposed with the

same story he had used at Gaines's Mills with such good effect. It was all to no purpose. "You 'uns ar jes Yanks, you don't talk like we 'uns down here 'n Henraker," was all the answer we got in reply to our request for food. "We 've caught a Tartar," I whispered to Thompson, and without pressing our claims on the woman s larder, we bade her good night and hurried off through the fields towards the James. Directly we reached some negro quarters belonging to the same plantation, and making our way in asked for hoe-cake. The woman began to prepare it and while we made ourselves comfortable at the fire a negro lad ran in, out of breath, and told his mother that his mistress, as soon as we were out of the house, had dispatched a son to some neighbors a mile away to rouse the lads to be after some Yanks that had been there. An older son was home on furlough from the Petersburg lines and had gone to a dance at a neighbor's. "It 's time we were out of this," said Ben, and without waiting for the hoe-cake, now about half done, we made good time over fields and through woods for a couple of miles until the rough jungle forced us to take to the road again. We tramped along for half an hour, perhaps, neither of us speaking meanwhile, when an overpowering desire came over me to rest. I declared to Ben that I would go no farther till I had rested. He urged our keeping on; we are nearly through, said he; only seven miles and we should reach Harrison's and then we could rest for good; but I was stubborn. Ben was as determined as I. "Then I am going on alone," he said, and started ahead. I walked into the open field by the road-side, fifty feet or so, and stretched out on my canvas, Thompson after moving on a little changed his mind, came back where I was, and lay down by my side.

We were lying there quietly, with the moon looking us in the face, it being now between ten and eleven, when the rumble of a wagon fell on our ears. Nearer and nearer it drew to us, coming from the direction in which we were bound. We should have met it had we kept on. As the team reached us we saw it was a countryman, whether black or white we could not distinguish, with a load of wood. His mules stopped to breathe in front of us, and almost in the same instant a cavalryman coming from our rear drew rein in front of the team. He was mounted on a gray horse, and heavily armed. "Have yer seen a couple of fellows on the road as yer come along?" said he addressing the teamster. The man answered that he had not. The soldier then went on to say that two chaps that looked like escaped prisoners had stopped at his mother's an hour before to ask for food, and not being granted it had hurried off through the field. "One of them," said he, evidently describing Ben, "was a stout fellow with a Yank's cap and heavy moustache, and the other short and slim like, and with a slouched hat. They both had Yanks' uniforms," he added, "and carried some sort of blankets over their shoulders." To the two fugitives who were being thus accurately described, this conversation was becoming decidedly interesting. It is needless to say that I never hugged any five feet of ground closer in my life. Neither of us stirred. There we lay in the open field in bright moonlight, and took in every word. One glance of the rider towards us and he must have seen us. To our infinite relief he said at last, "I reckon as how the rascals must have turned off on Long Bridge road," and then turning his horse he kept the mule team company on the road to our rear. We listened to their voices as they died away in the distance, and congratulating ourselves on this last narrow escape, kept on our way, Thompson ahead and looking out for dangers in advance, and I behind with an occasional backward glance to warn of trouble from the rear.

Faint streaks of dawn were appearing in the east when Ben caught sight of a mounted horseman standing statue-like in the road in advance. Fearful of making a mistake, we reconnoitered for some time before venturing to make ourselves known. Negroes had told us that a colored regiment with gray horses were doing picket duty at the Landing. Ben finally sang out, "Hello there, don't shoot, we 're friends, we want to come in." "Corporal the guard!" answered the picket without noticing us directly In a moment the corporal and three men charged down on us at a gallop with carbines ready for instant service. However, we had no difficulty in proving who we were to their satisfaction, and in a few minutes we were made welcome by the Eighth United States Colored Cavalry Once back with the picket reserve we were furnished hot coffee and extra blankets, and turned in for sleep — and such sleeping as we did that morning! On waking, someone passed us a mirror; neither Ben nor I could recognize ourselves, and no wonder. My own weight had fallen off, as I afterwards learned, from one hundred and forty-five pounds to ninety-six pounds, and Ben's in like proportion. Our complexions had sallowed, and the vile stench of the prison hung about us for weeks despite new uniforms and frequent baths.

To tell how we took the boat the next day to Chapin's Farm where our corps was then stationed; how the boys turned out as we drew near the camp, and boosted us on their shoulders and rode us into quarters perched high in air; how the officers made us welcome to their mess; how General Weitzel ordered us a thirty days' furlough; how, while at home, we received commissions as officers; how when we took Richmond the following April, I paid old Pryor a visit and relieved him of some of the arms he used to flourish in our faces — all these are things not germane to my story, which amounts to this, that next to the wear and tear of a life in Libby and all that that implies, is the wear and tear of getting out of Libby and all that that includes.

CHAPTER XVIII

Portraits and Sketches.

As a great majority of those who may read this history will not, probably, be as well informed about military matters as those about whom it has been written, it may be well to its better understanding, especially of this chapter, to here state, that a regiment of infantry, as organized at the time of our late war, consisted of ten companies of ninety-eight men and three commissioned officers each.

The officers of a regiment consisted of a colonel, lieutenant-colonel, major, adjutant, quartermaster, three surgeons — chief and two assistants — and chaplain. These, as well as the three officers of each company just referred to, were called commissioned officers because they were commissioned by the governor of the state. All other officers of company or regiment were appointed by the colonel, to whom they alone were responsible, and were therefore sometimes called subordinate or non-commissioned officers. Of those belonging to the regiment were the sergeant major, quartermaster sergeant, commissary sergeant, hospital steward, and drum major, who were also known as the non-commissioned staff.

None of these, except the first, were officers of the line, so called, and were not required to go into battle any more than those commissioned officers whom they were appointed to assist, as their official names above given plainly show

The sergeant major acted chiefly as the adjutant's assistant at all times and places, and was the only non-commissioned officer who in active service carried a sword.

The company non-commissioned officers consisted of one hundred and thirty in all, or five sergeants and eight corporals to each company. These ranked according to the date of their appointment, and the duties of all the same rank similar, except one in each company called the first or orderly sergeant. He acted as clerk for the company, made all the details, issued all orders, etc., beside attending to all the duties, on the march and in battle, of the common soldier A good orderly sergeant, in the line of duty as well as battle, stood side by side with his captain, and oftentimes in battle had to take and fill his place. This much that posterity may the better appreciate him. Many of the best soldiers of the regiment have held at some time this important position.

The names of all officers and men whose pictures appear in this chapter, except field and staff, are given in alphabetical order, regardless of rank or position; and each in that company to which they originally by enlistment belonged. This has been done both on the ground of convenience and justice, it being as hard as unfair to discriminate in this respect in favor of the officers, be they corporals or colonels.

For this reason no officer, whatever his rank or pecuniary means, has been allowed to have any better or costlier picture engraved for this history than the poorest private. This, it may be here mentioned, is according to the original plan of this work which the author, though often requested and sometimes strongly tempted, has never deemed best to change. His chief regret is that he has not been able to find and give all deserving soldiers of the regiment a picture and a sketch in this history Especial effort has been made to get pictures of the soldiers that best showed their looks when carrying the sword or gun in the army, such being the faces that posterity will care most to look upon. For this reason many proffered photographs of noble looking manhood of later years have been refused and the old tintypes of thirty-five years ago accepted.

One of the chief objects of the biographical sketches in this chapter has been to get as much information about each soldier as possible into little space. To this end much has been sacrificed to brevity, not excepting, oftentimes, even the common rules of grammar, to say nothing of good rhetoric, the constant inquiry in the author's mind being, not is this or that idea properly expressed, but can the reader plainly understand it.

Thus, as will be seen, letters, words, and sentences have been all made to contribute sometimes without authority or precedent, but not entirely, as hoped, without reason.

Much of importance has not been written in these sketches at all, because the same, in brief, can be found in the general roster at the end of the book, and thus much needless repetition saved.

Of these items of interest are the time and place of enlistment and place of residence at that time; dates of all commissions and appointments, and places and dates of all deaths by disease or on the battle-field, etc., etc.

All names of places, not otherwise designated, are supposed to be located in New Hampshire.

The names of soldiers' children given in these sketches are all written in the order of their ages, the oldest coming first.

Explanation.

The letters and figures written below every picture in this chapter are simply an abbreviated description of that soldier, as given in the original enlisting papers of the Twelfth Regiment, now on file in the adjutant-general's office at Concord.

These letters will be easily understood by every veteran, and for every civilian who may take an interest in these pages, they need but few words of explanation.

A soldier's "descriptive list," as used in the army, was simply a copy of his original enlisting papers. In the abbreviated form and sense used here, it simply means the color of the eyes, hair, and complexion of the soldier when he enlisted, and his height in feet and inches. These letters and figures are always written, and are to be read in the same order here given.

The capital letters are used as the first letters of the words for which they stand, and always mean the same word, independent of position, except the letter "B."

This letter alone means blue or brown, as it may be found in the first or second period from the left: and as a person's hair is never blue, though his eyes are more usually of that color than any other, while brown, among the soldiers, was the prevailing color of the hair, it will at once be seen, therefore, that space and unnecessary letters are saved by letting this letter have a meaning according to its position.

As the color of the eyes was not always blue nor the hair brown, other letters beside "B" are used to designate colors and shades of color relating to both, as well as the complexion — as "A" for auburn, "Bk" for black, "D" for dark, "G" for gray, "H" for hazel, "L" for light, and "S" for sandy: and sometimes two of these letters are found together in the same period. Thus e. g. "B. DB. L. 5–10" means blue eyes, dark brown hair, light complexion, and five feet ten inches in height.

From what is above written it will only be necessary to remember the order in which the letters come to plainly understand them.

B. B. L. 5–9.
GEN. JOSEPH H. POTTER.

B. B. L. 5–10.
BVT COL. JOHN F. MARSH.

B. LB. L. 5–8.
CHAPLAIN THOMAS L. AMBROSE.

B. BK. L. 6–2.
LIEUT COL. GEORGE D. SAVAGE.

D. D. L. 5–9½
QUARTERMASTER ISAIAH WINCH.

GEN. JOSEPH H. POTTER.

The Twelfth can boast of but one general, and here is a very good picture of him. He was the first colonel of the regiment, and commanded it until the battle of Chancellorsville, where he was wounded in leg by musket ball and taken prisoner.

He was born in East Concord October 12, 1822; was the son of Thomas D. and Unice (Marden) Potter, and the oldest of eleven children, all of whom lived to mature age and six of whom are now living.

Graduating in 1843 from West Point, where he stood in class rank next below General Grant, he was first engaged in garrison duty and then in the military occupation of Texas and the war with Mexico. He was engaged in the defense of Fort Brown and slightly wounded at Monterey. Subsequently, being promoted to first lieutenant in the Seventh Infantry, he served on garrison duty again at several southern and western frontier posts until 1847, when he was promoted to captain in the same regiment. A year or two later he accompanied the Utah expedition, and when the war broke out between the states, was on duty in Texas, where he was captured by the Confederates July 27, 1861. Soon after his exchange in August, 1862, he was appointed colonel of the Twelfth New Hampshire Volunteers, and commanded the regiment until severely wounded by musket ball through the left leg at Chancellorsville, where he was taken prisoner. He was exchanged October, 1863, and was assistant provost-marshal-general of Ohio until September, 1864, when he was assigned a brigade in the Eighteenth Corps of the Army of the James, having, for a time, the full command of the Bermuda front. It was here that the "Old Twelfth" came again under his command as one of the regiments of his brigade. Later he was assigned to the command of a brigade in the Twenty-fourth Corps, of which he soon became chief of staff, serving as such to the end of the war.

During the war he was appointed major, brevetted lieutenant-colonel, colonel, and brigadier-general in the regular army, and promoted to brigadier-general of volunteers. A few months after his discharge from the volunteer service he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel in the Thirtieth United States Infantry, and was promoted to full rank as colonel December 11, 1873. He did not, however, receive the commission of brigadier-general, to which he was long before justly entitled, until 1886 or 1887, when he was appointed to that rank by President Cleveland.

For four years before this he was governor of the soldiers' home at Washington, D. C., and afterward he held command of the Department of Missouri until his retirement from the service, by reason of age, in 1886.

He was married to Alice G., daughter of Hon. Lincoln Kilbourne, of Columbus, Ohio, September 12, 1865, and had by her four children — Alice F., Jane K., Joseph D., and Francis D., who are still living, and others who died in infancy. Jane K. is now the wife of Lieutenant Hill in the regular army.

General Potter's connection with the Twelfth as its colonel was brief, but it was long enough to overcome a strong prejudice against him when he took command, and build up in its place a feeling of confidence and respect.

He, like his great classmate, was a man of few words; and this, with his natural reserve and regular army habit of official dignity, made him appear more austere and apathetic than he really was. But we forbear eulogy, however deserving, except to say that, while he had not the fecund brain or facund tongue of a Whipple or a Harriman, nor the daring energy of a Cross, it will, nevertheless, be hard to make some of the survivors of his regiment, who followed him safely through the terrible "slaughter-pen" of Fredericksburg, and into the more terrible carnage of Chancellorsville, believe that he did not know his business as well as any colonel that ever led a New Hampshire regiment into battle.

BVT COL. JOHN F. MARSH.

This brave and energetic officer, son of Fitch P. and Mary Jane (Emery) Marsh, was born in Hudson, February 1, 1828. He is of the seventh generation from George Marsh, who came from England with his family in 1635 and settled in Hingham, Mass.

The son of a farmer, his educational advantages were of the district school and village academy.

Failing to obtain an expected appointment as cadet at West Point, young Marsh shouldered a musket in the spring of 1847, and, in the Ninth United States Infantry, joined the army under Scott to serve during the war with Mexico. The battles of Contreras, Churubusco, Molino del Rey, Chapultepec, The Garitas, and city of Mexico, in most or all of which he participated with his regiment, gave him a practical military training, which proved of great use to him in the War of the Rebellion.

The discovery of gold in California next attracted his attention, and he sailed from New York in January, 1849, for Galveston, Tex., where he organized a company, of which he was captain, and conducted it across the mountains and desert wastes of northern Mexico, enlivened by an occasional skirmish with hostile Indians, to the "New El Dorado," where he first encamped in June of the same year.

In 1855-'56 he was special agent in the post-office department, New York to San Francisco, in the last year settling in Hastings, Minn., where he was postmaster five years and also mayor of the city.

Colonel Marsh entered the military service again June 17, 1861, as first lieutenant in the Sixth Wisconsin Volunteers, afterwards a part of the famous "Iron Brigade," and was soon promoted to a captaincy. Wounded in leg at the battle of Gainesville, August 28, 1862, and while at his home, then in New Hampshire, was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the Twelfth Regiment.

In battles of Fredericksburg* and Chancellorsville,* and severely wounded at Chancellorsville, and never in active service in the field afterwards. He did most or all of the drilling of the regiment from the time it went into camp at Concord until he left it, and brought the regiment, for the short time he had, to military discipline before it faced the enemy at Fredericksburg. While in the Veteran Reserve Corps (see roster) he acted for a time on General Casey's board to examine candidates for commissions to command colored troops, and performed special duty in the inspector-general's department, visiting and reporting upon the condition of the military prisons for Confederate prisoners of war in the West. He was commissioned colonel of the Twenty-fourth United States Colored Infantry, but doubting the expediency of employing the freed slaves as soldiers, declined to accept the position. March 13, 1865, he was brevetted colonel "for gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Chancellorsville, Va.," and resigned August 16, 1865.

After the war he was appointed United States pension agent for New Hampshire, and for the last twenty years or more has been engaged in the manufacture of surface-coated paper, and is one of the most successful business men of Springfield, Mass., where he now resides.

December 22, 1848, he married Harriet L. Warren, of Hudson, and his second wife was Ida M. Phillips, of Springfield, Mass., whom he married August 1, 1878.

Although of a fiery and impulsive temperament, which in the enforcement of that strict discipline which he at all times exacted, would sometimes require of him such severity in reprimanding some of the line officers for their carelessness or stupidity in their line of duty as to provoke their ill feelings, yet they soon learned that his heart was as tender as his temper was quick, and that he was as watchful of their rights and wants as he was of their wrongful acts and blunders.

Having native elements of success in himself, as his record shows, he was quick to recognize them in others, and he believed in making colonels of corporals, regardless of intermediate ranks, if the latter were the better fitted and more deserving.

* See pages 49-50 and 73-74.

CHAPLAIN THOMAS L. AMBROSE.

Chaplain Ambrose of the Twelfth New Hampshire Volunteers, son of Nathaniel and Hannah (Roberts) Ambrose, was born in Ossipee, June 16, 1829. From early youth he evinced a kind and forgiving disposition, which won the respect and good will of his associates, and gave promise of the noble character of the man. It was this, probably, together with his early mental development, that made the remark common in the neighborhood that "he was born to be a minister"; and at the age of twenty-three he entered Bowdoin College with this intention and graduated with distinction in the class of 1856. After two years of theological study at New York and Andover, Mass., he was ordained in his native town as a minister of the gospel on the twenty-first day of July, 1858, and in August following he sailed from Boston, under the auspices of the American Board of Foreign Missions, as a missionary to Persia, where for nearly three years he labored with great zeal and success. While there, on one of his tours through the mountains, he had a providential escape from a band of Koardish robbers, who were lying in ambush to waylay him.

In 1861, his health becoming greatly impaired from the effects of a severe sickness, he was reluctantly persuaded to return home for a while and recruit. Again on his native hills, he soon recovered, but his intention of returning soon changed into a strong desire to enter the service of his own beloved but now imperilled country; and when the Twelfth Regiment was raised, he gladly accepted the position of its chaplaincy offered him by Governor Berry, being commissioned as such September 17, 1862, and immediately went into camp with the regiment at Concord. From this time until struck down by the fatal bullet from a rebel sharpshooter in front of Petersburg on the twenty-fourth of July, 1864, while on his way from the regiment in the trenches to a field hospital in the rear — where for some time, in addition to his other duties, he had been laboring — he was scarcely absent a single day from his post of duty. He was taken prisoner with Colonel Potter at Chancellorsville, where for many days after the battle he proved a ministering angel to our wounded and dying left upon the field.

At Gettysburg and Cold Harbor his care and labor for suffering humanity were sleepless and unremitting. When wounded he was at once sent to Chesapeake General Hospital, Fortress Monroe, where after a careful examination and dressing of his wound he seemed so strong and cheerful that hopes were entertained of his recovery. But no more that greeting smile was to cheer and gladden the few war-worn veterans of his regiment that were still left, and who had learned to love him so well.

Secondary hemorrhage necessitated an operation to take up the severed artery in the groin, but his weakened condition from the effects of the wound and loss of blood was not sufficient to withstand the shock, and on the nineteenth of August, 1864, with an angel's smile upon his countenance, he broke the seal of life and passed beyond the veil.

He was eminently a man of deeds, rather than words; yet his sermons, like himself, were solid in sense and full of love and goodness. The purity of the source more than the force of the current tended to cleanse the hearts of his hearers, and hence his preaching was most effective to those who knew him best. His every-day life was an eloquent sermon, for his every act was a Christian pattern. An intimate friend, who, perhaps as much as any other member of the regiment, shared his love and confidence, says: "I never knew of a sermon from him while in the service that did not bear fruits of repentance, and many men were radically changed and hopefully converted."

His last Sabbath on earth found him still laboring for the great cause of his heart and life, preaching his last farewell sermon to the patients and attendants around him, while lying prostrate on "the waiting couch of death."

Wherever lives a veteran survivor of the Twelfth, there can be found one who, in some way, has been the recipient of his kindness and care, and many will remember him with tears of gratitude, as they read this poor tribute to his memory. And could the silent lips of the lamented dead, whose last lingering gaze rested upon him but speak, what a grand acclamation of commingled praise and blessing would rise to consecrate and immortalize his name! The regiment was his home, and all the boys, as he used to call them, respected

and loved him as a father. With and for them he liked to be and labor, and it gladdened his great and oftentimes sorrow-laden heart to know that his paternal care and love were felt and reciprocated. As said of him by Captain Heath, who has since joined him on the other shore, "A braver man never lived, a truer man never wore the garb of Christianity."

Bright burns his light in memory's hall,
Sweet in our hearts his treasured name;
With smile of Christian love for all,
He lived for Heaven, and died the same.

LIEUT. COL. GEORGE D. SAVAGE.

This highly respected officer was the oldest of the eleven children of Capt. Benjamin and Lois (Davis) Savage, and was born in New Durham, March 7, 1818. Married Hannah H., daughter of Reuben Lang, of Brookfield, December 22, 1842. Children, Mary L., Jennie E., George F., Charles R., Henrietta, and Jessie.

In Fredericksburg, and wounded so severely by musket ball in lower jaw at Chancellorsville that he was never with the regiment, except a short time at Point Lookout, afterward.

He moved from his native town, where he had spent the years of his early manhood in cultivating the soil, to Alton in 1849, and soon after opened a hotel there, which he continued the proprietor of until his death.

He was for many years one of the best known and most prominent men in his town and county, representing his town for two years in the legislature, holding the office of railroad commissioner for the same time, and being deputy sheriff for fifteen years or more.

He had in early life taken considerable interest in military affairs, and was a major in the old state militia years before he was appointed to the same rank as a volunteer officer of the Twelfth Regiment, and "Major Savage" was the name and rank by which he was so well known, regardless of his promotion, so long as he lived.

Major Savage — for we must still call him so — as an officer honored his rank, and as a man deserves great praise. Beneath a rough exterior there beat in him a great and tender heart. Though towering head and shoulders above many of his fellow men, for he was six feet and two inches tall, he never forgot that he stood upon the same ground level with them all, nor failed, while in the army or out, to recognize the fact, so often ignored in the army, that

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man 's the gowd for a' that."

Though his manly altitude was such that he could look down with indignant contempt upon any officer, whatever his rank, who was unmindful of the wants and rights of his men, yet he was never too high to stoop and listen to the grievances of the poorest and simplest private of his regiment, and be his advocate, if his cause was worthy of defense.

Once, when one of his brother field officers was speaking harshly of the conduct of some of the musket-bearers, he was heard by the writer to administer this truthful and well deserved rebuke: "Tut, tut, my friend! don't be too severe. Remember we have the honor of commanding scores of men in this regiment, without as much as a corporal's stripe upon their arms, who are better men than you or I dare be."

It was this feeling of kindness toward, and appreciation of his men, acted as well as expressed whenever occasion required, that endeared him to the rank and file, even in the short time he was with them, and that makes his memory cherished in the heart of every survivor to-day.

Elder Capt. J. M. Durgin, in compliance with his request, preached his funeral sermon, delivering an eloquent eulogy upon him as a citizen and a soldier, and his old war horse followed him to the grave.*

* See page 369.

QUARTERMASTER ISAIAH WINCH.

This officer, whose record was as good as it is here, for want of data, short, was born in Newton, Mass., in 1820.

He was twice married. His first wife, whose maiden name was Farley, died in Laconia about 1854, and left one son, Charles F Winch, who engaged in business in the city of New York. Lieutenant Winch (see roster) moved to Meredith in 1856, and went into trade there with Col. E. Stevens and E. Winch, a brother of his. In April, 1857, he married Livonia D. Watson, a niece of Doctor Mason, of Moultonborough, by whom he had one daughter, Anna Mason, who married a Mr. Lawrence, of Dayton, Ohio, where she and her mother now reside. A son died in infancy.

After the war he moved to Fernandina, Fla., and engaged in trade there with J. H. Prescott, his former quartermaster sergeant in the army, and remained there until his death (see roster).

He deserves much praise for the faithfulness, efficiency, and honesty in which he performed his important part of supplying the men with quartermaster stores, and properly accounting for everything that came into his hands.

He seemed to be the right man in the right place, a man who did his work so quietly and silently that it seemed to run itself with little or no friction. He appeared to have no military ambition except to do his whole duty, and that he did without show of authority or ostentation. He was a good man and officer.

SURG. HADLEY B. FOWLER,

Whose death occurred at Bristol, in this state, January 11, 1893, was the son of Captain Blake and Ruth (Sleeper) Fowler, and was born in Bridgewater, March 22, 1825.

Receiving a high school education he studied medicine and graduated at Dartmouth Medical College in 1850. He practiced his profession in Alexandria and Bristol until he entered the service of his country and was commissioned as surgeon of the Twelfth New Hampshire Volunteers, being the first officer to receive a commission in this regiment. His father and son went with him to the front; the former as captain of Company C though nearly three score years of age, and the latter as his father's private orderly though scarcely in his teens. Moreover his grandfather, David Fowler, who was a soldier of the Revolution, hired a substitute to take the place that he himself was too old to fill in the ranks of the same regiment, thereby making four generations present in person or by representative in one single regiment of the Union army.

He helped his father in recruiting and organizing Company C, and was the first to receive a commission, so he could examine, as he did, all the companies but one as they came into camp at Concord. His father, himself, and son (see sketch) were all taken prisoners near Warrington while marching to Falmouth, Va., where he rejoined his regiment by exchange in February following.

He was present, as believed, and acted as surgeon in every battle of the regiment except Fredericksburg, when he was a prisoner of war. At Chancellorsville he had charge of brigade field hospital, and at Gettysburg was operating surgeon of Second Brigade, Second Division, Third Corps, where he was the hero of the amputation table, few, if any, severing more limbs and saving more lives by his courage, alertness, and skill. After this he was always recognized as a leader in his profession, and he was placed in many positions of honor and great responsibility. At Drury's Bluff he was made chief operator of the Eighteenth Corps, and on the day of the battle of Cold Harbor was ordered to take charge of the Eighteenth Army Corps Hospital, which position he held until he was sent west by the War Department, as one of a board of examiners, to inspect the sick and wounded soldiers of Ohio in the Fall of 1864. On his return, two months later, he was ordered by Major-General B. F. Butler to build a hospital for the Army of the James at Point of Rocks, Va. When completed, Doctor Fowler was put in charge and also given command of the post, which position he held until the close of the war. In this position Doctor Fowler's executive capacity was heavily taxed, as the reader may better see by the following words and figures:

Number of beds for patients, 3,500; for officers and attendants, nearly 500; 34 surgeons, 3 chaplains, a quartermaster and commissary 5 stewards, 31 ward masters, 25 matrons, 300 nurses, 75 cooks, with 85 men and officers constantly on guard, and all the necessary paraphernalia to arrange for and look after

In May, 1865, he received an appointment by the War Department to remain in the Freedman's Bureau under Major-General Howard, but owing to impaired health and solicitations of relatives and friends, he returned home with his regiment.

Thus very briefly is sketched his army record, for a small volume would be necessary to give it in detail, and from some pens would be interesting reading. A few characteristic anecdotes will be found related of him elsewhere in this history and many more might be told all indicative of the man. He was not one of those who was "all things unto all men," but his likes and dislikes for friend and foe were too strongly marked and well defined to be easily misunderstood. His intimate friends were few though respected by all, and those few were near and dear to him. Yet, such at times were his strange odd ways and moods that they surprised even those who knew him best. But he has left us at the command of Him who made him such, and he will long be remembered for his noble record for his country, and for his many good and rare qualities of head and heart. He was first married, November 25, 1847, to Caroline L. Smith, of Nashua, and had by her three children, George H. (see sketch), Charles E., and Edgar O. Mother and children all dead but George. February 19, 1884, he was again married to Sarah, daughter of Orrin Lock, of Bristol, who now lives there with her mother.

ASST. SURG. CHARLES W HUNT

Was a son of Thomas J. and Julia A. (Blaisdell) Hunt, a grandson of the late Rev. William Blaisdell, and great grandson of Enoch Hunt, who fought on many of the battle-fields of the Revolution. He was born in Gilford, December 8, 1832, and died of typhoid fever at Point Lookout, Md., August 24, 1863.

Receiving a liberal education he commenced the study of medicine, and graduated as a physician at Hanover, in 1856. He practiced his profession in his native town until he enlisted. As a soldier and physician he was brave and faithful. I think it may be truthfully said of him, that no soldier ever suffered because of his indifference or neglect. "If needs be I am willing to die for my country," he said, and his words were verified by his fearless devotion on the field of Chancellorsville, where, regardless of the shot and shell of the advancing foe, he stood manfully at his post of duty; and when the crumbling walls and kindling flames of the Chancellor House — then crowded with suffering humanity — added new terror and agony to the scene, his heroic efforts to rescue and save his wounded comrades, even after he was taken prisoner, deserved and received the highest praise of his commander, Colonel Potter, who lay a helpless eye-witness to his brave and noble deeds.

In a letter, written home soon after the battle, he says: "But soon the alarm was given that the house was on fire. Then I made up my mind to meet death for I could see no possible way to avoid it. Still I was calm. I thought of my quiet home, my dear friends, and the last letter I wrote before leaving camp in which I asked my dear mother to remember me in her prayers in the coming struggle."

After the battle of Gettysburg, when he again was on the field of death, he remained two or three weeks laboring in the field hospital, where, following his exhausted condition from the days and nights on the field, he contracted, it is thought, the disease of which he soon after died, lamented by all who knew him.

ASST. SURG. JOHN H. SANBORN.

This, the only survivor of the original three surgeons, appointed to look after the physical welfare of the Twelfth Regiment, was born in Meredith, September 23, 1830, and is the son of Dr. John and Susan (Hubbard) Sanborn.

With well-earned academic honors, but neither enlarged nor embellished by a regular college course, he commenced the study of medicine with his father, in Meredith, and afterward studied with his brother, Dr. J. A. Sanborn, of Plymouth, and Prof. B. R.

B. B. L. 6–0.
SURG. HADLEY B. FOWLER.

DB. B. L. 6–0.
ASST SURG. CHARLES W. HUNT

B. B. L. 5–3½.
ASST. SURG. JOHN H. SANBORN.

H. DB. L. 6–1¼.
ASST. SURG. SAMUEL P. CARBEE.

Palmer, of the Vermont Medical College, Woodstock, Vt. He graduated at the Berkshire Medical Institute, at Pittsfield, Mass., November 23, 1852. He practiced his profession in Alstead until December, 1855, and in Meredith until his enlistment. (See roster.)

Married to Elizabeth H., daughter of Rev. Giles Leach, and sister of Levi Leach (see sketch), May 16, 1854. Children, Giles L., Harriet L., Susan L., and Bettie F., all of whom are dead, but Harriet L., who married Edgar A. Jones, and lives with her father. His grandfather, Jeremiah Sanborn, and his great-grandfather, John Sanborn, were both in the Revolution, the latter being an officer. Dr. Sanborn (see sketch) was present at the battles of Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Drury's Bluff, Siege of Petersburg, and Cold Harbor, but was on detached service from January 1 to July 14, 1863, at Brigade Hospital at Falmouth, Va.

After the war he resumed his practice at Meredith for some years, and then removed to Franklin, where he soon established an enviable reputation, and is well known as one of the best-read physicians of the old school and one of her most prominent citizens. He has been a member of the State Medical Society, president of the Central District Medical Society, and a member of the Board of Education, of the city of Franklin. Having by nature a good memory to assist, and a large fund of wit from which to draw, he was always a welcome visitor around the camp-fire in the army, as he has been in the social circle at home, and will be, I trust, when he goes to join the vast army of comrades that are now "marching on."

ASST. SURG. SAMUEL P. CARBEE.

This, the youngest son, among the ten children, of John H. and Anna (Powers) Carbee, was born in Bath, June 14, 1836. His grandfather, Joel Carbee, was of Scotch-Irish descent, and was a soldier of the Revolution. His brother, William, a captain of Company H, Twenty-fourth Iowa Volunteers, was killed at the battle of Champion Hills, Miss., May 22, 1863.

Dr. Carbee, when an awkward, overgrown farmer's boy, loved reading books better than picking rocks, and stored his mind, while his body grew, with common English, and an academic sprinkle of the classics, until he became a teacher himself. Deciding to be a disciple of Æsculapius, he commenced and continued the study of medicine under the instruction of the famous Crosby family until he left his chosen path of peace to join the rugged ranks of war. For the first year or more of his army life he served on detached duty as clerk in the commissary and medical departments, acting a while as hospital steward. After receiving his commission as assistant surgeon (see roster) he was all the time with the regiment, except from May to December, 1864, when he was detailed for service at Point of Rocks Hospital, Va., acting as chief executive officer there for most of that time. He was present at the battles of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wapping Heights, Swift Creek, Relay House, Drury's Bluff, Cold Harbor, Siege of Petersburg, and Capture of Richmond, and is said to have been the first Union surgeon to enter the city at that time; also, as believed, at the battle of Fort Harrison.

After the war he attended lectures at Dartmouth Medical College, receiving his diploma there in November, 1865, and commencing practice in Haverhill, where, for nearly thirty years, he has so faithfully and successfully performed the duties of his calling as to establish an enviable reputation as a physician, and win the confidence and respect of the community. But most of all to his credit and praise it may be said that his best skill and energies have always been at the command of the poor as well as the rich, and many can bear testimony that he has oftener refused than demanded his pay. He is and has been prominently connected with medical societies, now being president of the New Hampshire Medical Society; was fourteen years on a pension board of examiners for his county, and has often received the political preferment of his party in local matters, being, in 1884, one of the nominees, as county commissioner, to lead the Republican party of Grafton County to victory for the first time for nearly twenty years.

Married, September 30, 1885, to N. Della, daughter of Lyman Buck, of Haverhill. (No children.) He is tall and of prepossessing exterior, and was, when in the army, the largest commissioned officer of which the regiment could boast, excepting Major Savage.

COMPANY A.

This company was raised principally in the towns of Alton and New Durham, these two towns furnishing eighty men, of which the former contributed fifty-nine and the latter twenty-one, nearly all of whom were enlisted by George D. Savage, who was soon afterward commissioned major of the regiment. The rest of the men came from the towns of Wentworth, Bartlett, Thornton, Allenstown, Dover, Lincoln, Exeter, Plymouth, and Loudon, of which seven, or nearly half, were residents of Wentworth, or were counted on her quota.

The company, before going into camp at Concord, rendezvoused at Alton Corner when necessary to meet for drill or otherwise, and it was there that it first met and organized by the election of its officers, including sergeants and corporals. Moses H. Savage, of Alton, was elected captain, and James M. York and Nathan Chesley, of Alton, were chosen as first and second lieutenants, and afterward commissioned as such; and Hiram Mooney selected as first or orderly sergeant. The other sergeants were Frank F Frohock, John Colomy, James Sleeper, and Samuel G. Colbath. The corporals were Moses Twombly, George P Miller, William P Watson, Leroy A. Clough, Charles M. Evans, William B. Stott, Ivory Stillings, and George F Davis. Charles H. Canney and Ira M. Rollins produced music for the company from the fife and drum, as it marched into the state house yard at Concord on the fifth of September, 1862, to be mustered into the United States service as the first company to be sworn in as such of the Twelfth New Hampshire Volunteers.

LIEUT. MAHEW C. BATCHELDER.

Gladly and proudly the pen traces out the record of a soldier so worthy a name in history as the subject of this sketch. That he enlisted as a private and served in the ranks nearly half of the time he was in the service makes him all the more deserving of praise.

Son of Ira and Sally (Robinson) Batchelder, and born in Windham, Me., September 1, 1836. Married Angeline Gilman, sister of Charles M. Gilman (see sketch), April 10, 1855, and his only children, Charles W and Albert M., are both living. A strong constitution and rare good luck, with a manly determination to stand in the front line of duty so long as able, permitted him to be present for duty with his regiment all the time from muster-in to muster-out, except when disabled by a wound in the side from a shell in front of Petersburg. And nothing can show better this officer's conscientious devotion to duty than the fact that though a piece of the shell struck him hard enough to cut through his sword-belt, chafe-pad, coat, vest, pants, and under-clothing, and make such a serious contusion on his left side that he never fully recovered from the effects upon his spleen and kidneys until his death, which it was largely the cause of; yet in only twenty days he left the hospital and reported to the regiment for duty.

Two brothers, Henry A. and Frank A., fought for the Union in the Tenth and Twelfth Maine Regiments; the former serving for three years, and losing an eye at the battle of Cedar Mountain.

He worked in the powder mill at New Durham, before enlistment, and at shoemaking and in box-mill most of the time after discharge. Quiet and unpretentious, he was the last to proclaim any of the real prowess that he, by nature, possessed. He was always patient in well doing, and seemed only ambitious to do his whole duty, and content with nothing less.

Place the flag, indeed, each year upon his grave, for of such men were they who resecured and extended its privilege to proudly wave —

"O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

CHARLES H. CANNEY.

Here he is with the musician s stripes upon his coat, and with his fife to his lips, just as he looked when marching in front of the line at "dress parade."

Son of William and Paulina (Edgerly) Canney; born at Tuftonborough, May 13, 1837, and died at Farmington, May 2, 1892, and buried at Ayer, Mass., where he formerly lived. Married, in 1856, to Julia Ann Boynton (deceased), and had by her four children, George W., Orin W (died in infancy), Harry E., and Cora P. Married again, in 1881, to Jane W Nixon.

At the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Cold Harbor, Siege of Petersburg, and Cemetery Hill. He was leading a packed mule of the supply train that was overrun by the Eleventh Corps, when Jackson made his famous attack at Chancellorsville, and was there captured. In Libby and Belle Isle about three months, and then paroled and sent to Annapolis, Md., where he was sick some time, and his wife went down and took care of him. The state records (see roster) do not do him full justice, as it does not give reason for being "missing" at Chancellorsville.

CORP LEROY A. CLOUGH.

Among the few from the regiment who unfortunately fell victims of exposure and starvation in Southern prisons is the subject of this sketch. He was the son of Daniel and Sally H. (Caverly) Clough, and was born in Alton, March 6, 1838.

Married about two years before enlisting to Emily Thurston, of Alton; no children.

In most of the regular battles of the regiment, except perhaps Gettysburg, when he was disabled from duty on account of being wounded in the wrist at Chancellorsville, where he fought on the color guard. After capture (see roster) he was sent first to Libby Prison,

B. B. L. 5–9½.
LIEUT MATHEW C BATCHELDER.

D. D. D. 5–7
CHARLES H. CANNEY

DB. DB. D. 5–9.
CORP. LEROY A. CLOUGH.

G. BK. D. 5–11.
THOMAS N. DAVIS.

and from there to Salisbury, N. C., where he died of typhoid fever. His testament and pocket-book were brought home by Ira L. Stockbridge, of the First New England Cavalry, who was a prisoner with him when he died, but his body was never sent home.

J. B. Higgins, of his company, afterwards chaplain, in a letter of condolence to his parents, says: "He won the respect of all who knew him by his Christian integrity and upright character. He enlisted as a soldier of the cross in 1859, and joined the Freewill Baptist Church at Gilmanton Iron Works in August, 1862, about the time of his enlistment into the army of the Union. His record is bright, and he died a martyr to freedom. His comrades speak of him in the highest terms as equaled by few among the best."

THOMAS N. DAVIS.

Son of Noah and Sarah (Noble) Davis; born in Lee, September 25, 1812.

Brother, Arthur W., in New Hampshire Heavy Artillery; father in War of 1812; and grandfather, Thomas Noble, enlisted under Stark in the Revolution, and died on the march to Bennington. In Fredericksburg and at Chancellorsville; was wounded in right temple by musket ball, and in right shoulder by shell. Rejoined regiment at Point Lookout, but sent to hospital at Williamsburg, Va., and never was with regiment afterward. Considering his age when he enlisted, and his patriotic lineage, he left a name and record in history worthy of preservation.

CORP. GEORGE F. DAVIS.

Son of Thomas N. Davis (see sketch) and Elizabeth Canney (Seawood).

In most of the battles of the regiment, as believed, except Chancellorsville and Cold Harbor, he being on picket when the regiment charged the rebel works in the last named battle.

Married Mary J. Alexander, October 14, 1879. Children, Melissa F. and Mary E.

Farmer and shoemaker before enlistment, and now a farmer in the new state of Washington. Post-office address, Ellensburg, Wash.

He was one of the "best shots" in his company, and was detailed for some time as a sharpshooter. He was also an excellent forager, and never would go hungry "for conscience sake" when in the enemy's country.

SERGT. JULIUS A. DAVIS.

Son of Daniel E. and Sally P. (Place) Davis, and grandson of Asa Davis and Jacob Place, both in the War of 1812, the latter in the battle of Lundy's Lane. Born in Alton, August 30, 1835. Removed to Pittsfield a few years after the war, where he now resides. By occupation a farmer. Married Lydia Jane Sleeper, sister of Eben G., of the same company, of Alton, July 7, 1856, and Allen M. is their only child. In all the battles of the regiment, except Cold Harbor, Cemetery Hill, and part of Siege of Petersburg.

The fact that he faced the enemy in so many battles shows that he was no "coffee-cooler," nor troubled much with "shell-sickness." He had an eye open for the apprehension of deserters, and was chiefly instrumental in bringing Joseph Sharp, of his own company, to justice.*

ORLANDO F. DAVIS.

The picture of this soldier was taken in the winter of 1864, when stationed in the provost marshal's office, Albany, N. Y. (For family record see sketch of his brother, Julius A.) Like so many others, his service in the regiment ended at Chancellorsville, where he was wounded in head by musket ball and left for dead upon the field. Promoted to sergeant when in Veteran Reserve Corps,† and had command of a company at Washington at the time of Early's raid. He was there, also, when Lincoln was assassinated, and had charge, part of the time, of the guard over the conspirators at the old arsenal prison.

* See page 261, *et seq.* † See incident, page 454.

B. B. D. 5–7
CORP. GEORGE F. DAVIS.

B. B. L. 5–10.
SERGT JULIUS A. DAVIS.

B. B. L. 5–7
ORLANDO F. DAVIS.

B. D. D. 5–10½.
DAVID ELLIS.

Married January 13, 1857, to Lorinda F., daughter of Elisha Sleeper, of Alton, and sister of Eben G. (see sketch). Married again January 22, 1870, to Harriet M. Buxton, sister of George W Dearborn (see sketch). Children, both by first wife, Oscar E. and Egbert W

Farmer before and after the war until obliged to work indoors on account of his wound; since which has worked at different trades and places, being for fourteen years shipping clerk for a wholesale firm at Boston, Mass.

"A good man and soldier," says one of his comrades of him, and if this were not true he would not now be, as he is, president of the regimental association.

DAVID ELLIS.

This stout and sterling member of Company A was born, lived (except when in the army), and died close under the shadow of Mount Belknap, in the town of Alton. He was not ambitious to climb the heights of fame, but never flinched from duty.

In Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and so severely wounded by musket ball in left elbow in last named battle that his arm was amputated a month later at Mt. Pleasant Hospital, Washington, at which place he was discharged. He had two brothers in the Union army, John S. and Jonathan. His grandfather, Jacob Ellis, was in War of 1812.

Married in 1845 to Mary Jane Ellis, of Alton.

His standing as a soldier was firm and unwavering, and his record, though brief, was good, and such as make it much regretted that more is not known of his family relationship, especially of his children.

CHARLES E. FIFIELD.

Son of Charles N. and Betsey H. (Nutter) Fifield, and was born in Dover, December 6, 1842. Married September 29, 1867, to Clara J., daughter of Isaac L. Stockbridge, of Alton, where they now reside, near the Alton Bay shore of our beautiful, mountain-hemmed lake.

Though fortunate enough to escape, except on the "mud march," service in the ranks, yet he was present for duty most of the time until the end. He was for some time on detached service in brigade quartermaster's department, and acted for a while as forage master.

His grandfather was in War of 1812, and his great-grandfather, Benjamin Webster, in the Revolution.

By occupation a shoemaker, and a well known and respected member of M. H. Savage Post, No. 49, Grand Army of the Republic, of which he is a Past Commander.

JOHN H. FIFIELD,

A younger brother of the last and a native of the same town, was, like him, lucky enough to escape the harder part of a soldier's life, acting most of the time as waiter or orderly for Major Savage and supernumerary assistant when or wherever needed, being in this way almost as necessary to the service as if he carried a gun in the ranks. Being young, bright, and jovial, and good hearted with all, no one seemed to envy him his easy lot, and no one thought of finding fault with "Johnny Fifield." But the reader must not think from what is written that he never smelt gunpowder or heard the sound of shot or shell. At Chancellorsville he had a narrow escape from rebel hands, and was exposed to their fire in other battles.

Since the war he has been interested in the turf, owning several fast horses, one of which, named "Screw Driver," has won him a good deal of money.

Married soon after the war to Clara J., daughter of Joel Young, and their children are George H. and Charles L. He has for several years been the proprietor of the "Fifield House," and is one of Alton's most enterprising citizens.

B. L. L. 5–6.
CHARLES E. FIFIELD.

B. L. L. 5–5.
JOHN H. FIFIELD.

B. D. D. 5–10.
SERGT FRANK F. FROHOCK.

G. D. L. 5–8.
CHARLES M. GILMAN.

SERGT FRANK F FROHOCK.

This soldier was born in Gilford, April 2, 1826, and died of typhoid fever at Point Lookout, Md., October 9, 1863, while enlisted in the service of his country. He was in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, and was wounded slightly in arm at Chancellorsville and severely at Gettysburg.

He was the son of Daniel and Esther (Leavitt) Frohock, and his grandfather, Thomas Frohock, was in the Revolution, and helped throw up and defend the redoubt on Bunker's Hill.

He was a good soldier, and instead of being buried in an unknown grave, like so many killed on the field, his ashes mingle with the soil of his native town.

CHARLES M. GILMAN.

This soldier, the youngest of the seven children of Moses and Abigail (Hurd) Gilman, was born in Alton, and was nineteen years old when he enlisted. His father was a prominent man in Alton for many years, and his great-grandfather, Moses Gilman, served for some time in the Revolution.

He was killed in the battle of Chancellorsville by a bullet through the head while the regiment was lying in line of support before advancing into the woods.*

His paternal ancestors came from England and settled in Exeter, and their names prominently appear in the early history of that town. Though he enlisted and died a private, he is spoken of by his comrades as calm and capable, and but for his untimely death would have probably arose to the rank of command before the end of the war.

GEORGE W HAM.

One of the eleven children of Samuel and Jane (Jenness) Ham, who was born in Alton, September 8, 1843, and died of black measles December 13, 1862, while his regiment was under fire at Fredericksburg. Charles H. Pickering, of Company B, died the same day, and was buried in the same grave at Falmouth, Va.

This soldier was of Scotch descent, his great-grandfather, John, who is believed to have been in the Revolution, being one of three brothers who came to this country and settled in Portsmouth. His grandfather, Thomas, was in the War of 1812. His brothers, Moses and William P., served in the Eighth and Fifth New Hampshire Volunteers respectively.

CHAPLAIN JOSIAH B. HIGGINS.

This true hearted soldier of the regiment first joined the ranks of the living at Livermore, Me., January 19, 1830, and was discharged by death at Canterbury, May 16, 1878. He was married May 1, 1852, to Eliza M. Cobb, and had two children, Josiah B., Jr., and Phebe E., who died young. His wife survived him a few years, dying in 1895, and leaving only one survivor of the family. He had one brother, Franklin M., in the army, who served in Company B, Fifth New Hampshire Volunteers, and was mortally wounded at Fredericksburg, Va.

The following sketch was sent to the author by his son:

Chaplain Higgins was converted in 1850, and baptised the next year at Biddeford, Me., by Rev. J. L. Sinclair. He became deeply interested in Christianity and the Sabbath school work at Bartlett. He was ordained in February, 1865, at Alton, by a special council called for that purpose, and was soon after appointed chaplain of the Twelfth Regiment, in place of the lamented Ambrose.

* See page 79.

G. D. D. 5–5.
GEORGE W HAM.

H. D. L. 5–8.
CHAP. JOSIAH B. HIGGINS.

G. L. L. 5–7.
JAMES M. JONES.

After the war he preached at Barnstead and Wolfeborough, and moved to Canterbury in 1867 and became the minister of the Free Baptist Church there for three years. The rest of his ministerial labors were at Canterbury Centre, and preaching to the scattered brethren at Northfield at the same time. He spent much of his later life with feeble and destitute churches, getting nor asking but a small salary, and ofttimes without any at all.

As a man he was cool and deliberate, persistent in what he thought was right, and useful, industrious, and prudent in all his efforts and habits. He maintained himself and family chiefly by manual labor. He was a kind husband, indulgent father, and was patriotic and highly esteemed by his fellow citizens. As a Christian he was sincere and devout. He cherished personal piety and practiced personal effort in his Christian work. His emotional manifestations were of a subdued, tearful character rather than noisy and ephemeral. Like Thomas, he wanted the proof; then he would say, "My Lord and my God." As a minister he excelled in finding fields of destitution and want, where he bestowed the best efforts of his life. He was a reliable minister; his preaching was expository, thorough, spiritual, and was not in vain.

Extracts from his diary while in the war are now being printed by his son in the *Laconia Democrat*.

JAMES M. JONES.

Samuel and Elizabeth (Rollins) Jones, who lived and died in Alton, raised a family of eight children, and three of the six boys served in the Union army. Two of these were members of the Twelfth, while the other, Samuel E., enlisted in the Eighteenth New Hampshire Regiment.

The subject of this sketch, the oldest of the family, was born in Alton, January 18, 1836; was reared upon a farm, but had worked several years before enlisting at shoemaking. He safely faced the shells of Fredericksburg, but was killed by one on the battle-line at Chancellorsville. He lived and remained standing long enough after he was hit to take from his pocket his wallet and testament, but fell dead with them in his extended hand while in the act of giving them to Sergeant Sleeper, who stood near by.

He married Maria S. Perkins, of Alton, March 25, 1855, and their children are Simeon, Charles H. W., Mary L., and James M.; a twin sister of James, born while their father was in the army, died soon after. He told some of his comrades that he knew he should be killed in that battle, and when a bullet struck between him and O. F. Davis, next to him, chided him for speaking lightly of it when lying, as it seemed to him, already in the shadow of death.

CHARLES H. JONES,

Brother of the foregoing, and still among the living, is he whose picture appears here.

Born in Alton, June 6, 1840, and was the third child. Married to Ann E., daughter of Ezekiel Flanders, of Alton, May 20, 1860; children, Charles A. (deceased) and Ida M. Married, second time, to Julia A., daughter of Dudley Lougee, of Gilmanton, and all his children by this wife, viz., Lizzie A., Della M., George H., Flora B., Fannie E., Maud N., and Mabie, are still living, except George H., who was killed on the railroad July 30, 1890.

He, like many others in the regiment, was taken sick on the march to Falmouth, Va., and discharged for disability soon after reaching there. He is a shoemaker by trade and a good neighbor and citizen. The picture from which the engraving was made was taken a year or two after the war.

G. B. D. 5–6.
CHARLES H. JONES.

G. L. L. 5–9.
ALBERT D. JONES.

B. D. L. 6–0.
CHRISTOPHER C. JOY

B. B. L. 5–8.
SERGT. THOMAS E. LAWLER.

ALBERT D. JONES.

This soldier, a cousin to the last two, was the son of Nathaniel W and Mary (Watson) Jones, and was born in Alton, May 10, 1841.

One of his three brothers, George W., enlisted in Company A, Fourth New Hampshire Volunteers, and died of small pox on Morris Island, S. C.

Went through the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville safely, but breathed his last about midnight on the field of Gettysburg. Darius Garland claims that he was wounded in side, laying open his bowels, and that he helped him back a piece but was obliged to leave him. But Sergeant Lawler, who had a better chance of knowing,* writes:

"I found Dana Jones on the field (referring to his moonlight search over the same). He was shot, as near as I can remember, with a rifle ball in the left breast. He knew he was to die. He knew me, and was more than glad to see me. He did not seem to have much pain. He prayed, and seemed reconciled to die. He said nothing about his family or friends, and I said nothing to him about them. He died about 12 o'clock, as quietly as if falling asleep."

He was one of the brave and stalwart members of Company A, and the evidence of one of his officers is, that "he was a most excellent soldier." He belongs to the roll of honor

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CHRISTOPHER C. JOY.

Born in New Durham, September 2, 1836. Son of Samuel and Watey (Pettigrew) Joy Wounded at Gettysburg by ball in chest, and lived until 2 o'clock the next morning.† "When it was daylight," says Sergeant Lawler, "I took his watch and afterward sent it to his wife by John Colony. He seemed to be suffering much from pain when I found him. I got him some water, placed him on a blanket, and did what I could to help and comfort him. He died at last, like Jones, who lay dead near by, so easily that I thought he was going to sleep."

He belonged to a family that are direct descendants from one of English distinction and entitled, as it is said, to a "coat of arms." Married Maria A. Trask, of Brookfield, December 27, 1860, but left no children. His brother, Rev. Joseph F. Joy, now living in Farmington, was a member of the United States Sanitary Commission during the war.

In battles, as believed, of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. Lieutenant Batchelder said of him: "A good man and soldier, and his fall was lamented by all the company that survived him."

SERGT. THOMAS E. LAWLER.

The pen moves gladly to record the merits of this brave soldier, who was born in Queens county, Ireland, April 26, 1842, and was the fourth child of Joseph and Charlotte Lawler, who had two sons and three daughters. He came to this country in May, 1861. A year and three months later, prompted by that love of freedom which pervades the heart of every true blooded Irishman, he had enlisted in the Eleventh Regiment; but not being accepted because he was not a citizen until too late to go in that regiment, "I knocked at the Twelfth," to use his own words, "and was taken in by Captain Savage, of Company A."

From that time to the end of the war there was no better soldier or more desirable tent-mate in his company, or any other, than he.

"In all the battles and skirmishes of the regiment," he writes, "but never in ambulance or hospital and never excused from duty, but I lost forty pounds of flesh on the Gettysburg march from Falmouth to Point Lookout." And what makes his words more remarkable is the fact that he was wounded three or four times, and once or twice severe enough to have passed him to the rear and into the hospital, if inclined like some to go in that direction.

* See page 416 and the following sketch. † See page 416.

A long and interesting account of his experience on the battle-fields of the regiment we are obliged to condense as follows: At Chancellorsville his clothes and blanket were bullet-holed in many places, and he had a close encounter with, and a narrow escape from, the enemy; a thrilling experience in and after the battle of Gettysburg; at Drury's Bluff wounded by shell; wounded by musket ball and blanket-roll shot off at Cold Harbor, and wounded again by musket ball in front of Petersburg.

To the honor of the vocation be it known that this hero of the battle-field is by trade a brickmaker.

Married October 3, 1870, to Matilda A. Ferguson, of New York city. Children, Edwin J., Charlotte M., and John J., the oldest only living. His two sisters came to this country and became the wives of John A. Lewis, of Suncook, and William Giles, of Concord.

"When I enlisted," he says, "no one knew me, and I knew no one in the regiment"; but when he was mustered out, few, if any, of the survivors were better known or more highly respected.

Speaking of Gettysburg, he says: "The night of July 2, after the battle, I spent on the field, doing what I could for the wounded and dying."* * * * * * "The very thought of that night thrills me now. What historian can tell the tale of what I saw and heard on that field of agony and death, that bright moonlight night, to make it touch such a tender chord?" And thus we learn it true, that "the tender heart is often the bravest."

He was always pleasant and cheerful, and no clash of battle could blanch his cheek or even drive the smile from his countenance. However others might change or betray, he was always the same brave, faithful, and noble hearted soldier and friend.

See anecdotes of him on pages 404 and 450, the former being erroneously credited, as will be seen, to Davidson, of Company G.

MOSES J. LUCAS.

This soldier, the oldest of three children and the only son of Benjamin F. and Mary W (Willey) Lucas, was born in New Durham, February 21, 1841, and died of chronic diarrhœa at his father's home in Alton while on a sick furlough, November 2, 1863. He was brought up on a farm, but occupied his spare moments in the improvement of his mind; and by this means, being an excellent scholar, and several terms' attendance at the high school at Wolfeborough, paying his own tuition and board, he had acquired a good education, which, founded upon his good habits and backed by his perseverance, would, had he lived, won for him an honorable position among his fellow men.

He was of Irish descent, and his great-grandfather, William, was one of the first settlers of Wolfeborough.

In battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and Wapping Heights. Wounded severely in knee at Chancellorsville. Never married. Buried in Alton.

"A bright day-star obscured ere it reached scarcely beyond the morning mists."

SERGT. GEORGE P MILLER

Came into this world at Alton, March 5, 1842, as the son of Nathaniel and Mehitable (Gilman) Miller, who had eight children, four boys and four girls. He became the husband of Melissa A., daughter of John Lang, of Alton, June 15, 1867. No children.

Upon the organization of the company he was appointed second corporal and afterward promoted (see roster). In battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Port Walthall. Injured by shell concussion at Chancellorsville.

Mark C., a brother of this soldier, was in Company E, Eighth New Hampshire Volunteers and died in the service; and another brother, John M., in Company I of the same regiment, was wounded at Port Hudson, and died soon after his discharge in January, 1865.

*See page 416.

He is still a resident of his native town, where he is a respected citizen.

While correcting the "proof" of this soldier's sketch, the author is reminded by letter from him of the following incident: When the regiment was marching through Manchester, Va., on its way home in June, 1865, a young lady of that place presented and decorated with her own hands the colors with a beautiful wreath of roses. With cheers and tears the old veterans gladly greeted the fair donor, and then sadly bid her farewell forever Her name was Miss Sarah S. Witworth, and shonld not be soon forgotten in history.

SERGT. HIRAM MOONEY.

This soldier was made first sergeant of the company and left the state as such when the regiment went to the front; but he was soon discharged (see roster) because of disability (lung and chronic trouble), and saw little of "savage war."

He was born in Alton, August 30, 1817, where he lived and worked upon a farm until after his discharge, when he moved to Wilton, Iowa. and ten years later to Parsons, Kan., where he died November 28, 1886. During most of his time in the West he was a hotel keeper.

He was married before enlistment to Lucretia B., daughter of William Tredick, of Farmington, but never had any children. His widow still lives to cherish his memory. Her address is 14 Pelrce street, Dover.

CORP. HORACE B. PERSON.

Born in New Chester (now Hill), April 27, 1830. Parents, Willard J. and Harriet (Avery). His grandfather, John Person, was an old Revolutionary veteran, who lived to relate his seven years' experience in the continental army. He was one of a party of scouts who, taking advantage of the darkness, surprised and captured a party of British on that memorable nineteenth of May, 1780.

Taken sick with fever at Arlington Heights, Va., and sent to Washington, where, after recovery, he was head nurse in hospital for nearly two years, rejoining the regiment at Bermuda Front, Va., in October, 1864, and continuing in the ranks to the end of the war.

Married to Lovey J. Gray, of Alexandria, July, 1852. Children, Loren A., Hiram W., Horace L., Frank N., Nettie L., and Edwin L.

Though never in battle, there is no spot or blemish in his record, so far as known.

HENRY W PERKINS.

Sixty years ago the twentieth day of June, 1890, this son of John Perkins was born in the town of Alton, where, except when in the army, he has ever since been an inhabitant. His mother's maiden name was Sally Libbey, whose father, Benjamin, was a soldier of the Revolution.

October 7, 1855, Adaline Gilmore accepted his hand in marriage, and has borne him two sons, Albert E. and Herman A.

In the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, where he fought in the ranks and was slightly wounded in the latter. After this he was assistant in the hospital department, and was present, assisting Doctor Fowler and others in caring for the wounded, at Gettysburg, Cold Harbor, and other engagements. He says he remembers well that there were only three men in his company for two or three days after Chancellorsville battle, viz., the brave and faithful Colomy, Kingman, killed at Gettysburg, and himself.

Many have faced more and greater dangers on the battle-field, but few have seen more of its horrors or done more to relieve its suffering victims. He says: "I stood Elder Durgin on his feet after he was wounded (see sketch) and tried to help him along, but had to leave him." * * * * "I and Freeman Frohock (see sketch) helped carry Captain Savage off the field. He was struck by a minie ball over the left eye."

Since the above was written the subject of this sketch has gone to join his comrades and one or both of his children on the other shore. He died July 28, 1892. He was a good man and soldier.

B. B. L. 5–8.
MOSES J. LUCAS.

Bk. Bk. D. 5–6.
SERGT GEORGE P. MILLER.

B. D. L. 5–9.
SERGT HIRAM MOONEY

H. D. D. 5–9.
CORP. HORACE B. PERSON.

CORP. JOHN L. PETTENGILL.

A native of Franklin, and claims a residence on earth since May 28, 1835. Son of John and Mahaley (Kimball) Pettengill and the brother of Amos, of Company G, Fifth Regiment, and of Franklin B., Company E, Ninth Regiment.

Married to Betsey Wallingford, of Alton, April 23, 1857 (deceased), and to Deborah Ricker, of Alton, October 27, 1861. Children, by second wife, are Annie M., Fannie B., Lilla M., and Johnnie F.

In Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. Wounded in arm and taken prisoner at Chancellorsville, and "boarded at 'Libby Hotel' in Richmond, Va.; while there they took us to a pleasure trip to Belle Isle," as he says in his diary. Rejoined regiment at Point Lookout in December, 1863, and was in all battles after that except Cold Harbor, where he was detailed, on the morning of the charge, as blacksmith at division headquarters, and served as such faithfully until end of war. "I never went to surgeon's call and never lost a minute's time on account of sickness." Something that few can say, and shows he was not one of the "shell-sick" kind.

DANIEL J. PINKHAM.

Son of Clement and Eliza G. (Johnson) Pinkham and born in Alton, August 21, 1831. Killed at Cold Harbor, and was in all battles, as believed, previous to this. He was wounded in the left arm at Gettysburg by musket ball going in at the elbow and coming out at the wrist.

Few braver or better soldiers fell in that terrible battle. Though his dust mingles with the soil of the South where he fell, he died for the whole country and will long be revered as one of her honored martyrs.

BVT. LIEUT. CHARLES A. PLACE.

This fourth child, and the third and youngest son but one, of Joseph and Lydia (Hurd) Place, was born in Alton, May 8, 1842. An older brother, Jonas M., served in the Forty-fifth Massachusetts.

Occupation before enlistment, farming; since discharge, a traveling salesman most of the time. He is seen here as he looked years after the war.

In all the battles of the regiment, except Fredericksburg and Gettysburg, but never wounded. (See error in roster.) Taken prisoner at Chancellorsville, and entered Libby Prison on his twenty-first birthday. Seventeen days' experience there and at Belle Isle was sufficient to cause him to take narrow chances with rebel bullets next year on the Bermuda picket line, rather than fall again into rebel hands. He was, as he says, the only one of the last to advance in that battle who escaped alive.*

Of Chancellorsville, he says: "While in this position (lying by the brook) my cousin, Charles M. Gilman (see sketch), was instantly killed by my side." * * * * "I fired nearly sixty rounds of cartridges before retreating, and my gun became so foul that I could not drive a charge home, so I forced the end of the rammer against a small tree close by. As we fell back to avoid capture by one line of the enemy we found ourselves in the rear of another, and could do nothing else but surrender."

Married April 14, 1866, to Abbie S., daughter of Eleasor Cate, of Alton, and sister of Charles E. Cate, of the same company, and their children are Mamie A., Charles F., and Inez L.

This brave soldier's motto seems to be: "Act well your part, there all the honor lies"; and when life's journey with him shall near its end may the "well done" plaudit be his to feel if not to hear.

*See page 248 *et seq.*

B. L. L. 5–7
HENRY W. PERKINS.

LB. B. L. 5–6.
CORP. JOHN L. PETTENGILL.

B. L. L. 6–0.
DANIEL J. PINKHAM.

D. Bk. D. 5–9.
BVT. LIEUT CHARLES A. PLACE.

PERLEY P. PRESCOTT.

A native of Alton and was born September 21, 1840. Son of Joseph and Harriet N. (Place) Prescott. Both his grandfathers, Samuel Prescott and Jacob Place, were in the War of 1812.

Taken sick before the regiment left camp at Concord, and never rejoined it.

Married January 1, 1860, to Ann Maria Dudley, of Barnstead, and Nettie F. is their only child. Occupation, shoemaker and farmer. A good citizen.

JOHN F. RANDALL.

"Killed at Chancellorsville," reads the official record, but it seems, from best information, that he was not killed instantly, but lived for several hours.

Lieutenant Towle, of his company, says: "He might have lived," meaning that his chances to live were seemingly in his favor until the surgeons commenced to probe and cut for the "buck-shot," as Towle calls it, that struck him in the leg, ending in amputation and death. Name of father, Peter; of mother, Betsey (Willey). Born September 6, 1843. His brother, Samuel L., the oldest of five children, served in the Fifteenth Regiment, and his grandfather, Robert Willey, was a soldier of 1812.

He was buried on the field, and his body was never recovered. His aged mother still lives to mourn the loss of a brave and patriotic son.

ELISHA E. ROLLINS.

Here he is as he looked enjoying his "camp-fire comfort" in the war. (See A. D. Jones.)

Son of Jeremiah A. Rollins, of Alton, and was born in that town, February 18, 1838. He was married to Mary A. Chase, and had by her two children, Carrie and Eri. She is now the wife of Frank W Hicks, of South Wolfeborough.

He was severely wounded in leg at Chancellorsville, and had it amputated soon after the battle. "Killed by the doctors," is the short, sad, but probably truthful story of Lieutenant Towle about this brave soldier, and there is too much of truth in these four words as said of many who "died of wounds," as reported, but ought to have recovered and lived many years to enjoy the pleasures and blessings of home. He was always joyous and full of fun, and is said to have been a good man and soldier.

IRA M. ROLLINS.

This soldier, who went out as drummer of the company, was born in Alton, August 18, 1828, and is the son of Stephen and Abigail (Severance) Rollins.

Married Frances A. Sampson, November 11, 1848. Children, Stephen E., Amaziah C., Albert N., Ichabod, and Ida B.

He played the base drum from the time it was given the drum corps at Falmouth, Va.,* till the close of the war, and still plays the same drum at almost every annual reunion. This drum was stolen from its keeper in the war and afterwards found and reclaimed by the drum corps.

A shoemaker before enlistment and a farmer since discharge.

CAPT. MOSES H. SAVAGE.

This long-lamented officer of Company A was born in New Durham, January 15, 1828, being the son of Capt. Benjamin and Louis (Davis) Savage, and was killed (see roster) May 3, 1863, by musket ball wound over left eye.

He was married to Betsy T., daughter of James Woodhouse, May 1, 1855.

Captain Savage, as a man, had few equals and no superiors. Enlisting solely from a clear sense of duty to his country and his God, leaving a home so pleasant and happy that he said that he had rather face the cannon than bid his wife and child good-by for the

* See page 63.

G. D. D. 5–10.
PERLEY P. PRESCOTT.

G. D. D. 5–8.
JOHN F. RANDALL.

D. D. D. 5–4.
ELISHA E. ROLLINS.

G. D. L. 5–7.
IRA M. ROLLINS.

front, he served long enough to win among his comrades what he had long held as a citizen at home — the love and respect of all that knew him; and sealing his patriotism with his life's blood, went early to his reward.

Chaplain Ambrose, writing to his widow soon after his death, says: "The more I became acquainted with him and the better I knew him, the more his sterling qualities as a man appeared. Kindness beamed always from his countenance. I never remember of hearing him use a harsh expression. He seemed to be free from that selfish, ambitious spirit so often manifested."

The farewell injunction to his wife to try, should he never return, to have his son, then but three or four years old, well educated, has been bravely and nobly obeyed, though in the face of obstacles that would have disheartened anyone less energetic and determined. But under a sacred obligation of love and duty to the living and the dead, she persevered, and now her son, Henry W Savage, of Boston, Mass., is a college graduate and one of the most promising young business men of the city. May he ever prove himself worthy of his name.

"His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, This is a man!"

SERGT. JAMES SLEEPER.

This soldier, who went out as the fourth sergeant of his company, was born October 13, 1820, and died at East Concord, where he resided, January 20, 1895. He was the son of Joseph and Susan (Lougee) Sleeper and the grandson of Benjamin Sleeper, who was in the Revolution. He was a brother of William H., of Company B, who died at Alexandria, Va.

He was in Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville and wounded in last battle by musket ball through upper jaw, and never with the regiment afterwards.

Married Susan, daughter of Jonathan Lougee, of Alton, September 18, 1851. Children, Frank E., Ella A., Lizzie C., and Edmund L.

Though nearly exempt by law when he enlisted, yet he proved one of the best of soldiers; and when obliged to accept a discharge because of his wound, the regiment lost a brave soldier, and by his late death the community where he lived has lost an honest and respected citizen.

EDWARD S. SMITH

Was born in Wentworth in 1821 or 1822, and was the son of Joseph and Esther Smith (maiden name unknown).

Married to Lavina Putney, of Wentworth, many years before enlistment, by whom he had ten children, viz.: Albert, Esther B., Granville J., Helen F., Electa B., Charlotte, Charles E., Carrie L., Georgia, India A., one unnamed (died in infancy), and Josephine B. Albert, who first enlisted in the First Vermont Infantry, was a member and reënlisted veteran of the Sixth New Hampshire Volunteers, and was severely wounded in the battle of Antietam. Charles E. enlisted into the service, but was not mustered on account of disability.

This soldier died of typhoid fever at Falmouth, Va., March 17, 1863. His grandfather, Joseph, was in War of 1812.

CORP. CHARLES H. STOCKBRIDGE.

Time and place of birth, February 22, 1843, Alton. Parents, Abednego and Maria (Clough) Stockbridge, and his mother was an aunt of Leroy Clough (see sketch). His father lived at or near "Stockbridge Corner." He was an only son, who had two sisters.

From all that can be learned he was in most of the battles of the regiment, but never severely wounded. He is remembered as a good fellow and soldier, and from the last heard of him he lived in Hayden, Col.

B. S. L. 6–0.
CAPT MOSES H. SAVAGE.

B. B. L. 5–5½.
SERGT JAMES SLEEPER.

B. D. D. 5–10.
EDWARD S. SMITH.

B. L. L. 5–6.
CORP. CHARLES H. STOCKBRIDGE.

ASA T. THOMPSON.

Born in Gilmanton in the year 1829.

In the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and soon after taken sick and sent to hospital and discharged (see roster).

He was at one time in the meat business before enlistment, and station agent for a time since discharge at Alton or New Durham. But little is known of his history, but is believed to have died several years ago.

LIEUT CHARLES F TOWLE.

This brave and faithful officer, the oldest of ten children, of whom six were boys, was born in Wolfeborough, January 6, 1827, and is the son of William and Ruth L. Towle. His great-grandfather was in several battles of the Revolution, and returning uninjured, lost a hand by the bursting of a gun he was firing in honor of the occasion.

In every engagement of the regiment except Gettysburg, when he was sick from wound in right thigh at Chancellorsville. Taken prisoner at Bermuda Hundred, November 17, 1864, and for forty-two days of the three months he was in Libby Prison, he and five others were confined as hostages.

Married August 27, 1870, to Emma F., daughter of Jerome B. Witham, of New Durham. Children, George L., Clara M., and Charles F., Jr.

Enlisted and acted as private until after Fredericksburg, and this, with his solid common sense and good will for all, made him one of the best liked and most reliable of the line commanders.

By occupation a shoemaker most of his life and a brave and true soldier from 1862 to the end of the war. The name of few soldiers should be more revered or more gratefully remembered than his.

CORP WILLIAM P WATSON.

This is the only one of the original Twelfth whose place and date of birth is not known and of whose death the exact day and place equally uncertain. He worked for several years before enlistment for Major Savage in Alton, where he enlisted, and from best information was never married. But little more than this is known of his history save as a soldier. He was a constant follower of the flag and a true and brave fighter beneath its folds from Fredericksburg to Cold Harbor, after which there is no well authenticated record of him. Two or three different stories are told by as many members, all claiming, and for good reasons, to know the facts concerning his last appearance and condition. But from the Revised Records of the state and other information from comrades there is little doubt but that he received his death wound at Cold Harbor and lived but a short time.

John Fifield (see sketch) says: "The last I ever saw him was in the field hospital at Cold Harbor, shot through three times. I think I was the last one who knew him who ever saw him alive."

LIEUT. JAMES M. YORK.

Born in Lee in 1818 and died in Farmington, where he had long resided. He was a son of David and Betsey (Langley) York and grandson of Eliphalet York, of the War of 1812, and relative, as believed, of him of the same name who served in the Revolution.

Upon the organization of Company A he was chosen first lieutenant, serving as such until disabled by exposure in Fredericksburg campaign. Before the war he had belonged to the "Strafford Guards," and was an ensign in the old state militia. For this reason he was selected by Captain Savage to drill the company, and it received its first lessons at Concord and Falmouth, Va., from him.

Married, first, to Catherine Dockham, and second, to Lucy A. Willey, of Durham, October 2, 1845, by whom he had four children, Ella F., Emma F., Roger S., and Albert Q., of whom the two last are living.

One worthy of the "Old Twelfth," though his record is short.

B. D. L. 6–1.
ASA T. THOMPSON.

B. L. L. 5–8.
LIEUT. CHARLES F. TOWLE.

B. DB. D. 5–8.
CORP. WILLIAM P. WATSON.

G. D. D. 5–10.
LIEUT. JAMES M. YORK.

COMPANY B.

This is said to be the first company to arrive in camp at Concord, though both A and B reached there and were mustered into the government service the same day, August 1, 1862, instead of September 5, as stated of Company A.* The company was raised almost entirely in the towns of Gilmanton and Barnstead, only five or six living in other towns. Nearly one half the company enlisted from Gilmanton.

The meeting for the election of officers and organization of the company was held at Gilmanton "Iron Works" (so called) a few days before the company left town for Concord, when Thomas E. Barker, of Gilmanton, was unanimously chosen captain, and John M. Durgin and Charles E. Marsh, both of the same town, were elected as first and second lieutenants; and all were afterwards commissioned by Governor Berry to fill these respective positions, which they did until the shot of the enemy disabled them at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville.

Horace Edgerly was elected as first or orderly sergeant. The other four sergeants were elected and received their warrants in the order here named: Jonathan Tasker, Sylvester J Gale, Horace B. Carr, and Rufus E. Gale. The corporals were John L. Piper, William T Knight, George P Buswell, Oliver H. P Young, John P Eaton, Baron F S. Burpee, Joseph E. Dockham, and William H. Berry

George W Aikins and James E. Randlett were mustered in as musicians, though the latter never acted as such, his place being filled by George W Pitman.

The first man to enlist in this company was Sylvester J Gale, of Gilmanton. This was at a town meeting, holden at the "Corner" (so called), August 9, 1862, to see if the town would pay a bounty for volunteers, or stand a draft. Patriotic speeches were made by Thomas Cogswell, Jonathan T Coffin, John M. Durgin, and others, and the town voted to pay each volunteer the sum of two hundred dollars.

George E. Place, Ira Flanders, and John C. Baker enlisted the same day, expecting then to go in the Eleventh Regiment. Two days later a similar meeting was holden at Barnstead Centre, at which a bounty of three hundred dollars was voted for volunteers, enlisting and mustered into the United States service before September 1, 1862.

Melvin J. Jenkins, Horace Edgerly, Henry H. Emerson, Benjamin F Chesley, and David Sackett enlisted at the same meeting as the first in Company B to enlist for the regiment.

Samuel G. Berry, William A. Jenkins, Thomas J Proctor, Hazen Wheeler, Horace N. Colbath, and Joel and Abram Clark were some of the prominent citizens that were present at the meeting.

* See page 485.

GEORGE W. AIKINS.

This high-minded patriot was "tall and straight as an Indian," and from his high cheek bones, straight, black hair, and dark complexion, one would be led to think that some of that blood flowed in his veins. At any rate it was good blood, and his qualities of head and heart were far beyond the average. He was the son of Nathaniel E. and Nancy (Foss) Aikins, and was born in Barnstead, March 24, 1841.

His grandfather, John Aikins, Jr., was a soldier of 1812, and his great-grandfather, of the same name, was a Revolutionary pensioner. He was at the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville.

A day or two before he died he said to his father: "I always thought it was my duty to go and help put down this rebellion, and I went; and it is all right." He enlisted to go in the Eighth Regiment, but being under age he yielded to his father's wishes and waited.

He was naturally sober-minded, and said little but thought much, especially upon moral questions, always favoring justice and humanity.*

BVT. COL. THOMAS E. BARKER.

This brave officer, who has the honor of commanding the regiment longer than any other, was born in Canterbury, March 13, 1839. His father, Gardner T., was a soldier of 1812; and his mother, whose maiden name was Martha W Huntoon, was a lineal descendent of soldiers distinguished in the War of the Revolution. They had five children of whom Thomas E. is the youngest.

First enlisted May 13, 1861, in Company B, Second New Hampshire Volunteers. His company was armed with Sharp's rifles and was known as "The Goodwin Rifles," and was drilled as skirmishers by Capt., afterwards Maj. Gen., S. G. Griffin. They led Heath's division at First Bull Run, where Barker and about fifty others were taken prisoners. He was confined in Libby, Old Parish, and Salisbury prisons for two, five, and three months, respectively. After his exchange he enlisted again in the Twelfth Regiment and was chosen captain of Company B, that he had mainly recruited, enlisting over eighty men. He was with the regiment all the time, except for two months while recovering from wound in leg at Chancellorsville, and in all its engagements but Gettysburg, rejoining and taking command of it there on the morning of the 4th. From this time, except at Point Lookout, until the end the regiment was most of the time under his command, leading it against the foe in every battle, except at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg.

He was married June 18, 1863, while at home on furlough recovering from his wound, to E. Florence Whittredge, of Lynnfield, Mass. Their children are, William E., Florence M., and Blanche M. His wife was the first National President of the Woman's Relief Corps, and has always been an active worker therein. Her brother, Myron, was in Fiftieth Massachusetts.

Since the war he has been engaged most of the time in the wholesale grocery business in Boston, Mass., being for many years connected with the firm of Wadley, Jones & Co., and their successors, he being one of them under the firm name of Andrews, Barker & Bunton.

Among the many positions of honor and trust that he has held since the war are the following: Representative of the city of Malden, Mass., for two years, being member and chairman of several important committees; trustee and treasurer of Soldiers' Home for the State, holding the latter office still; a member of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, and of several orders, clubs, and lodges, among which is that of the Loyal Legion.

Starting as he did as a poor farmer's boy, with only a common school education to assist him, he has made for himself a record that he can review with self-congratulation, and of which his children and posterity will read about and listen to with commingled feeling of pleasure and pride.

He commanded a brigade a while in the fall of '64, and one of the regiments under his command was the Second New Hampshire, in whose ranks he had once marched as corporal. While at Old Parish prison, New Orleans, he was held for some time as hostage for seventeen privateers held by our government for execution.

* See incident, page 371.

Since the above was written, Colonel Barker has been mustered into the service of a higher life where all take rank by merit and none by title.

He died, after months of illness, at his residence in Malden, Mass., December 17, 1896, and none of the few who still remain of the "grand, old Twelfth" will learn the sad intelligence but with deepest feelings of sorrow and regret. Few knew him better, as a soldier and a man, than the writer of this sketch, and he can truthfully say that those loved him most who knew him best, for it was only those who got a glimpse behind the screen of his native modesty and saw the true nobility of the man as he appeared on the higher plane of moral excellence, that could fully appreciate him. But none less than he would want ought said of himself that would lead the reader to believe that he was, or ever had a thought that he was any better, or even quite as good as many of the men whom he had the honor to command. And in nothing more than this did he show his real worth as a soldier and a man.

"But from high joys he ever bent an ear
The bugles of a higher cause to hear:
And with unstinted measure all he gave
The Union and the Flag he loved to save.
Sweet Freedom claimed him as her own, and now
She lays her crown upon his sleeping brow."

JOHN BLAKE.

Here is the fifer by transfer of Company F, though an enlisted member of Company B, as he looked nearly forty years ago. The fifth of the ten children, equally divided, of Timothy and Sally (Emerson) Blake, and born in Epsom, February 8, 1822. His father was in the War of 1812, and his grandfather, Christopher, was in the Revolution. Married Mary J., daughter of Aaron Buzzell, of Gilford, February 3, 1845, and had by her George F., Margaret R., and Mary E.

He was one of the best fifers in the army. In a company of many players, high and clear above them all could be heard the inspiring notes of his fife. When others had to give out as "winded," he was nearly as fresh as when he first began, without once taking the fife from his lips.

He was naturally kind and free hearted and from this fatherly kindness, as well as from the fact that he was older than most of his comrades, he gained among them the honored name of "Uncle John." He was present as musician at several battles and always ready to do whatever duty was required of him, though shells and bullets were making music instead of his fife. He is still living with his good wife in Barnstead where he has resided for many years. Occupation, a farmer.

NEWELL A. BROWN.

Son of Jonathan and Mary Ann (Clough) Brown, born in Gilmanton, June 12, 1844; and died of lung fever at Potomac Creek, Va., December 23, 1862.

His brother, Henry C. (another of a family of ten children), was a sergeant in Company G, New Hampshire Heavy Artillery; his father a captain in the State Militia, commanding for years the noted First Light Infantry Company that was often called out as a special attraction on public occasions; while both of his great-grandfathers, Jonathan Brown and Capt. Jeremiah Clough, were in the Revolutionary War, the former dying in the army about 1778, and the latter (who was one of the first settlers of Canterbury, keeper of the Garrison House and leader of scouting expeditions against the Indians) at the age of sixty-five commanded a company in Colonel Poor's regiment to protect the State coast againt the landing of the enemy.

He was also a direct descendent of Nathaniel and Mary Wait, parents of Meshech Weare, and in the collateral lines, distinctly traced to common ancestors, are found a long list of statesmen, patriots, and poets including Josiah Bartlett, General Prescott, Webster, Cass, Morrill, Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, and many others.

G. Bk. D. 6–0.
GEORGE W. AIKINS.

DB. B. L. 5–11
BVT. COL. THOMAS E. BARKER.

B. B. L. 6–0.
JOHN BLAKE.

B. I. L. 5–9.
NEWELL A. BROWN.

He manifested an enterprising ambition and ardent desire for knowledge, unusual musical talent, and a very genial and social disposition; and his untimely death cut short a promising life of usefulness. Captain Barker wrote of him: "Newell was ever faithful to God and his country." Lieutenant Durgin wrote: "He was a good boy and soldier, and has fallen in the morning of life to the defence of his country."

JOSEPH N. BUNKER.

This brave soldier lived through many battles to fall at last in the dreadful charge of Cold Harbor. He thought he should be killed in that battle, and so expressed himself to John Watson just before he made his last advance against the enemy, and gave to him his watch to be sent home.

He was born in Barnstead, October 27, 1826, and was the son of John E. and Eliza (Nutter) Bunker. In most of the battles, as believed, until his death. Sick and in the hospital a while, it seems, after the Gettysburg campaign, and was with George Aikins and took care of him when he died.

He was a farmer by occupation when he enlisted, and a brother is now living on the old homestead.

CORP. BARON F. S. BURPEE.

Son of Joseph and Zilphig (Flanders) Burpee, being the youngest but one of twelve children, and was born in Boscawen, August 5, 1836.

His grandfather, Nathaniel Burpee, was a soldier of the Revolution, and was present when Washington took command under the historic oak that is still standing at Cambridge, Mass. He lived to the age of ninety-two, and his son, father of Baron, lived to be ninety-three; and it may be stated here, to show that this soldier has not only good but lasting blood in his veins, that his grandfather, Aaron Flanders, came within four of having had one hundred birthdays. Yet of nine sisters, seven of whom lived to adult age, only one is now living, but his two brothers still survive.

In Fredericksburg, and severely wounded in right knee and captured at Chancellorsville, where he remained ten days upon the field before he was paroled and sent across the river into our lines; he rejoined the regiment at Point Lookout, Md., the next fall.

Married Jenette E., daughter of Amos Eastman, of Roxbury, Vt., in 1866. Children, Inez, Leon, and another, Eugene, who died in infancy. He first enlisted in the Sixth Massachusetts; but, after remaining in camp a while, was ordered home. Occupation, a machinist, and worked in shop most of the time since the war. Moved to Florida in 1877, his wife dying about two years later. He deserves praise as man and soldier.

SOLOMON CLARK.

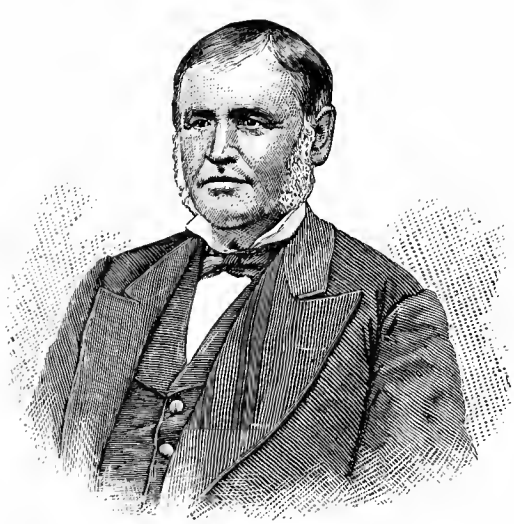
This soldier is the third of the six children (all boys) of Solomon and Sarah (Daniels) Clark, and was born in Barnstead, May 2, 1817. He left the regiment, because of sickness, at Warrington, Va., November 17, 1862, and was never with it afterward. He was sent first to Georgetown, Va., where he had the typhoid fever, thence to Philadelphia, Pa., and while on his way from there to Convalescent Camp, Alexandria, Va, he was so severely injured by a railroad accident that he was soon discharged from the service, and has been an invalid ever since.

Married his first wife, Louisa P., daughter of Nathaniel Jones, of Barnstead, April 1841. Children, John A., Ellen E., Victoria, Maria D., Eliza A., Calvin D., Miles H. (deceased), Cyrus F., Lura D., and Emily L.

Married second wife, Anna Jones, June 6, 1888. Though his service was short, yet, but for his ill fortune, he would doubtless have proved himself the worthy grandson of the Revolutionary hero, John Clark, who served through the whole seven years' struggle for our independence.

B. L. L. 5–$9\frac{1}{2}$.
JOSEPH N. BUNKER.

B. LB. L. 5–8.
CORP. BARON F. S. BURPEE.



D. D. D. 6–1.
SOLOMON CLARK.

ERI COOK.

This soldier, the youngest of the four children (all boys) of James and Mercy (Wentworth) Cook, was born in Milton, June 21, 1823. His wife, with whom he is still living, was married to him December 27, 1846; and of their three children, Martha Jane, Herman, and Lorenzo D., the oldest and youngest are dead. His wife, Lavina, is daughter of Ezra Hill, of Alton.

He had ancestors in the Revolution and had brothers in the Union Army. Discharged early in the service for disease contracted at Arlington Heights, Va.,* and which has more or less disabled him, in his occupation as a farmer, ever since, rendering him nearly helpless for many years.

JOSEPH T. COTTON.

March 8, 1836, this soldier first opened his eyes to the light in the town of Gilmanton. He was the son of John and Betsy (Smith) Cotton, and his early days were spent upon a farm, where he worked, when able, until his death, August 24, 1878.

He was married to Sarah, daughter of Charles Varney, of Gilmanton, by whom he had one son, whose name, as the author is informed, is Fred or Frederick, and who lives with his mother on the homestead place in Gilmanton.

He was, as believed, in the battle of Fredericksburg, and was wounded severely in left leg at Chancellorsville. After this he was in hospital thirteen months, and then discharged.

A good, brave soldier, a kind neighbor, and a true-hearted man.

BVT. LIEUT. DAVID S. DOCKHAM.

Son of David E. and Louisa G. (Allen) Dockham; born October 16, 1834. Brother of Joseph E. (see sketch), and also of Orren S., of the Eighth Regiment, and New Hampshire Cavalry. On detached duty at brigade commissary department until after Gettysburg, hence with the regiment, through all to the end. He was with the team that hauled rations to the regiment one night, on the battle-field of Fredericksburg and exposed to the enemy's shells.† Never seriously wounded, but was hit by a spent bullet on the arm at siege of Petersburg, and a minie ball pierced his foot at Cold Harbor.

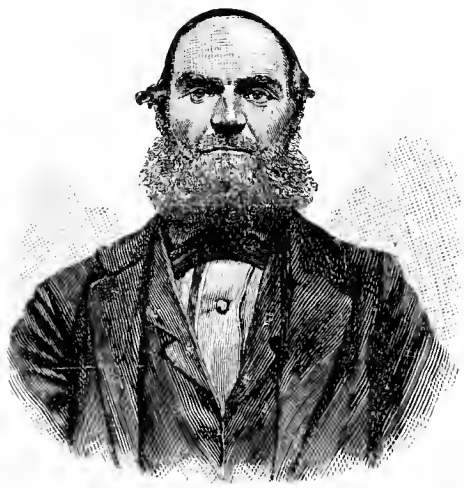
Married April 14, 1874, to Mary E., daughter of Hon. George M. Herring, of Farmington; and Grace M., George H., Allyn K., and Mary E., are living blessings of a happy union, who have reason to be proud of their parentage.

After his marriage, he was clerk for his father-in-law, who was United States Internal Revenue Assessor, by Lincoln's appointment, until the office was discontinued and then was in company with him in the mercantile business until Mr. Herring's death. For some years he has been an overseer in one of the cotton mills, in Manchester, where he now resides. The picture of him here seen was taken soon after enlistment.

Of the incidents that happened to him, or came under his observation, he relates the following:

He had but just left his tent, to go to the "sink" one night, in front of Petersburg, when a shell struck and demolished it. One day, during the siege, he saw one of four euchre players jump and throw a fuse shell, that had struck close by them, over the breastworks before it exploded. At another time a tree, that Colonel Barker had been leaning against, became the target of a rebel bullet, that could not have found its way there, a few seconds before, except through the colonel's body. But more strange and sadly tragic was the death of a drummer boy, who was killed and buried by a coehorn mortar shell falling directly into a "gopher-hole" that he had just dug, and got into, to protect himself from minie bullets. Little did he think, when excavating it, that he was digging his own grave.

*See page 27. †See page 46.



G. R. S. 5–11.
ERI COOK.

B. D. L. 5–9.
JOSEPH T. COTTON.

B. B. D. 5–8.
BVT. LIEUT. DAVID S. DOCKHAM.

CORP. JOSEPH E. DOCKHAM.

O, cruel and relentless death! For love and mercy plead in vain for thy forbearance. Hearts as well as pictures had been exchanged, when this fair youth, just stepping upon the stage of manhood, bade adieu to his betrothed, and, listening to the call of duty, enlisted in his country's cause. You see him pictured here just as he looked after having donned his new uniform in Concord, and his countenance, so sadly thoughtful, reminds one that the fate that awaited him might even then have been casting its shadow over his mind.

Born in Gilmanton, August 24, 1841, and a brother of David S. (see sketch). In battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, receiving his death wound in the latter. He lived several days (see roster).

CHARLES W DOW

Short was the military career of this young man, who had legally been such for little more than a year, when disease, more to be feared, even in war, than the shots of the enemy, early claimed him as her victim, and he died, like so many of his comrades, a martyr to the cause that he volunteered to defend.

Son of Jacob and Sarah (Swain) Dow, and was born in Gilmanton, July 12, 1840, being the youngest of three children. According to the family record, he died of typhoid fever, December 19, — 18th by the army record — 1862. Though not permitted to serve his country on the battle-field, he none the less gave his life for her perpetuity.

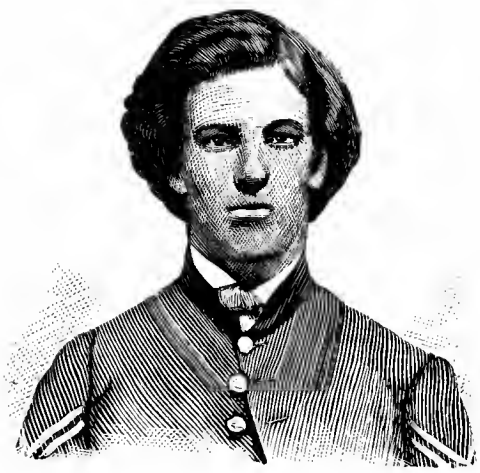
CAPT. JOHN M. DURGIN.

This brave and patriotic officer and citizen was born in Thornton, February 11, 1812, and died in Haverhill, Mass., June 26, 1887. He was the son of Capt. Francis and Maria Grace (Ayer) Durgin.

Receiving an academic education he early entered the ministry, being ordained as a Free Will Baptist preacher, at the age of twenty-one, and continued to labor as such, except when in the army, until within a few years of his death.

He married Harriet R. Thayer, of Gray, Me., who died April 13, 1868. Their children, Maria A., Harriet T., Mary L., John M., and DeWit C., are now all living, except John M., who was a member of Company F, Seventh New Hampshire Volunteers, and mortally wounded in the attack upon Fort Wagner. His second wife, Mrs. Sarah J. Coffin, of Gilmanton, died soon after her husband. From Concord to Chancellorsville, Va., he carried a sword as first lieutenant of Company B. In this battle he was very severely and, as supposed, mortally wounded, and left for dead upon the field, where, but for the Masonic sign of distress to a Confederate officer, his body would soon have been buried beneath the soil. That sign brought water, and, as he always claimed, saved his life. A minie ball had passed directly through him, between the lower lobe of the left lung and the diaphragm, which, but for an empty stomach, it must have perforated. Within six months after he was reported dead, he reported himself for duty, and rejoined the regiment at Point Lookout. Being still unfit for camp or field, he was sent back to Concord on recruiting service; and afterward transferred to the Invalid Corps, where he served to the end of the war. He was a man of strong, positive traits of character, which, backed by the untiring energy of a bilious, nervous temperament, made him more or less distinguished in whatever place he was called to act; and he had been a member of the Constitutional Convention of Massachusetts and of the general court of New Hampshire before the war.

But it was in the pulpit or on the rostrum that he was best known and appreciated; for nature had moulded him for an orator. He had been a zealous advocate of the cause of freedom against the encroachments of slavery; and when the war broke out, exchanged the shepard's crook for the sword, because he believed he could serve God best, by



Bk. Bk. L. 5–7.
CORP JOSEPH E. DOCKHAM.

G. B. L. 5–7.
CHARLES W DOW

B. B. L. 5–11½.
CAPT JOHN M. DURGIN.

serving his country first. He was emotional and enthusiastic; and with a stump or stone for a pulpit, he would frequently, when the occasion allowed, deliver short, impromptu sermons to the "boys," by whom he was called "the fighting parson." Brave, open-hearted, and generous, his friends increased with his years; and few have fallen from the ranks of the Twelfth whose loss has been more deeply felt. Christian patriot, rest in peace, for thou hast thy reward.

LIEUT. HORACE EDGERLY.

The only son of Reuben and Sabrina (McDaniels) Edgerly was born in Barnstead, November 19, 1832. He has two sisters living, one older and one younger than himself.

He worked upon a farm before enlistment; and since discharge, no steady employment, but worked some at farming and carpentering. Residence at "Iron Works."

Married, January 12, 1871, Julia A. Leighton, daughter of John and Rebecca Lougee, of Barnstead, and the former wife of James C. Leighton (see sketch).

In battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, severely wounded in right leg by grape shot, which disabled him from further active service. He was taken prisoner because of wound, at Chancellorsville, and remained twelve days on the field, when he was paroled, and taken under flag of truce, across the river, into our lines. Returning, as soon as able, from a furlough home, he rejoined the regiment in October, 1864, and in February next was sent to Concord on recruiting service, and remained there until discharged. True to his duty, he was a brave soldier, and is an esteemed veteran.

ASAHEL G. FLANDERS.

Here he is; look at him, for he is the youngest original member of the regiment, so far as the author has been able to ascertain.

He is one of the four children of Rufus L. and Mary J. (Haskell) Flanders, and the family Bible shows him to have been born in Gilmanton, February 28, 1847, making him fifteen years, five months, and fourteen days of age when he enlisted. His only brother, John P., served three years in a Maine Regiment, and then for some time in the regular army. In all the battles until Cold Harbor, where he was wounded in finger, on the day before the charge. He was wounded slightly, picking the bullet from his leg himself, and his overcoat pierced with bullets at Chancellorsville. He helped tear down and restretch the telegraph wire at Drury's Bluff.*

Married Lizzie E., daughter of Andrew Riggs, of Gloucester, Mass., February 6, 1869. Children, Jennie M. and Rufus L.

His business, except when fighting the "rebs," has been to till the soil of his native town, where he still resides.

LIEUT RUFUS E. GALE.

Light first dawned upon this officer in the town of Gilmanton, May 1, 1832, where he grew into robust manhood on his father's farm, and continued to till the same until his enlistment. The names of his parents were Stephen and Betsey S. (Dudley) Gale.

In battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Swift Creek, Relay House, Drury's Bluff, Bermuda Hundred, and capture of Richmond. Wounded at Chancellorsville, in elbow and side, but returned to regiment at Point Lookout, October, 1863. Sick, from the effects of sunstroke, sometime after the battle of Drury's Bluff, and then on court-martial duty until the next November, when he rejoined his regiment and remained with it till the end of the war, coming home with it as adjutant (see roster). He was stabbed in left arm by one of the "subs," at Point Lookout, Md.†

Since the war, and for many years, he has been engaged, in company with his brother, in the hardware trade at Penacook.

He was married, February 14, 1856, to Mary E., daughter of John F. Nelson, of Gilmanton, and sister of Edwin Nelson (see sketch).

* See page 182. † See page 157.

G. B. L. 5–11.
LIEUT HORACE EDGERLY.

B. B. L. 5–6¼.
ASAHEL G. FLANDERS.

B. B. L. 6–0.
LIEUT RUFUS E. GALE.

SERGT. SYLVESTER J. GALE.

Here is a good picture, taken several years after the war, of the first man from Gilmanton, as believed, to enlist under the call for 300,000 more for three years, or the war.

Born in Gilmanton, February 10, 1832, and the oldest son of the two children of Thomas J. and Hannah (Sanborn) Gale.

Married November 29, 1857, to Harriet S., daughter of William R. Gilman, of Gilmanton. Children, Cora B. and Arthur E.

In Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and wounded in last named battle, by minie ball through right leg. Reported for duty at Point Lookout, October 9, 1863, but not having fully recovered from wound, was sent on recruiting service to Concord, N. H., and remained there and at Galloup's Island, Boston Harbor, until discharged.

A blacksmith by trade and occupation, and a man who has an opinion of his own, and is not afraid or unable to express it, either with tongue or pen.

ALVIN D. HALL.

Son of William and Jehosheba (Hussey) Hall, and born in Barnstead, March 4, 1833. His great-grandfather, on his mother's side, Edward McGoon, and his four brothers were in the War of the Revolution.

In Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. Wounded in last battle by musket ball through right arm, below the elbow; and returned to duty in September following, soon after which, was sent to Concord, with Lieutenant Edgerly, on recruiting service.

Married Junia Bodge, of Barnstead, December 24, 1871, and died in said town, November 15, 1875, of pneumonia, having never been in good health after his discharge.

His wife died, June 11, 1873, leaving two children, Bertha M. and Bertrand M. (twins), who are now living. He possessed the elements of true manhood and was a good and brave soldier.

CHARLES T. JACOBS.

Born in Gilmanton, and was the oldest son of the six children (two boys), of Alfred C. and Ann E. (Sawyer) Jacobs.

He was not, as believed, able to be in the battle of Fredericksburg, being taken sick some time before.

Alas! like too many, oh, how many, he in the prime of youth's vigor, lost strength and hope, and died, martyr to the cause of humanity. And he was but one of the many thousands who died while the army lay at Falmouth, Va., during the winter of 1862-3.* It makes tears of sorrow, even now, and dims the fading vision of the old veteran, as he remembers those terrible days of sickness and death.

EVERETT JENKINS.

This is the oldest son, but one, of the eight children (six boys) of Joseph and Lydia (Merrill) Jenkins, of Barnstead, where he was born, September 29, 1836.

He married Addie N., daughter of Wyatt Knowles, of Pittsfield, where they now reside.

He was severely wounded in the battle of Fredericksburg, and, from want of proper medical attention, has been a cripple and constant sufferer ever since; although by reason of a strong constitution he still survives as a living illustration of the cruel and barbarous practice of war. He is a victim of one of the shells thrown at the regiment before it crossed the river;† a piece of it striking his gun barrel with sufficient force as to bend it almost like a hoop over his shoulder, and shatter his right arm. He has suffered more however with his right leg, upon which, from the effects of blood poisoning, he has had several operations, and lost a large part of the bone, although it was not injured at all by the shell at the time he was wounded.

* See page 56, *et seq.*

† See page 41.

B. Bk. D. 5–9½.
SERGT SYLVESTER J. GALE.

H. L. L. 5–9½.
ALVIN D. HALL.

G. B. L. 5–10½.
CHARLES T JACOBS.

B. L. L. 5–10.
EVERETT JENKINS.

One of his four half-brothers, William A. Jenkins, went out and cared for him for two months or more until he was able to go home. Much of this time he seemed balancing between life and death, and but for the brotherly attention and assistance he received then would not now probably be among the living. Although an invalid all the time, he, with the assistance of his wife, was enabled to hold the position of postmaster, in Pittsfield, for about twenty years, and is to-day one of its most respected citizens.

SERGT LEWIS JENKINS.*

This brother of the last named soldier was born in Barnstead, February 2, 1838.

He was married September 14, 1862, to Carrie S. Palmer, of Barnstead, and has three children, Walter L., Ellen, and Annie M. All of the family are now living.

He was in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and capture of Richmond, and wounded in foot by minie ball at Chancellorsville. He was on detached service at prisoner's camp, Point Lookout, Md., for some months, and in the Post Commissary Department, at Richmond, Va., from April 3 to end of the war.

MELVIN J. JENKINS.*

The youngest of three brothers, this and two last mentioned (see sketch), whose names all appear upon the muster rolls of Company B of this regiment.

He was born in Barnstead, December 8, 1843. He grew to early manhood working upon his father's farm on Beauty Hill in his native town.

He was for sometime an efficient member of the police force in Manchester, was six or eight years one of the best city marshals of that place, and is at present employed as watchman there in one of its large cotton manufactories.

After the war, January 2, 1868, he married Mary A. Parker, of Loudon, by whom he has two children, Everett P. and Ethel.

CHARLES H. JONES.

The subject of this sketch was the only son of the four children of John and Lydia M. (Drew) Jones, who was born in Great Falls, September 1, 1837 He died of black measles at Potomac Creek, Va., December 11, 1862.

He was the first of the regiment to die of that disease, and one of the many who died that winter while the regiment was encamped at Falmouth, Va. He was a Christian by profession, and a good man by nature. A farmer, and was never married.

JOHN C. LEIGHTON.

Son of James and Lavina (Kimball) Leighton, and born in Gilmanton, August 14, 1838. Married Julia Ann Lougee, of Gilmanton, June 14, 1861; no children.

In the battle of Fredericksburg, and from exposure, probably, in that short but severe campaign contracted the cold which resulted in his death from typhoid fever a few weeks later. (See roster.)

He was a young man of rare moral excellence, and possessed what he professed, the true brotherly love and kindness of a Christian's heart; and this together with his naturally kind and attractive disposition made every acquaintance a friend, and his comrades to love him as a brother. Honor to his memory and sorrow for his untimely end, is the sentiment of all who still remember him.

*See end of this company.

B. B. L. 5–9.
SERGT LEWIS JENKINS.

B. B. L. 5–10.
MELVIN J. JENKINS.

B. B. L. 5–5½.
CHARLES H. JONES.

B. B. L. 6–0.
JOHN C. LEIGHTON.

ANDREW D. LOCKE.

Fifty-five years ago this 7th day of September, 1891, this son of Reuben and Eliza (Shaw) Locke was born in the town of Loudon, where he now resides. Married Amanda M. Sanborn, of Loudon, January 1, 1856. Children, Charles A., Flora E. and Clara E. (twins), George A., Ida B., Jennie M., Henry P., and Mamie E.

In Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Cemetery Hill, Siege of Petersburg, and Bermuda Hundred. Wounded and captured at Chancellorsville, and captured again at Bermuda Hundred. In Libby prison twice, about three weeks each, and two months or more in rebel prison at Salisbury. A printer by trade.

LIEUT. CHARLES E. MARSH.

An honorable ancestry and a good record belongs to the name and claim of this comrade of the Grand Army of the Republic, who left his blood on two great battle-fields of the war, being wounded in left arm by shell at Fredericksburg,* and by musket ball in left groin at Gettysburg, and so far disabled as to unfit him for further field service.

Son of Amos and Susan (Gilman) Marsh and grandson of Joseph Marsh who was a soldier of the Revolution. Born in Gilmanton, April 4, 1836; academic education; and worked before enlistment in a plow manufactory. He was married June 16, 1864, to Laura A. Griffin, of Lowell, Mass. Children, Myrtle M., Lilly M., and Frederick C.

After the war he worked at the printing business a while in Gilmanton, and then moved to Greenville where he has resided ever since, and has held several local and town offices including postmaster, cashier of bank, and town representative, beside others of trust and responsibility.

THOMAS MOORE.

Here is another one of the "Old Guard" as he looked, with his whiskers cropped, in his dress-coat suit of uniform.

Parents, Jonathan and Charlotte (McCrillis) Moore; place and date of birth, Dover, October 12, 1826. Married July 25, 1857, to Mary Phebe, daughter of William Green, of Pittsfield, whose sons, Cotton W and George F., served in the New Hampshire Heavy Artillery. Children, Hattie C. and Frank L., both lived to grow up but now deceased. In all the principal battles of the regiment from Fredericksburg to Cold Harbor inclusive.

Wounded in right thigh at Gettysburg, and in left thigh at Cold Harbor, the last while on the advance picket line June 7, 1864, instead of the third as stated in the roster. As soon as able, after Gettysburg, he was sent to the hospital at Brattleboro, Vt., and remained there until January 14, 1864, when he rejoined the regiment at Point Lookout, Md. After Cold Harbor, he was in Washington Street Hospital, Alexandria, until near the close of the war, when he was sent to Auger Hospital, Washington, where he was discharged. Occupation, a farmer like his father before him, who was in the War of 1812. A man of few words, but brave, honest, and reliable not only as a soldier but in every position and relation of life.

HORACE T. MUNSEY.

Son of Joseph and Sally C. (Twombly) Munsey, and born in Chelsea, Mass., April 14, 1836. Married April 17, 1860, to Sophia C. Munsey, of Barnstead. In Fredericksburg, and, as believed, fought at Chancellorsville. He was a worthy man and brave soldier. Died of fever.

His brother, George F., died of wounds received at the battle of Gettysburg instead of disease. (See roster.) He too was a brave soldier, and his name appears, as it should, on the roll of honor. He was married and left one daughter.

*See page 41.

G. DB. D. 5–6.
ANDREW D. LOCKE.

B. S. S. 5–11
LIEUT CHARLES E. MARSH.

B. B. L. 5–7½.
THOMAS MOORE.

G. B. L. 5–6.
HORACE T MUNSEY

EDWIN S. NELSON.

Born on the old homestead farm in Gilmanton, which has ever since been his home, May 18, 1842. Son of John F. and Huldah (Kimball) Nelson, and was the fourth of five children, two of whom were boys. In the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and severely wounded in last in right leg, disabling him from all further service. He lay on the field where he fell for several days in the enemy's lines before he was paroled.

He was married soon after the war to Margaret, daughter of Capt. Jonathan Pickering, of Barnstead, and Minnie Ethel is their only child. Though his war record was short yet he fought and bled on one of the most sanguine battle-fields of the war.

ALBERT M. NEWELL.

William H. Newell married Olive Dennett and had by her thirteen children, four of whom fought for the Union, viz., William J., of the Fifth New Hampshire, Albert M. and Arthur C., of the Twelfth, and Samuel A., who served in a western regiment. William J. and the subject of this sketch were both twin children, though of different ages by several years.

Married to Amelia J. Fisk in 1854, and their children are Albert, Frank, and John P.

In Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, and Wapping Heights battles but never wounded. At the battle of Gettysburg when the tide turned, and it was his turn to catch fish, *he "bagged" eight Johnnies* though not exactly at one "haul," and had them all upon one "string" within our lines. They were all found on dangerous shoals, and quite willing to be taken.*

He was selected as cook at regimental headquarters at Point Lookout, and acted as such and company cook to the end of the war.† While carrying rations to the men while in front of Petersburg he came very near being killed by a rebel sharpshooter.

His twin brother, Lafayette, was a photographer at Point Lookout, Md., for some months while the regiment was encamped there, and many pictures that appear in this history are engraved from photo-copies of the living original as taken by him at time and place.

BVT. LIEUT. HARLAN PAIGE

Is a native of Gilmanton where he now resides, and his parents, Asa and Eliza F. (Edgerly) Paige, welcomed his advent there, August 5, 1838. He is the oldest but one of eight children, four boys and four girls. He was with regiment through all its battles except Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, and was slightly wounded in the head at Drury's Bluff and in leg at Cold Harbor.

His brothers, Albert T. and Asa F., served for four years in Fourth New Hampshire Regiment, the latter serving three years more in the regular army. He and a comrade had a perilous experience within the enemy's lines in the fall of 1862, but fortunately escaped capture.‡

January 2, 1860, he married Lydia E., daughter of Joseph Sleeper, of Gilmanton, who had two sons in the same regiment—James, who was severely wounded at Chancellorsville, and William H., who died in the service. (See roster.) Lieutenant Paige has three children named Agnes L., Alice J., and Fannie B. He is a shoemaker by occupation, working as such both before and since the war. He is of English descent, but America is now proud to claim him as one of her most reliant defenders.

HORACE M. PARSHLEY.

Born in Barnstead where he now resides, May 11, 1830, with Abby Bickford whom he chose as his life partner March 7, 1862, and by whom he has been blessed with seven children, Frank L., Bettie A., Eli, Euphemia D., Mary V., Bertha P., Inez E., all living. He is the son of Joshua and Patience (Keniston) Parshley.

* See page 126. † See page 418. ‡ See narrative page 400, also anecdote 425.

B. B. L. 5–10.
EDWIN S. NELSON.

Bk. D. D. 5–9.
ALBERT M. NEWELL.

G. DB. D. 5–5½.
BVT. LIEUT HARLAN PAIGE.

B. D. D. 5–6½.
HORACE M. PARSHLEY

In Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Drury's Bluff, and Cold Harbor. He says: "I was the last to come out of Cold Harbor alive. The ground fairly crawled beneath my feet." Though sick and in hospital much of the time, he was in some of the hardest fights of the regiment, and came home with the few who lived to see the end. He is living in his native town to-day.

CORP PELEG D. PERKINS.

Born in Fairhaven, Mass., in 1830, the son of William and Adda (Perkins) Perkins, and the brother of William H., who was in the same company and mortally wounded at Chancellorsville. Married November 30, 1863, while at home on furlough, to Sarah E. Dow, sister of Charles W (see sketch), and his only child, who was not born until after his death, was named Clara Ella and is now the wife of Clarence S. Jenkins, of Pittsfield.

In most or all the battles of the regiment, being wounded at Chancellorsville, until the last and fatal one of Cold Harbor, where he lost both legs and from the effects of which he soon after died. (See roster.) Little is known of the family record of this man, but he is remembered by his comrades as one of the bravest and best.

THOMAS J. PIERCE.

We give here a good picture of this soldier who was born in Barnstead, December 19, 1838. His father, Henry H. Pierce, was a carpenter and worked for many years for the Pittsfield cotton mill, and was an upright man. His mother, also lately deceased, was Abigail N. M. Caswell. He was the second son.

He was wounded in right arm at Chancellorsville, causing amputation at elbow, and about a month later his death. (See roster.) When lying in hospital after losing his arm he continually complained of its hurting him, saying it was doubled up some way and pained him. Upon digging it up, it was found to be lying in a cramped position and was changed. He did not complain of it afterward, although he did not know that it had. been moved.

Married to Mary, daughter of John Chesley, of Barnstead, in September, 1862; no children. A shoemaker by trade, and of good disposition and habits. His grandfather was a veteran of the War of 1812.

SERGT JOHN L. PIPER.

Here is a good picture of a good soldier and good man. Like many others of the company, too much cannot be said in his praise. Born in Gilmanton, March 16, 1836. Parents, Stephen and Mary (Glidden) Piper. Married November 25, 1856, to Mary E., daughter of William Dudley, of Barnstead, and their children are Frank H. and Harriet M.; another, the first born, died in infancy.

A brother, Dudley L., served in New Hampshire Heavy Artillery.

In every engagement with his regiment until Cold Harbor, where his left leg was penetrated by a grape shot, that he still keeps, disabling him from further service during the war. During the winter of 1863-64, he was on detached service at Concord, gathering up and taking recruits to the front.

Over six feet tall and well proportioned, he is one of the very few, out of the many large men, who enlisted in the regiment, who were present in the ranks after the first year; and almost the only one who was so long at the front. At Chancellorsville, when told by Captain Barker, when wounded, that he would have to take command of the company as he was the ranking officer left, he replied, as he vigorously rammed another cartridge down his gun barrel: "Well, I'll do the best I can;" and he kept his word not only through that battle, but until the end of his service. Had all as earnestly resolved and faithfully performed as he, there would be many less to feel ashamed that they are alive to-day.

Several years after the war he was providentially saved from violent death while working in a saw mill. He was caught by and carried around a swift revolving shaft where it seemed impossible for a man of his size to go; but he did and came out alive.*

*See incidents, pages 157 and 425.

B. S. S. 5–9.
CORP. PELEG D. PERKINS.

B. A. L. 5–8.
THOMAS J. PIERCE.

B. B. L. 6–½.
SERGT JOHN L. PIPER.

GEORGE W PITMAN.

This member of the old drum corps,* is the son of Daniel and Betsey (Straw) Pitman, and was born in Barnstead in 1838, on the same month and day as he from whom he took his world-honored name.

He was with the regiment, as musician, in all its marches and battles, and at every place—except a short time in hospital—from the beginning to the end, when he visited home and greeted his relatives and friends for the first time after leaving them nearly three years before.

He was a drummer, and a good one, and is to-day; and as brave with his stretcher on the field of courage, as he was skilful with the use of his drumsticks on dress parade or review. He married the widow of George W Jewett, of Company H (see sketch), April 2, 1872. No children. Nothing can be said of this soldier or his record that is not meritorious.

GEORGE E. PLACE.

Son of Smith C. and Nancy J. (Dicey) Place, and born August 8, 1837 Jacob Place, his grandfather, was in the last war with England; and in the late war his father served in the Seventh New Hampshire Volunteers, and his brother, Josiah S., died while a member of the Fourth New Hampshire, and was buried at Hilton Head, S. C., where his dust still reposes.

Married November 27, 1860, to Elsie M. Kendall. Children, Edwin J., Nora A., Ida J., and Gertrude S.—the first and last living.

In the battles of Chancellorsville, Swift Creek, Port Walthall, and also Cold Harbor, where he was wounded by musket balls in right arm and back. In the fall of 1864 he was detailed to serve in ambulance train of Twenty-fourth Corps, remaining there until the end of the war. Although sickness kept him from the field for several months, yet he was always the same intelligent and faithful soldier, and acted well his part. He was Company B's poet in the army while at Falmouth, and used to write verses for his comrades for five cents each. Since the war he has exercised his literary talent by frequent contributions for the press. His personal experience at Chancellorsville, and other extracts from his pen will be found elsewhere in this history.†

JAMES E. RANDLETT.

Here is one of the youngest of the regiment, and used to be called, as every one supposed he was, "the baby of Company B." And not till many years after the war, when youth had changed to manhood, and gray hairs appeared among the brown, did the Bible fact appear, upon careful investigation, that not only Company B, but nearly the whole regiment, had been proudly nursing the *wrong baby!*

He was the second of the four children of James S. and Abby O. (Chase) Randlett, and was born in Quincy, Mass., September 5, 1846.

It soon became evident that he was too tall for his years to stand long in the ranks of war, and he was left sick at Warrington, Va., being reduced, then or soon after, from 158 to 76 pounds. After this he was sick for a long time and the keen edge of his youthful ambition to serve his country was dulled, and he consented to act the invalid's part till the bloody drama closed. (See roster.)

Married Georgia, daughter of Solomon Gray, of Concord, December 22, 1864. Children, Clarence B. and Elizabeth M.

After the war he learned the carpenter's trade and worked at it fifteen years, then was mail carrier at Concord for four years, and then appointed keeper of the State House for four years more; since which, engaged in architecture, being employed in building Memorial Hall building at Philadelphia for the great Exposition of 1876. Also has been employed

* See page 371. † See pages 206 and 447.

H. Bk. D. 5–7
GEORGE W. PITMAN.

G. B. D. 5–7¼.
GEORGE E. PLACE.

Bk. B. D. 5–9.
JAMES E. RANDLETT.

to draw plans for erection of many public and private buildings and blocks of this State, among which is the State Agricultural building at Durham, which he also built. Nothing is so commendable in this sketch as the following from his own pen:

"I received my education mostly from evening schools after I had done my usual day's work at my trade. I started in life with just the clothes I had on my back; but God has blessed me, and I think I have been very successful."

Thus from his work since may be inferred what his army record might and probably would have been had health permitted.

JOSEPH C. RUSSELL.

A native of Franconia, where he became the child of Joseph and Abigail S. (Pinkham) Russell, May 20, 1836. Enlisted as a teamster and served as such to the end of the war, being wagon master for some time in Quartermaster department. He married Jennie B., daughter of John N. Hoyt, of Barnstead, March 12, 1859, and their only child's name is Harry H.

A farmer when he enlisted, but for many years after the war a grocery merchant in Boston, Mass., and now engaged in the same business at Barnstead Parade.

The fact that he was promoted and so long retained in the line of service for which he enlisted is sufficient evidence of his ability and fidelity, for it proves that he acted well his part.

NOBLE SACKETT.

Son of Noble and Olive (Watkins) Sackett, and born in Westfield, Mass., August 4, 1814. Married Rooxbe S. Jacobs, who was a good and faithful mother, December 1, 1841. Children, David N., Hannah M., Olive J., Angeline R., Sedelia S. (deceased), Hiram M. (deceased), Priscilla A., Franklin E., Electa S., Cyntha A., Ada M., and George A.

In Fredericksburg, and in Chancellorsville where he was wounded in head, lying for some time senseless on the field, taken prisoner and confined in Libby and Belle Isle until paroled and sent to Annapolis, Md., where his leg was accidentally broken, and from which place he was discharged.

Re-enlisted in the Eighteenth New Hampshire Volunteers and served therein until the end of the war. Buried in Barnstead where he died August 27, 1885. (See error in roster.) Occupation, shoemaker and farmer. He was a good man and soldier and left an honorable record. See father's and son's pictures, next page.

DAVID N. SACKETT.

The oldest child of Noble and Rooxbe (Jacobs) Sackett (see last sketch), and born in Pittsfield, January 12, 1842. His grandfather Jacobs was in the War of 1812.

In Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and wounded in the last battle in right hand and hip, losing a finger. Calvin D. Pitman, of his company, was killed by his side.

Married Sarah E., daughter of Aaron G. Young, of Barnstead, March 24, 1867, and Nellie E. is their only child.

Quiet and modest, but one of those men it would be safe to select to carry a "forlorn hope." Now, as for some years, a successful merchant at Barnstead Centre, where he has the confidence of his patrons and the respect of all his townsmen.

B. B. D. 5–8.
JOSEPH C. RUSSELL.

B. G. L. 5–4½.
NOBLE SACKETT

B. B. L. 5–8.
DAVID N. SACKETT.

WILLIAM U. SHAW.

Son of Erastus and Elizabeth (Holmes) Underwood, and adopted son of William Shaw; born in Concord, May 18, 1836.

Married Mary E., daughter of Hon. Samuel Berry, of Barnstead, February 24, 1858; and their children, Florence E. and Harry T., are both living.

In Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and although his comrades were wounded and killed on both sides and in front of him in these battles, he escaped unhurt. During the fall and winter of 1863-4, he was sick in hospital at Washington and Philadelphia. From the spring following, to the end of the war, was in charge of Commissary Department, at Edward's Island, N. Y.

He left his home at Pittsfield, a few years after the war, while engaged as shoe-freighter between that place and Lynn, and has never been seen or heard of since. As no sufficient reason is known for his sudden disappearance, it was thought by many that he was murdered. He was a good soldier, and always considered an honest, kind-hearted man.

SERGT. JOHN D. SHERBURNE.

The son of George W and Mary J. (Young) Sherburne. Born in Gilmanton, May 14, 1846, and married Hannah J., daughter of Joseph Rollins, of Gilmanton, August 30, 1866, and has one son, Luman A. Sherburne.

This soldier, as seen by his birth, was one of the very youngest of the regiment, a mere boy, who scarcely weighed a hundred pounds when he enlisted, but who to-day tips the scales at two hundred and forty-five.

He joined the regiment at Point Lookout, Md., and was with it through everything, except the battle of Cemetery Hill, till the end of the war, and proved himself to be one of its best soldiers. His brother, George M., was a soldier of the Sixth Regiment and badly wounded at Antietam, and his grandfather was in the War of 1812.

Shoemaker by trade both before and since the war. A good citizen as he was soldier.

HORACE H. SMITH.

Here is one of whom it can truthfully be said, God made him as a living, personal illustration of His own goodness. Though claiming no saving grace, yet in the highest and broadest sense his life was a pattern of true Christianity, and his death a patriotic benediction.

His old comrades and former acquaintances all unite in praising him for his noble and unselfish qualities of heart and in expressing the thought that, as a boy, schoolmate, comrade, and neighbor, nothing too eulogistic can be said of him. In native goodness, he had few, if any, in the company as replete as he; and Company B was by no means lacking in this respect.

Sergt. S. J. Gale says: "I can say personally of him, that no better soldier ever shouldered a gun. I stood near him when he was killed at Chancellorsville. A ball struck him near his temple; he fell and died without a murmur or a struggle, and his body was left in the hands of the enemy."

He was born in Barnstead in 1835, and his mother's name was Mezibah Smith. She survived her son many years.

SERGT. JOSEPH F STOCKBRIDGE.

We introduce here the youthful picture of as true and brave a soldier as ever faced an enemy on the field of battle.

Youngest of the six children (four boys) of John D. and Keziah (Evans) Stockbridge, and born in Alton, October 12, 1842. Married January 11, 1869, to Emma, daughter of Richard Hutchinson, of Orange.

In every battle, skirmish, and march, of the regiment, except the march from Berlin, Md., to Falmouth, Va., when he was sick in hospital, rejoining his company two days before the battle of Fredericksburg. Wounded slightly at Gettysburg, and quite severely in head

B. B. L. 6–0.
WILLIAM U. SHAW.

B. B. L. 5–6.
SERGT JOHN D. SHERBURNE.

B. B. L. 6–0.
HORACE H. SMITH.

at Cold Harbor, where he was left senseless on the field. At Chancellorsville he had eight bullet holes made in his clothes and two bullets lodged in his knapsack while retreating, the extra rations of hard-tack therein saving his life. Taken prisoner at Gettysburg, but in a few minutes, favored by the turning tide of battle, he was enabled to capture his captors — a sergeant and three men — and marched them to the rear. He afterward saw and talked with them at Point Lookout. He never went to hospital, except as above, even when wounded, and never excused from duty, except for one day in front of Petersburg. It is said, that he caught up an unexploded shell, that struck near him, in the trenches one day, and threw it over the breastworks while the fuse was still burning; and this story seems to be a true one, except that neither he, nor those who saw him, knew certain that the fuse was on fire, when he did the brave act.

Colonel Barker, first captain of his company, writes of him: "An A No. 1; always clean, tidy, and on hand; brave, faithful, and true; an ideal soldier in camp, on the march, and on the field of battle." In addition to his bringing home the colors, it should be said that he had previously carried them a few days at Point Lookout.

Quiet and unobtrusive, like most all truly brave men, he manifests to a casual observer but little of that tremendous nerve energy that lies in reserve, and that he has so often exhibited when duty and danger made urgent demand. As a citizen, his life has in no way detracted from his brilliant record as a soldier, and he has long been recognized among his neighbors and townsmen as an honest-hearted and practical-minded man.

Although he has no children, to bear his name, and is the last one living of his father's family, posterity will cherish and preserve it in the honored list of our country's noblest defenders.*

WILLIAM SWEATT.

Here you can look upon the ambrotypic wood print of one of the strongest and stoutest sons of old Gilmanton, a well developed manhood of forty-one years' existence upon her rough and rugged soil, yet, like most of his size, among the first to yield to the hardships of the march and go down, while the comparatively weak and slender struggled on. He was one of a family of eleven children of Jeremiah and Sarah (French) Sweatt, of Gilmanton. Maria H., daughter of Caleb Page, of the same town, became his wife, April 25, 1854. He died (see roster) at Potomac Creek, Va., leaving his widow with two small children, Lura M. and John W., both of whom are still living to comfort and assist their mother in her declining years.

While he died in the service of his country, she bravely lived on, under the heavy burden of her sorrow, in the divine service of a mother's duty. His was the sacrifice, but the larger share of the credit and reward belongs to her.

SERGT. JONATHAN M. TASKER.

This brave old color sergeant, then stalwart and sturdy, was born in Barnstead, November 19, 1831, and is the son of Ira and Lydia S. (Edgerly) Tasker.

Married Betsey M., daughter of Arthur N. Bickford, of the same town, October 24, 1852, and their only child's name is Frank. His wife's brother, Arthur L., was a member of the same company.

He carried the national flag in the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville,† and was so severely wounded in the last battle named, by a musket ball penetrating his right thigh and inflicting a dangerous wound, as to unfit him for any further service in the army. He rejoined the regiment while at Point Lookout, Md.

Solid in mind, as well as body, now weighing about 350 pounds, he has represented his native town in the general court, and has held several town offices, being moderator for several years in succession, and could call every man in town by name at sight. Worked at his trade, shoemaking, most of the time since boyhood. Moved to Lynn, Mass., about twenty years ago, where he still resides, respected by all who know him for his sterling qualities of head and heart. He died since the above was written, May 24, 1897.

* See page 411.

† See History of Colors, page 374.

B. B. D. 5–6.
SERGT JOSEPH F STOCKBRIDGE.

B. B. D 6–0.
WILLIAM SWEATT

B. B. D. 6–0.
SERGT. JONATHAN M. TASKER.

JOHN WATSON.

Here we show the reader a rather poor picture of a very good soldier, and in writing this we do not use the adverb in any ambiguous or doubtful sense, for he *was* good both in will and ability, to meet most any "reb" single or double handed.

Son of Joseph and Mary (Spencer) Watson, and born in Alton, May 23, 1825, and a brother of Jonas (see roster). Married before the war to Abby A., daughter of Simon Foss, of Alton, who was a veteran of 1812. Children, Martha J., Abbie A., John D., and Silvia A.

In the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and Wapping Heights. At Point Lookout he was detailed as company cook, and acted as such most of the time to the end. He was constantly at his post of duty, never being excused therefrom by the surgeon but once, and then for only two or three days. Wounded slightly at Chancellorsville, where Horace Smith fell dead by his side, and Nickerson (see roster), another good soldier, shrieked and hallooed frightfully, as he fell, mortally wounded through the body. At Chancellorsville a bullet struck him directly between the letters "U. S." on his belt plate, with sufficient force to bed into and break the plate, which saved his life.

WOODBURY P. YORK.

This rather eccentric, but good man and soldier, was born in Gilmanton, July 12, 1828. His parents, Jonathan and Betsey Yorke, had eleven children, and of the nine boys, five were soldiers in the Union army; John, in a Massachusetts regiment; Daniel P., in Twelfth Maine; Albert, in a Vermont regiment; and Wells C. and Woodbury P., in Twelfth New Hampshire.

Married Lydia B., daughter of Ralph Twombly, of Gilmanton, April 29, 1830. Children, Melissa J., Fanny J., Mary L., Morrill S., Nettie B., Anna A., and Willie H., of whom the first, second, and sixth are dead.

In the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and also in Gettysburg, where a minie ball split the butt of his musket, and slightly wounded him in his leg. He was with the regiment all the time at Point Lookout, where he was taken sick and sent to hospital at Manchester, and never with it afterward.

He was one of the independent, away-by-himself kind, who never asked favor nor gave, for mere compliment sake, to please friend or foe, and woe to the man who tried to "run his beat" when on duty.

CORP. OLIVER H. P. YOUNG.

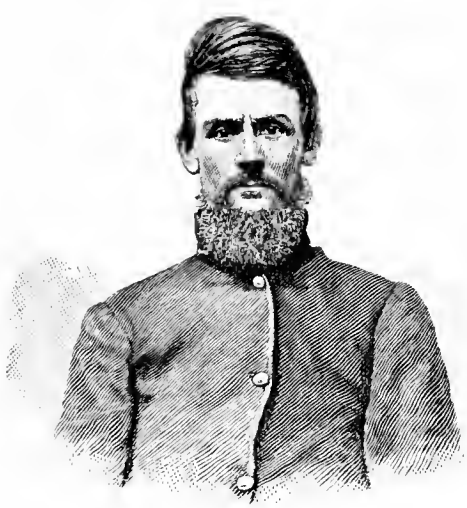
Son of Jonathan and Susan P. (Pitman) Young, and Barnstead, March 21, 1824, is his place and date of birth. Emily Jane, daughter of John J. Tuttle, of Barnstead, became his wife, May 20, 1849; and their children are, Leander J. and Ursula S.

He carried a musket in the battle of Fredericksburg, but was soon after detailed as musician in a brigade band. He was present at the battles of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and Wapping Heights, and was slightly wounded in neck at Gettysburg while carrying off the wounded. He enlisted in the hay-field.

He was the youngest of seven children, and the patriotic blood of two grandsires, who served in the War of 1812, runs in his veins. A good musician, soldier, and man, should be his epitaph, for though short and simple, it is true, and comprehends all that is needful to his honor.* He is still living, though in feeble health.

* See anecdote, page 411.

B. B. S. 6–0.
JOHN WATSON.



B. DB. L. 5–8½.
WOODBURY P. YORK.

B. S. S. 5–7.
CORP. OLIVER H. P YOUNG.

In addition to the sketches of Lewis and Melvin J. Jenkins it should have been written of the former that he is and has been quite a prominent politician, being elected for two sessions of the New Hampshire House of Representatives as door keeper, and was for three years sergeant-at-arms.

He had previously represented the town of Gilmanton in that body for two years.

He is always as ready to expouse the action of his party as he was to defend and protect his country on the field.

Of Melvin J. it ought to be mentioned that he was, when able, one of the best soldiers in his regiment. He stood ahead of all others at some of the regimental, brigade, and division competitive inspections at Chapin's Farm,* for which he was several times excused from duty and given a thirty days' furlough home.

He was in the battle of Fredericksburg, where the gun of his brother, Everett, was bent not "over his shoulder," but as it lay across his arm, throwing him several feet into the air (see sketch).

After this he (Melvin J.) was sick for a long time, not rejoining his regiment for active service for many months.

It is thought that he participated in other battles, but of this the author is not certain.

*See page 258 *et seq.*

COMPANY C.

This company was raised mostly in Alexandria and Bristol, with a few from each of the towns of Danbury, Hebron, Bridgewater, Grafton, and New Hampton.

The men were enlisted mainly by Blake Fowler, James T Smith, and Hosea Q. Sargent, who were afterwards selected by the men to command them, ranking as above named.

The meeting for the choice of the above and subordinate officers was holden at Bristol village, and the non-commissioned were as follows: Sergeants, Henrie A. Randolph, James W Saunders, Frank Darling, Russell Moore, and John H. Ingalls; corporals, James C. Nelson, Thomas E. Osgood, John W Hoyt, Timothy Tilton, Gustavus Emmons, Aaron Clark, Samuel Blaisdell, and Howard Taylor. After the captains of the regiment were all commissioned, they drew lots to decide their order of rank, and Capt. Blake Fowler thus became the ranking captain of the regiment, and his company consequently became the right of the regiment and were armed with Springfield rifles instead of the smooth-bore musket like all the rest of the regiment, except Company F, as hereafter mentioned.

Town and war meetings were held as in other companies, money and men were raised to answer the president's call, and especially to raise the Twelfth Regiment within the time requested by the governor as a condition of having its choice of officers, as the reader has, we trust, read earlier in this history

This company was mustered into the United States service and became a part of the great army of the loyal North, September 5, 1862.

It narrowly escaped capture at Fredericksburg, as seen in the history of that battle, when the regiment retreated with the whole army across the Rappahannock.

LUIS DE L. BALLOU

This soldier is a descendent of Maturin Ballou, who fled from France on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and with other French Protestants came to this country and joined Roger Williams' colony in Rhode Island. His father, Hosea, was a second cousin of the eminent divine of that name, and a relative of President Garfield's wife. His mother, whose maiden name was Cynthia P. Sanborn, gave him birth at Bristol, December 4, 1842, he being one of seven children.

Taken sick from exposure on the "Mud March," he was not again in active service until after the Gettysburg campaign, rejoining the regiment at Point Lookout, Va. In the battles of Fredericksburg, Swift Creek, and Drury's Bluff, and severely wounded in the last named, while shouting and swinging his hat. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, in the winter 1864-5, where he served to the end of the war. He was a good soldier; and of his valor and patriotism, it is sufficient to say that when lying and dying, as supposed, on the field, to the question of Sergeant Gordon about sending some word to his mother, he replied: "Tell her I died in a good cause."

He is a farmer, and is as highly honored as his calling. The worst thing that can be said against him is the solemn fact that he has long lived and will, it is feared, die an "old bach."

CORP. HENRY A. BLANCHARD.

Here is another of the tall grenadeers of Company C, and there were few as tall and none taller in the regiment. His father's given name was Artemus, and his mother's maiden name was Cyrena L. Buckman. He was orderly for General Whipple at Falmouth and Fredericksburg, Va.

In all battles and marches to Drury's Bluff, where he was severely wounded in left arm above the elbow, having the bone shattered, by a minie ball, so that several pieces came out before his wound healed. He was brave and cool in battle. (See Captain Saunders's sketch.)

He lived in Charlestown, Mass., and worked for the Old Colony Railroad for most of the time since the war, being yard master for several years.

Married in 1871, to Mary Wheeler, of Concord; died in Charlestown, now Boston, Mass., in 189–, and buried in Plainfield.

He is seen here in the regalia of one of the two or three orders to which he belonged.

CAPT. DANIEL W BOHONON.

This namesake of a great statesman had something far above the average as a distinguishing characteristic of his own mentality.

From early youth he manifested a love for learning and after he learned to read, books were his constant companions.

After his mother's death, at the age of nine, he lived with his sister, Mrs. Moses A. Emmons, of Bristol, who was both a sister and mother to him during the years of his minority. With her assistance and his own earnings, he attended school for several terms at New Hampton academy; and, when he enlisted, had a much larger fund of information than possessed by many students in college. Though unassuming, his intellectual merits could not long remain hidden; and, without any special love or desire for military honors, he was promoted (see roster) until he more honored than he was honored by a captain's commission.

As a soldier, his record is equalled by few, being in every battle of the regiment and wounded by minie ball through thigh at Gettysburg. When the regiment was discharged he was appointed to the command of a company of the Second New Hampshire, and was again mustered into the service of his country, serving as captain in that regiment until December 19, 1865.

After the war he was appointed a government revenue officer, at Richmond, Va., where he continued to live until his death.

G. LF L. 6–0.
LUIS DE L. BALLOU.

B. B. L. 6–2.
CORP. HENRY A. BLANCHARD.

Bk. D. L. 5–11.
CAPT. DANIEL W. BOHONON.

With new opportunities his natural thirst for knowledge was renewed, and his time, not officially occupied, was employed in increasing his fund of information, preparatory to an honorable discharge of higher and more responsible positions that he hoped to be called upon to fill. About this time he had the unexpected pleasure of making quite an extended trip through Europe, with little expense to himself, and after his return he gave a course of lectures upon his travels, whereby he extended his reputation as a scholar and increased the esteem and admiration of his acquaintances and friends, who had but just begun to appreciate his abilities.

His untimely death was greatly mourned by all who knew him, and his memory will long remain as green in the hearts of his surviving comrades as the evergreen branches that some of them spread over his grave in Oakwood cemetery, Richmond, Va., on their visit there a few years ago.*

ALBION W BRALEY.

A native of Danbury, born January 25, 1843, and the third of seven children (two sons) of William and Clarrissa H. (Smith) Braley.

In the battles of Fredericksburg and also Chancellorsville, where he was wounded by minie ball in right leg and, after being in hospital and convalescent camp for several months, was discharged on account of his wound (see roster).

Married September 25, 1864, to Rebecca A., daughter of John B. Annis, of Dorchester, and the widow of D. C. Washburn, who was a member of the Fifteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, and died soon after his discharge. Fred B. is their only child.

The picture represents this brave soldier as he looked when he first went into camp at Concord.

CHARLES S. BROWN.

Oldest son of Dexter and Deborah (Smith) Brown, born in Bristol, January 22, 1825, and died in Bristol, March 8, 1886. He had four brothers and two sisters.

In the battle of Fredericksburg and severely wounded at Chancellorsville, by reason of which he was disabled from active service in the field and transferred into the Veteran Reserve Corps, and which finally ended his life, the bullet remaining in his body until extracted after his death.

Two of his brothers were in the war — John D., in New Hampshire Cavalry, and Squire S., in the One Hundred Seventy-seventh Ohio, the latter being promoted to a lieutenancy.

First wife, Orinda Tilton; children by her, Ellen F (now wife of Hiram T. Heathe, Company E); Frank E., who was accidently killed, and John H., now living. Second wife, Ruth P. Simonds, widow of Morrill Simonds, who died in the service. A paper maker by occupation. He fought for and died for his country, and was buried in his native town.

CORP. SAMUEL BROWN.

Killed on the field where the nation had a "new birth of freedom," and struck down while trying, as one of the color guard, to uphold the flag, † this soldier's name is an honor even to the "roll of honor" where it will be found.

For parentage see sketch of his brother, Charles M. Brown, Company D. Born May 17, 1842. Wounded in hip at Chancellorsville, and in bowels at Gettysburg. He died in the evening just after reaching the field hospital, and was breathing his last when taken out of the ambulance.

* See page 321. † See page 125.

B. L. L. 5–9½.
ALBION W. BRALEY.

H. B. L. 5–7½.
CHARLES S. BROWN.

B. B. D. 6–½.
CORP. SAMUEL BROWN.

NATHANIEL CAYES.

Was born in Shipton, Canada, August 17, 1834, and is the son of Joseph and Ozilla (Moran) Cayes.

From the blank filled out by him it seems he was in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and the Siege of Petersburg, but was never wounded. Was with a First New Jersey Battery for a while.

He was married several years after the war to Marcia A. Elkins, of Andover. Children, Edward N., Ida M., Emma M., Charlie W., Annie L., Fredie, Lizzie, and Elsie.

CHARLES W CHENEY.

Promoted to the roll of honor, on the field of Chancellorsville, where he gave his life for his country. He was shot through the head by a grape shot, evidently, and his brains were scattered over Captain Fowler's back.

Son of Moses and Rebecca (Colby) Cheney, born in the town of Bristol, and the oldest but one of four children, all boys.

Married Abby Spaulding, but left no children to bear his honored name.

As a schoolmate, neighbor, and friend he is spoken highly of by his old acquaintances, and as a soldier he was among the foremost, and crowning his record with his death in the cause of freedom. History should perpetuate his name.

CORP. AARON CLARK.

Son of Samuel and Betsey (Rollins) Clark, and born in Dorchester, in 1831.

Married September 23, 1855, to Mary E., daughter of David C. Marston, and has five children, viz., Emma A., Cynthia A., Hattie M., Sam S., and Jennie M., all living.

Brother of George W., of Company E. (see sketch), and also of Henry W., who was a member of First Light Battery and First Heavy Artillery, New Hampshire Volunteers, re-enlisting and serving nearly four years. This soldier was taken sick before crossing the Potomac, at Berlin, Md., and soon after discharged.

He is, and has been for many years, permanently disabled, and almost entirely helpless. He attributes his long sickness and present condition to a dose of medicine given him in the army. Though never taking an active part with his comrades in the field, he has the honor of having his name with them upon the rolls.

CHARLES E. CORLISS.

Was the son of Jonathan and Unice G. (Laken) Corliss, who had six children, three boys and three girls. Another son, Horace B., served faithfully in this company.

He was born in Alexandria, July 25, 1844, and was drowned while at hospital at Harper's Ferry, Md., on or about October 20, 1862, instead of as erroneously stated in roster.

He was, to the contrary, a kind, noble-hearted, and patriotic boy, and deserves all praise and not one word of censure. He said to his mother, while trying to get her consent to have him enlist: "Think, mother, what a noble thing it would be, even if I should never return, to die for my country." His father wanted to go in his stead, and let him stay at home, but he would not listen for a moment to such a suggestion.

Byron C. Hill, of the same company, says: "He was taken sick with fever at Berlin Md., and was out of his head most of the time. I watched with him two or three nights myself. One night he went out and never came back. The next morning nothing could be found of him. He was afterward found in the canal." This is undoubtedly correct as it is substantially verified by Captain Saunders and others of the company. His mother still lives and deeply cherishes his memory; and for her sake, as well as for his, the author is glad of this privilege of doing him full justice.

D. B. D. 5–6½.
NATHANIEL CAYES.

B. B. L. 5–6.
CHARLES W CHENEY.

B. B. F. 5–7.
CORP. AARON CLARK.

B. B. L. 5–8.
CHARLES E. CORLISS.

EDMUND COPP.

Among the many who died in camp at Falmouth, Va., during the winter and spring of 1862-3, was he whose straight-forward look and honest countenance, as here portrayed, plainly bespeaks the soldier and the man.

His father, after whom he was named, married Dorothy Rowan and of the six boys and six girls born to them, four of each lived to grow up, and two sons and two daughters still survive.

His brother, Dr. Jason Copp, was in the Mexican war, and his grandfather Copp was a soldier of the Revolution. One of his sisters became the wife of William Ladd, of Company G. He married Cynthia Ann, daughter of Ira Sanborn, of Meredith, December 2, 1858; and their only child, Willis Herbert, now resides with his mother in the same house where he was born about three years before his father's enlistment, and in the same town where his father was born on the 27th day of October, 1834, and where his ashes now repose.

He died March 4, 1863, of fever brought on from exposure on picket when sick and unable to be out.

AMOS DAMON.

Though this veteran was in his forty-ninth year when he enlisted, yet he went with and came home with the regiment, performed duty most if not every day while gone, and is living to-day, at the age of eighty-three, with a fair prospect of enjoying a short journey into the nineteenth century.

Born in Malden, Mass., May 31, 1814. His father, of the same name, married Nancy Standish, who was a direct descendent, in the sixth generation, of Miles Standish and the mother of the subject of this sketch.

He was united in marriage, November 25, 1841, to Clarissa Batchelder, and his children are, Marinda, Otis S., Clara, and Laura A. Two sons older than Otis died in infancy.

In battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and Cold Harbor. Acted as fifer until Chancellorsville, after which he was employed most of the time as surgeon's assistant on the field, or as nurse and ward-master in hospital, where he proved to be one of the most vigilant and faithful in the service. At Gettysburg for three days and nights with scarcely any sleep or rest, and until no longer able to stand, he assisted the surgeons at the amputation tables, where, to use his own words, "limbs were piled up like stacks of grain." His military record, like his life, is an honorable one, and without spot or blemish.

CHARLES N. DRAKE.

This special favorite of the daughters of Themis, whose thread of life they would not allow the rebel shot and shell to cut, though perforating his body and shattering his limbs on the field of Gettysburg, was born in Bristol, September 30, 1839, and is the oldest child of Philip S. and Harriet (Locke) Drake, who had two more sons and one daughter. The family of Drakes, to which this veteran belongs, are of English descent, and his more recent ancestry were among the first settlers of New Hampton.

His great-grandfather, on his mother's side, Captain Cutting Favor, is said to have been the first white man that ever slept in the town of New Chester, now Hill.

In Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg. In the last battle, a grape shot shattered his right leg, and soon after, while lying on the field between the lines, a minie bullet passed through his body, piercing his left lung, very near the heart. He was carried to the field hospital, some time during the night, and his leg amputated the next day in the afternoon.

Married September 9, 1862, to Harriet A. Rollins, of Bristol, whose father, Samuel H., was a colonel in the state militia. Their children, Irena M. and William R., both died young. Well might Dr. Bliss, in charge of Camden hospital in Baltimore, endorse upon his discharge the words: "His record is good," for they but faintly express the heroism and fortitude of this brave son of Mars.

B. Bk. D. 5–10.
EDMUND COPP.

B. B. D. 5–5½.
AMOS DAMON.

B. B. D. 5–7½.
CHARLES N. DRAKE.

HARVEY W. DREW

Of the seven children of Asa and Sarah C. (Wells) Drew, all but one of the four boys were volunteers in the Union army, enlisting and serving in the same company.

Harvey W., the oldest child, was born in Bristol, September 2, 1834, and has been twice married; first to Elizabeth L., daughter of Mitchell H. Page, of Bristol (who had five sons in the army), by whom he had Elmer E., Nellie, Pearley A., and Dollie; and second, to Ruhama W Alexander, December 25, 1891.

In the battles of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Petersburg, and Bermuda Hundred, serving at Gettysburg in the Fourth New Jersey Battery.

His occupation, most of the time before and after the war, a blacksmith.

He died in Alexandria, August 5, 1895, and was buried in Bristol. He was a good soldier and respected citizen.

IRA C. EVANS.

Jonathan and Olive A. (Cutting) Evans had four children and one of them, whose youthful face can be seen here, was born in Hill, April 16, 1841. He entered the service as a drummer, and was one of the few musicians who led the regiment at his departure from and return to the city of Concord, where he then and now resides. He was present at all the battles and with the regiment all the time, except at Bermuda Hundred, when he was detailed to work as printer at Norfolk, Va., where he remained about four months, having worked at the business in Concord before enlistment and ever since his discharge.

He was elected a few years ago Public Printer, being then, as now, at the head of a large printing establishment, is owner and editor of the *Veterans' Advocate* which he has published for many years, and is one of the most active and best liked business men of the city. He is engaged, at present writing, in printing the history of this regiment, and deserves the thanks of all its survivors, and especially of the author, for the exercise of much pains and patience in his part of work.

Married to Helen G., daughter of George L. Rowe, of Concord, August 3, 1865, and the names of his two children are Mabel F and Ira L.

CHARLES W FARNHAM.

Was born July 26, 1841, and was the only son of Joseph and Cyrene (Wells) Farnham, who had four daughters, who are still living.

He was in Fredericksburg, and killed instantly by minie ball at Chancellorsville. Not married. One of his sisters, Eliza E., married Daniel H. Sanborn, of Bristol, who was in the late war.

The subject of this sketch is spoken of by his comrades and acquaintances as a good soldier and a very nice man.

BVT. LIEUT. JOSEPH P. FELLOWS

Was born in Wilmot, March 13, 1839, and is the son of William H. and Mary J. (Gove) Fellows, and the husband of Adeline J. (Kimball) Fellows, whom he married December 7, 1865. He was most of the time in the commissary and quartermaster's departments, and was fortunate enough to escape battle.

His grandfather and great-grandfather, on his mother's side, were in the 1812 and Revolutionary wars, respectively. A blacksmith by trade and lives in Manchester.

His brother, Henry A., was one of the best soldiers in the regiment (see roll of honor). He fought heroically at Chancellorsville and after his death wound at Gettysburg, he would not accept of an excuse from the surgeons, but walked about twenty miles with his arm severely wounded, and several ribs broken by a shell in that battle. He was a man o good habits, and his death soon after, from the effects of his wounds, added another to the long list of the brave and noble dead.

B. B. L. 5–7
HARVEY W. DREW.

B. B. L. 5–2½.
IRA C. EVANS.

B. A. L. 5–9.
CHARLES W FARNHAM.

H. B. D. 5–7½.
BVT LIEUT JOSEPH P. FELLOWS.

CORP. JERE L. FLAGG.

Son of Ralph E. and Lucinda B. (Bullock) Flagg, born in Groton, March 25, 1836, and one of ten children. One of his two brothers, Rodney, served in the Twenty-second Massachusetts Volunteers, and was wounded several times, dying from the effects thereof in California, soon after the war.

In all battles of the regiment, and injured by being run over by a horse at Gettysburg.

Married July 4, 1860, to Louisa M. Mann, whose maiden name was Edison, daughter of Austin Edison, of Randolph, Vt. (No children.)

Farmer and carpenter, and for the last fifteen years a prominent member of the fire department, of Lowell, Mass. The fact that he participated in all the battles of the regiment, and came home with it, at the end of the war, is honor enough for any man to be proud of.

CAPT. BLAKE FOWLER.

This officer was born in the town of Sanbornton, in 1804, and was consequently fifty-eight years old, when he enlisted as a volunteer in Company C, and commissioned its captain, being the oldest man in the regiment.

He was the son of David Fowler, and was, for some years, the mate of a merchant vessel running between here and the West Indies.

He was at one time a captain in the state artillery and of the "Alexandria Guards" of the old Thirty-fourth Regiment New Hampshire Militia.

He enlisted the greater part of his company and was chosen its first leader, and commanded until taken prisoner near Warrington, Va., on the march to Falmouth, Va., where he rejoined the regiment in the spring of 1863.

He was the father and son of a veteran in two wars. (See sketch of Dr. Fowler.)

He died at the same house in Bristol where he had lived for sixty years.

LIEUT. JOHN E. FULLONTON.

Prof. John Fullonton, D. D., who was for many years at the head of the New Hampton Literary and Biblical Institute, is father of this soldier; and his mother, whose maiden name was Elizabeth M. Elliott, gave him birth February 22, 1844. His great-great-grandfather came from England, and was one of the first settlers of Raymond, and his son, Jeremiah, inherited his estate and married a descendent of Thomas Dudley, colonial governor of Massachusetts, and one of the famous Dudley family of English history.

In Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and then clerk at General Graham's headquarters, until commissioned second lieutenant, in First United States Volunteers, and at once selected by General Marston as one of his aides-de-camp, acting as such until the close.

After the war, he was for several years clerk in the war and interior departments, and subsequently acted, for a while, in a similar capacity at a military post in Arizona. From there he wandered off upon a prospective tour to California, contracted a disease of the lungs, from which he died soon after returning to his father's house at Lewiston, Me.

June 9, 1873, he married Etta Mooney, and their only child, Robert D., is still living.

Thus, early in life's march was he halted by the dread messenger, and another brave, kind, and generous-hearted member of our regimental family was ordered to report to the Great Commander.

DEARBORN GRAY.

Here is another one of the "old guard," who, though without title or rank, is one the muse of history delights to honor by placing his name upon her fadeless record of the brave and faithful heroes of the Union army.

Though in humble circumstances, and scarcely known outside of his neighborhood, he really deserves greater praise and honor than many about whom whole chapters of eulogy have been written, for of him it can truthfully be said, he was brave from principle and not pride, and true to duty without favor or hope of reward.

B. B. L. 5–S.
CORP. JERE L. FLAGG.

G. G. L. 5–7.
CAPT. BLAKE FOWLER.

B. B. L. 5–S.
LIEUT JOHN E. FULLONTON.

Son of Shem and Hannah W. Gray, and born in Alexandria, where he now resides. Married November, 1856, to Eleanor, daughter of Asa Kendall, of Hebron, by whom he has had nine children, viz., Edgar A., Nellie M., Willie K. (deceased), Carrie L., Tamson H., Jennie B., Minnie M., one died in infancy, and Mabel B.

In every battle and skirmish of the regiment, but Gettysburg and Wapping Heights, where he was disabled from being present from wound received at Chancellorsville; also, wounded in the battles of Drury's Bluff and Cold Harbor.

His brother, John A., was a member of Company I, Eighth New Hampshire Regiment, and died of disease in the service, at Manchester, January 26, 1862.

BVT. CAPT. EDWARD F. GORDON.

This officer, one of the eleven children of John C. and Sally (Robinson) Gordon, was born in New Hampton, June 14, 1842, and the grandson of Josiah Robinson, who fought in the Revolution.

He had the advantages of the public schools up to within a period of about five months prior to his enlistment, this time being spent in the employ of the government at the United States Armory, at Springfield, Mass. Here, as a young mechanic, he held a lucrative position, for the reason that there was then a large demand for war supplies of all kinds. But thinking more of his country than himself, he left his position and enlisted as a private for three years.

He was in the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and a wound received at the latter, losing his little finger, was the cause of his not being in Gettysburg, which was the only battle in which he did not participate with his regiment till the close of the war.

While disabled as above, he and a comrade was put in charge of a small company of furloughed soldiers, armed with a brass cannon, without ammunition, and quartered near the state house, at Concord.

This war measure, adopted by the state authorities, provoked some criticism, but continued till after the draft was over, and all the furloughed soldiers returned to their several regiments.

In the campaign of 1864, he went through all the battles without receiving a wound.

Immediately following the battle of Cold Harbor, he was promoted to sergeant-major, followed by other commissions (see roster). While quartered at Danville, Va., he was appointed post commissary, and had in charge large quantities of government stores, from which he was required to issue rations, to all hungry ex-rebels who would take the oath of allegiance to United States government.

March 28, 1866, he was married to Unice C., daughter of Elder John Hook, so well and favorably known, of Concord, where he has so long resided. Children, Alice N., John (deceased), and Edward A.

Since then he has been engaged, principally, in manufacturing and mechanical pursuits. He has invented and patented many new and useful improvements in machinery, and has designed various machines which have been and are being sold nearly all over the world. He has been employed, also, as mechanical engineer, and has recently brought out some new and valuable mechanical appliances.

He is now, and has been for some time, at the head of the mechanical school, of Concord, a place which he, both by nature and experience, is so well fitted to honorably and usefully fill.

Fearless, whether on the sanguinary field or elsewhere, in defense of the right, and his head and hand as ready, as his heart is willing, to assist in every good cause, may he go forward in the future, as he has met the demand upon him in the past, in his work of aiding mankind.

H. B. F 5–6.
DEARBORN GRAY

B. B. L. 5–8.
BVT CAPT EDWARD F. GORDON.

Bk. Bk. D. 5–11
WILLIAM P. HARLOW.

WILLIAM P HARLOW

This noble-hearted soldier lived but little more than a month after he enlisted to defend his country's flag. But little is known of this soldier's history.

He was born in Essex, Mass., in 1839, and died of typhoid fever, at Washington, D. C., October 16, 1862. He was married January 1, 1862, but left no children.

A comrade says: "He was beloved by all who knew him."

MILES HODGDON.

Born in Sanbornton, May 8, 1828. Son of Chase and Hannah P. (George) Hodgdon, and great-grandson of Josiah George, who fought under Washington.

In ambulance corps until January, 1863, when he was taken sick, and never did any duty in the army afterward.

Married first to Sarah B. Sleeper, of Alexandria; and second, to the widow of W B. Welch (see sketch) December 9, 1886, with whom he is now living in West Concord. His children by his first wife were Charles G. and George S.

A farmer by occupation, both before and since the war, and a good citizen and neighbor.

CORP. MOSES B. HOWE.

Son of Lyman C. and Saphronia (Bartlett) Howe, and born in Bradford, November 16, 1833. Two brothers, Micah C. and George L., in the late war.

Married Susan E. Boardman, of Bridgewater, January 31, 1858. Children, Frank, Lyman (died in infancy), Jennie H., and Elva E.

He was a farmer before enlistment, and a barber after discharge, until stricken down by Bright's disease of which he died, October 16, 1877. A full record of this soldier is not available.

CORP. JOHN H. INGALLS.

One of the eleven children, and the youngest of the four sons of Gilman, Jr., and Sarah L. (Roberts) Ingalls.

Born in Bristol, April 16, 1841, and died there of chronic diarrhœa in 1863, a few months after he was discharged on account of that disease.

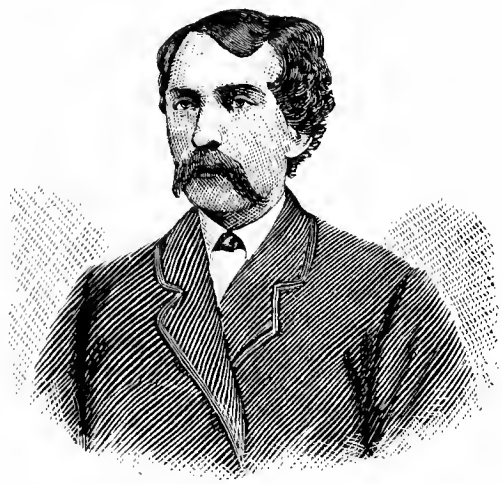
All his brothers were in the army. Gustavus W served in the Third New Hampshire, as a member and leader of what afterward became famous as the "Third Regiment Band"; Horace L., who first enlisted in the First New Hampshire, and is said to have been the first man to enlist in Grafton county, afterwards served in the Eighth and Eighteenth until the end of the war; and George H., who played in the band with his brother for a year or more in the army, but could not enlist, as he was anxious to, because of the loss of a leg before the war. Many of the children were natural musicians, and all were patriotic.

CORP. HARTWELL KEATON.

Son of James and Jane (Nowel) Keaton, born in Charleston, Me., in 1822, and a brother of Robert Keaton, who enlisted in the navy and never returned or was accounted for.

He married, in 1845, Fanny Gould, and his children by her were George E., who served three years in the Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, Charles H., and Mary H. His second wife, Mary Fowler, was married to him in July, 1866, and his children were Alvah E. and Frank F

G. Bk. D. 5–8.
MILES HODGDON.



Bk. Bk. D. 5–11
CORP. MOSES B. HOWE.

B. S. L. 5–9.
CORP. JOHN H. INGALLS.

B. B. L. 5–8½.
CORP. HARTWELL KEATON.

In Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Drury's Bluff, Cold Harbor, and Capture of Richmond. Hit and stunned by piece of shell at Chancellorsville, after he had given the rebels sixty rounds from his cartridge box and when he recovered found himself a prisoner in their hands, who confined him in Libby and Belle Isle prisons about two months. A teamster when he enlisted; he was detailed as such after his exchange and acted in that capacity till the end of the war.

"Good" with a double underlining is the capitalized adjective that one of his comrades used to briefly and emphatically describe his qualities as a soldier, and he is equally deserving as a citizen and a man.

LEVI B. LANEY.

Though no title of rank is attached to name, think not that he does not well deserve one, nor that he was not in every way competent to wield the sword as well as use the gun.

One of the seven children — all boys but one — of John and Nancy (Sleeper) Laney, and was born in Bridgewater, now Bristol, August 16, 1828.

His first wife's maiden name was Elizabeth B. Smith, and he married Margaret A., daughter of Benjamin Huntington, of Weare, November 3, 1858, who died a few years ago, leaving him alone in the world, his only child dying in infancy.

In all the battles of the regiment, except Gettysburg, until Cold Harbor, where he was so severely wounded in right shoulder as to disable him for life.

He was also slightly wounded by musket ball in left arm at Chancellorsville, where he was captured and held prisoner at Richmond, Va., most of the time in Belle Isle, for twelve days.

His occupations have been teacher, mechanic, and farmer. Much could be said to the credit of this man, both as a soldier and citizen, and the public estimate of his ability and integrity appears from the fact that he has been elected to several town offices, and run far ahead of his party ticket for county commissioner. He has been president of the Twelfth Regiment association, which shows that he is appreciated and honored by his comrades, as he has been by his neighbors and friends.

LIEUT. JAMES C. NELSON.

Son of Rev. William and Dolly S. (Elliott) Nelson, and born in Plymouth, November 24, 1838. His father was a captain in War of 1812 and his brother was in the late war.

In battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville.

Commissioned first lieutenant in Thirty-second United States Colored Troops, March 30, 1864 (see roster), and resigned September following, on account of sickness.

Farmer and blacksmith before enlistment and after his discharge, until he decided to expound the gospel of salvation to cold-hearted sinners, instead of longer pounding hot-heated iron for a living, and was ordained a Free Will Baptist minister, at Whitefield, September 4, 1882. He has held pastorates at Gilmanton and Woodstock, where he now resides.

Married to Margaret E. Hook, some years after the war, by whom he has six children.

SERGT. THOMAS E. OSGOOD.

It gives us pleasure to next introduce to the reader, the venerable, veteran sergeant of Company C, with his benign countenance and patriarchal beard, which was gray when he enlisted, and now as white as snow. He is one of the oldest survivors of the regiment, being born at Hebron, June 26, 1814.

The youngest, but one, of the seven children (two sons) of Timothy and Deborah (Pierce) Osgood, who lived when Bible names and precepts were much more common than now.

D. B. D. 5–6.
LEVI B. LANEY

B. Bk. D. 5–$8\frac{3}{4}$.
LIEUT JAMES C. NELSON.

DH. B. D. 5–$7\frac{1}{2}$.
SERGT THOMAS E. OSGOOD.

In the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Swift Creek, and Relay House. Wounded in right arm by musket ball at Chancellorsville, and in left leg by piece of shell, at Relay House. He was long and dangerously sick in hospital from last wound, though all resulted from a mere contusion, and never able to return to the regiment again.

Married November 26, 1848, to Sylvia Lovejoy, of Piermont, who died December 13, 1858, leaving him with five small children, Timothy, Betsey J., Clara S., Deborah P., and Joseph L., all of whom are still living. Of a philosophic turn of mind, with clear and unyielding convictions of duty, his influence, both by precept and example, has always been on the right side;* and, although constant and consistent in his Christian work and faith, he neither believes in the *election* of the good nor the *rejection* of the wicked,* but in a common brotherhood for all. He declines to believe in a Creator less kind and forgiving than many of his creatures.

Since the above was written he has gone to test the realities of his faith, having peacefully breathed his last at Bristol, October 16, 1896, where he had lived most of the time since the war.

He was a carpenter by trade, and the line by which he worked was no straighter or truer than that by which he lived.

JOHN F. PHILLIPS.

We here present a picture of one of the tall and stalwart men of the regiment, who still survives to welcome, with a strong grip and vigorous shake, any of his old comrades who may visit him at his home in Alexandria, where he was born, June 23, 1842, being the only child of Alvah and Ruth A. (Sleeper) Phillips, and bearing the same name as his grandfather, who, according to family tradition, was all through the Revolutionary War.

He was himself in three great battles of the late Rebellion, viz., Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg; and though sick and excused from duty, after the last named, kept along with the regiment and when asked by the colonel, while approaching the enemy's lines at Wapping Heights, what he expected to do without a gun, at once exhibited his good grit and ready wit by promptly responding: "I can quickly get a gun when I need one." He was wounded on left side of forehead, at Chancellorsville, by minie ball, which still leaves its mark.

He was married to Sarah A. Pattee, of Alexandria, July 4, 1859, and to Sarah A. Ferrin, of Plymouth, November 30, 1881, and of his ten children, Alvah B., Etta R., Henry C., Arthur J., Mary F., Willie A., Levi H., James C., Lon B., and Jason F. — all but the last by first wife — only four are now living.

This soldier is of English descent and his grandfather, above mentioned, was but twelve years old when he enlisted. He was sent home on a sick furlough from Point Lookout, Md., when but a mere skeleton, and was unable to walk or stand, and never returned.

Now, and for many years, he has been a store keeper, and one of the leading men of his native town, though but a green farmer's boy when he enlisted. True and reliable, generous and brave; he is sound to the core and every inch a man.

CORP. EDWARD V PRATT.

Son of Varnum and Elizabeth (Lovejoy) Pratt, and was born in Hebron, December 10, 1840, and died while on the march to Falmouth, Va. (see roster).

His great-grandfather fought at Bunker Hill, and his grandfather was in the War of 1812. Tradition has it that he was in the ship with Paul Jones. His grandfather Spaulding, on his mother's side, was killed at Bunker Hill.

He was brought up on a farm, received an academic education, and was exemplary in his habits and deportment. Sergeant Osgood says: "He marched while sick without a murmur of complaint, and died the same." Buried at Hebron.

* See pages 151 and 423.

B. Bk. D. 6–1½.
JOHN F. PHILLIPS.

B. B. L. 5–9½.
CORP. EDWARD V. PRATT

B. B. L. 5–8.
SERGT. HENRIE A. RANDOLPH.

SERGT. HENRIE A. RANDOLPH.

Born in Northhampton, Eng., in 1823. (Name of parents unknown.)

His wife's name was Martha French, of Canterbury, whom he married before the war. His only child, a daughter, died several years ago.

In early life he had served in the English army. After coming to this country he learned the tailor's trade and worked at it for years in Bristol. One of the first in the company to enlist, and having experience in the ranks, he was selected as orderly sergeant, and did much in drilling the company during the first year.

He was in Bermuda Hundred, Swift Creek, Relay House, Drury's Bluff, Port Walthall, and perhaps in Cold Harbor. Naturally a good soldier, and it is to be regretted that more is not known of him.

SAMUEL C. ROBINSON.

As you see him here, wanting only his gun and equipments, he fought on three of the great battle-fields of his country, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg.

Born in Sanbornton, December 8, 1842, son of Leavitt and Nancy (Calley) Robinson, who had another son, William M. (oldest of their six children), in Company D, of the same regiment, who also did good service, being wounded at Chancellorsville. He, William M., did not fall back, but kept on firing at the advancing rebels until they came up and took him prisoner.

Great-grandfather, Levi, was in the war of the American Independence.

Married December 3, 1868, to Myra W Taylor.

A whole chapter would be needed to do full justice to every soldier, whose record is as good as either this soldier or his brother. He was wounded severely at Gettysburg, which should be greater honor than the stars of a general, who never breathed the smoke of battle.

CAPT. J. W. SAUNDERS.

Read, in the roster, from this history and this sketch, and you will know, even then, but little of what could and should be said, in common with many others, of the family history and military career of this brave and competent officer.

He is of English descent, and his early ancestors in this State settled in Rye. The parents of the subject of this sketch, Joel and Phebe (Scott) Saunders, had two sons and two daughters, James W. being the second son, and having only one sister living.

Born in Strafford in 1833. Married, November 7, 1857, to Mary J., daughter of John Ackerman, of Alexandria. Children, Alice, Horace W., and Ida M.

He says: "I was never in hospital a day, only a few days excused from duty, and in every thing the regiment was." Brief words and few and "most like a soldier" spoken, but they compose a whole chapter of fortitude, heroism, and battle-field experience.

Occupation, a shoemaker before enlistment, a fighter during the war, and a farmer and lumberman since. He commanded a company all the time after Point Lookout to the end of the war, and he never hesitated to lead his men into the thickest of the fight.

He speaks of Bohonon, Drake, and himself, as the only three left in his company after Chancellorsville, where Gustavus Emmons was the first one of Company C to be killed. He also refers to Blanchard's (H. A.) coolness and courage under fire, and of his being one of the first to help rescue the guns at Drury's Bluff,* where Saunders himself took so prominent a part. He is highly respected, but cannot be fully appreciated by his townsmen.

CAPT. JAMES T. SMITH.

Son of James and Rachel (Hoyt) Smith. Born at Danbury, in 1819. He received a liberal education and before the war was a teacher of penmanship, auctioneer, and farmer. He enlisted several in Company C, and was elected and commissioned first lieutenant in the organization of that company.

* See page 183.

Bk. B. L. 5–11
SAMUEL C. ROBINSON.

B. B. L. 5–8.
CAPT J. W SAUNDERS.

DG. Bk. D. 6–0.
CAPT JAMES T SMITH.

He married Ruth R. Eastman, of Newbury, Vt., February 12, 1868, after living a single life for nearly fifty years. He died at Danbury, July 11, 1876, leaving her with two small children, Emma and Estelle.

He was in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg.

After his death, his widow published a pamphlet criticising severely the action of the government concerning his pension, and in which she ably defended his name and memory.

SYLVESTER SWETT.

The youngest son and one of the five children of Isaac and Nancy (Brown) Swett, who was born in Bristol, April 29, 1831. Both his brothers in the war, Roswell D. (see sketch), and Benjamin, in the Fifteenth New Hampshire.

Married before enlistment, to Ermina E., daughter of John Jaquith, of Bristol, who died while in the army, leaving him one daughter, Mynetta J., but two years of age.

In Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and also in Gettysburg, where his haversack and canteen were shot from his side, and he was wounded by minie ball in right ankle.

Married September 24, 1865, to Marcia A., daughter of Benjamin H. Smith, of Rumney, who is said to have been the first one drowned in Newfound lake. His children by this wife are, George F., Ellener J., Andrew F., Alvira M., and Wesley S.

He has the bullet that was taken from his ankle forty-eight hours after he was wounded, and it was five months before he could step, the surgeons insisting at first that he must lose his foot or his life, but he fought the doctors and saved both.

His mother lived to be ninety-six years, and may his years be lengthened to long enjoy the blessings for which he fought. His business has been a farmer and railroad employee, and his residence, Plymouth.

ROSWELL D. SWETT

This good soldier, a brother of the last (see sketch), was thirty-eight years old when he enlisted, yet from best information he was never married.

Died, of chronic diarrhœa, on his way home on sick furlough. (See roster.)

He fought bravely on the fields of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and Wapping Heights. Had five bullets through his clothes at Chancellorsville, where he fought as coolly and deliberately as if following his plow at home.

Stout, rugged, willing, and brave, he deserved and gained the name given him above, a "good soldier."

SERGT. HOWARD TAYLOR.

Of all the youthful heroes of the Twelfth Regiment, and their list is effulgent with glory, no one, everything considered, has a better right to stand at the head than he whose boyish but intelligent face many will gaze upon with deep interest.

Certain it is that of no other member of the regiment can such an honorable and patriotic family record be written, leaving his own to speak for itself. The title of the "Little Corporal," given him by common consent from the first, being mustered in as such, was most befittingly bestowed, for he was two or three inches shorter than any other soldier of the regiment,* and soon proved himself worthy of Napoleonic honors.

He was the son of Jonathan M. Taylor, who is a remarkably active and intelligent man for his years (over eighty), and is the father of eight children, by half as many wives, being married four times. He has been in the mercantile business in Boston and New York, for over sixty years. His third wife, Harriet A., daughter of Oliver Gragg, of Boston, was married April 12, 1842, and became the mother of Howard, in the city of New

See page 393.

B. B. L. 5–$8\frac{1}{2}$.
SYLVESTER SWETT

B. LB. L. 5–$10\frac{3}{4}$.
ROSWELL D. SWETT.

H. B. F. 5–4.
SERGT HOWARD TAYLOR.

York, April 7, 1845. His two brothers died young, and an only sister, Harriet A. Bond, lives in Detroit, Mich. His half-brother, Henry M. Taylor, served through the war in the Third Wisconsin Cavalry, rising from private to captain, and being in over twenty battles.

His great-grandmother was the heroine of "Mary Butler's Ride," * and a cousin of General Butler's father; and her father was a cousin to Mary Eastman, the mother of Daniel Webster.

His great-grandfather, Ebenezer Eastman, of Gilmanton, commanded a company of "minute men" in Stark's New Hampshire regiment, at the battle of Bunker Hill.

His great-grandfather, Jonathan Taylor, had two sons, John and Jonathan, in the Revolution, both of whom were at West Point at the time of Arnold's treachery, and the gun of John, who was on guard, was found to contain a sand cartridge.

Their father, great-grandfather of the subject of this sketch, was kept at home for a while by the wants of his young family, but when volunteers were called for to beat back the enemy, he joined the "Green Mountain boys" and fought at Bennington. So it will be seen that one of Howard's great-grandfathers was with Stark at Bunker Hill, and the other was with Stark at Bennington.

Chase Taylor, a brother of Jonathan, was a captain under General St. Clair, at Ticonderoga, and was severely wounded at Bennington, where he commanded the regiment in which his brother, and two of his sons, William and Chase, Jr., fought; his other son, Nathan, who was at that time lieutenant in Captain Whitcomb's company of Independent Rangers, and who was sent out with twelve men to reconnoitre, the day before the battle, was ambushed by a party of sixty to one hundred Indians, and three of his men mortally wounded. Lieutenant Taylor was shot through the shoulder, but saved himself by concealment in the top of a hemlock tree that had been felled a short time before. †

Thus did the great-grandfather of this "Little Corporal," his brother, two sons, and three nephews fight, and two of them shed their blood, for our independence at Bennington.

In every march and fight of the regiment, except following of the rebel retreat from Gettysburg, where he was wounded in index finger of right hand. But the hospital had no charms for one of his blood, and so instead of waiting for a discharge, that he might have had, he ran away and rejoined his regiment, at Point Lookout, being absent only about seven weeks.

Wounded also slightly in left hand at Chancellorsville, and by minie ball in head at Bermuda Hundred. This last wound, though he did not allow it to unfit him for duty but a day or two at a time, was the cause of his insanity and death, more than twenty-five years afterward (see roster). No words of eulogy, though never more deserving, can add anything to a record like his.

BVT LIEUT. TIMOTHY TILTON.

Few have made for themselves a war record so good and honorable as this brave and true-hearted soldier, who was born in Fremont, May 27, 1836. He was one of the eleven children (seven boys) of Jonathan and Elizabeth (Foster) Tilton. Another son, Jonathan, Jr., served in the First New Hampshire Volunteers.

His grandfather, John Foster, was a veteran of the Revolution and the old gun-barrel that he carried is still preserved. Lieutenant Tilton followed and defended the colors into and through every battle of the regiment, yet never wounded, except slightly by a sliver from a tree at Cold Harbor. Married January 2, 1869, to Martha M. Jewett, of Bristol. No children.

He was a mason by trade, and fought the rebels as hard as he had learned to lay his brick firm and solid; and when he turned his back to the foe, it was time for all left alive to do the same, or be taken prisoners. He seemed, like Marshal Ney, to be well nigh bullet-proof, and as brave by nature as he seemed to be by fate secure. He was one of the bravest and best in the regiment.

* See Scribner's Magazine for April, 1875. † See Runnel's History of Sanbornton.

B. B. L. 5–7½.
BVT LIEUT TIMOTHY TILTON.

B. DB. D. 6–1½.
SCHUYLER WALKER.

H. Bk. D. 5–6½.
SERGT. ALONZO H. WORTHLEY.

SCHUYLER WALKER.

This soldier, the youngest of the two children of Osia and Judith (Patten) Walker, was born in Alexandria, March 19, 1843, and died in Chico, Butte county, Cal., May 28, 1876, of consumption; his two children, Alice M. and Lulu M., dying a few years later. He moved from New Hampshire, with his family, in 1869. Ellen A., daughter of Erastus Bean, of Penacook, who married him, July 18, 1867, is now the wife of Carlos Ordway, of Salisbury, and her sister is the wife of Samuel A. Blaisdell, of Company C

Wounded in arm at Chancellorsville, and never did service with the regiment afterward; also in the battle of Fredericksburg.

He is remembered by his old neighbors and acquaintances, as a good man, and by all his comrades as a good soldier. He was one of the belated pickets at Fredericksburg.* A carpenter by trade. The picture is good of him, as he looked about a year after his discharge.

SERGT. ALONZO H. WORTHLEY.

This true scion of Revolutionary stock is the son of Moses and Cynthia (Marshall) Worthley, and was born in Weare, April 14, 1839. His great-grandfather fought for our independence under Washington, and his grandfather was one of the Home Guards, who were called out at the battle of Plattsburg.

In all the battles of the regiment, except Gettysburg and Wapping Heights, when he was suffering from severe wound in right thigh by minie ball at Chancellorsville. With exception of this, and two or three weeks' sickness, in front of Petersburg, he was with the colors from first to last.

Married Ruth E. Perkins, of Hebron, December 9, 1865, by whom he had one child, Alonzo H.

A much longer sketch would be written of this soldier if the author had more facts from which to write, for he was and is one of the best of soldiers and men.

* See page 49, *et seq.*

COMPANY D.

At a town meeting holden at Sanbornton Square, August 9, 1862, "to see what action the town will take in regard to furnishing her quota of the volunteers called for by the President of the United States, and to see how and in what manner the town will vote to raise such sums of money necessary to carry out this purpose," bounties of three hundred and two hundred dollars were voted to three years and nine months men respectively

At this meeting one from each district was appointed by the chair to take in consideration the subject embraced in the warrant and reported as follows: "That each and every inhabitant of the town be constituted a committee to put forth every effort in its power to secure the number of volunteers necessary to fill the quota of the town."

On the fourteenth day of August a war meeting was holden at Sanbornton, at which Col. Thomas Whipple, of Laconia, was present and spoke, and the work of raising the Twelfth Regiment had commenced in earnest.* After Whipple s speech, Jonathan M. Taylor, a patriotic citizen of that town offered ten dollars to the first man who would enlist. Charles W Drown (see roster) stepped forward, took the money and signed his name to the papers amid the cheers of the audience.

His example was immediately followed by others present until forty-nine had enlisted, when Warren Smith, one of the most active and prominent men in town, stepped up to the desk and said: "Here is five dollars from my own pocket for the man who makes the number of volunteers at this meeting an even fifty" Frederick F Osgood, of Sanbornton, immediately stepped forward, took the five dollars, and added his name to the roll. A few days later the company met at Piper's Mills in front of the old chapel and elected the following officers: For captain, J Ware Butterfield; for lieutenants, David E. Everett and Bradbury M. Morrill. The non-commissioned officers were, George W Hall, Alonzo W Jewett, Warren S. Cooper, Luther H. Parker, and Samuel B. Swain as sergeants; and Frank Ferrin, Leavitt S. Roberts, Richard W Musgrove, John M. Bickford, Charles G. Smith, Prescott Y Howland, William H. Straw, and William H. Sanborn as corporals; George C. Currier and Robert Martin were selected as musicians. This company was mustered into the United States service, September 5, 1862.

* See pages 7 and 8.

ELBRIDGE A. BLANCHARD.

This resolute and sanguine son of Mars is the only child of Seth M. and Susan W (Smith) Blanchard, and was born in Groton, November 5, 1844. His father was a farmer and a captain in the state militia; and his grandfather was a soldier of 1812.

He says: "In all of the battles except Gettysburg, and never excused from duty because of sickness." "One of the best" is the recommend given him by one of his tentmates, who is not inclined to praise the undeserving. Of an independent, outspoken nature he sometimes excited official resentment, but seldom or never without cause.

He was not afraid to use his tongue or his gun, when occasion required, and he and his musket were inseparable companions unto the end.

August 7, 1869, married Sarah E. Whittimore, of Lowell, Mass., by whom he has had four children, Leonard W., Frank A., Rolf E., and Susan E. — all living, except the second.

BVT. LIEUT. CHARLES M. BROWN.

Here you see him as he looked nearly twenty years after the war. One of the seven children — four boys — of Jonathan and Mary E. McCauley; born in Bow, May 16, 1833.

He was wounded at Chancellorsville, and taken prisoner; on parole until exchange in September following, when he rejoined regiment at Point Lookout, Md. Also in battles of Swift Creek (where he was promoted to first sergeant on the field), Relay House, Drury's Bluff, and Capture of Richmond.

His grandfather, Alexander McCauley, was a soldier of 1812, and of his brothers, Samuel and Caleb were in companies C and F, respectively.

Married Lucinda H., daughter of Kimball Corliss, of Haverhill, December 7, 1852. Children, Charles L., Ada L., Maud L., and Edgar D.

Of the sturdy and steadfast qualities of this member of the regiment, it may be said that he has been the true and tried employee of the same firm in Concord for nearly thirty-five years, working for them before the war, and all the time since. Soldier or citizen, he was and is always at the post of duty, and none is more favorably known in the city of Concord, where he resides, than he.

SERGT. HENRY C. BUZZELL.

Life's voyage, so safely yet so sadly ended, was entered upon by this soldier, August 15, 1842, under the paternal pilotage of Elias S. and Betsey (Runnells) Buzzell, who then resided in Northfield.

His early life was uneventful, but his native traits of character were manifested by his kind, unselfish acts, even when a little boy. No survivor of Company D will speak aught but words of praise of this brave and kind hearted soldier, and those of them who knew him best will never cease to cherish his memory while theirs is permitted to exist. Look at his picture and you will see that he had a head to think as well as a heart to feel; had he lived he would doubtless gained civic honors to crown his lofty brow.

He was one of seven children, four of whom are still living. Both his brothers, Charles W and James M., were in the war, and served in the Fifteenth New Hampshire Volunteers and a Vermont regiment respectively; and of his three sisters, who lived to grow up, one married George Dawson, of the Fifteenth New Hampshire Volunteers (since drowned in Missouri river by caving in of the bank), and another is the wife of Sylvester D. Hunt, who was also a member of the Fifteenth Regiment.

In every battle until mortally wounded at Cold Harbor, where he was struck by pieces of shell in shoulder and thigh, and died of secondary hemorrhage, June 29, 1864.

He proved himself worthy the name of the great statesman that was given him, for he fought for the same great cause, for which Clay so eloquently plead — the peace and prosperity of the whole country.

B. B. L. $5-7\frac{3}{4}$
ELBRIDGE A. BLANCHARD.

Bk. Bk. D. 6–5.
BVT LIEUT CHARLES M. BROWN.

G. L. L. 5–8.
SERGT HENRY C BUZZELL.

JAMES T. CALLEY

This was one of the four children of Richard, Jr., and Martha C. (Clark) Calley, and was born in Sanbornton, November 1, 1844.

He was brought up a farmer's boy, receiving the usual common school education, and although an only son his father consented that he should enlist, as he greatly desired, in the cause of his country.

He was in the battle of Fredericksburg, where he contracted the disease of which he died. His father went out after his son's dead body to give it a Christian burial in his native soil. He was a good and faithful soldier.

CORP. ERWIN G. CATE.

This sketch is of the only son of the four children of Albert J. and Sally E. (Calley) Cate, and was born in Franklin, March 14, 1844.

He married Harriet, daughter of Alexander Whitney, of New London, October 13, 1867, and has one child.

This soldier ranks high in merit though he wore only a corporal's stripes. He was in all engagements of the regiment but Gettysburg, Wapping Heights, and part of Siege of Petersburg, where he was disabled from duty by wounds in left thigh at Chancellorsville, and in head at Cold Harbor, reporting for duty again in just four and two months to a day from date of his respective wounds. He was also wounded in neck and left arm while crossing a "death stretch" on his way with others to strengthen our picket lines at Drury's Bluff, and accidentally injured badly at Bermuda Hundred; yet he still lives to extend a smiling welcome to all his old comrades who may visit him. A solemn incident is related of him elsewhere.* Several of his ancestors were in the French and Indian war. His great-grandfathers were both in the Revolution, his grandfather was a soldier of 1812, and his own record shows that their blood still flows through at least one brave and noble heart. Standing nearly six feet and two inches high in his stockings, with a kind heart, jovial disposition, and plain but honest countenance, he was by some not inaptly nicknamed "Old Abe."

SILAS G. CHASE.

"True to his trust" can be said of this soldier, for his record proves it. Though, like many others he never fired a gun on the battle-field, yet he rendered valuable service in filling a place that he seemed especially fitted for.

His eyes first opened to the light in Milbury, Mass., August 7, 1822, being the oldest of the three children (one daughter) of Palmer G. and Sally (Burbank) Chase.

Married Lydia S. Woodman, June 19, 1845, whom he left with six small children, one a babe in her arms when he went to war. He was the first to enlist in the regiment from the town of Hebron. He seemed born to doing good instead of daring danger, and was therefore soon selected for a regimental nurse, but he was never troubled with "shell sickness," not even in front of Petersburg, when he was so often under fire, and where he acted for awhile as hospital steward and doctor, the regiment being without either at that time. After Gettysburg, he remained there with Dr. Hunt for several weeks, nursing the wounded and comforting the dying. He was diligent and faithful, for which he deserves much credit. Colonel Barker used to call him the good Samaritan. The names of his children are, Sarah, Silas W., Hattie Q., Jesse E., Samuel B., and Mary F. The last, being the babe above mentioned, now is a mother, having had babes of her own, and resides in San Diego, Cal.

* See page 447.

Bk. Bk. D. 5–10.
JAMES T. CALLEY.

G. L. L. 6–1¼.
CORP. ERWIN G. CATE.

Bk. Bk. D. 5–6.
SILAS G. CHASE.

CORP. ORRIN G. COLBY.

It needs no Lavater to read "stern resolution" in the well marked features of this manly youth. Born in Hill, August 24, 1845, he lacked ten days of being seventeen years old when he enlisted; yet he unflinchingly followed and stood by the flag, on every march and almost every battle-field of the regiment from Concord, 1862, to Concord, 1865. He is the oldest child of Wilson and Martha J. (Quimby) Colby, and the father of four promising children, Anna M., George E., Mary E., and Charles W., the mother of whom Georgie D., the daughter of George W Woodbury, of Weare, he married January 9, 1872.

He was slightly wounded at Cold Harbor, by solid shot or shell which, a comrade says, "knocked him heels over head," and from which he had a very narrow escape. He was also severely wounded in this battle by an explosive musket ball striking him in the back while retreating, he being one of the very last to leave the field. He says: "I was talking with Jonathan Leavitt when he was struck by a shell at the battle of Gettysburg. I saw him again in a few moments after we had driven the rebels back, and said to him, 'You're still alive, then?' He looked up and replied, 'Yes, but I don't know how long I shall be.' The same shell — I think it was — took off one of the legs of a Company B* boy, and struck a man just behind me, the blood spurting all over my back. I felt something strike my arm, and reaching round picked off of my coat sleeve a large piece of warm flesh. Death filled the air on every side."

Though an honest, modest, hard working farmer, many who boast of high military rank deserve far less credit and honor. See incident, characteristic of his courage and pluck, on page 415.

GEORGE C. CURRIER.

Here is one whose drumsticks were in hand to beat any call by night or day, when not engaged in carrying the wounded from the field of carnage. He belongs to a family of musicians and his brothers, Cyrus C. and Lorenzo M., were enlisted members of the Second Brigade Band, of the Tenth Corps, afterwards known as the "Post band" and stationed for sometime at Hilton Head, S. C.

He is one of the seven children of Trueworthy G. and Nancy S. (Chase) Currier, and was born in Bristol, February 13, 1841. Present, as believed, at every battle and skirmish that the regiment was engaged in and often under fire.

Married to Clara A., daughter of Samuel Cox, of Holderness, April 28, 1866, and their only child, Carrie B., is now the wife of Ansel D. Dolloff. Occupation before and for some years after the war a wheelwright; now manufacturer of crutches, thousands of which are made and sold by him every year. So whereas he once assisted his comrades in getting rid of their useless legs, he is now helping to supply them with useful ones. He is one of the best and most substantial citizens of Bristol.

JOHN G. DONOVAN.

Son of James and Elizabeth (Gilman) Donovan; born in Sanbornton, March 19, 1822. Married Sarah Quimby, of Sanbornton, before the war; one child died in infancy. Married again, August 26, 1867, to Julia A. Gilman, of Sanbornton; one child, John H. James, brother and oldest son in a family of eleven children, was in the Mexican War, and his grandfather, Joseph Gilman, was in the War of the Revolution.

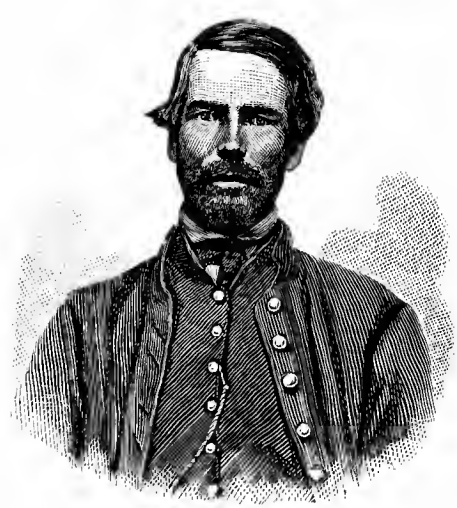
This soldier was in most of the battles of the regiment, except Gettysburg and Cold Harbor, and was wounded slightly by shell on right hip in the battle of Chancellorsville, where he was taken prisoner and paroled on the field.

For the last twenty years he has been as constant at his forge, as blacksmith in the railroad shop at Lakeport, as he was faithful to his post of duty in the war.

*Supposed to be Dudley F. Smith.

B. L. L. 5–4½.
CORP. ORRIN G. COLBY

DB. B. L. 6–0.
GEORGE C. CURRIER.



B. Bk. L. 5–11½.
JOHN G. DONOVAN.

LIEUT. DAVID E. EVERETT

This son of Dexter and Betsey (Pingree) Everett was born in New London, October 25, 1825, and was married to Harriett R. Davis, of Franklin, June 1, 1848. His children are, DeVolney and DeWitt, the oldest, Henry R., died in infancy. His wife's brother, Richard H. Davis, was killed in a Wisconsin Regiment.

A captain in the State militia before the war; when the Twelfth was raised, he enlisted forty-two men for Company D, and was made its first lieutenant. He commanded his company at the battle of Fredericksburg, thus evincing the active patriotism of his grandfather, Levi Everett, who was a lieutenant in the Revolution. Disabled from the effects of rheumatic fever contracted from exposure at the battle above named, he was obliged to leave the service soon after, much to the regret of those who had learned to respect him for his many manly qualities.

He has for many years resided in Concord, with his record as a citizen and a soldier unblemished. He received an academic education and intended to be a teacher, but when enlisted was employed as a carriage trimmer. Since the war his business has been a harness cutter.

SERGT. ENOS B. FERRIN.

One of the sixteen children (ten sons) of Jonathan and Harriet (Webster) Ferrin, and born in Bridgewater, October 25, 1831. His early life was spent on a farm and he was quick to respond to the nation's call for support in that direful time of 1861.

In the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Swift Creek, Cold Harbor, and Siege of Petersburg, going through them all without receiving a wound. He was on detached service on guard of the wagon train during the Gettysburg campaign. An incident about his cooking beans in the city of Fredericksburg was the means of saving his life while the enemy was shelling the city. A comrade says of him: "Brave and reliable; who always knew that it was safe to depend on him no matter what the emergency." He has always seemed to enjoy a life of "single blessedness," never being married, but his name should be perpetuated.

Occupation, before and since enlistment, a farmer.

SERGT. HIRAM W FERRIN.

Yes, he was as firm and stern on the field as he looks here on paper, yet a good citizen and kind hearted man. He is the son of Jonathan and Harriet (Webster) Ferrin, born in Bridgewater, April 3, 1835, and married to Elizabeth H., daughter of Jonathan Brown, of Bow, November 12, 1864. Their only child is Ella H. His wife is a sister to Charles, Samuel, and Caleb Brown (see sketches). He had three brothers, besides Enos (see sketch), in the war.

He was in all the battles of the regiment, except the Siege of Petersburg and Cemetery Hill, during which time he was absent from regiment two or three months because of a severe wound from shell in left hip at the battle of Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864. Also wounded slightly in right leg at Chancellorsville. He was one of the disabled veterans who helped defend the capitol against General Early's attack in the summer of 1864, and one of the many who wore the chevrons, but deserved the epaulets for bravely defending the flag on many bloody battle-fields. He has long resided, and is highly respected, in the city of Concord.

B. DB. L. 6–0.
LIEUT DAVID E. EVERETT

B. DB. D. 5–10.
SERGT ENOS B. FERRIN.

B. B. L. 5–9.
SERGT HIRAM W. FERRIN.

CHARLES H. FOSS.

One of the eight children of Loren and Mary Ann (Mason) Foss, born in Sandwich, April 17, 1839. His great-grandfather, Capt. Lemuel B. Mason, was a gallant soldier of the Revolution, serving through the whole war, and fought under Washington on most of his important battle-fields, and was with Sullivan in his expeditions against the Indians, having many narrow escapes from death. He also enlisted in the War of 1812, and served one year as captain in Colonel Davis' Regiment.

His grandmother, on his father's side, was the daughter of Moses Harmon, who was also a Revolutionary soldier for three years, who fought at Ticonderoga, and was present when Burgoyne surrendered.

Married Martha A., daughter of Charles H. Plummer, of Sanbornton, July 4, 1859. One child, Mary J.

In battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, sick in hospital summer and fall of 1863, and transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps. Though his service in the field was short, compared with many, his record as a soldier and a citizen is worthy of his ancestry.

FRANK G. FOWLER.

His name is found on the roll of honor, for he died of wounds received at Chancellorsville (see roster).

He was the son of Isaiah H. Fowler and was born in Bristol, June 9, 1843. He had three brothers and one sister. His father was a brother of the mother of Luther H. Parker (see sketch).

He was wounded in right hip by the fatal bullet, and for some time it was expected that he would recover. He was in the battle of Fredericksburg, and nothing is known against his record. His grandfather, Abner, was a soldier of the second war with England.

ANDREW P. GILMAN.

This worthy citizen of his native town was born in Sanbornton, May 1, 1837. Parents, Alba and Lucy P. (Chase) Gilman, who had four children, one dying in infancy, and the other three were all in the war at the same time; Charles A., the oldest, in the Eighteenth New Hampshire Regiment, and Andrew P. and George B., in the Twelfth. His father died in 1866, but his mother, at the age of eighty-six is still living to be envied for her strength and activity by those many years her junior.

In the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. Wounded twice at Chancellorsville, the last time severely in left hip by a minie ball which he still carries in his body. *

His great-grandfathers, Simon Gilman and Jonathan Chase, were both in the great struggle for independence.

Married to Althea Sanborn, December 29, 1857, and has only two children, Lucy E. and Clarence E., now living; the oldest child, Carrie A., having died in the ecstatic triumph of the Christian faith several years ago.

He is one of the many brave men of the regiment who were crippled for life at Chancellorsville, and soon after, for that reason, discharged from the service, but one of the few whose name seemed providentially saved from death's long roll on that life-harvesting field.

MOSES B. GILMAN.

December 14, 1829, this youngest but one in a family of five boys and two girls, was born to Moses and Sophia (Burley) Gilman, in the town of Sanbornton, where he still resides.

His grandfather, Joseph Gilman, was in the Revolution; his father in War of 1812, and severely wounded, narrowly escaping the scalping knife by hiding under a log through

* See incident of, page 345.

B. B. L. 5–9.
CHARLES H. FOSS.

B. DB. L. 5–6½.
FRANK G. FOWLER.

H. B. L. 5–10.
ANDREW P. GILMAN.

the night, and swimming across the river after daylight under the fire of the Indian sharpshooters and finally reaching the American lines by the assistance of his brother, who was in the same battle, and met him as he landed.

His three brothers (Albert A., in the Mexican War; John H., in the Sixth Vermont Volunteers, and Freeman D., in the First New Hampshire Volunteers and afterward in Sprague's Rhode Island Cavalry) also fought for the same flag as himself, making a family record of courage and patriotism equalled by few.

In the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg; wounded slightly in the second, and so severe in left wrist and back in the last battle as to disable him for the field and was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps (see roster), where he served until the end of the war.

Married May 5, 1861, to Everline A. Johnson; one adopted son.

He is now, as ever since the war, a thrifty farmer of his native town, but enjoys a coon hunt or fox chase with his favorite hound, quite as much as harpooning whales * or shooting quails in his earlier years, for he is still "one of the boys."

"At Gettysburg," as he relates, "Jonathan Leavitt, who stood near me when the battle commenced, said, 'now Moses we have got to catch it,' and so we did. He was killed, and I was badly wounded."

ADNA M. HALL.

Born in Bristol, July 4, 1841, and died (see roster) of wounds in shoulder and back by shell and musket shot at the battle of Gettysburg.

For parentage, etc., see sketch of his brother, Oliver P. His great-grandfather was a soldier in the Revolution. He fought at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, where by his heroism he proved the quality of that patriot blood that he inherited, and which he afterwards shed for liberty on one of the world's greatest battle-fields. He was wounded early in the engagement and was one of the first to receive a fatal shot.

He is remembered by his early associates and army comrades as being upright and temperate in all his dealings and habits, and was one of the many noble hearted whose names are found on the regimental roll, of those who died of wounds received on the field of battle.

LIEUT. GEORGE W. HALL.

His place and date of birth are Tunbridge, Vt., November 19, 1829, and he is the son of Abner and Thirza (Elkins) Hall.

November 7, 1853, he married Hannah H., daughter of Eliphalet Flanders, of Sanbornton. Children, Emma I., George E., Cora E., Charles A., Maude A., Florence H., Harry W., and Sarah E.

He was in the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville and wounded at last named in left shoulder, taken prisoner and paroled on the field, where he assisted the other wounded until he crossed the river into our lines. He was also in the battles of Swift Creek, Port Walthall, Cold Harbor, and part of the Siege of Petersburg. At the battle of Cold Harbor he commanded Company B in the leading division of the charge. He says: "At Chancellorsville, after being taken prisoner, I got water and fixed up shelters for those who were too badly wounded to help themselves. I asked and was granted permission to do this by a rebel surgeon. The cry all around me was for water. I worked until ten o'clock that night." For the last few months of the war he was acting adjutant at Rendezvous Camp, Portland, Me.

A carpenter by trade, and his record as a soldier and civilian speaks for itself on the right side of every cause and work in the present as well as in the past.

* He went on a whaling voyage when young.

B. DB. D. 5–S½.
MOSES B. GILMAN.

B. DB. L. 5–9.
ADNA M. HALL.

Bk. D. D. 5–S½.
LIEUT GEORGE W HALL.

OLIVER P. HALL.

Son of Oliver S. and Elizabeth (Morrison) Hall, and brother of Adna M. (see sketch), who was killed at Gettysburg.

Born in Bristol, where he has always resided, May 18, 1843, and is the great-grandson of a soldier of the Revolution.

In all the general engagements of the regiment, except Fredericksburg and Gettysburg. Wounded severely by minie ball in right hip at Chancellorsville while trying to bind up the death wound of Augustus Chapman (see roster), of the same company. Rejoined regiment at Point Lookout the next fall. Captured at Bermuda Hundred (see roster) and paroled from Salisbury prison, N. C., March 9, 1865, having previously been for a while in Libby and Belle Isle prisons and was one of the fortunate few, of the 10,000 confined there when he went in, that came out and reached home alive.

He has never yet married, and it is feared now he never will, though almost any good and patriotic woman would have reason to feel proud of a husband with such an honorable record made in the service of his country.

CORP. ARTHUR L. HANNAFORD.

March 8, 1844, is the date of this soldier's birth, who is the ninth of the fourteen children of Albert Hannaford, who married Loraina Smith who became the mother of them all. A brother, William F., served from 1861 to 1865 in the Eighth New Hampshire.

In most of the battles of the regiment, excepting Gettysburg, when he was a paroled prisoner, being wounded and captured at Chancellorsville. Was in Libby and Belle Isle about a month, then at Parole Camp, Annapolis, Md., and did not rejoin regiment until September at Point Lookout. When taken prisoner, and for a while after, he was between the lines and exposed to a severe fire from both sides. He speaks of a severe experience while under rebel control, and remembers of finding Richmond draped in mourning for the death of General Jackson. This soldier has a vein of pleasantry in his make-up, and was always as ready to entertain his comrades in camp as to engage the enemy on the field.

Married Emily F., daughter of Miles Randall, at Canterbury, October 11, 1869. Children, Orville R. (deceased) and Edith M. Married Morilla H. Swan, daughter of James Marsh, of Franklin, November 13, 1879. Child, Bernice.

The picture, from which this was engraved, was taken just before leaving the state for the front.

LIEUT. ALONZO W. JEWETT.

Born in Wentworth, September 17, 1839. Son of Alpha C. and Hannah Flanders Jewett. Married April 23, 1861, to Annette Locke, and August 5, 1879, to Celestia Davis Angel. Children by first wife, Katie B., Harry C., and Arthur A., all deceased but the last.

In all the principal engagements of the regiment, except the Siege of Petersburg, when he was on detached service as acting quartermaster of field hospital; afterward of the regiment. Wounded slightly at Cold Harbor, and one of the "eighteen," as he remembers it, who helped retake the lost ground and prisoners at Gettysburg. During last of war he acted as quartermaster for the regiment for some time, and was appointed acting assistant quartermaster for the post at Danville, Va., besides filling other positions of official trust during his enlistment. He was prompt, brave, and efficient, and as true to duty as the needle to the pole. He has been engaged in farming most of the time since the war, and is one of the most respected citizens of Laconia, where he has long resided.

B. DB. L. 5–7.
OLIVER P. HALL.

B. B. L. 5–9.
CORP. ARTHUR L. HANNAFORD.

B. B. L. 5–4½.
LIEUT ALONZO W. JEWETT.

JOSIAH JONES.

Son of Jonathan and Sarah (Haines) Jones, and born in Quincy, Mass., October 27, 1839.

In battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and wounded at the latter in four places — in left thigh and leg severely by shell, and slightly in side by piece of shell, and in the head by minie ball, and was left in a helpless and suffering condition on the field for thirteen days at the mercy of the enemy. He lay until Thursday noon before his wounds were dressed. Discharged on account of wound in leg which lamed him for life. He had two brothers in the war, John F., in Thirteenth Massachusetts Infantry, and George, in a Massachusetts Battery.

He married Lizzie Wilson (deceased) in 1869. Married again to Emma A., of Topsfield, Mass.; no children by either wife.

"Two lines of rebel infantry charged over me," he says, "after I fell." * * * "The ugliest looking man I ever saw was a rebel whom I feared at first sight, but soon learned to love, for he helped me into the shade of a tree, put a blanket under my head and was very kind to me. Some of the rebel musicians had previously robbed me of my money and boots, and Joseph Young, who lay near me, of the pictures of his wife and daughter. The regular soldiers of the line, however, treated me well."

Died in Lynn, Mass., where he resided for many years, about 1890. Another worthy veteran gone.

CORP. WILLIAM C. KELLEY.

On the 6th day of June, 1834, William C. Kelley was born in Hill. His parents were Alfred and Mary (Currier) Kelley and he had three sisters, he being the only son. His grandfather, Timothy Kelley, served during the War of 1812.

He faithfully followed the flag in all engagements, except Cold Harbor, during which battle he served in the capacity of cook. At the battle of Chancellorsville, when the fight was raging the hottest, he was hit by a spent ball in breast and another grazed his side.

He was married in the year 1867, on the 29th of May, to Anna Merrill, of Hill, by whom he had four children, Alfred M., Minnie J., Lizzie M., and Arthur W. A farmer, good man, and brave soldier.

HENRY R. KIDDER.

This good man and brave soldier was killed at Chancellorsville as he was lying upon the ground just before advancing into the vortex of battle.* He had just raised his head to get a better view of the field across which the bullets were flying, when the fatal bullet struck him in the head. His brother (see next sketch) was lying by his side. He was the son of Joseph and Dorcas (Nelson) Kidder, and born in Bristol, 1841.

His mother, it is said, saw him as she thought walking towards the depot in Bristol, the same hour that he was killed, nearly a thousand miles away. The news of his early fall in the service of his country brought life-lasting sorrow to the hearts of relations and friends at home, and sadness to all who knew him. Like his brother, he possessed good traits of manly character.

SERGT. URIAH H. KIDDER.

This valiant defender of his country's flag was born, January 27, 1837, in the town of Bristol, where, when not in the army, he has ever since resided.

He was the son of Joseph and Dorcas (Nelson) Kidder, and was married to Nancy J., daughter of Oliver S. Hall, March 29, 1881.

He was with his regiment in every battle, skirmish, and march, from Concord to Cold Harbor, Va., where he was badly wounded in right thigh, never able to do field service

* See page 79.

G. D. D. 5–5.
JOSIAH JONES.

B. B. L. 5–6½.
CORP. WILLIAM C. KELLEY.

D. DB. D. 6–0.
HENRY R. KIDDER.

afterward. He was also slightly wounded at Gettysburg by a shell that assisted him over a fence on the retreat, a towel in his knapsack saving his life. At Chancellorsville, he escaped unharmed, though his brother was killed by his side. He says:

"I saw Lieutenant Cram when he fell on the field of Chancellorsville, with the blood spurting out from both sides of his head or neck. I saw Lieutenant Keyes, of Company E, on the same field jump into the air, while he was waving his sword to his men, and fall dead to the ground. I also saw the Nelson boys together near the Chancellor House, when Dan was killed. I saw Frank Knowlton and Adna Hall when they were mortally wounded at Gettysburg." A farmer, strictly honest and honorable.

CORP. JAMES F. MARSHALL.

Here is Company D's baby, as he looked after having donned Uncle Sam's uniform at Concord, in the fall of 1862. Then a little, pale-faced boy scarcely in his "teens," and looking hardly old enough to get the cows, but now he would lack only the uniform to make him appear what he proved himself to be, one of the bravest and best soldiers of the regiment.* He is the fourth child and oldest son, except one (died in infancy), of Benjamin F. and Belinda (McCauley) Marshall, and was born in Concord, August 31, 1846. His father, now deceased, was a member of Troop L, First New Hampshire Cavalry, serving until the end of the war. He moved to Hill, where his widow still resides.

This soldier was in every battle of the regiment, except the Siege of Petersburg, where he was disabled from duty by a wound through left shoulder at the battle of Cold Harbor. Now look, again, at the stripling in uniform, and then read further that he never was on detached duty; never went to a surgeon's call or in hospital, except when wounded; never asked for an excuse or a pass; and never away from the colors, on march or in battle; and then pause in wonder and admiration at the invincible determination and heroic fortitude, to say nothing of the wonderful powers of physical endurance of one so young and small.

His first wife was Emma L. Shaw, of Laconia, married October 24, 1868. Died a year or two later. Married Emma A. Hall, April 15, 1872. Children, Frank A., Chester H., Fred J., and Charles R.

He is now a resident of the city of Portsmouth; occupation, a hair dresser; and one of her best and worthiest citizens. With such a heroic record, words of praise are superfluous.

DR. ROBERT MARTIN.

Son of Samuel and Betsey (Cass) Martin, and born in Alexandria. A brother, Rufus L., in First New Hampshire Cavalry, and Newell S., in First New England Cavalry.

Married in 1841 to Mary A. Flanders, of Hill. No children.

Although enlisting, and for a short time serving as a musician, his previously acquired skill in the treatment of sick and wounded horses soon caused him to be detailed for duty in the quartermaster department as veterinary surgeon, in which capacity he continued to act for regiment, brigade or division, until the end of the war. Though not a graduate of any school for the study of comparative anatomy, yet his council and advice were often solicited and followed by those who were; and he took great interest and pride in the work for which he proved himself especially fitted, and in which he won for himself the honorable abbreviation of Dr.

He was present at the battles of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Relay House, Drury's Bluff, Cold Harbor, Siege of Petersburg, and Chapin's Farm, and had an exciting race with, and narrow escape from, General Jackson's troops at Chancellorsville, where his horse was shot under him. Several years ago he moved to South Dakota, where he now resides. Post-office, Parker.

*See page 215.

D. DB. D. 5–11.
SERGT URIAH H. KIDDER.

Bk. LB. L. 5–4½.
CORP. JAMES F. MARSHALL.

G. Bk. D. 5–7.
DR. ROBERT MARTIN.

LIEUT. BRADBURY M. MORRILL.

This is one of the five children of Folsom and Rosilla (Morrison) Morrill, who was born in Sanbornton, April 26, 1829.

His father was for many years a prominent mast and spar dealer, cutting many of them from his own farm, on the banks of the Pemigewasset river, where this soldier-son was engaged with him in business before he enlisted.

He was married first to Ellen S., daughter of George W Sumner, of Hill, June 25, 1851, who died childless two years later, and second, to Ann E. Proctor, of Lowell, Mass., September 4, 1856. Children, Ellen S., Harriet F., and Alice B.

He was in the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and also in Gettysburg where he was severely wounded in left wrist. A captain's commission awaited his return to the regiment, but after four months' sickness in hospital from his wound he was in a condition to resign rather than accept it, being permanently disabled. He was one of the last if not among the very last to leave the field of Chancellorsville, when the regiment retreated. Since his discharge (see roster), he has been in business as photographer and insurance agent. Some of the pictures that appear in this history were engraved from photographs taken by him during or immediately after the war. He is of a quiet and mild disposition and not unduly excited even amid the clash of arms. He has been an invalid for many years. His grandfather, Nathaniel Morrill, was in the War of 1812.

CAPT. RICHARD W MUSGROVE.

This worthy officer was born in Bristol, November 21, 1840. His parents, James and Ann (Donker) Musgrove, were both natives of London, Eng., and his father was a cabin boy on a British man of war, in the War of 1812. When he enlisted he was fitting himself for college at Tilton Academy, but like so many others he left his books for the ranks of war.

In the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and Wapping Heights, and was with the regiment until he was discharged to accept a commission as first lieutenant of Company I, First United States Volunteer Infantry. He was immediately sent with his company to the western frontier where he did efficient service against the Indians, being engaged in several skirmishes, and was promoted to captain.

Married December 23, 1869, to Henrietta M. Guild, of Newport, by whom he has six children (four girls and two boys), of whom he may well be proud. His wife and children all have rare gifts as players or singers and are well known throughout that section of the state where they have given many concerts as the "Musgrove family." The names of his children are Isadore M., Frank A., Carrie E., Mary D., Anna B., and Eugene R.

He carried the state colors for a day or two after the battle of Gettysburg. His brother, Abbott C., was in the One Hundred Fifteenth New York, and was color-bearer at the battle of Deep Bottom, where he was mortally wounded, but lived long enough to send a message home in which he said: "Tell my friends that I die happy, and die for my country."

After the war Captain Musgrove started the *Bristol Enterprise*, a newspaper which, under his judicious and discreet management, has grown to be one of the best county papers of the state. He was elected to the House of Representatives in 1885, and senator in 1891, and had the honor of introducing in that body a resolution for a revision of the war records of the state which was so badly needed. He was town clerk for several years; has been president of the board of trustees of Minot-Sleeper library; was six years on the public school board; and has been for a long time recording steward of the official board of the Methodist church of Bristol.

CORP. ALBERT D. NELSON.

The oldest of three brothers all of whom enlisted in this company and were killed or wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville. Albert was first wounded in the head by a piece of shell and his brother, Dan, was mortally wounded while helping him from the field. Just before his brother was shot down they were wondering what had become of their

B. B. L. 5–7
LIEUT BRADBURY M. MORRILL.

B. B. L. 5–4½.
CAPT RICHARD W. MUSGROVE.

B. D. L. 5–4½.
CORP. ALBERT D. NELSON.

brother, Major, and upon turning round found him close beside them, also wounded, but not so seriously but he took hold to assist Dan to get Albert off the field; but had hardly done so when the former received his death wound, living but a short time.

The parents of these brothers, and five other children (one a boy), were Stephen and Louisa (Prescott) Nelson, of Bristol, and the subject of this sketch was born there, January 21, 1840, and died while at home on a sick furlough, of chronic diarrhœa, contracted in the service. His great-grandfather, Stephen, was one of the first settlers in the town of Sutton, and afterward moved to Salisbury, where his, Albert's, father was born.

He rejoined the regiment at Point Lookout, Md., in the fall or winter of 1864, but it is not certain whether he ever participated in any other battle. He was never married.

He was a young man of exemplary habits and his sad and untimely death, so soon after his brother's, on the field was deeply felt by his parents. Their strange and interesting experience about the death of Dan was related to the author many years after the war.*

DAN P. NELSON.

This brother of the last was born in Bristol, November 12, 1838, and killed while retreating near the "Chancellor House," at the battle of Chancellorsville, Va. (see preceding sketch).

He was still living when his brothers left him, as he begged them to do to avoid being taken prisoners, for they could do him no good and the enemy was close upon them. Thus he was left to die alone, although surrounded by the mad whirl of battle. He was wounded through the back and bowels, the ball coming so nearly out in front that little more than the skin covered it. He, as believed, was in the battle of Fredericksburg.

MAJOR J. NELSON.

This younger brother of the two last was born in Bristol, March 14, 1841, and was married, July 19, 1867, to Susie M. Samler, of North Harrington, N. J., by whom he has one son, William S.

He was not discharged until the end of the war, and his record as a soldier and a citizen is understood to be a good one.

In Fredericksburg and in Chancellorsville, where he was slightly wounded. (See sketch of his brother, Albert D.) Nothing more can be written of his battle record for want of data, except that he served faithfully to the end of the war, participating, it is believed, in several other battles.

SERGT. LUTHER H. PARKER.

Of the one hundred and eighty names that make up the roll of honor for the regiment, few can be found more worthy the page of history than the one who heads this sketch.

He was one of the seven children of Isaac T. and Mary M. (Fowler) Parker, and was born in Hill, July 24, 1840. He labored, before enlisting, upon his father's farm, and none left the town of Hill, for the war, with a better personal record than he.

He was in Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and fell, wounded in the knee, at Gettysburg, which resulted in his death about three weeks later (see roster).

He was never married, but from one to whom he intended to be, had not cruel fate prevented, was obtained the picture engraved for this sketch, and which was taken of him, of course, before enlistment. The reader now will look upon his pleasant, manly countenance with renewed interest.

One of his comrades says of him: "A splendid man;" another says, "a good soldier, always cheerful and ready," to which a third adds, "sensible, modest, and level headed, qualified to act in any capacity required." Such were the noble lives that the slaveholders rebellion cost this nation.

*See page 350, *et seq.*

B. D. L. 5–4½.
DAN P. NELSON.

B. D. L. 5–6½.
MAJOR J. NELSON.

LB. Bk. L. 5–9½.
SERGT LUTHER H. PARKER.

CORP. HIRAM C. PHILBRICK.

Here again is one of the old guard, who went, staid, and returned with his regiment. Born the son of Richard and Nancy (Pratt) Philbrick, in Plymouth, June 14, 1840. August 16, 1862; the next day after enlisting, he married a Miss Harvey, of Plymouth. Their only children, Hiram C., Jr., and Edward H., both died while their father was absent from home in the west. The oldest, a graduate of New Hampton Academy, gave promise of much usefulness.

In all the battles and marches of the regiment, except Wapping Heights, and the march from Gettysburg to Warrington. Wounded several times, narrowly escaping death from shot and shells at Chancellorsville, where his knapsack and equipments were cut from him, and his gun stock broke upon his shoulder; at Gettysburg by explosion of shell and a minie ball, which he still carries in him; and in front of Petersburg by being knocked senseless by a piece of log split off by the enemy's guns.

Of the courage and endurance of this soldier, posterity may something judge by his record, but they can never be fully understood or appreciated.

SAMUEL H. ROBERTS.

Here you can look upon the picture of a mere child as he looked with a soldier's overcoat and cap on, three days after his enlistment; the school boy's scarf across his shoulders, though contrasting strangely with his uniform, is in pleasing harmony with his child-like countenance.

He was born in Boston, Mass., June 28, 1849, being on the baby side of his teens, when the war commenced, and nearly a year (?) younger than any other member of the regiment. No wonder that a rebel soldier whom he hailed when on picket, one day in front of Petersburg, answered back: "Go home, kid, and nurse your mother."

Parents, John M. and Sarah C. (Stickney) Roberts. Brother, Thomas E. L., of the Twenty-sixth Maine, was killed in the service.

In all the engagements of the regiment, after joining it at Point Lookout; wounded at Cold Harbor; and one of the foremost in the race for Richmond. Married, October 20, 1868, to Mary F. Griffin, of Charlestown, Mass. Children, John H., Mary, Thomas S., Emeline C., Sarah C., Samuel H., Jr., Gertrude, Thomas, and Elizabeth M. Inheriting the resolute will and restless spirit of his father, who long rode upon the billowy sea, he ran away from school to enlist among strangers in the rugged ranks of war, at an age when most boys would have been timid, even of the sombre shades of night.

It should be added, that small and young as he was, he carried a musket, except for a short time he acted as "marker," not only to the close of the war, but until his final discharge in December following. That he was brave and daring the reader will not doubt, for such are not born to pale at the cannon's flash, or tremble at its roar. Where will you match him?

CORP. LOUIS ROWE.

This brave and faithful soldier died a few years ago of wounds in right shoulder and left hand from the same ball at the battle of Chancellorsville. Though he lived for many years after the war, he was always an invalid, the ball gradually working downward into his vitals, resulting as above.

He was born in Gentilly, Canada East, in 1834. He was the son of Louis and Lucy Rowe, and was a wheelwright by occupation.

Besides Chancellorsville, he was in Fredericksburg and Drury's Bluff, and though unable would have followed the flag through other battles had the doctor allowed him to do so.

He married Phœbe Sanborn for his first wife, and one child by her, Nellie E., died young. His second marriage to Sarah Merrill, of Bristol, occurred August 31, 1872. Their children were Ellie E., Louis E., Anna L. (deceased), and Charles D.

He acted as assistant quartermaster after being obliged to leave the ranks and con-

B. B. D. 5–7½.
CORP. HIRAM C. PHILBRICK.

B. L. L. 5–3.
SAMUEL H. ROBERTS.

DH. DB. L. 5–7.
CORP. LOUIS ROWE.

tinued as such, being useful and faithful in the service, until the end of the war. Any surviving veteran of Company D will always be glad to speak a word in praise of Louis Rowe, for they will remember him as one of the kindest and most conscientious of men and bravest of soldiers. Peace to his honored ashes.

BENJAMIN F. SANBORN.

Another of the brave youths may be seen here who laid down their lives for their country on the field of Chancellorsville.

He was the son of James G. and Abigail Sanborn, and was born September 16, 1842. His father enlisted in the War of 1812.

He was with the regiment at Fredericksburg and bravely faced the enemy's shells from St. Marye's Heights.

He told Charles Foss (see sketch) and others that he should be killed in the next battle. The fatal bullet struck him in the neck severing the jugular vein. He was learning the blacksmith's trade when he enlisted and was known as an honest and industrious young man.

OSCAR P. SANBORN.

Son of John S. and Lavina Sanborn, and born in Sanbornton, November 24, 1843. His father served in the Fifteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, and both his grandfathers, Abijah and Benjamin, who were brothers, were in War of 1812.

He was in Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and severely wounded in last named battle, laming him for life, by a stiff ankle "equivalent to the loss of a foot," as his pension certificate says.

Married first to Clara Ann Clisby; second to Anna C., daughter of Smith Morrill, of Sanbornton. Children by second wife, Theodore M., Ernest C., Winfred P., Ramond V., and Maria C.; children by first wife, Sarah J. and Katy H.

This soldier, though discharged, as he enlisted, a private, ranks high. Trustful wherever placed, and brave to meet any danger, he can truthfully be called good among the best in the ranks of war, so far as fate permitted him to go, and his character and reputation as a man and citizen are in unison with his record as a soldier.

SERGT. WILLIAM H. SANBORN.

Col. Daniel Sanborn, and Harriet Ladd, who became his wife, had nine children, and one of his two boys, William H., was born October 4, 1838. He spent his youthful years upon a farm and after enlisting served faithfully his country until the end of the war, fighting bravely on almost every battle-field of the regiment. But the hardships that he endured probably laid the foundation of the disease, consumption, of which he died many years ago.

He was married to Eliza Connor, of Laconia, and had by her one child, who died in infancy. A blacksmith before the war and after when able to work. He was a good and brave soldier, never leaving the ranks, even for a furlough, until the end of the war.

CORP. GEORGE M. SARGENT.

The above named soldier was born in Hill, March 6, 1845, and is the son of Joseph C. and Stative (Austin) Sargent, of Northfield. His father's family consisted of five boys and four girls; George being the youngest son. Ezekiel Willey, his grandfather on his mother's side, is said to have been in the Revolutionary War.

He says he was in nearly all battles, except Chancellorsville, when he was sick with fever. Though he shows a sergeant's strips, the correct record of his promotion makes him rank as above.

Married October 18, 1868, to Adeline E. Putney, of Hebron, by whom he had two children, Lilla M. and Blanche E. A farmer and machinist.

B. B. L. 5–5½.
BENJAMIN F. SANBORN.

Bk. B. D. 5–10.
OSCAR P. SANBORN.

B. B. L. 5–9½.
SERGT. WILLIAM H. SANBORN.

LB. B. L. 5–4½.
CORP. GEORGE M. SARGENT.

ANDREW J. SMALL.

This rugged and ready soldier, one of the most able and willing of his company, was born in Canterbury, June 24, 1830, and is the son of Jeremiah and Hannah Young Small, his mother being the daughter of Eld. Young, of Canterbury, and his grandfather, John Small, being on the roll of 1812. Married Calista W Howe, of Henniker (deceased), September 30, 1852; and Sarah E. Tenney, of Belmont, April 30, 1883. Children, by first wife, Eva G., Allie E., and Charles W

In all the battles and skirmishes of the regiment, except Chancellorsville and Wapping Heights. Severely injured by concussion of shell at Gettysburg, the explosion of which stripped him of his equipments and part of his clothes, and leaving him for some time senseless on the field. A good soldier and generous hearted man.

CORP. CHARLES G. SMITH.

Born in Moultonborough in the year 1831, and was the son of Charles G. and Emma E. Smith.

He was in the battle of Fredericksburg and mortally wounded at Chancellorsville, living about one month (see roster). He was probably struck by a solid shot or piece of shell as one of his knees was shattered in pieces. His brother, David R., who served in the same company, died some years ago. Much pains have been taken to find more of the family record of this soldier, especially as he was mortally wounded on the field of battle, and his name appears as it should on the roll of honor.

SERGT. SAMUEL B. SWAIN.

Born in Sanbornton, August 7, 1832, and is the son of Caleb and Sarah P. (Bryant) Swain. He was wounded in hip by piece of shell at Gettysburg. Both his grandfathers, Hezekiah Swain and Robert Bryant, were in the Revolution.

Married June 18, 1862, to Olive J. Gilman (no children).

He was also in the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and served until the end of the war. Much more to his credit might be said of him if all of his record was known.

WARREN TUCKER.

Posterity can here look upon the pictured face of an honest man and brave soldier as he looked thirty years ago when he wore the Union blue. He is the youngest of the six children of William and Sally (Nutter) Tucker, and first saw the light in Alexandria, where he now resides, October 3, 1840. One of his four brothers, William, was killed on the picket line in front of Petersburg, while serving in the Seventh New Hampshire Volunteers, June 18, 1864, and his grandfather was a pensioner of 1812. When Gettysburg was fought, he was suffering from wound received at Chancellorsville, but he was in all other battles of his regiment to Cold Harbor, where he was again so severely wounded that he was discharged a few months later. Bernice E. Pike, daughter of Jonathan K., of Hebron, became his wife, December 1, 1868, and is the mother of Everett W., their only child.

He is now as diligent at the plow as he was reliant with his musket when Putnam, like him, left the former to rust in the furrow, while he used the latter in defense of his country on fields furrowed by shot and shell.

H. Bk. D. 5–9.
ANDREW J. SMALL.

B. DB. L. 5–8½.
CORP. CHARLES G. SMITH.

LB. B. L. 5–8½.
SERGT SAMUEL B. SWAIN.

LB. R. L. 5–7.
WARREN TUCKER.

GEORGE W. TWOMBLY.

Was born in Gilmanton, November 13, 1833, and is the son of John and Abigail (Clifford) Twombly who had nine children, five boys and four girls.

Married to Harriet Shaw, of Laconia, December, 1859, by whom he had seven children, Alice M., Ora E., John L., Herbert G., Valma R., Len C., and Florence R. Grandfather, Jeremiah Clifford, in War of 1812. He was in Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville and wounded in last named battle by musket ball through the left wrist. His record as a man and a soldier is good. A shoemaker before the war, a wheelwright since discharge.

JOHN C. TWOMBLY.

This soldier, father of the last, was born in Loudon, December 16, 1818. He was the son of Paul and Sarah (Weeks) Twombly, and his grandfather, Leonard Weeks, fought at the battle of Bunker Hill and was all through the Revolution, being wounded at the battle of Lexington.

The subject of this sketch was married to Abigail Clifford, in June, 1837, and was married the second time to Sarah E. Plummer, of Ipswich, Mass. He had two sons and three brothers in the late war. George W., as above, and Joseph C., in the Fourth New Hampshire. Two of his brothers, William and Hiram S., making five brothers and sons in the Twelfth Regiment, and Samuel K., in the cavalry.

ASA WITHAM.

Parents, Asa and Avis (Brown) Witham, who had fourteen children and all of their sons were in the army as follows: John B. Witham, fifer in the Eighth New Hampshire (who had three sons in the service); Asa; Jacob, Seventh New Hampshire; Joseph, Fifth New Hampshire; Peletiah, First Massachusetts Cavalry; Leonard O., Maine regiment; James H., Thirteenth New Hampshire; and Bradbury B., Ninth New Hampshire. Their grandfather, Peletiah, served in the Revolution; and their father was a soldier of 1812; making four generations and thirteen in number, that have been in their country's service.

Married, April 4, 1849, to Mary D. Fox, of Hardwick, Vt.; two daughters, Sarah E. and Laura A. In Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, where he fought unflinchingly, until ramming down his last cartridge and fixing bayonet, he turned ready to meet the enemy, already in his rear, had they attempted to take him prisoner.

For many years he has been a soldier of the Cross, and in many times and places defending the Christian faith, as a licensed Free Will Baptist preacher. He is believed to be still living, and is as ready to fight for the cause of his master in the pulpit, as he was to fight for his country on the battle-field.

B. DB. D. 5–5¾.
GEORGE W TWOMBLY

B. Bk. D. 5–7½.
JOHN C. TWOMBLY.

B. G. L. 5–10.
ASA WITHAM.

COMPANY E.

This company was raised almost entirely in the county of Grafton, the town of Holderness furnishing more than twice as many as any other town, or about forty men, and New Hampton nearly twenty Rumney, Bridgewater, Ellsworth, and Plymouth, contributed about ten each, and ten other men came from about as many other towns. Orlando W Keyes, afterward commissioned first lieutenant, enlisted most of the men from Holderness, and a few others.

William H. Russell, of Plymouth, at a public meeting holden at that place, August 11, 1862, offered twenty-five dollars for the first four men that would enlist from that town under the call of the President, July, 1862, and Hiram C. Philbrick, Henry R. Harvey, Cephas R. Crawford, and one other enlisted on that day and were the first to enlist in this company Several men enlisted by Henry W Blair, afterward lieutenant-colonel of the Fifteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, were intending to go in Company E of this regiment, but soon after went in the Fifteenth as nine months' men.

At a later meeting held at Holderness, now Ashland Village, the company was organized and the following men elected as commissioned and non-commissioned officers: Captain, Nathaniel Shackford; first lieutenant, Orlando W Keyes; second lieutenant, Andrew J Huntoon. The subordinate officers were Jeremiah S. Dinsmore, Hiram S. Woodman, Albert C. Emerson, William J Howe, and James M. Meade, as sergeants; Samuel T Cheney, Cephas R. Crawford, James H. Baker, Olof L. Jewett, Hezekiah M. Swain, George D. Cross, George K. Hughes, and Edward L. Shepard, as corporals. James S. Baker and Harrison M. Busiel were selected as musicians.

After being organized as above, the company rendezvoused, like the others, at Camp Belknap, Concord, and on the fifth day of September, 1862, was mustered as a company into the United States service.

A few of the original enlisting papers of this company were lost from the adjutant-general's office way back at the time of the war, and therefore they, as well as a few in Company H, will not be given by letters under the pictures, except as they are remembered by those living.

CALVIN M. ANDREWS.

This soldier, a brother of George W., of Company G, was the son of Ensley G. and Nancy (Allard) Andrews, and born in Centre Harbor, May 10, 1838. He was married to Annette H. Dunn, of Plymouth, February 14, 1858. Children by whom are Inez A. (died in infancy), Cora V., George A., and Fanny R.

He was taken sick and left regiment at Warrington, Va., on the march to Falmouth. Recovering his health, he enlisted again in New Hampshire Heavy Artillery and served in same till the close of the war. (See roster.)

Farmer before enlistment and leather finisher since discharge from the service. His comrades and neighbors speak of him as a good soldier and worthy citizen.

GEORGE M. ANNABLE.

Little is known of the birth and parentage of this higher type of manhood and true Christian, except he was born in Canada East, in 1838, his father and family moving into the states some time after. At the age of seven, then weighing only forty pounds, he went to live with Capt. Parker Howe, of Holderness, where he remained most of the time until his enlistment, and is remembered by the family as a "good boy and a good Christian." He was in the battle of Fredericksburg, although taken prisoner before on the march to Falmouth, but soon exchanged.

He died from the effects of measles, closing his own eyes, and lay dead on his cot with his fingers on his eye lids, and a beautiful smile on his countenance; a complete victory of the Christian soldier over a worse than rebel foe.

LIEUT. ALBERT W BACHELER.

This officer, son of Rev. Otis K. and Catherine E. (Palmer) Bacheler, first saw the light in the city of Balasore, India; his father being then and for a long time a missionary there, where, with the able assistance of his wife, he has done a great work in the field of Christian civilization. Born of parents thus devoted to the good of mankind, it is not strange that the son, as soon as old enough, should shut his eyes to the bright prospect before him and, looking within, see it his duty to offer his services, and life, if need be, in the cause of his country and humanity. This he did by enlisting as private in Company E, while preparing for college at New Hampton. He was promoted to corporal, sergeant, and first lieutenant; and was actually present and took part with gun and sword, in every battle and skirmish that the regiment was engaged in, except the charge at Cold Harbor, where he was on detail in the provost guard, but exposed to the enemy's fire. He was wounded slightly at Chancellorsville, and also at Gettysburg, where, on the retreat, he stopped under a heavy fire and took from the death grasp of Sergeant Howe a piece of the state colors, which he now has in his possession.* He was captured on the picket line November 17, 1864, but escaped from Libby prison in company with a comrade, and after a thrilling experience of several days, succeeded in reaching our lines in about three weeks from the time he left them.† With the exception of this, and a few days detail, above referred to, he was never absent from the regiment during its whole service.

After the war he finished his academic course, went through college, and has since been engaged in teaching, most of the time at Manchester, and Gloucester, Mass., with marked success.

He married Abbie Hayes, of Alton, April 2, 1883, and had one daughter, Gertrude (deceased).

He resides in Gloucester, Mass., where he is greatly respected as a man of high mental culture and moral worth.

Of this officer, much more of his record and merit might be said. He displayed courage and ability equaled by few and in many respects excelled by none. Brilliant is his career and long may he live and his memory after him.

* See History of Colors, page 374 *et seq.*

† See pages 460-472.

JAMES S. BAKER.

Andrew Baker, the father of James S., became the husband of Sarah Mudgett, and one of their sons is the subject of this sketch and was born in Holderness, May 29, 1832, and died in his native town (now Ashland), some years ago (see roster). He was married July 28, 1860, to Arabel Simonds, of Lowell, Mass.; his children are George S., Mabel S., and Theron B. A. He was leading musician of the regiment for some time, and was on detached service for a while as a musician in the Brigade Band. He also had charge of the regimental mail after the death of Chaplain Ambrose. He was an iron moulder by trade, and for some time engineer in a paper mill. He was present at many of the principal battles of the regiment, and was a faithful and reliable soldier, serving all through the war.

HOLLIS S. BLAKE.

Was born on the 6th day of April, 1844, in the town of Holderness. His parents were Amos W and Catherine F (Fergerson) Blake.

He was wounded, in the charge made at Cold Harbor, by minie ball piercing his left ear. He says: "Charles Chase, of my company, was wounded through left thigh as we were making the second advance, and would have bled to death if it had not been for the timely assistance of his comrades." He was also in the battles of Drury's Bluff, Petersburg and others, serving a part of the time as sharpshooter, and remained until the end of the war.

Married September 23, 1866, to Persis E. Blanchard, of Ashland, and has one child, Morris.

He was an operator in a woolen factory for a while, and also engaged in paper making. Nothing but good for him or his record.

EDWIN E. BROWN.

At the battle of Gettysburg, where so many lives were offered up for their country, this soldier, fearless and brave, was among the fallen heroes. A minie ball penetrated his left breast, causing immediate death. He was born, June 3, 1841, in Bridgewater, and son of Enos and Lavina (Heathe) Brown, there being two boys and two girls, beside him, in the family. His mother's uncle, Starling Heathe, was all through the Revolution, and his great-grandfather was also in the War of Independence, and badly wounded, besides enduring great hardships.

He was a farmer before enlistment, and was not married. He was a sincere Christian, a brave and patriotic soldier and an honest man.

CORP. HARRISON M. BUSIEL.

This soldier, who has a war record, which in one respect, probably, is equal to no other in the state, if indeed in the country, was born in Gilford, June 3, 1825, and is the son of Moses H. and Relief (Brown) Busiel.

Married Alice C. Blanchard, June 13, 1845. Children, Albert L. (see sketch in Company I), George W., Fred B., Frank P., Etta M., and Alice A.

He was regularly enlisted and mustered in, and was honorably discharged (see roster) nearly two years later. He was not disabled by accident or sick, except for a short time, nor disobeyed a single order during that whole period, yet he never did a single day's service in the army, nor left the state, as a soldier, so far as is known.

When the regiment left Concord for the front, he was left behind to bury his son and to remain there until he should receive orders when and where to report. But no such orders were ever sent him, and he, many years after, received through the writer his full pay.

B. LB. L. 5–7.
CALVIN M. ANDREWS.

B. B. F. 5–5.
GEORGE M. ANNABLE.

D. B. L. 5–6½.
LIEUT. ALBERT W BACHELER.

B. D. L. 5–11.
JAMES S. BAKER.

B. Bk. D. 5–8½.
HOLLIS S. BLAKE.

BVT. LIEUT. DANIEL P. CHENEY.

Here is the picture of another one of the "old reliables," who smelt the smoke of every battle and skirmish, it is believed, that the regiment was engaged in.

He was born in Holderness, now Ashland, and is the youngest son of Person and Anne W (Morrison) Cheney, who had four sons in the Union army, Col. John T., of Illinois, serving on Gen. Frank Blair's staff; Thomas P., a lieutenant in the Sixth New Hampshire Regiment; and two more in the Twelfth. The Cheneys, of this family, came from England, but this soldier's maternal ancestors were of Scotch-Irish origin: his grandfather, Jonathan Morrison, and great-grandfather, Abraham Perkins, both serving in the Revolution, the latter as captain in Colonel Long's regiment. One of his ancestors married a granddaughter of Hannah Dustin.

He was married first to Henrietta Powell, of Holderness, March 3, 1864, who died September 29, 1889, at Sioux City, Iowa, where he has resided most of the time since the war, leaving one daughter. Married again to Lucy Moore, an English lady, who has two children by a former marriage. He had by his first marriage three children in all, Loyd, Annie M., and Benice M.

SERGT. SAMUEL T. CHENEY

The reader can here look upon the picture of one of the heroic patriots of the regiment, whose name will be found on the roll of honor. His life's blood run out on the battle-field of Cold Harbor, where he fell in that terrible charge, and though he fell by his brother's side, who the night following hunted for him, fearing he was among those left wounded and suffering between the lines, and who afterward sought him with anxious diligence, while acting as one of the detail to bury the dead, yet no trace of him, or his body, was ever found.

He was born at Holderness (now Ashland), January 23, 1835, and was married in 1859 or '60, to Addie Moulton, of Lakeport, but left no children.

He was orderly sergeant when he was killed, and would doubtless soon have won an officer's insignia, for he had shown his fitness for command in many battles before his last. He was liked by all of his comrades for he was a willing partner with them in their sufferings and sorrows, as well as their amusements and joys. The following has been written of him by one who knew him from birth, and loved him like a brother: "He was as full of fun and drollery, with a keen eye for the ridiculous, as a man could be, generous to a fault, honorable to perfection." See parentage and family record in sketch of his brother, Daniel P.

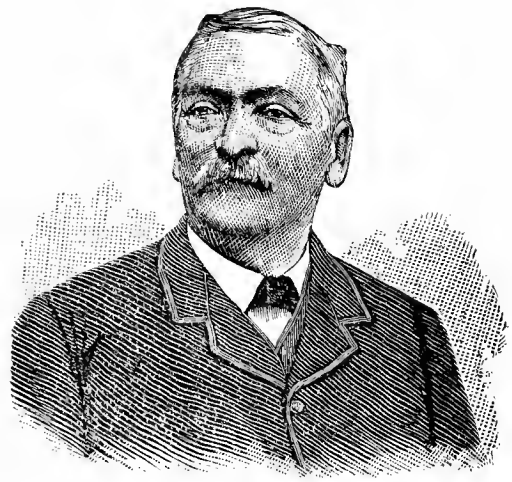
GEORGE W CLARKE.

Here is a very good likeness of the only living member of the regiment who lost a leg and arm in the service of his country. He is the youngest of six boys and six girls, of whom one half of each sex are still living, and was born in Dorchester, April 7, 1839.*

In Fredericksburg and at Chancellorsville, where he was wounded in the same arm that he afterward lost with a leg from the same side, by a shell, at the battle of Swift Creek. To an immediate amputation of both limbs upon the field, and a good constitution with heroic fortitude to match, all needfully united, he is indebted for the last half of his terrene existence. Huntress, afterward killed at Cold Harbor, and Cox, still living, stood close by him when he was struck, and helped support and care for him until his limbs were amputated. He says: "At Chancellorsville, just after they commenced to shell us so severely, I saw one shell explode and kill three men on one of our batteries; it stove them all to pieces. I saw Lieutenant Cram killed. He was standing near me. A ball cut off his jugular vein. I had just told him that I was wounded and he motioned for me to go to the rear, when he fell with the blood spurting a foot or more high from his neck."

* See parentage, etc., in sketch of Aaron Clarke, Company C.

B. L. L. 5–6.
EDWIN E. BROWN.



B. B. L. 5–9.
CORP. HARRISON M. BUSIEL.

G. S. F. 5–7.
BVT. LIEUT DANIEL P. CHENEY

B. L. L. 5–8.
SERGT. SAMUEL T CHENEY

Bk. DB. D. 5–8.
GEORGE W. CLARKE.

"Henry Keyes was in front of me loading and firing as fast as he could. All at once I saw him drop his gun and jump, as it seemed to me, at least two feet into the air. Then, looking around, he picked up his gun, and went to firing again. He soon after lost his right arm." * * * *

"When I came off the field they were just getting their batteries back. The horses were literally cut to pieces. I saw one with his bowels dragging on the ground, and another with one leg only fastened to his body by a piece of hide," etc., etc. "Miles Sweney, of my company, was struck in the temple by a spent ball, which just pricked into the flesh. He thought at first that he was killed, and exclaimed, 'I'm gone up.'"

Comrade Clarke was a brave and faithful defender of the flag, and, saving those who gave their lives, few sacrificed so much for its honor and protection as the subject of this sketch. He was never married.

SIMEON H. CROSS.

Oldest child of ten children of Sylvester and Clarissa (Bean) Cross. Born in Bridgewater, May 21, 1844. He was married just before, or soon after, the war, to Julia A., daughter of John F. Cass, of Bristol, and has no children. His uncles, Ferrin and Alma Cross, were in the Thirteenth New Hampshire.

He had his right leg badly injured on a trip from Washington to Knoxville, and soon after discharged for disability. Since the war he has been an enterprising citizen of his town, being one of its selectmen for six years and holding other offices. Though this soldier saw nothing of war, it seems not to have been his fault.

JOHN M. DOW

Born in New Hampton, May 3, 1844, and is the son of Perren P. and Ruth B. (Huckins) Dow, of New Hampton. He had one sister and three brothers, one of whom, George L., enlisted in the Eighteenth New Hampshire Volunteers. At the breaking out of the war, deeming it his duty to go, he at once obtained his mother's permission and enlisted. His father died before the war.

In all battles up to Cold Harbor, where he was mortally wounded in left leg below the knee, living only one month. His record as a soldier stands among the best.

SAMUEL GAULT.

Born in Concord in 1830, and died at Harland Hospital, June 3, 1863. He was in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, receiving his death wound in latter, by shell shattering both legs.

He was the son of Samuel and Sally (Eastman) Gault, and his brother, John, was in the same company and was born April 16, 1828. He married for his first wife, Clarissa A. Merrill, of Holderness, August 19, 1849, and had the following children, Lewis W., George E., Willard H., and Sydney N. His second marriage occurred September 18, 1862, to Emily S. Tobine, of Bridgewater. Children, Laura E., John C., Henry L., Mary E., Katie I., Rosa A., Ashley C., and Iver L. This soldier and his brother, John, were the tallest of any two brothers in the regiment, lacking but one half an inch of measuring together twelve feet and four inches. No wonder that a regiment, having so many giant-like men, should have been called the "New Hampshire Mountaineers."

Bk. Bk. L. 5–10.
SIMEON H. CROSS.

Bk. DB. L. 5–5.
JOHN M. DOW.

H. Bk. L. 6–1½.
SAMUEL GAULT

PETER L. GLOVER.

Robert and Betsey (Wells) Glover were the parents of eleven children, nine boys and two girls, the youngest of whom is the subject of this sketch and was born in Rumney in 1833, and brought up as a farmer's boy and working as such to the date of his enlistment, but since his discharge has been employed most of the time as a carpenter.

Married September, 1855, to Eunice E. Lyman, of Barnet, Vt., and had children by her as follows: Frank E., Fred H., Francis M., Charles H., Horace E., and Ida M.

In all the battles and marches of the regiment, and never excused from duty, up to Cold Harbor, in which battle he was severely wounded. Taken prisoner, but retaken, in a short time at Gettysburg. Left the battle-field of Chancellorsville with eight rebel bullets in his knapsack, and his clothes and equipments perforated, but with a whole skin. "At Gettysburg, my captain put his hand upon my head, and told me to keep it down and hug the ground. Scarcely had I lowered my head when a bullet pierced his hand." Others there were in the regiment more assuming and pretentious, but few, if any such, were more faithful or brave, if the author has been correctly informed.

CHARLES H. HEATH.

Born in Holderness (now Ashland), July 24, 1848, and one of the youngest in the regiment. Parents, Charles B. and Abigail B. (Cross) Heath.

Married June 4, 1865, to Ella J. Hannaford, of Manchester. Children, Harry S., Lulu M., and Inez Q.

His father was in Company A, Seventh New Hampshire Volunteers, and Charles H. enlisted as a recruit, December 8, 1863; and was with the regiment and in all its battles and skirmishes, from Point Lookout to Cold Harbor, where he was severely wounded in right ankle by musket ball, and also in left knee and back. True and plucky and, considering his years, a veritable hero.

HIRAM T. HEATH.

This soldier was born in Bristol, August 31, 1847, and is the son of Nathan W and Esther (Thomas) Heath.

He was in the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, receiving a wound from musket ball in both ankle joints in the latter. After being wounded he crawled on his hands and knees to the Rappahannock river, where he was taken to Fairfax Hospital.

Afterwards he was transferred to Veterans' Reserve Corps (see roster). Towards the end of the war he joined a band of scouts who were operating in the Shenandoah valley, and remained with them until the close.

He had two brothers in the war, George W and Moses C., the former serving in a Vermont regiment and the latter enlisted in the Fifth New Hampshire Volunteers, being wounded in the battle of the Wilderness.

His grandfather, James Heath, a veteran of the War of 1812, was one hundred and one years and twenty-one days old when he died, in 1857. Starlin Heath, his great-grandfather, was a scout in the French and Indian War, being present at the massacre at Fort William Henry, where he was suffering from a wounded foot and hardly able to move without crutches. At the commencement of the slaughter he was advised by a French officer to throw away his crutches, and acting under his directions, he started for the woods. He was intercepted, however, by the Indians, and taken a prisoner. Supposing that they would burn him at the stake, he knocked down the Indian left to guard him, and started again for the woods. But he had hardly done so when he was pursued by three Indians and recaptured after a hard fight. Taking him back once more to the fort, two of his captors left to engage in the fight, and taking advantage of this, he tripped up the remaining one, wrenched the tomahawk from his grasp, and, braining him, escaped.

He was married November 28, 1867, to Nellie F. Brown, and of his three children, Levi N., George M., and John F., the last two were drowned. He lives in Stewartstown, where he is highly esteemed.

B. B. L. 5–8.
PETER L. GLOVER.

DB. L. L. 5–3.
CHARLES H. HEATH.

B. B. L. 5–7.
HIRAM T. HEATH.

SYLVESTER D. HOWE.

He was born September 10, 1828, at Bristol, and son of Person and Nancy (Mowe) Howe.

His grandfather, John Howe, of Bow, was in the Revolution, and took part in the battle of Lexington.

The subject of this sketch was in the First New Hampshire, Company G, three months, then in the Fourth until January 20, 1862. He was detailed as nurse January 20, 1863, and was assigned to Division Hospital. Acted as nurse most of the time during his enlistment in the Twelfth.

It should be said of this soldier that he was one of the most faithful, reliable, and competent, in the department in which he acted, of the regiment.

He remained for some time after his enlistment had expired (see roster). He acquired so much skill and experience as a nurse in the army that he acted as such most of the time after the war; his services as such being in constant demand. Few better men than he served as a member of the "Old Twelfth."

CAPT. ANDREW J. HUNTOON.

Is a son of David and Lucy A. (Baker) Huntoon; born in Unity, December 4, 1832, and is a lineal decendent of Philip Huntoon, who, to escape the religious persecution which followed the revocation of the edict of Nantes, came to this country about two hundred years ago, and settled in Exeter.

Married Isabella Wilson, of Ithaca, N. Y., May 4, 1859 (now deceased), by whom he had two children, Florence Isabella and Bertha Marion.

He received an academic education at Gilmanton, preparing himself for admission to the sophomore class at Dartmouth College, in 1855. After this he had charge of several institutions of learning in Massachusetts and New York, and at the time of his enlistment was principal of the academy at Plymouth. His future was bright and promising but he heard his country s call for help and left the school room for the battle-field.

He was in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Swift Creek. At Chancellorsville, he was wounded by a minie ball striking him in the fore-arm, producing a compound fracture, and immediately following he was taken prisoner and remained upon the battle-field in the hands of the enemy about ten days. On account of his absence he was reported killed, and he was the last of the many line officers who fell, either killed or wounded, on that day.

He has been in the government service most of the time since the war, being connected with the Treasury Department, and the office now known as the office of the auditor for the Interior Department, in which at one time he was one of the chiefs. For a few years succeeding his graduation in 1868, from the Medical Department of the Georgetown University, he practised medicine. He now holds a position of examiner on the Central Board of the Civil Service Commission, whose duty is to examine applicants for admission to the Civil Service and for which position he seems especially fitted and likely to be soon promoted to chief of that department.

As a man and a scholar he ranks above the average, and was known in the war as the "Shakespeare of the regiment," as he was always ready to quote that great author "to point a moral or adorn a tale."

FRANK L. HUGHES.

Here is another of the many, a few of whom still live, who fought their last battle on the field of Chancellorsville. He is the only son of Thomas N. and Mary C. (Cummings) Hughes, and was born in Groton, Mass., August 16, 1845.

He was wounded on the retreat by a piece of shell striking him on the spine. He was sent to hospital at Washington, D. C., then to Rhode Island, from which he was furloughed home and discharged.

He was married March 21, 1871, to Addie S. Sheppard, of Ashland, and has one child, Elmer C. He was a farmer's boy when he enlisted, but has been for many years since the war a prosperous merchant in the town of Ashland.

DB. Bk. L. 5–11

SYLVESTER D. HOWE.

DH. Bk. D. 5–10½.

CAPT. ANDREW J. HUNTOON.

B. L. L. 5–6½.

FRANK L. HUGHES.

ABNER C. JONES.

Here you see him with his cooking cap upon his head and a welcome smile upon his countenance, as if he was dealing out rations to the boys of Company E, and happy to fill up their tin plates with some ground-baked beans.

Son of Joseph D. and Mary G. (Green) Jones, and born at Stanstead, Lower Canada, October 1, 1832.

Married Zylpha A. Jones, January 1, 1852; and the happy new year's mating was soon blessed by two nestlings, Abner C. and Jacob B.

Though lame from infancy, or early life, he was accepted for a common soldier, and acted as such on the battle-fields of Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, and Cemetery Hill. Most of the time, however, he acted as cook, being for the last year or more a cook at Brigade Headquarters and for Division Commissary Department. He was never wounded but quite seriously injured in hip and shoulder while in the service. Occupation, shoemaker.

He was one of the most serviceable men, in his way, in the regiment, being always ready to feed the well, nurse the sick, or fight the enemy, as occasion might demand. True and kind hearted and of a jovial disposition, he did much to relieve the wants and sufferings of his comrades when sick, and cheer them up when despondent. For his faithful devotion to their health and comfort, they soon gave him the well-earned name of "Mother Jones," by which he has been called and known by them ever since, and of which he has reason to feel proud; for he was a good mother to the boys of Company E, many of whom remember him with gratitude.

JOB C. JENNE.

Son of Tolmon and Sylvia (Larabee) Jenne, and born in Derby Centre, Vt., October 7, 1833. His grandfather, James Jenne, was a soldier in the War of the Revolution.

He married Angie L. Place, the widow of Cogswell Place, of Company A, of Alton, February 11, 1864. No children.

He was at the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg. Wounded in last named battle in right hip by a musket ball, and in right shoulder, slightly, by piece of shell, and never performed active field service, except for a short time, afterward.

CAPT. ORLANDO W KEYES.

This officer was born in Hancock, now Bennington, April 5, 1832, and was the son of Jonathan F. and Mary (Woods) Keyes. He was the oldest of a family of ten children, three boys and seven girls. His great-grandfather, Abner Keyes, went through the Revolution and his grandfather enlisted in the War of 1812, but was never called out.

He was in the battle of Fredericksburg and was killed on the field of the next battle, Chancellorsville. When the fatal ball struck him, he was in the act of cheering his men forward by swinging his sword above his head. While so doing he was seen to leap into the air and to fall lifeless to the ground. He had previously been wounded near the brook, by a ball striking him in the calf of his leg, which was sufficiently serious for him to leave the field of action. But he firmly refused to do what he honorably might, being made of different temper. His brother, Henry F., was a member of the same company, and wounded severely in the same battle, causing his death two years later (see roster).

Captain Keyes was married to Sarah L. Ellis, of Plymouth, who died before the war, and had one child (died in infancy).

He is remembered as one of the most competent and energetic officers of the regiment, and his death was a great loss to the service as well as to his relatives and friends.

B. B. L. 5–8.
ABNER C. JONES.

B. B. D. 5–8.
JOB C. JENNE.

B. S. L. 6–0.
CAPT ORLANDO W KEYES.

AMBROSE H. MUDGETT.

Born in Sandwich, September 20, 1825, and was the son of Orlando W and Nancy (Hinds) Mudgett.

Married first to Susan Walker, of Lowell, Mass.; children, Delia M., Edwin O., and Phylena M. Married second to Mary E. Campfield, October 12, 1885; one child, Irena E.

His grandfather, Elisha Mudgett, was a captain in the Revolution.

This soldier was sick much of the time and was given light service in hospital department, and was never in any battle except Fredericksburg, but was injured by falling from the stockade at Point Lookout, Md. He died October 3, 1891, at Lakeport.

HORACE F. PRESCOTT.

Born in the town of Bridgewater, on the third day of March, 1845, and the only son of Silas B. and Fidelia J. (Piper) Prescott, of Wilmot, and had two sisters.

He was wounded severely in right arm, losing part of the bone, in the battle of Chancellorsville, and died of small pox in Washington, January 22, 1864. His great-grandfather, Samuel Prescott, fought against the English, in "'76." Samuel S. S. Morrison, of this company (see roster), married one of his sisters.

His record, though brief, is good.

BVT. LIEUT. COL. NATHANIEL SHACKFORD.*

This heroic officer, son of William and Sarah (Rand) Shackford, was born June 20, 1827, in Portsmouth, where his ancestors from England had settled in 1662. His great-grandfather was a captain and enlisting officer in the Revolution, and rode from Newington, N. H., to New York ,after he was seventy years old; and he possesses, in a remarkable degree, the pluck and endurance of his noted progenitor.

At Chancellorsville, wounded slightly. At Gettysburg, wounded severely in left wrist (the ball lodging in forearm, where it still remains), he wrapped his handkerchief around it, and continued the fight; struck again by another bullet, which pierced through his right groin, he still refused to be helped to the rear, and not until a third ounce of lead tears through his left shoulder, lodging back of his lung, did he allow himself to be carried on a stretcher from the field, upon which he was no longer able to stand. In less than three months, with two bullets in him, he reports for duty, which he continues to do until again thrice wounded in the battle of Cold Harbor: First by a grape shot destroying elbow, three inches of bone taken out above it; next by a piece of shell across the back, cutting him almost in two; and again by slight bruise on left hip. Although given up to die by everybody, except himself, the October following found what was left of him again at the front, ready for battle where he remained in active field service to the close of the war; riding into Richmond (where he always claimed he was going before he died) as major of the regiment.

Although he went through (or until cut down) every battle of importance the regiment was engaged in, except the Siege of Petersburg, and was seven times wounded, and twice killed (!), yet he is still among the liveliest of the living, standing as erect as ever, hardly up to the army standard, while his fighting weight, bullets and all, was never more than one hundred and twenty-five pounds.

Matchless as he proved himself in fighting the powers of rebeldom and death, he finally found his match and surrendered a willing captive to Miss Mary J. Martin, of Portsmouth, by whom he has one son, Frank M., who is past commander of the New Hampshire Division of the Sons of Veterans, and evidently a "chip of the old block."

* He was lieutenant-colonel of the State National Guards for three years, and colonel of same command for five years. He has also acted as secretary of the New Hampshire Veterans' Association for eighteen years.

D. Bk. L. 5–9.
AMBROSE H. MUDGETT

DB. LB. L. 5–6.
HORACE F. PRESCOTT

B. B. L. 5–4½.
BVT LIEUT COL. NAT. SHACKFORD.

BVT. CAPT. EDWARD L. SHEPARD.

Youngest child of John C. and Almira S. (Shepard) Shepard; born in Holderness (now Ashland), May 3, 1842.

Married March 8, 1866, to Martha L. Blair, of Campton. No children.

In every march, skirmish, and battle of the regiment from Concord, 1862, to Concord, 1865, which can not be said of but two or three officers on the rolls of the Twelfth. When the color bearers fell at Gettysburg, he and Worthen, of the same company, volunteered to carry them, which they did, through the rest of the battle and all the time until the fall of 1864.

Captain Shepard is a man of deeds rather than words, and one of those valuable few, who, having the hard twist of the pure fiber in his own fabric, detests "shoddy" in every form and color. He has the firmness and simplicity of a Grant, and was, of course, a brave and reliable soldier, as he is to-day one of the best of citizens.

ALBERT Y. SMYTH.

This noble hearted soldier was the oldest of the seven children of Horatio N. and Eliza L. (Smyth) Smyth. Born in Holderness, February 4, 1839, and died at 3 o'clock on the morning of January 12, 1863, at Falmouth, Va.

He was in the battle of Fredericksburg, where, having but partially recovered from the measles, the exposure and excitement of the bivouac and battle undoubtedly hastened his death. He wrote a letter a few days before his death to Samuel W Howe, then of Holderness, dated December 28, 1862, telling him about the sickness and expected death of George M. Annable (see sketch), but died first. Between him and Annable a very strong attachment of friendship had grown up as they lay side by side on their sick cots in the regimental hospital. They used to spend hours in talking about the improbabilities of their recovery and of being resigned to the fate they believed awaited them. So strong was their attachment for each other that they refused to be separated, even when death seemed approaching, but seemed to cling closer to each other.

He had a natural gift for music, being when at home a member of one or two brass bands. His grandfather, Caleb Smyth, was in the War of 1812. One of his comrades says of him, "You cannot speak too highly of him and his many excellent qualities."

RICHARD G. STEARNS.

This only son of Anthony T. and Nancy (Gove) Stearns was born in Plymouth, where he has always resided, October 22, 1838.

In every battle and march of the regiment, except Gettysburg and its campaign, which occurred while he was suffering from a wound received at Chancellorsville, where he had his knapsack shot off on the retreat; and he came home with the valiant few who followed the colors, when able to do so, from 1862 to 1865.

Married December 24, 1871, to Elizabeth J., daughter of George Flanders, of Plymouth, their three children all dying in infancy. And now, at this writing, he too is near the end of life's march, weary, worn, but patiently waiting to bivouac among the "silent tents of green."

The nickname, "Noble Dick," given him by his appreciative comrades, will be his highest eulogy. Farmer, brickmaker, and postmaster.

His death, since the above was written, occurred January 7, 1893. A brave and noble heart has ceased to beat.

Bk. S. L. 6–0.
BVT CAPT EDWARD L. SHEPARD.

G. LB. L. 5–7½.
ALBERT Y. SMYTH.

B. L. LB. 5–9½.
RICHARD G. STEARNS.

CORP. HEZEKIAH M. SWAIN.

Son of John and Priscilla (Bickford) Swain, and born in Meredith, in 1822, and died at Etna, September 16, 1894, of paralysis and heart disease His grandfather, by the same name, served in the War of the Revolution.

Taken sick, soon after the battle of Fredericksburg, in which he participated, and was discharged the next spring as there was little prospect of his being able to do active duty for a long time, if ever. He took a pride in military displays, and was an officer in several companies under the old state militia.

Married October 28, 1847, to Hannah Pitman, and their only two children, Clara D. and Eva J. Miller, are both living. He is spoken of as a worthy man.

GUSTAVUS R. TOBINE.

Parents were George W and Mary (Spiller) Tobine, and he was born in New Hampton, in 1844. His brothers, Norman B. and Thaddeus A., were in the Sixth Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers.

He was so severely injured in left arm at Chancellorsville, that he was maimed for life. Rejoined the regiment at Williamsburg, and after this he was with it all through to the end, and ranked as one of the best of his company.

He was married to Sarah Barber, as understood, soon after the war, and his children were, Norman B., Mary E., Emma A., Lumen G., Thaddeus A., and George W

Died of pneumonia in Bridgewater, February 19, 1881.

JOSEPH B. TUPPER.

Anna F. Church who belonged, by descent, to a military family, married Roswell Tupper, and bore him four boys and two girls; and he, whose boyish face is pictured here, and who seems earnestly watching you as you read his record, became the fourth child, at Campton, November 6, 1846. His great-grandfather, Thomas (or Nathaniel) Tupper, came from Georgetown, Mass., and was one of the first settlers of Campton, and helped found the first church in the town.

In Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. Wounded at Chancellorsville, in left hand, and never with the regiment afterward (see roster). A brother, William H., in Company A, Sixth New Hampshire Volunteers, was slightly wounded at Second Bull Run by minie ball in right knee. His father and another brother were in California fighting the Indians, for a time, during the war.

Susan M. Warner, of Stoneham, Mass., became his wife November 30, 1871, and has no children.

WILLIAM B. WELCH.

Though courage and pluck are often used synonymously and either word is a dictionary definition of the other, yet according to their radical import, is there not this important difference? A brave man will not run until he is hurt, but a plucky man will not run if he *is* hurt. No one can be plucky who is not brave, but it is n't every brave man who is plucky. To be a good fighter, one must have not only the courage to *strike*, but the pluck to *stick*. General Grant had both, but no more so than the humble private soldier whose pictured face appears near this sketch. He can be seen here with something of the same stern and determined cast of countenance, as his captain has often observed of him when in line of battle as he stood facing the enemy; the chief difference being that he does not look quite so cross.

Born January 7, 1834, and his parents, William and Mary H. (Welch), then resided in Plymouth.

Married March 16, 1858, to Mary J., daughter of Daniel S. Gordon, of New Hampton. Children, William S., Edward G., Florence Q., and Clara B. T.

Notwithstanding the hardships and dangers of a stormy voyage, he sailed safely through everything from Concord to Cold Harbor, Va., near which his staunch craft was struck by a resistless cyclone and so badly damaged that he was obliged to lay up there for

E. D. L. 5–11.
CORP. HEZEKIAH M. SWAIN.

Bk. B. D. 5–10.
GUSTAVUS R. TOBINE.

B. B. L. 5–8.
JOSEPH B. TUPPER.

repairs. Eight wounds from five minie balls, in about fifteen minutes, are too hot and quick for even "Bill Welch," and he concludes to "lay low"; but the bull-dog grit is left, and he would still swap lead with the Johnnies, if his left arm was not broken by a bullet that has passed through it and lodged in his breast. A minute before, his right leg was struck below the knee, rendering it useless. He now crawls back a piece into some bushes, and feeling faint, commences to drink from his canteen when another minie ball inflicts a severe wound in his head, and about the same time he thinks, but probably before, he receives two slight wounds in the groins. He was also wounded quite severely in shoulder and side by the same bullet, above described, that struck his head.

While thus "slugged and plugged," with rebel lead, he lay near the field hospital the next day patiently awaiting to have his wounds dressed (the surgeons delaying his case until the last, thinking it a hopeless one),* he made an attempt, it is said, and actually did crawl some little distance to get a loaded gun, stacked near by, to shoot an officer that he saw abusing some wounded soldiers. That he would have carried out his intention, if his strength had been equal to his will, none who knew him will doubt. At Point Lookout, he shot a man who undertook to run the guard, and came near firing at one of the field officers. And here again we find, in this true but humble soldier, one of the important elements of military renown, so markedly characteristic of Grant. He fearlessly acted his convictions of the present, regardless of all ifs or buts about the future.†

He died in Bristol, October 11, 1883, from what Dr. Fowler certified to be "physical exhaustion resulting from his wounds." Buried in New Hampton cemetery.

JOHN O. WOODMAN.

Born in New Hampton, and was a student there at the time of his enlistment. His parents were Benjamin P. and Elizabeth M. (Hill) Woodman.

In all the battles of the regiment, after it left Point Lookout. Wounded slightly at Cold Harbor, but not enough to be disabled from duty.

Married Mary P. Foster, of Lebanon, January 1, 1870 (deceased). Married his second wife, Sarah W Haskins, of Enfield, May 3, 1872.

LIEUT. GEORGE E. WORTHEN.

If there were better soldiers than this brave and patriotic officer, the reader need not hunt for them in this or any other company of the regiment. He was born in Lowell, Mass., May 26, 1843, and is the son of Ezekiel B. and Emeline S. (Draper) Worthen. His grandfather Worthen was in the French and Indian War, and was a captain in the Revolution; also his grandfather Draper was in the Revolution. This shows the blood that flows in his veins.

He was in every engagement of the regiment, except, perhaps, Bermuda Hundred, when he was absent on detail, and yet was never wounded. At Chancellorsville a bullet passed through his blanket roll, another through his canteen, cutting out the middle initial of his name, and a buck shot through his haversack. At Gettysburg he was struck quite hard, and, after taking the colors, a bullet went through his pant leg below the left knee. He was never in hospital and never off duty but one week, and then at Point Lookout. He was acting commissary of regiment for a while, post commissary at Manchester, and Danville, Va. He was first promoted for his gallant conduct on the field of Gettysburg.‡ Served in New York Battery a while at Point Lookout.

September 6, 1866, he married Lizzie W., daughter of John Nutter, of Portsmouth, and his children are Lucy E., Lizzie M., George E., Jr., Walter E., Julia N., and Laura D.

Since the war he has lived in Lowell, Mass., and been employed as grocer and overseer in United States Cartridge Works. He has been for many years a member of the Lowell Mechanic Phalanx and a member of Sixth Regiment Massachusetts Infantry, and has proved himself one of the best long-range sharpshooters in the state, being leader in the "Lowell team" for several years.

*Dr. Fowler says his wounds were not dressed until he reached White House Landing, twelve miles from, and a day or two after, Cold Harbor, the surgeons there refusing to do anything for him.

† See incident of him, page 396. ‡ See History of the Colors, page 376.

B. B. L. 5–7
WILLIAM B. WELCH.

B. B. L. 5–10.
JOHN O. WOODMAN.

B. R. L. 5–8.
LIEUT. GEORGE E. WORTHEN.

CHAPTER XIX

PORTRAITS AND SKETCHES — *Continued.*

COMPANY F

In the organization of this company Pittsfield, Loudon, and Northwood figured prominently, while Canterbury and Northfield sent fifteen men to fill out the company All the men in this company were originally furnished from the counties of Merrimack and Rockingham. Various town meetings were holden at Pittsfield concerning her quota prior to August 23, 1862, and on that day a special town meeting was called.

The selectmen were authorized by the town to pay three hundred dollars' bounty to each volunteer filling up the quota of the call of the president for three hundred thousand men to serve three years, and that the money for paying the bounties be borrowed on the credit of the town. Sylvanus Smith, who, with the assistance of H. A. L. French, enlisted most of the men from this town, had been acting as town clerk, but on account of his enlistment resigned. Resolutions were adopted at meetings held in the other towns contributing to this company, and at one in Northwood, August 26, 1862, the following was voted: To pay two hundred dollars' bounty to each volunteer from this town who shall be mustered into the service; provided such person shall enlist, or shall have enlisted, since the eleventh of August, 1862. The selectmen were authorized to hire money for this purpose.

The officers were selected mostly from Pittsfield, and were placed as follows: John F Langley, who had served one year in the Third New Hampshire as lieutenant, was elected captain, with Sylvanus Smith and Henry A. L. French as lieutenants. Sergeants, Andrew M. Heath, Charles A. Kelley, George C. Parsons, George F Lane, and Solon G. Blaisdell; corporals, Albert C. Evans, Benjamin F Wells, William H. Hillsgrove, William A. Dow, Charles S. Emery, John W Johnston, Charles H. Brock, and Frank M. Gay Asa W Bartlett acted as musician and Jeremiah Dennett as wagoner On December 30, 1862, John Blake, a fifer in Company B, was transferred to this company as another musician.

This company was mustered into the United States service, September 5, 1862, and together with Company G, was left on the field of Chancellorsville, Saturday night, when the regiment changed position, and were saved from capture by the promptness of Colonel Marsh.*

*See page 73.

CAPT. ASA W BARTLETT.

This officer, the son of Richard and Caroline O. (Williams) Bartlett, was born in Epping, August 29, 1839, he being the youngest of nine children, of whom Bradley H. was a physician, and who lived and died in Amherst and also had served as hospital steward during the war in the New Hampshire Heavy Artillery. Captain Bartlett, before the war, taught school and studied law in Quincy, Ill., but returning home in the spring of 1862, immedately enlisted in this regiment.

He was in the battles of Chancellorsville,* Swift Creek, Relay House, Drury's Bluff,† and Port Walthall. He was never wounded, except slightly by a spent bullet at the battle of Chancellorsville. During the summer and fall of 1864 he acted as signal officer, and while in charge of the towers on the Appomattox and James rivers, had some thrilling experiences.‡

He was married December 4, 1867, to Finette A., daughter of John Doe, of Pittsfield, by whom he has one child, Richard B., whose mother died July 2, 1894.

This soldier simply tried to do his duty. References to him will be found on pages 407, 414–415, 422, 433–435, 445, and in several other places in the history.

STEPHEN W BACHELDER.

Son of Jonathan and Lois (Wells) Bachelder, and was born in Loudon in 1820.

He was taken sick on the march to Falmouth, Va., near Warrington, from which place he was sent, with other sick ones, to Washington, but died on the cars before reaching there, November 17, 1862. He marched as long as he was able to stand up, being pushed forward by the rear guard when as it seemed, as it afterward proved, he was seriously sick and in a suffering and dangerous condition. He died for his country as much as if he had fallen on the field of battle, and his name and memory should be honored and revered.

WILLIAM T. BACHELDER.

Brother of Stephen W., whose family record appears above, and was born in Loudon, September 25, 1823. Married first to Mehitable Berry, of Pittsfield, who died not many years after the war. He had one son, Albert, also deceased. Second wife was Hannah C. Buckman, whose maiden name was Danielson.

He was in every battle and always present for duty from Concord, N. H., to Cold Harbor, Va., where he was disabled by a severe wound in left shoulder, and never returned to his regiment afterward. Also slightly wounded at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, but kept along with his company when many others would have been in hospital. After his discharge he returned to his farm home in Pittsfield, where he continued to reside until his death (see roster).

There were few better soldiers in this company or in the whole regiment than was the subject of this sketch. You could always look and expect to find him at the post of duty, though ofttimes he grumbled at the way that duty was ordered or performed.

An incident characteristic of him, who was then in the writer's mind as the one related to, may be found written earlier in this history.‖

* See History of Colors, page 374, *et seq.* † See Drury's Bluff, page 182. ‡ See Signal Service, pages 380-386.

‖ See page 414.

BVT. LIEUT. SOLON G. BLAISDELL.

Here is a very good picture of an extra good soldier. Blessed with a remarkably sound constitution, that gave him lasting powers of endurance, and a disposition to perform faithfully his part so long as able, he was always present for duty except when disabled by wounds, and fought on every battle-field where his regiment did, excepting the Siege of Petersburg, when he was sick with wound in left arm received at Cold Harbor.

Birth, February 11, 1834, at Danville, Vt. Parents, Greenlief C. and Emeline (Babbitt) Blaisdell. His grandfather, Isaac Babbitt, was a soldier of the Revolution.

Married, December 17, 1859, to Anna G., daughter of John Clarke, of Pittsfield, and sister of Benjamin W in the same company (see sketch). Children, Frank E., John C., Emma G., and Elmer Y., none of whom are living but the oldest.

Occupation before enlistment and for some time after discharge, a harness-maker.

He moved to California a few years after the war, and after a while bought a ranch in San Diego county, and became a successful farmer and fruit grower.

Of his battle experience it may be further said that he was also wounded by a ball in left breast, over the heart, at Cold Harbor, and which, but for his diary, roll-book, and his wife's picture, would have killed him. He was knocked senseless and lay until after the retreat of the regiment, and then in getting back to the rear was shot in left arm.

Since the above was written this brave and hardy soldier has had to yield to the inevitable. He died April 6, 1897

ABIEL B. BROWN.

One of a family of ten children, seven boys and three girls, and his parents were Amos and Hannah (Clifford) Brown.

He was wounded slightly at the battle of Chancellorsville, and was also in most of the engagements of the regiment. His brother, True C., was in the same company (see sketch).

Since the war he has been employed on the Western Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad as engineer, and for his post-office address see roster.

He was a good and faithful soldier, and served until the fall of the Southern Confederacy.

CALEB BROWN.

Brother of Samuel Brown and Charles M. (see sketches), of Companies C and D. Born in Bow in the year 1839.

In battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, but was taken sick soon after, and was sent to general hospital in Baltimore, where his father, who went out after him, got a furlough for him and brought him home, or as far as his sister's, Mrs. Hutchings, in Concord, where he died in about a week, of chronic diarrhœa, from which he had been suffering for a long time. He was sick enough to be in bed on the march to Gettysburg, but heroically kept along with the regiment and fought his last battle on that decisive field. All honor to his fidelity and praise for his bravery.

TRUE C. BROWN.

This soldier is the brother of Abiel B. Brown, of the same company (see sketch).

He was in almost every battle to Cold Harbor, where he was killed on the field.

His comrades remember him with sorrow for his death. He was brave, faithful, and true.

B. B. L. 5–4½.
CAPT. ASA W BARTLETT

B. D. L. 5–3½.
STEPHEN W. BACHELDER.

B. D. L. 5–4.
WILLIAM T BACHELDER.

B. D. L. 5–8.
BVT LIEUT SOLON G. BLAISDELL.

B. L. L. 6–0.
ABIEL P. BROWN.

ASA O. CARR

Is the son of Isaac S. and Lucinda J. (Osgood) Carr, born in Gilmanton, October 31, 1842. His ancestors on both sides have been prominent in the military records of the state, and his great-grandfather was a soldier in our struggle for national independence.

In the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and also fought at Gettysburg, where he received a severe wound by musket ball passing through his body and right lung; but a brave heart and strong constitution saved him from an early grave, and he still lives to remember and lament many of his brave comrades whose hearts have long since ceased to beat.

At Chancellorsville his cap was shot from his head by his file leader, into whose place he stepped as the other fell back a pace or two before discharging his musket and the next moment fell dead.* He was also wounded in this battle by a piece of shell; a bullet hit him in the ankle, which, after cutting his pant leg and stocking partly off, lodged in his boot.

He was married October 31, 1871, to Vena H., daughter of Samuel D. Perkins, of Pittsfield, where they now reside with their home blessed and brightened by one child, Alice M.

Occupation, a carpenter, and his sterling worth is appreciated by all who know him.

CORP. BENJAMIN W CLARKE.

This faithful soldier was born in Pittsfield, November 2, 1828, and is the third of the nine children, of John and Asenath (Wells) Clarke, of whom four were boys. His father was captain in the state militia, and his grandfather, Stephen Wells, served in the Revolutionary War.

Married Mary Ann, daughter of Jonathan E. Brown, of Northwood, November 7, 1849. Children, Mary E., Abbie A., Annie H., and John W

He served in the hospital department until the spring of 1864, after which he followed the flag through the battles of Swift Creek, Relay House, Drury's Bluff, and Port Walthall to Cold Harbor, where he was severely wounded in right hip, and lay all day on the field exposed for some time — until he crawled into a vedette hole — to the enemy's fire. Also at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, assisting the surgeons on the field. At Point Lookout he acted for a while as teacher and inspector at Contraband Camp. Returning to the front as soon as his wound permitted, he remained with his regiment, doing light duty, to the end of the war. He was the friend of Chaplain Ambrose, and has a watch which he greatly prizes as a gift from his hand. He also has his saddle and bridle, procured after his death.

He died since the above was written, July 23, 1897

FREDERICK E. COPP.

This soldier is the great-grandson of Solomon Copp, who came from Amesbury, Mass., and after living three years in the fort at Canterbury, removed to Sanbornton, being the second settler in that town. His son, Thomas, grandfather of subject of this sketch, was a soldier of the Revolution, and, as seems true from best information, had the honor of being complimented by General Washington for not allowing him to pass the guard that Copp had charge of without the countersign. Maternal grandfather, David Wilmont, of Thetford, Vt., was also in the Revolution.

Frederick E. is the tenth of the eleven children of Amos and Lois (Wilmont) Copp, and was born in Sanbornton (now Tilton), September 1, 1843.

In Fredericksburg, also Chancellorsville, where he was slightly wounded in thigh, and severely by musket ball in right leg, and lay four days before he was removed from the field where he fell. In hospital, after this, in different places until discharged.

*See sketch of John Merrill, page 642.

B. Bk. D. 6–0.
CALEB BROWN.

B. S. S. 5–10.
TRUE C. BROWN.

B. S. L. 5–7.
ASA O. CARR.

G. Bk. D. 5–7.
CORP. BENJAMIN W CLARKE.

Three brothers in Union army: Amos K., Eighth New Hampshire Volunteers, wounded at Port Hudson; Nathaniel B., Fourteenth United States Regulars, killed at Gettysburg after being in every battle of General Sykes's division; and Luther C., in the Fifth New Hampshire Volunteers.

Rev. Mr. Runnells, in his history of Sanbornton, says: "Few families," referring to this, "can show a better war record than this, four sons and four sons-in-law being in the army, and all standing at their posts; of whom one son was killed and two wounded, one son-in-law died from wounds, and two died in the service from disease."

Of these sons by marriage, Lyman B. Evans, Eighth Vermont Volunteers, died of wounds at Baton Rouge, La., August, 1863; Samuel W. Hoyt served in Second New Hampshire Volunteers; Charles W Merrill, Sixth Wisconsin Volunteers, died in service; and William H. Weeks, Second New Hampshire Volunteers, who died in Washington, D. C., from disease contracted in the army.

Married June 16, 1878, to Mary L., daughter of Joshua R. Morrill, of Belmont, who was a soldier of the War of 1812, and his father, Levi, a soldier of the Revolution. No children, but it is a pity that they have not one son, at least, to represent the family and keep up the patriotic line in the next war with England.

Occupation since discharge, running a sawmill in Loudon and sash and blind manufactory in Tilton. He was also selectman and supervisor of Loudon several years, and postmaster at Grafton Centre during Cleveland's first administration. Now a resident of Belmont.

Who will say that his life has not been "time honored and improved"?

CORP. JOHN R. DAVIS

Was born in Eliot, Me., June 13, 1825, and is the son of John and Hannah (Parsons) Davis and the grandson of Samuel Davis, a veteran of the War of 1812.

He was in every battle from Fredericksburg to Drury's Bluff, Va., where he was severely wounded and crippled for life by bullet through left ankle. He helped save the colors at Gettysburg,* and was on the color guard all the time after this until wounded.

Married to Rachel, daughter of William Luthbary, of Fairton, N. J. His children are Charles W., Ellen L., Mary B., and John C., who are all married.

Though below the army standard in feet and inches, he ranked far above the average as a brave and patriotic soldier, and few men in the regiment more faithfully served his country than did the subject of this sketch. He deserves to be greatly remembered, not only as a faithful and gallant soldier, but as one who deserves the credit of helping to save the regimental colors and being one of the boys in blue who helped to save the nation.

HENRY F. DAY

Son of John E. and Hannah (Davis) Day, born October 14, 1838, in the town of Dover.

Married October 4, 1859, to Mary Ann, daughter of Thomas T. Gray. His children are Nettie A., Minnie I., Rosa A., Annie B., Jennie B., Harry L., and Alice M., four of whom are living.

Fought with the musket at Fredericksburg, and at Chancellorsville had a wild jump and tumble experience in charge of horses and mules that were stampeded by Jackson's sudden attack, which for a time was quite as exciting and dangerous as in the line of battle. At Gettysburg he was again in the ranks, and so severely wounded in his right leg that amputation was soon found necessary to save his life.

This soldier comes of good patriotic stock, his great-grandfather being a veteran of 1776, and his record shows there has been no degeneracy. With just pride can his children say, "My father lost a leg at Gettysburg."

*See page 376.

B. L. L. 5–8½.
FREDERICK E. COPP.

B. L. L. 5–2½.
CORP. JOHN R. DAVIS.

B. D. D. 5–5.
HENRY F. DAY.

ROBERT F. DEARBORN.

Born in Canterbury in 1836.

At Gettysburg he was wounded through left groin, and received a slight shell wound at Chancellorsville in his left arm where his knapsack was knocked off his back by solid shot or shell.

He was a good soldier, and it is to be regretted that more is not known of his history.

JONATHAN C. DRAKE.

Son of James S. and Susan F. (Young) Drake; born in Northwood, January 26, 1844, being the oldest of six children, the boys all serving in the Union army — Justice C., in Troop B, First New Hampshire Cavalry, captured and died in Andersonville prison, and James B. was also in the service.

Soon after the battle of Fredericksburg, in which he participated, he was taken sick and gradually grew worse until he became so reduced in flesh and strength, that, but for the intercession of one of his comrades, who made known his condition to the colonel, he, probably, would long since have been sleeping beneath the soil of Virginia instead of cultivating, as he has for many years, the soil of the young but great and fast growing state of Nebraska, where in "single blessedness" he now resides, trusted and respected by all who know him. From a letter just received from him it appears that fire and flood have made sad havoc of his earthly possessions, but that he is still happy in the Christian's faith that "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."

He did what he could, and who can do more?

CORP CHARLES O. DURGIN.

Here is a good picture of a good soldier, but taken of him when wearing a heavier beard than earlier years could give him while in the army. Though slow and sober in his motions and looks, neither was from hesitancy nor fear of meeting the foe.

He is the son of Levi and Susan O. (Keniston) Durgin, and was born March 11, 1844.

He was in every engagement of the regiment except Gettysburg, when he was in hospital sick with fever. Rejoined his command at Point Lookout, and was one of the number who made a raid across the river into Virginia.*

On the morning of the battle of Relay House, while hastening from picket to rejoin his comrades already in line of battle, his cap was blown from his head by the wind of a cannon ball, which was the closest solid-shot shave he ever had, though many spiteful and swift-winged minies have of course put him in greater jeopardy of life, and he was wounded severely by one in the battle of Cold Harbor.

He married Lucy Shorey, of South Berwick, and has no children.

He was a brave and faithful soldier.

BVT. LIEUT. CHARLES S. EMERY.

Lieutenant Emery was born in Stewartstown, July 22, 1830. His father's name was Enoch and his mother's, Abigail Pickard.

His boyhood was passed on a farm, but at nineteen, feeling the need of an education, he commenced an academic course at Smithville Seminary, Rhode Island, where he remained two or three years, and then entered college at Spring Arbor, Mich., where he experienced religion and commenced studying for the ministry. His health failing, he was obliged to give up his studies and return to his native hills.

April 5, 1855, he married Sarah A. Garland, of Canterbury, where he resided at the time of his enlistment. From this time until the battle of Cold Harbor, where he received his mortal wounds, he was always with his regiment through all the battles and marches, never being absent or excused from duty for a single day.

*See page 158.

B. D. L. 5–10½.
ROBERT F. DEARBORN.

B. L. L. 5–5.
JONATHAN C. DRAKE.

B. P. D. 5–7.
CORP. CHARLES O. DURGIN.

At Gettysburg he and Corporal Davis, of the same company, were the first ones, after the color sergeants and guard had been shot down, to grasp the flags and carry them off just in time to save them from capture.* He was wounded in left arm and hip at Cold Harbor, and remained all day on the field exposed to the enemy's fire. Removed by his comrades† at night while the field was still swept by the fire of the enemy's pickets, who had an excellent mark in the piece of white tent used instead of a stretcher. He asked them to leave him and not expose themselves to what seemed to be certain death, thus manifesting the highest exhibition of Christian fortitude and tender solicitude for the welfare of others. He was sent to Carver Hospital, District of Columbia, when, after his arm was amputated and ball extracted from his back, hopes were entertained of his recovery; but his earthly mission, so faithfully performed, was ended, and he died, as he had lived, a noble example and type of honest manhood and Christian patriotism.‡

CORP JOHN A. EMERSON.

Here is the picture of one who, with the parental aid and early advantages of some young men, might have become famous in literature. He first opened his eyes to the light in the town of Northwood, and then and there became the living son of Daniel E. and Keziah (Elkins) Emerson.

October 5, 1853, he married Hannah Day, of Northwood, sister of William H. Day, who served in the same company, and had by her three daughters, Ella A., Ida F., and Mary J., all married. Ida F. died recently.

He fought with his regiment in all its engagements except Cemetery Hill, when he was suffering from a wound received July 4, 1864, in front of Petersburg, losing a finger of his left hand.

He was the wit of his company and one of its bravest and best soldiers, being as quick and pointed with his gun as his tongue.‖ He was himself, and at home on the battle-field; and at Chancellorsville he fought hard and long, giving the rebels full four score or more of leaden pills to cure them of "secession." Of his death see roster.

LIEUT HENRY A. L. FRENCH.

This brave officer was born in Gilmanton, January 6, 1833, and was the son of Hiram and Lydia W (Bachelder) French, and the twin brother of Charles G. B. French, who died in infancy. His father was a prosperous merchant and farmer, and gave his son a liberal education; he died on the old French homestead in Loudon, where he then resided, just nineteen days before his son fell on the field of Gettysburg.

After becoming of age Henry, who during the years of his adolescence had assisted his father on the farm, sought and found employment for several years in Boston, Mass., becoming, in the meantime, a member of Park Street Church, where his name is now engraved on a tablet record of those who died for their country.

After a few years in the West, he returned to Pittsfield, where his marriage to Sarah G., daughter of Thomas Clough, of Canterbury, occurred February 14, 1861. Seven months later he enlisted, and the spring following his wife died.

He was in the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, preceding the prolonged and terrible struggle of Gettysburg, where he fell on the second day in the very vortex of battle, just as the Third Corps, broken at the fatal angle in the Peach Orchard, was being driven back from its advanced position on the Emmettsburg road by the overpowering onslaught of General Longstreet's massed legions upon both front and flank. He was a brave and faithful officer, ambitious to win the good-will of his superiors by strict devotion to duty in the camp and on the field. In the battle of Chancellorsville where his regiment was almost annihilated, he was one of the three out of twenty-six officers who was neither killed nor wounded, and who with a small remnant of the regiment rallied around the flag and retreated just in time to escape capture.

*See page 376. †See page 212. ‡See page 346, *et seq.* ‖See page 428.

B. B. L. 5–8.
BVT LIEUT CHARLES S. EMERY

Bk. B. D. 5–10½.
CORP. JOHN A. EMERSON.

B. D. L. 5–10½.
LIEUT HENRY A. L. FRENCH.

His daughter, a fit representative of her heroic father, is now a leading physician of her sex in the city of New York, and also a professor of surgery in the Woman s Medical College in that city. Her name, Sarah Angie French, written by her father's hand in the family bible the only time he was permitted to see her, may fade and grow dim; but his, written by the recording angel in the book of life, for those who die for Christian freedom and the rights of men, shall grow brighter and brighter while the centuries come and go.

CORP. FRANK M. GAY.

A good picture of a good man and brave soldier is here given to posterity.

Son of James M. and Margaret A. (Cross) Gay, and born in Wilmot in 1842. His grandfather was a major-general in the New Hampshire militia, and his brother, George E., served in Company C, First New Hampshire Heavy Artillery.

In most of the battles of the regiment to Cold Harbor, where he was severely wounded in arm (see roster), and never with the regiment afterward.

Died in Concord, February 11, 1865, and buried at Wilmot. He was a mechanic by trade and was never married.

SERGT. WILLIAM S. GRAY.

The engraving of Sergeant Gray, although a true copy of his photograph, is not a very good picture of the living original, for the camera like the pen is unable to do him justice.

He was born in Strafford, June 29, 1836, being the oldest son of six children, two boys and four girls, of Thomas F. and Olive F. (Davis) Gray, and the great-grandson of John Gray, who served through the Revolution. His grandfather, John Davis, was a pensioner of 1812. Thus from both sides he inherited the courage and patriotism that have so greatly honored and distinguished him.

In all the engagements that the regiment was, and also in the battles of Chapin's Farm, Capture of Petersburg, and High Bridge, while on detached service as sharpshooter. He and Farrar, of Company H (see sketch), were two of the very few sharpshooters who did so much towards capturing Fort Harrison, and they were together in the chase after General Lee, both being severely wounded — Sergeant Gray in the left thigh, a few days before Lee s surrender. He was also wounded slightly in head at Chancellorsville, and again at Chapin's Farm by minie balls, which took off the sight of his rifle and badly wounded him in left thumb, while engaged in silencing a gun in one of the rebel forts.

Married Nancy J. Pender (deceased), of Northwood, October 19, 1856. Two children, Frank (died young) and Charles S. Second marriage to Annie M. George, widow of Samuel W George (see sketch), of Company I, April 2, 1866.

Sergeant Gray has a record equaled by few in the regiment, and was one of the most reliable and brave of the "Old Guard." He is, moreover, a true type of Christian manhood.

CORP. LYMAN A. HAMBLET

Here is another of the many of every company who never hesitated to go forward because the enemy was in front, and received a mortal wound bravely fighting at Cold Harbor (see roster).

Son of Carmi G. and Elizabeth (Nason) Hamblet, and born in Dracut, Mass., May 3, 1836. Shoemaker by trade when he enlisted.

He was an orphan boy, his father dying when he was thirteen years old, and his mother died when he was only six.

He was in every battle except Gettysburg, and then he was a prisoner, being captured at Chancellorsville. Rejoined regiment September 23, 1863, at Point Lookout, Md. He received his fatal wound in the side, but he was also wounded in the ankle at the same battle.

Irena A. Fletcher, of Loudon, became his wife, March 25, 1861, who had two children, both boys.

G. B. L. 5–9.
CORP. FRANK M. GAY

B. D. D. 5–10½.
SERGT WILLIAM S. GRAY

B. D. D. 5–6½.
CORP. LYMAN A. HAMBLET

CAPT. ANDREW M. HEATH.

The daughter of General McCary of Revolutionary fame was the grandmother of this officer, who was the son of John M. and Abigail S. (Cate) Heath, and born in Loudon, February 23, 1836, and died in Epsom, July 18, 1875. He had grown up a rugged farmer's boy of more than average proportions, and received a liberal education; and from that until he enlisted he lived with his father on a farm, teaching school winters.

He enlisted several for Company F, in his native town, and for this and his natural fitness he was made first sergeant. He was rapidly promoted until made adjutant of the regiment, which place he filled for a long time. He was in most, if not all, of the battles of the regiment, being wounded and taken prisoner in the battle of Chancellorsville, and wounded slightly in the Siege of Petersburg. He was brigade staff officer for a while near the end of the war, and was always a brave and efficient officer wherever and whenever called upon.

After the war, in the winter of 1866, he married Lucy R., daughter of Oliver Green, of Pittsfield, by whom he had three children, Minnie L., Willie C., and Adeline F His wife survived him but a few years, dying August 26, 1879.

His occupation after discharge was the same as before enlistment, farming and teaching.

He was calm and collected in battle, and, though while fully sensible of his danger, not being foolishly daring, he was always up to the demand of duty wherever that might call him. Colonel Barker, than whom none knew his worth better, often spoke of him in the highest terms, and in one of his letters to his wife wrote of him as being "good as gold."

The picture of him here shown was taken soon after his promotion to captain, and is a very good one.

ZARA V HILLIARD.

Abram B. and Dorothy B. (Towle) Hilliard were the parents of eight children, all boys but one, and in 1836 resided in Pittsfield, where on the 10th of May of that year was born the subject of this sketch. His uncle, David B., was a soldier of 1812, and his brother, Rosewell M. C.—youngest of the family—was a member of Company E, Third New Hampshire Regiment, and severely wounded through left lung. After the war he was purposely or accidently shot at Shelburne, Ala.

Zara was wounded in the battle of Chancellorsville and never with the regiment afterward. Though soon recovering, he remained on service in the hospital until his death from typhoid fever at Webster Hospital, Manchester, May 5, 1865.

Thus his life ended with the war, but he lived long enough to know that his country was saved, and that he had not fought and bled on one of her great battle-fields in vain.

CAPT JOHN W JOHNSTON.

Son of John and Lydia C. (Pickering) Johnston, and born in Pittsfield, February 10, 1841.

At the commencement of raising the Twelfth Captain Johnston was a traveling salesman, which vocation was exchanged for a place in the ranks as corporal.

He was in the battles of Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Wapping Heights, Swift Creek, Cold Harbor, Cemetery Hill, Petersburg, and Capture of Richmond. At Cold Harbor he had command of a division consisting of Companies F and D. He was never wounded in any of the above engagements, and never went to hospital for sickness during his term of service.

He married, first, Susan A. Philbrick, February 6, 1866, who died October 30, 1868; one child, Susan M. Second, to Clara A. Philbrick, March 3, 1875, by whom he has four children, Robert P., Edith B., Belle P., and Christine; and his third wife is Laura C. Hood, and has no children by her.

H. B. L. 6–0.
CAPT ANDREW M. HEATH.

B. B. D. 5–7
ZARA V HILLIARD.

G. D. L. 5–9.
CAPT JOHN W JOHNSTON.

During the summer and fall of 1864 he acted on the staff of Brig. Gen. J. H. Potter as provost-marshal. He was for a while acting assistant ordinance officer on the staff of Gen. B. F. Butler, and acted in a similar capacity under General Ord after the capture of Richmond, where he had charge of the captured ammunition, and overseered the shipping of it to Washington.

Captain Johnston possesses good and solid qualities that can be relied upon, both in military and civil life, and few can show a better record in either. For most of the time since the war he has been engaged in the mercantile business, and is at present a member of the firm of Stratton & Co., flour and grain dealers, of Concord, but he lives in Manchester, where he has the good will and confidence of all who know him.

MAJ. JOHN F. LANGLEY.

Son of Joseph and Mary (Gerrish) Langley, and born in Nottingham, August 14, 1831. His grandfather was a soldier in the Revolution.

He enlisted first from Manchester in the Third New Hampshire Volunteers as second lieutenant, for one year, resigning at the expiration of his term. He was commissioned captain in Company F, of this regiment, September 8, 1862.

He was in the battle of Fredericksburg, on General Bowman's staff at Chancellorsville, and was for a while in command of the regiment at Gettysburg.

His marriage to Nancy Austin occurred October 28, 1852, and his children are Estelle L., Carrie F., and Samuel G.

He is now a resident of Amherst, where he has long been an invalid.

REUBEN T. LEAVITT, JR.

This soldier first joined the cadet infantry of Pittsfield, November 11, 1839, and was mustered into service for life under the name of his father, who a few years before married Nancy K. Brown.

He was married to Emma A. Watson, September 4, 1871, at North Berwick, by whom he had the following children: Lila M. (deceased), Harry E., and Inez M. His ancestors were Scotch and settled in Hampton.

He was with his regiment at Fredericksburg, also in the battle of Chancellorsville, where he was wounded so badly in the knee by minie ball that he was soon after discharged from the service, and has been in a disabled condition from lameness ever since. After he was wounded he remained in the enemy's lines for several days, when he was paroled and sent across the river with many others that the enemy were glad to get off their hands. Edwin A. Kelly, who helped carry him off the field, was shot dead before they succeeded in doing so.

He is a worthy citizen of his native town and a jovial, kind hearted man.

CHARLES F. MASON.

The birthplace of this soldier was Chichester and the date of his birth, February 22, 1830. Edmund and Clarissa (Ingalls) Mason were his father and mother, and Benjamin, his grandfather, was prominent in the service of his country during the Revolutionary War.

He was in Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville where he received his death wound.

He had a foreboding of his untimely end on the day of his enlistment, often talking of his approaching death on the field with as much certainty and composure as if it was a fixed fact in some business affair.* His death was deeply felt by his comrades.

*See page 342.

B. B. L. 5–7½
MAJ. JOHN F. LANGLEY

B. B. D. 5–7½.
REUBEN T. LEAVITT, JR.

B. L. L. 5–8½.
CHARLES F. MASON.

JESSE M. MASON.

Son of Edmund and Clarissa (Ingalls) Mason, and was born in Chichester, February 22, 1830. His father was at Portsmouth in 1812, and his grandfather was a fifer in the Continental army.

Married December 30, 1849, to Mary J., daughter of Rev. Lincoln Lewis, who died during the war, leaving him four children, Walter E., Ida J., Nellie C., and Harold L., all living but the last. Married second wife, Annie W Collins, of East Salisbury, Mass., January 1, 1880.

In battles of Swift Creek, Relay House, Drury's Bluff, Port Walthall, and Cold Harbor, where he was severely wounded by musket ball and narrowly escaped death from the explosion of a shell, tearing the clothes from his body and causing him to vomit blood.

He is by occupation a shoemaker, and has resided most of the time in Pittsfield since the war.

CORP. WILLIAM P MASON.

Parents unknown, but Hannah P. Mason, his adopted mother, used to live in Canterbury. Of this soldier's family record but very little is known. This is the more to be regretted, as he fought on many battle-fields of his country, and was not discharged until his country s foes had grounded their arms, and peace once more assumed her rightful sway over a land that had drank up some of the best blood of the nation.

After the war he was drowned in St. Charles, Minn., June 30, 1867.

JEREMIAH MARSTON

Son of Orin C. and Susan M. Marston (maiden name the same), who had two sons and six daughters. Born in Tamworth, April 10, 1843, and had worked at farming and shoemaking before enlisting.

In most of the battles with his regiment to Cold Harbor, where one of the femoral arteries was severed by musket ball and he bled to death upon the field.

Though he went through many hard battles, he received no wound until the fatal one; but bullets pierced his clothes, and one went through the top of his cap at Chancellorsville. He was never at home on furlough, but stayed with the colors and did his duty until death released him. His neighbors speak of him as an excellently good boy.

ALFRED W MAXFIELD.

Son of Rufus and Irene (Johnson) Maxfield, born in Mansfield, Vt., August 30, 1838, and killed at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863. He was never married.

He served faithfully with his regiment from the day of his muster-in to his final muster-out from the service of time, never being absent or excused from duty and always faithful to every care and trust. From his countenance, as here pictured, can be read what one of his comrades wrote of him: "Open, free, and brave hearted." From the lips of his aged mother, who until the day of her recent death never ceased to mourn for him, the writer learned of his anxiety to enlist in the service of his country and of his willingness to die, as he did, in its defense.

His was a patriot's heart that ceased to beat in conflict with the wrong.

D. D. L. 6–0.
JESSE M. MASON.

B. L. L. 5–5.
CORP. WILLIAM P. MASON.

Bk. B. D. 5–9.
JEREMIAH MARSTON.

Bk. B. D. 5–9.
ALFRED W MAXFIELD.

JOHN B. MERRILL.

This soldier was the son of James and Mehitable (Bradly) Merrill, and was born in Northfield, December 12, 1829. His father served in the War of 1812, and was taken prisoner and confined for some time in the Dartmoor prison, England, which at one time contained twenty-five hundred American prisoners.

He was married August 10, 1852, to Elenor P., daughter of James Johnson, of Pittsfield, and had two children, John J. and Emma B.

He was in the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, being the first man of his company to fall in that battle. His wife had repeatedly dreamed, for years before the war, of seeing him lying bleeding on the ground. It had such an impression upon her that when he enlisted she thought of her dream and feared the result. He was naturally of a humorous and jovial disposition; but on the march to the field of battle, he all at once became very sober and silent, which one of his comrades noticing, remarked in a joking way, "I guess John is afraid he is going to get killed." His reply was, "You may laugh, boys, but it don't change the fact that I *shall* be killed in the next battle and shall be the first man in my company to fall." His prediction proved true a day or two later.

His mother was a daughter of Richard Bradly, once governor of New Hampshire.

CORP. GEORGE F. MESERVE.

This victim of Southern cruelty was the son of Frost and Priscilla (Newt) Meserve, and born at Dover in 1838 and died in Andersonville prison, Georgia, in the summer of 1864. He was in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Swift Creek, and Drury's Bluff, where he was captured and held prisoner until his death.

He married Lavonia L. Emerson, September 15, 1862. One son, John E., was his only child.

There was long delay in getting his widow a pension because she could not prove his death. But at last the government granted her claim on the ground that "last heard of in a rebel prison" was equivalent to actual proof of death. Her claim was made a test case, and after a long consideration was decided as aforesaid in her favor. (See roster.)

CORP. IRA MESERVE.

Brother of George F. Meserve and was born in Dover, March 25, 1840. (See about parents in last sketch.)

He was in the battles of Chancellorsville* and Gettysburg, and severely wounded at last named by musket ball passing through both legs, disabling him for further service with the regiment (see roster).

He was married a few days after enlistment to Arvilla A. Emerson, of Northwood, and his children's names are Bertha E., Blanche M., and Florence G.

He is a shoemaker by trade, and has worked at it ever since his discharge.

FRED S. MORSE.

Son of Isaac E. and Mary F. (Stevens) Morse; born in Loudon, July 13, 1845, and was the youngest member of his company. A mere boy in appearance as well as years, he was selected as "marker" early in the service, carrying a small flag instead of a gun until the last year of the war, when he acted as orderly for Colonel Potter, commanding brigade. He was with the regiment in most of its marches and battles, and although not in the line of battle, used to do some fighting now and then, exchanging shots with rebel sharpshooters.†

Married July 9, 1873, to Martha Cummings, of Chelsea, Mass., where he has resided for several years.

He was always full of life and fun, ready and resolute, and game to the end.

*See anecdote, page 411.

†See pages 431-432.

B. B. L. 5–10.
JOHN B. MERRILL.

B. D. D. 5–10.
CORP. GEORGE F. MESERVE.

Bk. Bk. D. 5–10.
CORP. IRA MESERVE.

JOHN D. NUTTER.

Product of the union of Samuel D. and Ruth M. (Knowles) Nutter, and was transplanted from the mother stock in 1836 at Barnstead. In the year 1858 he left his Barnstead home for Pittsfield, where he enlisted in September, 1862.

He married, January 4, 1868, Mary E., daughter of William Tibbetts, of Pittsfield, and his children are Laura U and John W (deceased).

He was in the battle of Fredericksburg, with the teams at Chancellorsville, and was wounded slightly in left ankle while helping a comrade from the field of Gettysburg. He was also in the battle of Wapping Heights. An interesting incident about him is related elsewhere.*

He is still among the living, and has resided for many years at Lynn, Mass.

SERGT. JOHN H. PHILBRICK

Was born in Epsom, January 17, 1836, and his parents' names are John H. F. and Martha (Ham) Philbrick, who had three boys and one girl.

He married Mary A. Durgin, of Pittsfield, July 5, 1859.

His father was in the late war, in Company E, Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers, and was killed at the battle of the Wilderness. The subject of this sketch was in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Swift Creek, Relay House, and Drury's Bluff. He was taken sick at Gettysburg and sent to Carver Hospital, Washington, D. C. He rejoined the regiment at Point Lookout, from which he was sent home on recruiting service, one sergeant being chosen from each company, in charge of Lieut. Durgin. He was absent on detached duty from the regiment at Cold Harbor, returned in front of Petersburg, and remained with it all the rest of the time until the close of the rebellion. At Chancellorsville he received a slight wound in the neck.

His residence (see roster).

CAPT. JOHN H. PRESCOTT.

This officer, whose honorable career as a soldier and civilian gives him an enviable position in history, was born in Pittsfield, October 14, 1840, and was the oldest son of John and Mary (Clarke) Prescott. His grandfather, Samuel, was in the Revolution.

Soon after enlistment he was appointed commissary sergeant, acting in that capacity until receiving his first commission, December, 1863. From this to the end of the war he was most of the time on detached duty, acting as aide-de-camp or commissary of subsistence to and for Generals Wister, Steadman, Smith, Weitzel, Potter, and Donohoe; and was present or participating in nearly all the battles of the war. At Chancellorsville he begged permission of Colonel Potter to go with the regiment into the battle instead of remaining in the rear, and went near enough the front line to have the visor of his cap torn by a musket ball while assisting the wounded, and capturing a stray "Johnny" that he found between the lines.

He had narrow escapes from and exciting experiences with the enemy, some of which will be found related elsewhere in this history.† He is believed to be the first Union officer to enter Libby prison after the evacuation, and his family has one of its large door keys that he found upon the floor of the building before even our pickets had reached it.

After the war he went west, studied law, was admitted to the bar, and located himself for life at Salina, Kan. He was prosecuting attorney and afterward judge for that judicial district, which latter office he held with great credit to himself for ability and integrity. He was clerk of the house of representatives for several years, a member of the state senate, and had he lived would doubtless won new and higher honors. He loved justice for justice's sake, and could not do otherwise, for it was but a part of his own ideal self. The city which had grown up around him appreciated and trusted him as one of her foremost citizens while living, and sincerely mourned his death. Much might be quoted from

* See page 30.

† See pages 250 and 425, *et seq.*

Bk. Bk. D. 5–4½.
FRED S. MORSE.

G. B. D. 5–5.
JOHN D. NUTTER.

Bk. Bk. D. 5–4.
SERGT JOHN H. PHILBRICK.

her daily presses in just praise of him, but the writer pauses, for he well knows, as one of his most intimate friends, that his wish and will, could he make them known, would be that others, as bravely good as he though less fortunate, might share with him on the pages of history. He would say: "Spare all your fast wasting powers, dear friend, to do, so far as you are able, justice to the noble and heroic boys who deserve far more of praise than I, for they sacrificed all, even life itself, upon the altar of their country."

He was married to Mary E. Lee, of Topeka, Kan., January 6, 1869. Children, Henry L., Fred C., Carl F., Maude, Edward S., and Margaret. Three of these are graduates from Harvard College, where one of them is an instructor.

"Farewell, dear friend, my heart with thine is still,
A solemn silence, now, its chambers fill;
While cruel memory, as if my grief to swell,
Puts all our past in this, my last farewell.
Sad, parting word, yet this of hope to me,
Farewell with us is welfare bright for thee."

GEORGE H. REYNOLDS.

This brave soldier fell and was buried by the enemy on the field of Chancellorsville.

Descendant of a worthy yeoman ancestry, his grandfather, Miles Reynolds, serving in the last war with England. He was born near where Rev. Benjamin Randall established his first church on New Durham Ridge, March 29, 1840, and was the youngest of the four children of John and Hannah (Bennett) Reynolds, only one of whom is now living.

He was in the battle of Fredericksburg, and always present and ready for duty from the time of his enlistment to his death. When struck by the fatal bullet, he turned to Lieutenant French and calmly informed him that he was wounded. Being told to go to the rear, he started, but fell dead after going but a few steps.

His life, though short and uneventful before the war, was in its close nobly heroic, for he gave it to his country, and his name is indelibly written in the golden-leafed book of her remembrance.

CORP JOSEPH RODERICK.

With mind and body of sound material made, he entered the battle ranks of life in the town of Bath, Me., November 25, 1842, as the son of Joseph and Sophia (Roderick) Roderick. He worked at shoe-making and farming before enlistment, and was known as an honest and dutiful boy.

He was in Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and after recovering from a wound received in the last named battle in right arm, he was on detached duty as guard at division commissary department until November, 1864, after which he returned to and served with his regiment to the end of the war, being present at the attack on Bermuda Front and the Capture of Richmond. He was one of the color guard during the last year of the war.

Married Hannah E. Pender, of Northwood, January 16, 1864, by whom he had the following children: Willie A., Agnes H., Perlie A., Sadie A., and Maud A., all of whom are living except the first and third.

This soldier's ability and deportment was far above the average, and the very promptness and efficiency which should have given him much higher rank operated against him in this respect by keeping him so long on headquarter duty where his worth was fully appreciated, but not recognized as it should have been. Many interesting incidents and anecdotes might be related of his army experience, one or two of which will be found in the chapter of incidents and anecdotes.*

Since the war a farmer and shoemaker and a highly respected citizen of Northwood where he enlisted, and has ever since resided.

*See pages 418 and 419.

B. D. L. 5–9½.
CAPT JOHN H. PRESCOTT

B. G. D. 5–9.
GEORGE H. REYNOLDS.

Bk. Bk. D. 5–6.
CORP. JOSEPH RODERICK.

GEORGE H. SANBORN.

This soldier was the son of Abraham and Abigail (Brown) Sanborn and was reared in Pittsfield where he was born, January 18, 1836.

In most or all the battles of the regiment until August 18, 1864, when he was severely wounded, while in front of Petersburg, by ball through left shoulder, lodging in the lung, from the effects of which he constantly suffered (coughing up a piece of his vest more than a year after) and finally causing his death nearly twenty years later, at Pittsfield, August 16, 1885. He acted as cook much of the time in camp and during the siege of Petersburg; and while dealing out rations to his company in the entrenchments, Captain Johnston had just said to him: "You are sitting in a dangerous place there," when he was hit by a ball from the rifle of a rebel sharpshooter. When his comrades bid him "good bye" at the hospital where they carried him, they never expected to see him alive again.

He was true blue to the core, and as brave on the field as he was useful in camp.

CHARLES L. SWEATT.

Son of Stephen and Judith (Little) Sweatt, and was born in Boscawen, June 4, 1636.

This soldier, before enlistment and for some years after the war, was employed as a miller at Pittsfield, to which town his father removed with his family when he was a small boy.

He was in the battle of Fredericksburg; after which he was detailed as orderly at General Whipple's headquarters. While there he was taken sick and sent to Fortress Monroe hospital. He rejoined the regiment and was a participator in the battles of Drury's Bluff, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, and several others.

He married Martha A., daughter of John M. Eaton, of Pittsfield, July 9, 1858. Children, Frank J., Mary L. (deceased), Eugene H., Charles C., and Gertrude A.

Since the war a shoemaker and farmer and now living in Pittsfield.

SERGT. BENJAMIN M. TILTON.

You will find this soldier, near this sketch, looking as brave and prompt on paper, as he really was on the field.

He is one of the nineteen children of John Tilton, of Pittsfield, and his mother's name was Sally Nelson. He was born in Pittsfield, January 13, 1844.

He met and fought the enemy in most or every battle of the regiment, except Gettysburg and Wapping Heights, when he was sick in hospital with his shoulder shattered by a bullet at Chancellorsville, where he fell into the arms of Sergt. Maj. A. W Bartlett, who was just then passing behind him in search of a musket to do a little fighting for himself. After he was wounded he was taken prisoner and held for thirteen days on the field in the enemy's lines, during which time his wound was not dressed. At the charge at Cold Harbor he was slightly wounded where, like all the rest of the regiment, he had a narrow escape from death.

After the war (March 14, 1867), he married Love O. Towle, of Chichester. He has no children.

For many years he has been engaged in the harness and saddler business in his native town where, despite losses by fire and limbs broken by accident, he has, by the same grit manifested by him in the army, successfully managed his business until the present time.

He was a brave, plucky soldier, and is a good citizen. Mention is made of him in several places in this history.*

*See pages 398, 409.

B. DB. L. 5–8.
GEORGE H. SANBORN.

Bk. D. L. 5–4½.
CHARLES L. SWEATT

B. Bk. L. 5–7.
SERGT BENJAMIN M. TILTON.

COMPANY G.

There were more different counties and towns represented in the arrangement of this company than in any other, there being some from the counties of Carroll and Grafton, but mostly from Belknap county The town of Gilford supplied thirty-eight: Moultonborough, fifteen: and Warren, nine: and the rest being from almost as many different towns in said counties.

Those from Moultonborough and several other different places had intended to enlist, sooner or later than they did, but the enthusiasm and desire dependent on raising the Twelfth immediately, made many changes and swept everything before it. Town and war meetings were held in Gilford, Moultonborough, Laconia, and Warren. J M. Emerson enlisted about thirty men in Moultonborough. This company met at Lakeport, and the following officers of the company were selected by the men to represent them:

For captain, Charles W Chase; first lieutenant, John M. Emerson (resigned a month or two later); and John S. Veasey, second lieutenant. The sergeants chosen, and afterwards appointed, were Arthur St. Clair Smith for orderly or first sergeant. The names of the other sergeants were Charles O. Davis, Samuel L. Goss, Elbridge Jacobs, and Joseph K. Whittier. The corporals elected were Benjamin B. Clark, Joseph P Whittier, Charles W Hoyt, Marshall C. Dexter, William Ladd, Charles H. Hinman, Henry J Smith, and John P Lane. George W Merrill and Jonathan K. Kelsea furnished the music.

This company was mustered as such into the United States service, September 9, 1862.

GEORGE W ANDREWS.

Born on the shores of Lake Winnipiseogee in the town of Centre Harbor, June 20, 1844, where his parents, Ensley G. and Nancy (Allard) Andrews had long resided.

His patriotism was inherited from his grandfather Andrews, who enlisted at the beginning of the War of 1812. He was engaged in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Drury's Bluff, Port Walthall, Cold Harbor, Siege of Petersburg, and Capture of Richmond. During the engagement at Cold Harbor he received a slight wound from a shell. He was taken prisoner while helping to carry Colonel Potter from the Chancellor House, and was retained for twelve days, when he was released and rejoined the regiment at Point Lookout, from which place he remained with it until the end. Enlisted and discharged as a private, but his ability to wield the sword was never questioned.

Married May 3, 1866, to Sarah L. Barrett, of Bridgewater. His children are, Inis May and Lillian Francis.

A farmer before enlisting and has been a farmer and tanner since. He was as brave and faithful a soldier as he is a good man.

BVT MAJ. EDWIN E. BEDEE

Was born in the town of Sandwich, January 8, 1838.

He was a printer before the war, enlisting first from Albany, N. Y., in the first three months' regiment as orderly sergeant, and was promoted to second lieutenant. Later he was appointed messenger in the citizens' corps, and on the expiration of his term of service he returned to Meredith in time to join the Twelfth Regiment. He enlisted in this regiment as sergeant major, and was repeatedly promoted until he reached the rank of major, which rank he held at the time of his muster-out.

He was in most of the battles in which the regiment was engaged. At Chancellorsville, after most of the officers had been wounded, he, by virtue of his rank, took command of the remnant of the regiment, although himself slightly wounded, and later was hit by a piece of shell, rendering him unconscious. At Cold Harbor he was wounded severely, and also in front of Petersburg. He was taken prisoner on the Bermuda Front, but three months later paroled and returned to the regiment. For a while he served on the staff of General Potter, and was on special duty at Washington at the time of the assassination of President Lincoln. He was at Ford's Theatre on that eventful night.*

Major Bedee deserves great praise for the part he so well acted in some of the exciting scenes of the great tragic drama of the war. Brave, sometimes almost to rashness, he was always conspicuous where the harvest of death left its sheaves the thickest, and if he knew what fear was, it was but to scorn it by courting instead of shunning dangers. Strict in discipline, even to severity when the occasion demanded it, he was equally ready and willing to commend and reward, and no good soldier had cause to find fault with his orders

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AMOS CHATTLE.

Born in Meredith on the 11th day of March, 1844, and son of Thomas and Nancy B. (Bowman) Chattle. His grandfather, Francis Bowman, died in the service during the War of 1812.

This soldier was in the battle of Fredericksburg. He received a fracture of the right elbow by being accidentally thrown down during the winter before Chancellorsville, from the effects of which he was afterwards discharged (see roster). Before this he promised to make one of the best of soldiers, but thus early had to succumb to the inevitable.

His father and brother, Horace, were in the Eighth New Hampshire, the former, taken sick on the march, died at Camp Stevens, La., and the latter killed at Port Hudson. Another brother, Noah, who enlisted in the Fifteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, was also killed at Port Hudson.

Married November 29, 1866, to Annie E. Meader, of Tamworth, by whom he has two children, Charles M. and Amy J.

*See page 294. Other references, 421, 429.

LIEUT. BENJAMIN B. CLARK.

Lieutenant Clark was the oldest son of the seven children of David and Abigail (Philbrick) Clark, and was born in Franklin, March 14, 1829. The earliest known ancestor of this branch of the Clark family, whose name was John, settled in Stratham; and his grandson, Satchel, who was the great-grandfather of Benjamin B., above-named, was the ninth man to start a home in the town of Sanbornton, working there two years "without seeing a woman's face."* The united ages of his seven children before the death of any of them, he being the oldest, was over five hundred and thirty-two years.* He is said to have served in the Revolution, as did his oldest son, John Clark, who was the grandfather of the subject of this sketch.

He, Benjamin B., as will be seen above, had good blood in his veins and proved it on every battle-field of the regiment, except the Chancellorsville campaign, where his knee was badly sprained, and Wapping Heights, from which he was kept by a wound received in right leg, above the knee, at Gettysburg. He was wounded by the same bullet, and in nearly the same place as was his "file-closer," Charles P Holmes, who bled to death on the field. The surgeon, who dressed his (Clark's) wound told him that it came within one-eighth of an inch of severing the same vital artery as in the Holmes case.

He was for a long time orderly sergeant of his company and had the offer of a lieutenancy, by rank, long before he was appointed as such. He was a machinist by trade, and after the war was employed for some time as draftsman, for which he seemed to have a natural talent. A sketch of the position of the regiment at Cold Harbor was drawn by him on the field under the enemy's guns.† He is connected with many facts and incidents in this history as will be seen by the reader.‡ For promotions see roster.

November 24, 1851, he married Mary A. Eaton, of Newton, Mass., and his children are Annie J., Grace E., Frederick W., Fannie G., Edith N., and David W

His brother, Samuel A., served with Berdan's sharpshooters, and lost a leg at the second Bull Run. Lieutenant Clark was one of the very best men and soldiers of the regiment, and his name is an honor to its rolls. He died August 10, 1894.

WILLIAM H. CLINTON.

Discharged, like many others, too late, and died of disease contracted there soon after his return home. His father, De Witt, a member of the Fifteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, came home with his regiment, sick with malaria fever, and lived but four days afterward. A brother, Hosea H., died from wounds received in the war. This soldier (William H.), married before enlistment, but his only son died a day or two before its father, and its mother has since followed them. Another brother and sister have also died leaving no one of the family living but his mother, Ursula Maria (Hanson nee Bean) Clinton, whose first husband bled to death before her eyes and whose two children by him both died young. Such is the sad chapter of death that this brave and noble hearted woman has been obliged to read, as her own, through tears of anguish and years of sorrow. Yet she still lives,‖ all alone and almost blind, at the age of seventy-eight, prayerful in the present, and hopeful of a happier life beyond the grave. Her life of constant toil, hardship, and privation for the living, has been only equalled by her sorrow for the dead. Through all this, the Bible, which before losing her eyesight, she had read through nearly thirty-three times, has been her comfort and her strength; and relying on the promises of its Great Author, she expects soon to be welcomed home by her son who died "so happy, Oh! so happy." And he, who listened to those words from her trembling lips, now records what he then thought: "*The mothers Oh! the mothers* of the brave boys who fought and died for our country. Whose hand shall hold the pen that can do them justice?"

* Runnels' History of Sanbornton, Vol. II, page 131. † See page 204.

‡ See pages 421 and 428. ‖ Deceased since the above was written.

B. L. L. 5–$8\frac{1}{2}$.
GEORGE W ANDREWS.

A. LB. L. 5–9.
BVT MAJ. EDWIN E. BEDEE.

DH. DB. L. 5–$11\frac{1}{2}$.
AMOS CHATTLE.

Bk. Bk. L. 5–$11\frac{1}{2}$.
LIEUT. BENJAMIN B. CLARK.

H. LB. F. 5–$9\frac{1}{2}$.
WILLIAM H. CLINTON.

CORP. NEWELL DAVIDSON.

This brave and faithful soldier is the son of John B. and Sarah H. (Lowd) Davidson, and was born in Holderness (now Ashland), on the twenty-third of May, 1843.

Married, August 22, 1865, to Margaret E. Watson, of Gilmanton, niece of John Watson, of Company B, and has two boys, Clinton E. and Wilber N.

With the exception of the measles at Falmouth, of which he fully recovered, notwithstanding great exposure, he never was in hospital or answered a surgeon's call. And still more remarkable, although he was actually in every battle and skirmish of the regiment, save the picket fight on the Bermuda front, of all the shot and shells that tore through and thinned out its ranks, none ever left a scar upon him; nor was he ever touched by the enemy's fire, save a slight bruise from a piece of fence rail at Drury's Bluff, where he was restrained by his comrades from an attempt to capture the enemy's colors. His good fortune is a notable verification of the Roman adage: "The gods protect the brave;" for even at Chancellorsville, where want of bullet holes through uniform or equipments of any member of the Twelfth, who was not wounded, was almost proof, positive, that he was not in the battle or skulked his duty there, this soldier went through unscathed, although he was one of the last to leave the field and was taken prisoner on the retreat.* And at Cold Harbor only one bullet pierced his clothes, but his musket was knocked out of his hands, and the one that he then grabbed from a falling comrade he still keeps, with his other equipments, having purchased them all of the government at the close of the war. He, also, has a red cedar canteen that was given him by a rebel soldier. At the Capture of Richmond he and Captain Bohonon were the first upon the enemy's works, and Lieut. B. B. Clarke says Davidson was the first man into Richmond.

After the war he was for several years on the police force in Dover, where he long resided; his courage and fidelity, with his tall and manly form and deportment, making him a model officer, both respected and admired.

CHARLES A. DAVIS.

Here is one of the many nobly true and brave men of the regiment, who, though never wearing the insignia of rank, did much more to put down the Rebellion than the great majority of those that wore the chevron or the strap.

Born in Gilford, June 17, 1841; son of John and Marinda (Stevens) Davis; youngest, but one, of eight children, six boys and two girls, and worked upon his father's farm until enlistment.

In all the battles, except Cold Harbor and Siege of Petersburg. He was wounded twice at Gettysburg, in right foot and arm, and once at Relay House by shell striking him in thigh, eight being wounded by same shell, Abner H. Prescott fatally. At Chancellorsville he was one of the few who came out last under Lieutenant Bedee.

Married October 15, 1866, to Anna C. M., daughter of Nathaniel Sanborn, of Laconia. Children, Ina M., Albert R. T., and Mabel E., all living. Since the war, a merchant and confectioner, residing and doing business in Manchester, and in Worcester and Fall River, Mass., and wherever known he is honored and respected as an honest, Christian man.

CORP. GEORGE W DEARBORN.

Born in Ossipee, November, 1835, and the youngest son of George W and Martha (Demeritt) Dearborn. His grandfather was an own brother of General, of Revolutionary fame, and was in the same war.

He served most of the time as teamster, and narrowly escaped being captured with the ammunition train at Chancellorsville.

Married in 1870, to Jennie S. Clifford, of Gilmanton, and previously married to Amond Dow. Children, Elmer W., Sarah L., Hattie E., and Etherlyn B., all but the first named by the second wife.

He was of a lively and jovial disposition, and a kind hearted man.

*The incident here referred to and found on page 451, was by mistake credited to Company E.

B. B. L. 6–0.
CORP. NEWELL DAVIDSON.

B. B. L. 5–5.
CHARLES A. DAVIS.

B. Bk. F. 5–11½.
CORP. GEORGE W. DEARBORN.

CORP. GEORGE W DOCKHAM.

Born in Charlestown, Mass., January 25, 1844. Son of Josiah B., and Sophia (Berry) Dockham.

Sick and left at Washington, where, after partial recovery, he was sometime on detached service, rejoining the regiment at Point Lookout, in August, 1863, and continuing with it through the battles and skirmishes, under Butler, including Swift Creek and Drury s Bluff, until Cold Harbor, where he was severely wounded. He joined his company again after the Siege of Petersburg and was taken prisoner at Bermuda Front, in the fall of 1864, and confined in Libby and Salisbury prisons until exchanged, April 27, 1865.

Married April 8, 1868, to Ellen A. Powers, of Warren, Mass., by whom he has the following children: Nellie A., Addie M., Belle A., Clarence J., Mary S., Grace E., Edith L., and George W., Jr. His oldest son, Clarence J., has served three years in the regular army, making five out of six generations that have done service.

The record of this brave soldier is another illustration that "blood will tell." The names of his ancestors for two or three generations may be found in the military rolls of his country; and his own deeds and suffering, on the field and in prison, he has added new lustre to the family record of patriotism and valor.

JOHN N. DOCKHAM.

Son of Morse B. and Matilda R. (Saltmarsh) Dockham, and born in Gilford, January 19, 1839.

After Fredericksburg, he did no active service until 1864, when, according to his own report, he was in the battles of Drury's Bluff and Cold Harbor. He was reported sick for a long time and rejoined regiment at Point Lookout. On detached duty as pioneer at Base Hospital at Point of Rocks, for a while.

Married Mehitable L. Smith, by whom he has one son, Levi S.

Since the war, a farmer.

CHARLES W DOLLOFF

Son of Samuel and Mary (Webster Davis) Dolloff, was born in Meredith, March 20, 1833.

Married Laura A. Davis, of Gilford, March 15, 1858, by whom he had one son, Benjamin W., who died before he enlisted.

Enlisted August 13, 1862. Discharged, on account of wounds, August 30, 1863. In the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. Severely wounded at last battle in right fore arm. He inherits the true grit of his great-grandfather, Thomas Dolloff, who was a pensionor of the Revolutionary War. Refusing to go into the Invalid Corps, and accepting his discharge only when his efforts to get sent to his regiment for duty were found to be futile. He lives a highly respected citizen of Concord.

His occupation has been a wheelwright and iron moulder.

FREEMAN F ELKINS.

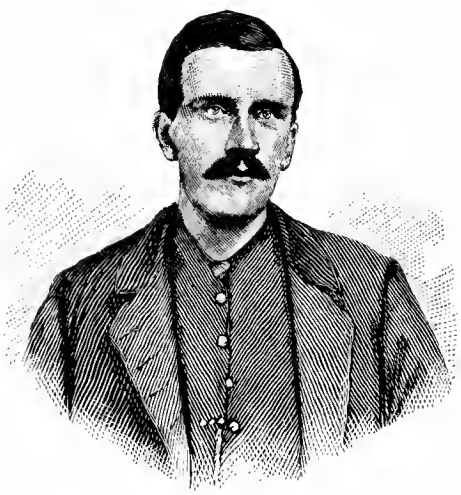
This soldier is the son of Samuel B. and Judith (Davis) Elkins, and was born in Gilford Village, November 3, 1842.

He was with the regiment in battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, being captured in the latter battle and confined in Libby and Bell Isle prisons a few days each. According to the state roster he was wounded in the battle of Chancellorsville, but this is a mistake. Discharged on account of lung and throat trouble contracted in the service.

He was married to Augusta S. Leavitt, of Moultonborough, January 12, 1874, and had two children, Herbert F., and Erving G., who died in 1885.

Occupation, a carpenter.

B. B. L. $5-6\frac{3}{4}$.
CORP GEORGE W DOCKHAM.



B. L. L. 6–0.
JOHN N. DOCKHAM.

B. B. L. $5-7\frac{1}{2}$.
CHARLES W DOLLOFF.

B. Bk. L. 5–10.
FREEMAN F. ELKINS.

SMITH N. ELLSWORTH.

This courageous and loyal supporter of the nation's flag appeared upon the earth on July 17 1843, in the town of Gilmanton. Son of Nathaniel and Rachel (Nason) Ellsworth.

He was in the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, being wounded severely in last named battle by a ball which struck him in left ankle soon after going into battle and which has been in his leg ever since. He was discharged on account of disability, at Portsmouth Grove, R. I., from which place he returned home.

He first married Mary E., daughter of John Lyford, of Canterbury, July 19, 1869, by whom he had one son, Lyford. His second wife was Clara E., daughter of Timothy Drew, of Pembroke, and has one son, Frank D.

He has for years acted as a clerk in store, and now resides in Belmont where he is highly respected and has served four terms as selectman of that place.

DEXTER B. FOGG.

The subject of this sketch, one of the tallest in the regiment, was born in Centre Harbor, December 4, 1827, and was the son of Isaiah and Sarah (Libbey) Fogg, his father being the son of Stephen Fogg, a soldier of the Revolution.

Married, October 22, 1857, to Judith A., daughter of Abraham L. Morrison, of Sanbornton, and William P. is their only child.

Wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville, by minie ball in left hand, and after leaving the hospital was, on account of his partially disabled hand and feeble health, transferred to Invalid Corps (see roster) and sent to Carver hospital, Washington, for light duty as nurse, etc., where he remained until discharged. He was also with the regiment through the battle of Fredericksburg.

His chief occupation was farming, though he taught school for several years, and being a man well informed, of good judgment and conscientious, was a good and safe advisor.

His widow, still living, writes of him: "He experienced religion while in the war, and he often said that he never regretted going, for that reason alone, for otherwise he would never, perhaps, have been converted." He united with the church at Sandwich, soon after the war, and removed from Moultonborough to Methuen, Mass., in 1870. A brave soldier, and good man.

NATHANIEL FOLSOM, JR.

This soldier was born in Gilford in the year 1818, and resided in that place until he enlisted, September 9, 1862. On account of ill health he was unable to do service much of the time.

He is believed to have been in battle of Fredericksburg. Afterwards, being permanently disabled, he was discharged at Washington, March 26, 1863.

He has resided since the war at The Weirs, where he has been occupied in farming.

His marriage to Nancy H. Adams occurred November 15, 1845.

He is reported to the author as a good man.

CHARLES S. GILMAN.

On October 16, 1837, the subject of this sketch was born in Charlestown, Vt., and his parents were Nemirah S. and Elsie (Maloon) Gilman, of Gilford. His grandfather was in the War of 1812.

He was engaged in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Bermuda Front, Swift Creek, Chapin's Farm, Siege of Petersburg, and Capture of Richmond. With the exception of Gettysburg, at that time being prisoner, he was in all engagements of the regiment. He was on detached duty in Captain Cooley's company of sharpshooters at one

H. B. D. 5–9.
SMITH N. ELLSWORTH.

H. Bk. D. 6–1.
DEXTER B. FOGG.

D. A. D. 5–10½.
NATHANIEL FOLSOM, JR.

B. A. L. 5–8.
CHARLES S. GILMAN.

time. He was captured by the rebels at Chancellorsville and sent to Parole Camp, Annapolis, Md. Wounded in knee by minie ball, June 28, 1864. He never was excused from duty, except when wounded, but one day or two at Falmouth. At Cold Harbor he was wounded slightly in head and in side at Drury's Bluff.

Married June 20, 1860, to Elizabeth Creedon, of Manchester, by whom he has one boy and two girls.

Machinist before and since the war.

GEORGE W HICKS.

Born in Lyndon, Vt., November 9, 1824. Died at Lakeport, March 6, 1886. Son of Jesse and Elmira (Cawkins) Hicks.

Married Harriet C. Farr, of Kerby, Vt., May 23, 1847, and their children, Emma R., Ellen E., Corydon F., Adah M., Georgeanna M., and John H., are all living except the last, who died in infancy.

This soldier was an engineer when he enlisted, and acted as such and as railroad police after his discharge. He had in earlier life been a butcher for a while and was soon detailed to act in that capacity, first for the regiment, and later for the commissary departments of the division and corps. He never was in any battle, but saw General Sickles when he was carried back from the field of Gettysburg, where he says he came near being taken prisoner by the rebel cavalry.

The cut represents him in his butcher's suit as worn in the army.

CHARLES H. HORNE.

Born in Moultonborough, March 31, 1842, where he lived and enlisted, and was the son of Thomas and Martha (Davis) Horne.

He was in Carver hospital, at Washington, from January 1 to August, 1863. He was in the battles of Swift Creek, Petersburg, and in everything after Point Lookout. He was wounded in the head at Drury's Bluff, and in right leg by buck shot while on picket along the Appomattox. He was on detached duty in general hospital for a while. On the trip from Baltimore to Washington, he stood on one side of the car door when Darius Robinson was shot on the other.

On August 16, 1862, he married Annie, daughter of Sewell Morrill. His three children, Henry C., Lillie E., and Carrie L., were all living when last heard from.

He has been for many years a respected resident of Laconia.

SERGT. CHARLES W HOYT

Here is the picture of "Bunyan," as he was always called by his comrades in the army, and by which name he is still best known among them. Why he was so called was not because he was ever a tinker or a preacher, yet it was not altogether a misnomer, for, certain it is, that in absolute independence of thought and action he was not unlike his great namesake.

Son of Nathaniel and Eliza M. (Dyer) Hoyt and was born in Wolfeborough, February 1, 1842.

Married to Mary A. McDaniel, of Tamworth, January 1, 1866. Children, Frank E., Charles M. (died in infancy), and Helen A.

In all the battles of the regiment from Fredericksburg to Cold Harbor, where he was so severely wounded as to disable him from further service in the ranks; also, wounded three times in the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. He was color sergeant for some time and carried the stars and stripes through the battles of Drury's Bluff and Cold Harbor,* and the bullet that passed through his hand and embedded itself in the flag staff with a piece of bone, is still in his possession. He narrowly escaped from the battle-field

* See page 377.

B. Bk. D. 5–10½.
GEORGE W. HICKS.

B. Bk. D. 5–9½.
CHARLES H. HORNE.

B. L. L. 5–11½.
SERGT. CHARLES W. HOYT.

with the colors after being wounded. Standing over six feet in his low-heeled army shoes, with a fine form and development of body and limb, and a countenance that bespeaks the will and courage of the man, he was an ideal soldier, and despite his hardships and his wounds he still looks in the prime of vigorous manhood and a match for any "Johnny" that would dare play a bayonet toss game with him. After being wounded at Cold Harbor he walked about twelve miles to White House landing, which he reached about seven o'clock in the evening, and here found Dr. Fowler who dressed his wound.

SERGT HARRY P. HUDSON.*

A glance at this soldier's picture tells better than words that smiling youth, side by side with stern and ripened manhood, was found in the ranks of the Twelfth, as in every other regiment of the armies, north as well as south; and from this brief sketch the reader will learn that young hearts are not only quick and warm, but noble, true, and brave.

This soldier is the second of thirteen children of True P and Eunice C. (Brown) Dow, and was born in Moultonborough, September 10, 1844.

Sick with typhoid fever when the regiment left Concord, he was not able to report to it for duty until after Fredericksburg, but was in every other battle and every skirmish, march, and bivouac, of his command to the end of the war, but never wounded.

January 28, 1867, married to Etta, daughter of Ashel Baker, who was born on the ocean's wave, December 27, 1842, while her parents were on the way from England to this country Although no children have blessed this union he will leave behind him a name and fame that history will preserve, and posterity proudly cherish.

HOSP. STEWARD THOMAS E. HUNT

Hospital steward of the regiment; was born in Gilford, September 5, 1839, and is the son of Thomas J. and Julia A. (Blaisdell) Hunt, and the brother of Dr. Hunt (see sketch), and of the wife of M. C Dexter, of this company.

August, 1862, was an eventful month for this soldier, for he not only enlisted for "three years or the war," but a few days before, August 24, formed a co-partnership for life with Ruth E. U., daughter of Simeon Hoyt, of Gilford, being before many years joint owners of two boys, Charles W and Perry E.

He was present at the battles of Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Swift Creek, Drury's Bluff, Port Walthall, Cold Harbor, and Capture of Richmond, and was chief steward at Point of Rocks general hospital in 1864, and in Camp Lee hospital at Richmond in 1865.

Occupation, a farmer; and he lives on the old homestead in Gilford, where can be seen the gun that his grandfather, Enoch Hunt, took from a Hessian soldier at the battle of Monmouth.

WILLIAM L. JOHNSTON.

The youngest of five children, four boys and one girl, of John and Eleanor (Lucus) Johnston, and born in Tamworth, in 1831.

He was slightly wounded in right arm at Chancellorsville, and wounded twice, once severely, laming him for life, at Gettysburg. His wife went out to Gettysburg to care for him, and remained as nurse in field hospital there for four months, leaving with her husband when he was able to return. Her constant care and attention were undoubtedly the means of saving his life.

This brave soldier was married to Lydia Ann, daughter of Albert Whittier, of Lakeport, before the war. Their children, Emma E., Addie I., Frank W., Minnie L., and Harry L., all dead but two. He died at Concord, September 28, 1895, from the effects of his wound, with which he had long suffered.

*Changed from Dow to Hudson after the war.

H. B. L. 5–6½.
SERGT HARRY P. HUDSON.

Bk. B. L. 5–11½.
HOSP. STEWARD THOS. E. HUNT

B. A. L. 5–9½.
WILLIAM L. JOHNSTON.

JOHN KNIGHTS.

Was born in London, England, May 1, 1817, and came to America when he was six years old. His parents were Charles and Rebecca (Wright) Knights.

He was with the regiment all the time until Cold Harbor, where he was wounded in left foot by shell and also received a wound in his right shoulder. At Chapin's Farm he rejoined the regiment, and was one of the one hundred and sixty out of the brigade on skirmish line the morning that they went into Richmond.

He was united in marriage, June, 1852, to Emily Dearborn, sister of George W Dearborn, of this company (see sketch). Children, Leonard, Ellen O., and George W

Though born on English soil, he fought none the less bravely for America and her free institutions. Of his death see roster.

LIEUT. JOHN P. LANE.

Son of John and Susan Munsey Lane; born in Gloucester, Mass., November 8, 1833.

He was married to Susan L., daughter of Jonathan L. Robbins, of New York state, September 24, 1854. His children, Emma J. and Luther J., are both living. His grandfather was a soldier in the War of the Revolution.

In all the battles of the regiment except Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. In February, 1863, on the day after he was promoted to sergeant, he was detailed to go to General Sickles' headquarters on guard duty and remained at Falmouth on this account during the battle of Chancellorsville. On the march to Gettysburg he was taken sick with typhoid fever at Gum Springs, and left at Frederick city hospital to die, by Dr. Fowler. But he recovered sufficiently to report to his company, October, 1863. At the battle of Cold Harbor he was wounded twice, slightly; in front of Petersburg once, in shoulders; and severely through groin and hip at Bermuda Hundred.

Lieutenant Lane, from a private up to his present rank, was always prompt, trusty, and efficient. Possessing a kind heart and clear head, he soon won the love and respect of both men and officers, and is to-day held in high esteem by all who know him. He has been for many years treasurer of the regimental association, and one of its most active and honored members.

He is a machinist by trade, working for the same man, or firm, for some years before and ever since the war.

JOHN B. LEIGHTON.

Oldest child of Jonathan and Nancy (Blakely) Leighton; born August 6, 1824, in the town of Moultonborough. Brother, Calvin B., in the Mexican War.

In Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and severely wounded in last battle by musket ball through right leg, below the knee, injuring the bones and lay uncared for on the field until Thursday afternoon when he got four rebel soldiers, at the price of two dollars apiece, to carry him on a blanket to the field hosiptal, where he remained several days before being paroled and sent across the river to Potomac Creek. Tibbetts and Wadleigh, of his company, helped him back to the brook on the retreat. See anecdotes.*

Married in Pennsylvania to Elizabeth J. Girard; no children.

From Potomac Creek he was sent to Alexandria, Washington, and then to Lovering hospital, Portsmouth Grove, R. I., where he received his final discharge on account of his wound, and thus ended a service for freedom that will be appreciated by those who shall enjoy her blessing. He died in June, 1891.

*See page 404.

B. B. L. 5–7.
JOHN KNIGHTS.

H. B. L. 5–5½.
LIEUT JOHN P. LANE.

B. B. L. 5–6¾
JOHN B. LEIGHTON.

EDWIN MUNSEY.

Son of George W and Hannah (Gilman) Munsey, and born in Gilford, September 17, 1844.

In the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Chapin's Farm, and others. He was on detached service at Division headquarters, in the fall of 1864, at Chapin's Farm.

After the close of the war he changed his abode in New England for the flowery clime in California, where he now resides (see roster).

He married Annette Weeks and had two children, one daughter and one son, whose names are not known.

He has been engaged in the wholesale manufacture of confectionery.

SERGT. JAMES M. NOYES.

Birthplace, Warren; time, August 10, 1842; and his parents, Enoch and Mary (Hammon) Noyes.

In Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Swift Creek, Relay House, and Capture of Richmond. The battles of the regiment he was not in were fought while he was disabled by wounds. Wounded at Chancellorsville in right arm and ankle, and again in right arm at Relay House. Speaking of this wound, he relates: "Early on the morning of the 14th of May, 1864, the battle of Relay House,' I was sent out with a squad of men to ascertain where our pickets were posted and was hit by a musket ball that broke my right arm. Returned just after Chapin's Farm battle, and found the regiment encamped there." He had two brothers in the war, Henry D., in Twenty-first Maine, and Caleb H., in a Connecticut regiment.

Occupation before enlistment, a farmer and school teacher; since discharge a confectioner.

Married first to Martha A. Kimball in December, 1867; second to Mary E. Kimball, sister of former, June 9, 1884. Florence R. and Maude E., children by first marriage.

His company, officers and comrades, when speaking of him as a soldier say: "A No. 1," "One of the best," "None better," etc., and none of his acquaintances will hesitate to write "ditto" under it all as expressed as their own opinion of him as a friend and neighbor.

SERGT. ALFRED G. SANBORN.

Near this sketch is the picture of another of the faithful and fortunate heroes of Company G, as he looked when he donned the blue. He is the son of Thomas J. and Martha Ann (Leavitt) Sanborn, and was born in Tuftonborough, October 21, 1840. His father was captain in state militia, and his grandfather, Leavitt (John W.), was a sergeant in the War of 1812.

Married Mora F. A. Phippen, of Boston, June 21, 1871. Children, Mary E., George P., and Alice B.

At the time of the attack on our picket line, November 17, 1864, he was on detail as forage sergeant; with the exception of this he was in every place where the regiment was under the enemy's fire, but never wounded except slightly in left shoulder at Chancellorsville.

This is a record that speaks louder than any other words can of the patriotism, courage, and physical endurance of him who made it. He was one of the very few who was both lucky and plucky enough to follow the colors from the beginning to the end.

B. B. D. 5–5.
EDWIN MUNSEY

B. B. L. 5–5.
SERGT JAMES M. NOYES.

B. L. L. 5–$6\frac{3}{4}$.
SERGT ALFRED G. SANBORN.

CLINTON A. SHAW

This grandson of a soldier of 1876, and son of another of 1812, making three generations serving in as many wars, was born May 8, 1832, and is the child of Joseph and Lovey (Blanchard) Shaw, then residents of Salisbury.

Married August 6, 1861, to Sarah J., daughter of Benjamin Brown, of Moultonborough, and their children, John H. and Fannie E., are both dead. Married Alminer Brown, sister to first wife, September 17, 1882. Children, Maurice F., Ida Q., and Howard C. Charles H., brother of his wife, in Third New Hampshire Volunteers, was accidently shot and died on Ship Island, S. C.

In all battles of regiment but Cemetery Hill, Bermuda Hundred, and Capture of Richmond. Sick in hospital a while in summer and fall of 1864, and then serving on General Butler's flag of truce boat for exchange of prisoners until end of the war.

Occupation, farming; but for years disabled and now almost helpless from the effects of chronic rheumatism contracted in the service. At Chancellorsville a minie ball went through his coat sleeve and shattered his gun stock, and another musket that he picked up and fought through the battle with is still in his possession.

CAPT ARTHUR ST. CLAIR SMITH.

This officer, the oldest son of Joshua R. and Clarissa C (Crockett) Smith, was born February 14, 1841, and is the great-grandson of Hon. Ebenezer Smith, one of the first settlers of Meredith, and great-great-grandson of two soldiers of the Revolution.

Ebenezer, aforesaid, called and held in his house the first town meeting, being then, March 20, 1769, elected town clerk and selectman, and holding the latter office as long as he lived, or for thirty-six years. He was also representative, senator, and judge, and held many other offices of honor and trust.

Inheriting the public spirit and patriotism of his ancestors, Arthur St. Clair left the academy at New London in 1861, and went home to enlist, but his widowed mother, his father having been accidently killed in California three years before, persuaded him to return to his school, where he impatiently remained until the new call for troops in 1862, when "I could no longer study," as he says, "and went home again to enlist." Assisted by Adjutant-General Colby, he enlisted forty or fifty men for Company G, but waiving his claim to rank was elected first sergeant, instead of lieutenant, as he might have been. His brother, Henry J., of the same company, was killed at Gettysburg (see sketch).

In all the battles of the regiment to Cold Harbor, but Gettysburg and Wapping Heights, when he was still suffering from a severe wound received in arm at Chancellorsville, where his equipments were perforated with bullets. At Cold Harbor he was struck five times, being wounded twice, and having musket or grape shot through hat, haversack, and coat. He says: "I shall never forget my ambulance ride with Captain Shackford from Cold Harbor to White House landing."* Rejoined the regiment after the Siege of Petersburg, was present at the battle of Bermuda Hundred, and led a provisional battalion, that he commanded for a while, into Richmond. Of Captain Smith's services at Danville, Va., see pages 302 and 310, chapter XV

He was married December 10, 1868, to Harriet R. Baker, of Portland, Me. Children, Albert H., Kate E. (deceased), Arthur St. Clair, Percy P., and Leigh B., and one, oldest of all, who died in infancy.

After the war he received the degree of L. L. B., from the Albany Law School, N Y., and settled in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. He has been judge of the municipal court, and was elected to the legislature by several thousand plurality though a candidate of the minority.

He died December 19, 1895.

GEORGE H. SMITH.

This soldier, the descendent of a brave and patriotic ancestry, and the son of Joshua M. and Sally (Durgin) Smith, was born in the town of Sanbornton, May, 1836.

In December, 1859, he married Mary Bunker, of Tamworth, by whom he had one child, Austin, now living, who was a babe in his mother's arms, when his father went to the war.

* See page 216 *et seq.*

B. DB. D. 5–7
CLINTON A. SHAW.

B. B. L. 5–8.
CAPT ARTHUR ST CLAIR SMITH.

B. LB. L. 5–7.
GEORGE H. SMITH.

His brothers, Charles W and Winthrop H., were in the Sixth and Fifteenth New Hampshire, respectively, and both in the New Hampshire Heavy Artillery. His great-grandfather, Solomon, went with his seven sons to the battle of Bunker Hill; and Stephen, the grandfather of the subject of this sketch, was taken prisoner, carried to England and confined for some time in a prison ship. In Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, where he fell just as the regiment arose from the brook to meet the enemy in the woods.* In a letter to his brother a short time before the battle, when he seemed to feel the chilling shade of the coming night, he writes in that spirit of devotion to his country and resignation to his fate that shows him to have been, what he really was, a Christian patriot.

CORP. HENRY J. SMITH.

This hero of the battle-field, whom to conquer was to kill, was born in Meredith (now Laconia), August 8, 1843, and was the son of Joshua R. and Clarissa C. (Crockett) Smith. Brother of Capt. Arthur St. Clair (see sketch).

He was in and through all that his regiment was, until he was cut down by a minie ball through both thighs on the field of Gettysburg. Sergeant Clark says: "Wounded in thigh and back." Both the Union and Confederate lines of battle passed over him after he fell, and one of the officers horses trod upon him. He lay on the field all night before he was removed to hospital. At Chancellorsville he was wounded by a minie ball that struck his jackknife in his pants' pocket, knocking out or back the blades, bedding itself between the two outside casings, and producing a severe and dangerous contusion in his groin. He was sent to hospital, but would not stay because, as he told his brother, who met him the next day on his way to the front again to find his regiment, he was ashamed to be seen there with so slight a wound, though it was looking badly and much swollen. In this battle he not only used up all his own ammunition but supplied himself with more from the cartridge boxes of the dead and wounded even after he was himself wounded. All of his comrades speak of him in high terms of praise, and one of them in writing of him says: "He was young and of slight build, but a company such as he would be the pride of any commander." He lived some time after wounded (see roster). His body was sent home and buried in the family cemetery at Laconia.

SERGT EDMUND TEBBETTS.

Here is the picture of a man who should have his name written in letters of gold as being the only volunteer from the state of New Hampshire, if not from any state of the north, who went through nearly three years of the Rebellion in a regiment that saw as much field service as the Twelfth, without being absent from any cause, for one single day and only one night except when on picket.† Yet he was nearly up to the age of exemption when he enlisted, being born in Farmington, March 1, 1818. His father's name was the same as that of his brave-hearted son; and his mother's name, before marriage, was Sarah Colomy.

Though in every battle and skirmish, he was never more severely wounded than to have his cheek peeled by a minie ball at Chancellorsville, and part of his whiskers shaved off by piece of shell at Cold Harbor.

Married to Saphronia, daughter of John Blake, of Ossipee, November 20, 1846, and his two children, Ella F. and Clarence E., are still living; another child, Frank, died young.

Sergeant Clarke wrote opposite his name on the muster roll: "Always on hand and does his duty;" and Lieutenant Lane says: "You cannot speak too highly of 'Old Tib,' as the boys used to call him, for he was always present and ready to obey orders without grunting, growling, or grumbling." And the same sense of duty that bore him so heroically into and through all the dangers and hardships of his regiment here and now impels the pen to write this brief sketch in justice to his memory, and say in conclusion thereof, that whether it was on the march, the camp guard, the picket line, or the battle-field, he was the same resolute and reliable hero of the rank and file. He was one of the bravest of men.

* See page 78 *et seq.*

† See page 439.

B. B. L. 5–7.
CORP HENRY J. SMITH.

B. G. L. 5–6.
SERGT. EDMUND TEBBETTS.

B. Bk. L. 5–10.
BVT CAPT JOHN S. VEASEY.

BVT. CAPT. JOHN S. VEASEY

This officer was born in Tunbridge, Vt., in 1830, and was the youngest of three boys and six girls, all children of Jeremiah and Sally (Woodman) Veasey, and the grandchildren of Jeremiah Woodman, who was a soldier in the Revolutionary War.

He went out as second lieutenant of the company, and was in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg.

Married Maria Howe, of Manchester, by whom he had two children, Laura (deceased) and Willie.

He was killed on the railroad, May 15, 1864.

CORP. DANIEL H. WEBBER.

This corporal died at Point of Rocks, Va., by reason of wounds received August 16, 1864. He was the son of John and Mahala (Hopkins) Webber, and born in Bath, Me., in 1836.

In all the engagements until mortally wounded in front of Petersburg. While flanking the enemy's works, a ball from a rebel sharpshooter's rifle passed through his bowels and lodged in the back bone, causing his death in about twenty-four hours. This was early in the morning of the 15th of August. He was buried in City Point cemetery.

Married July 16, 1862, to Mary J. Davis, who afterwards became the wife of George B. Lane. His children are Clara, Belle, and Eldora, who died November 25, 1863.

Although his ashes rest in southern soil, his memory still survives him for he was true blue and a plucky soldier.

EBEN S. WELCH.

Light first came to him at Gilford, January 9, 1841. His father's and mother's names were Samuel and Harriet (Hunt) Welch.

In Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. Wounded in left forearm severely, in last named battle, which so far disabled him that he was discharged a few months afterward (see roster). His brother, George D., served during the war in the Sixty-fourth Regiment, United States Regulars.

Married December 24, 1865, to Celista Buzzell, and the names of their children are Clarence E., George D., Harriet A., and Lottie M.

After the war he removed to Uhl, Kansas, where he now resides. Occupation before the war, dyer.

CORP. JOSEPH F WENTWORTH.

He was one of a family of nine children, four boys and five girls, and was born in Moultonborough, June 18, 1841, being the third son of Clarke and Harriet (Kaime) Wentworth. He worked on a farm and attended the district school until he went to Dover, where he learned the painter's trade. While there he was united in marriage to Ida Mills in the spring of 1861.

Returning to his native town, he remained there until he enlisted.

He was in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, receiving a slight wound in the first and instantly killed in the last named battle.

A comrade says: "He was a kind and affectionate brother, a steady young man, and a constant reader of his Bible. He had many friends."

ANDREW H. WHITTIER.

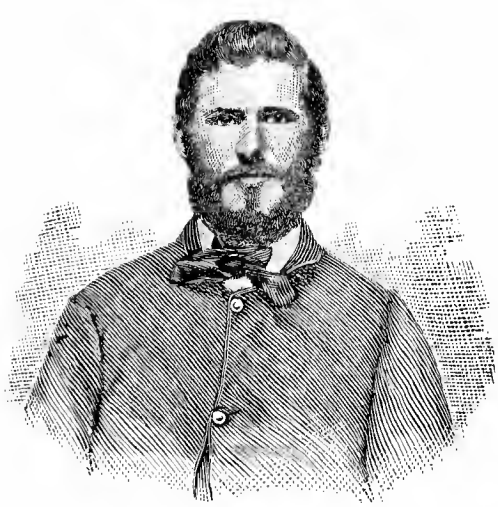
Killed and buried on the field of Chancellorsville, but his name and memory will survive for the trustful muse of history will keep her jewels safe.

"He lives, who dies to win a lasting name."

His mortal life began October 4, 1835, and his parents, Andrew and Marian (Hunt) Whittier.

DB. Bk. L. 5–7
CORP. DANIEL H. WEBBER.

B. Bk. L. 5–11½.
EBEN S. WELCH.



Bk. Bk. D. 5–8.
CORP. JOSEPH F. WENTWORTH.

He was killed almost instantly by minie ball through his breast and his blood spurted out on to the musket of Newell Davidson, who stood next to him, or close by.

When he enlisted he was attending school at Northfield, to prepare for college, and was one of the most promising Christian young men of the regiment, and had his life been spared would doubtless attained distinction as a minister of the gospel. He seems to have been the only one who, at that time, seriously considered the importance of a full and correct history of the regiment. He took along with him, when going to the front, quite a large blank book in which he kept a daily record of all facts and incidents necessary to the writing of such a history after the war was over. The immense value of such a record intelligently and conscientiously kept, as his would have been, no one can half appreciate who has never tried to write a regimental history without anything of the kind but the meagre and contradicting statements of a few personal diaries.

LIEUT. JOSEPH K. WHITTIER.

This brave, and brilliant young officer, son of Benjamin H. and Sarah (Weymouth) Whittier, was born in Meredith, July 1, 1843.

Receiving an academic education, his design of going through college was changed by his country's call, and he enlisted in Company G, as private, being chosen and appointed fifth sergeant in the organization of the company. Serving with credit and distinction, he rose from rank to rank, becoming more efficient as his responsibilities increased, until recognized as one of the noblest and best he fell by a grape shot at Cold Harbor and gave to freedom s cause a life as pure, bright, and promising as a June morning upon his native hills. In one of his letters home, many of which were written for and published in different papers, and abound with sentiments of Christian faith and patriotism, he writes: "I came out here to fight for my country; and while doing so, I am willing to be guided by the powers that be, trusting in God for final success." In another we read: "Let shame and confusion be the lot of him who at this crisis shall lift his hand, or voice, to stay the onward march of victory. Blasting infamy shall be his reward through this and coming generations. May God prosper the right is the prayer of one who loves liberty and free institutions." Richly endowed both by nature and grace, with a mind to command and a heart to win, had his life been spared until the full development of his manhood, he would doubtless have realized the ardent wish of his early years, to become great and good.

He was wounded slightly in the battle of Gettysburg and was in all the other battles of the regiment to Cold Harbor, where he was killed by a grape shot through the body. Tall and commanding in person, he bore his insignia of rank with becoming pride, that won respect without exciting jealousy, and while ambitious to rise, desired to wear no laurels that he had not nobly earned.

WILLIAM B. WORTH.

There are several contradictory accounts from as many different comrades of this brave and plucky soldier, but the facts appear as follows: Wounded in bowels by minie ball, while lying by brook at Chancellorsville. He was next seen by Eben S. Welch (see sketch), who was wounded about the same time, who in a letter to the author, writes: "After we were wounded we both went off in a field together and came to a log house, near by Hooker's headquarters. There the poor fellow gave out and stopped. I insisted he should try and go a little farther so as to get out of danger. But he could not, and said as he went into the house, 'I am going in here to die.' I was unable to help him for I was badly off myself, and with a sad heart I had to part with him." Entering the house he sat down upon a stair step, leaned against the wall and died. Captain Lang, seeing him enter and finding his lifeless body in that position soon after, and not knowing that he was wounded before, naturally supposed, as he has often related, that he was killed by a ball entering the door, or passing through a crevice between the logs.

Parents, Ayers and Julia A. (Balch) Worth.

Born May 16, 1844, in Moultonborough, and never married.

B. B. L. 5–7½.
ANDREW H. WHITTIER.

Bk. B. L. 5–9½.
LIEUT JOSEPH K. WHITTIER.

H. B. D. 6–1¼.
WILLIAM B. WORTH.

COMPANY H.

This company was recruited from eight towns: the larger part were from the towns of Laconia, Gilford, and Gilmanton, which furnished in all seventy-nine men.

George B. Lane, of Laconia, opened a recruiting office before the Twelfth Regiment was talked of, and had enlisted several who were assigned to other New Hampshire regiments.

After the starting of the Twelfth he enlisted for them. Edward E. Pinkham also had an office in Laconia, and enlisted a number which he intended to keep with him in order to get a commission. But they wished to join the Twelfth, and for this reason applied to the adjutant-general, who gave them permission to join that regiment.

The officers commissioned were as follows: J. L. P Whipple, captain: Joseph S. Tilton, first lieutenant: Abraham H. Milliken, second lieutenant: Albert P Fernald, first sergeant; Joseph A. Fellows, John P Davis, Ajalon D. Jones, and Gorham P Dunn, sergeants; Henry P Randall, Charles E. Moody, Jonathan P Ladd, Alma Milliken, Horace Prescott, Darius H. Lewis, John L. Caswell, and Nahum B. Osgood, corporals: Walter Libbey, musician.

The company went into camp at Laconia on what was then known as the old Fair Ground, but were soon ordered to join the other companies in the camp at Concord.

This company's date of muster into the United States service was September 9, 1862.

ISAAC E. ALLEN.

Born in Gilmanton in 1840, and was the son of Isaac and Abby Allen.

This soldier was taken sick on the march from the Potomac to Falmouth, Va., and died the next spring. He was a brother of Jesse L., in the same company (see roster), and was never married. He is highly spoken of by Charles H. Jones, of Company A, from whom the picture near here shown was obtained.

CHARLES A. CATE.

This soldier was the son of Thomas J. and Sarah (Wiggin) Cate and born in Belmont, February 18, 1840. His sister was the wife of William Lamprey of the same company, and his mother is still living at the age of ninety years.

He was in the battle of Fredericksburg and was killed at Chancellorsville where he was struck by piece of shell while lying down with the rest of the regiment to avoid the enemy's fire, just before advancing into the woods. It is to be regretted that so little is known of his early life. He was never married.

CORP. JOHN S. COLLINS.

This worthy member of the Twelfth family closed his earthly career in the town of Meredith, where he had resided most of the time since the war, on the 30th day of October, 1893. He was the only child of Nathan and Nancy (Smith) Collins, and was born in Gilford, November 28, 1835.

Wherever the regiment met the enemy he counted "one and a gun," with the rest of his comrades, in the fight. At Chancellorsville he was wounded, but Gettysburg found him present for duty instead of being in hospital as many in his condition would have been. He was taken prisoner at Bermuda Hundred, November 17, 1864, and was confined at Salisbury prison, N. C., until February 22, following, when he was discharged on parole and sent to Annapolis, Md., where he remained to the close of the war. Of his quick wit and shrewdness, an anecdote of him, at the time of his capture, which will be found related in the chapter of anecdotes and incidents,* is particularly illustrative.

Occupation, a farmer. See error of rank in incident.

He married Annette Smith Robinson, April 19, 1866, and had the following named children, Josie, John H., Helen H., Louis L., and Ralph J.

DANFORD COOK.

Nearly forty-two years of age when the first shell burst over Fort Sumter's walls yet he volunteered his services to his country when the call was sounded by the president in 1862.

He was born in the town of Plymouth, July 16, 1820, and Jacob and Relief (Merrill) Cook were his parents.

He fought on the Fredericksburg field with his regiment and was discharged at Falmouth, Va., on account of a severe cut received in his foot.

He was married to Hannah Southmaid in 1846, at Campton, and has three daughters, Ellen L., Clara I., and Emma S. Mary Beede, of Dudley, became his second wife in 1868, at Belmont, by whom Josephine H. and Bertha L. were added to his family.

SERGT. JOHN P DAVIS.

This brave soldier, but unfortunate man, is the son of Josiah and Mehitable (Smith) Davis, and was born in Epping, February 15, 1831.

Married first to Mary E. Maloon, of Gilford; one child. Married again to Helen M. Aldrich, of Haverhill, December 20, 1881, and his children by her are Charles C., Ellen L., Mary B., Martha E., and John C. Grandfather, Edward Smith, in the Revolution.

* See page 438.

In Gettysburg where he was wounded in right arm by minie ball and also had left hip injured.

Soon after the war he lost the sight of both eyes; one being put out by a scale from a piece of iron that he was hammering while working at his trade as blacksmith, and the other from sympathy. The loss of his eyes has been decided by the government to be caused indirectly by the wound in his right arm, disabling him from safely using it at his trade and thus injuring his sight. His dog went with him to war.*

CORP CYRUS P. DOW

He was born in Sanbornton, August 11, 1844.

He was in Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Drury's Bluff, Cold Harbor, Bermuda Hundred, Port Walthall, and Capture of Richmond. Wounded in right leg below knee at Gettysburg, and in hip, slightly, at Cold Harbor.

Married August 17, 1865, to Delia Estella Hayford, of Tamworth. He had six children, two of whom are living, one boy and one girl.

Machinist most of time since discharge.

LIEUT. GORHAM P. DUNN.

This lamented comrade was the son of Pierce and Credina A. (Spaulding) Dunn, of Tyngsborough, Mass., and was born on the same month and day as his country that he died to save; and had he lived one day longer would have been twenty-nine years old.

He was working at his trade as carpenter when he enlisted and had the esteem of all who knew him for his kind disposition and probity of character.

Married January 14, 1860, to Caroline E. Jewett, who a few years ago was still living. Their only child, Mary E., died just after the war.

He early attracted the attention of Colonel Potter by his promptness and efficiency as a sergeant, and was on this account one of the first, out of the line of a regular promotion, to receive a commission.

In every battle until killed at Cold Harbor by minie ball through his breast. He was first cut down while making the charge by a bullet through both legs. The fatal wound was given him by a sharpshooter, some hours after the charge, as he was seen to be alive several times during the day. He also talked with a wounded comrade who lay near him when all at once he said: "Oh, dear!" and died immediately. It is supposed that he was then struck by the ball that caused his death. Captain Fernal, who was shot at several times while getting his body from the field that night, says in a letter to Dunn's wife: "You have lost a kind, good, and brave husband, beloved by all who knew him. * * * I thought a good deal of him. He was a man of good principles, and free from all those vices so common among army officers."

His sword and sash, with a picture of his wife, was taken from his body and sent to her by Captain Fernal. (See sketch of this officer.) It was remarked of him, as strangely true, that his promotion seemed to have a depressing instead of an encouraging effect upon him. But it is all accounted for to the writer now. A dark, foreboding cloud came across his horoscope about this time which gave to everything a sombre hue.† Though small in stature he was great in his measure of true worth, and memory, even now, repictures his pleasant face and genial smile, and we sigh to think

"That one so worthy long to live,
So quickly passed away."

*See page 458. †See page 344.

B. B. L. 5–9.
ISAAC E. ALLEN.

Bk. B. D. 5–11½.
CHARLES A. CATE.

G. Bk. D. 5–6¼
CORP. JOHN S. COLLINS.

B. B. L. 5–7½.
DANFORD COOK.

DB. B. D. 5–10½.
SERGT JOHN P. DAVIS.

HIRAM ELLIOTT.

This soldier and his father before him were both officers in the old State Militia. He was born in Loudon, November 21, 1813, and was the son of Samuel and Eunice (Sargent) Elliott who raised a family of six children.

He was married April 17, 1840, to Ploomy Lamprey, of Gilmanton. Children, Irena A., John R., Iantha D., and Dana H.

He served at Fredericksburg but was killed on the sanguinary field of Chancellorsville, the fatal ball striking him either in the head or heart, he giving one jump, as said by those who saw him, and then fell to rise no more. He told one of his comrades that he was going into battle but should never come out alive.

He was by occupation a shoemaker and farmer.

JOHN R. ELLIOTT.

Son of Hiram Elliott (see sketch above) and Ploomy Lamprey, and was born in Gilmanton, October 24, 1844.

He was united to Luella P. French, April 7, 1883, having been married before to Addie M. Elliott (deceased), by whom he had one child.

He remained with the regiment until Warrenton where he left on account of chronic diarrhœa and afterward suffered from an attack of typhoid fever.

HENRY E. EMERY.

Son of David and Mary Ann (Webster) Emery, of Gilmanton, where he was born November 15, 1840.

He was in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg. Wounded slightly in leg at Chancellorsville and severely in left cheek at Gettysburg, by explosion of shell, leaving a deep scar.

Married April 3, 1869, to Mary E. Piper, of Meredith, by whom he has one daughter, Nellie F

A farmer when he enlisted, teamster most of the time since his discharge, and a brave, trusty soldier all the time he wore the blue.

CORP. ALMON J. FARRAR.

Oldest son of five children of J. Warren and Mary J. (Randlett) Farrar, and was born in Gilmanton, April 14, 1844.

Married to Lydia B. Elkins, of Boscawen, May 31, 1870. No children.

Only those who knew him as a schoolmate or comrade will recognize the smooth, spare face presented here which is from a picture taken about the time of his enlistment, when he weighed but one hundred and twenty-five pounds; but now he can lift the beam at double these figures and have several pounds to spare.

He was taken sick with measles at Warrenton, Va., and sent to Washington. Returning to the regiment at Falmouth, before well enough for regular duty, he was detailed and served in the sanitary department until the fall of 1863, thus escaping Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg. But the hard and dangerous was yet to come. In Swift Creek, Relay House, Drury's Bluff, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, and in Fort Harrison and several other engagements, while detached as sharpshooter. In the Siege of Petersburg he says: "I exchanged shots for thirty days with a rebel sharpshooter with whom I used to meet between the lines, during a short time, shake hands and have a friendly chat." He shot and captured a rebel paymaster just before Lee surrendered, and one of the packages of confederate money that he got was perforated by the bullet that came so near killing himself a few days later.* He was terribly wounded at High Bridge, Va., by a minie ball

* See page 365 *et seq.*

B. B. L. 5–8½.
CORP. CYRUS P. DOW

B. L. L. 5–3.
LIEUT. GORHAM P. DUNN.

B. DB. L. 5–9.
HIRAM ELLIOTT.

H. L. L. 5–10½.
JOHN R. ELLIOTT

B. P. L. 5–11.
HENRY E. EMERY

passing diagonally through his body from breast to back, while our forces were confronting the remnant of Lee's army a few days before his surrender. He was carried into a rebel's house, where the surgeon expected he would die in an hour or two, and from there, in a few days, to field and general hospital, from the death ward of which he was the only patient, save one, of twenty-seven to come out alive though expected to be one of the first to die when he entered. Also slightly wounded at Cold Harbor and narrowly escaped capture by rolling and crawling over and between the corn rows at Bermuda Hundred.* He was one of nine sharpshooters who opened the way to the capture of Fort Harrison by picking off the rebel gunners, and one of the first to enter the fort.

In speaking of his service when on detached service he says: "I acted as a sharpshooter most of the time during the last year of the war. These sharpshooters, detailed from different regiments, were organized into a battalion of two companies of seventy men each, and commanded by Captain Cooley. From the time they were organized in June, 1864, to the end of the war they were almost constantly in the front line, either of entrenchments or as skirmishers. At the battle of Fort Harrison the service they rendered was very important, and without their aid it is very doubtful if the fort at that time could have been taken. Eight of us, a sergeant and seven men, actually took the fort and held it for some time. We were ordered to creep up under cover of darkness and get a position from which we could pick off the rebel gunners in the fort. We fell in with the rebel relief when they appeared and captured four or five of their pickets as fast as they came along and were posted. We then got across the ditch, climbed up over the parapet and took the fort by surprise before it was barely light, and before our forces had fired a single shot. The rebel sentinel fired once and ran, followed by others thus roused from their slumber. A colonel was shot while thus retreating and I got his watch and some other articles, and have got the watch now."

He died at Laconia, February 8, 1895.

SERGT. ALBERT P. FERNALD.

But little is known of this soldier's record except that he was born in Gilmanton, August 15, 1819.

He was in the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville (as believed), and died of Bright's disease at Manchester, November 21, 1884.

His daughter, Carrie B., resided some years ago at Laconia.

CORP. HANSON GRAY.

On the 8th day of "rosy footed May," 1837, there was born in Jackson (see roster) another of the dauntless "mountaineers" who need make no apology for showing his face on the page of history. His father, Daniel, who was a veteran of 1812, and his mother, Julia (Miller) from New York, had nine sons and two daughters. Nathaniel M., brother of the subject of this sketch, served in the Fifteenth New Hampshire Volunteers.

Married the day he enlisted to Ellen N. Hackett, of Laconia. May Louise (adopted) is the name of their only child.

He marched and fought under the colors, for he was the next man to the color sergeant, from Concord to Cold Harbor, Va. Wounded by minie balls in right leg at Chancellorsville, and in left leg at Cold Harbor. At Chancellorsville he was also struck by another bullet which penetrated the testament that he carried in his vest pocket, stopping at and just marking, as if to call attention to the twenty-first verse of the twenty-third chapter of Acts.

*See page 237.

DB. DB. L. 5–10.
CORP. ALMON J. FARRAR.

B. B. L. 5–10.
SERGT ALBERT P. FERNALD

B. B. L. 5–7½.
CORP. HANSON GRAY.

ELBRIDGE G. JEWETT

This brother of George W., the youngest son of the family, was born January 25, 1844. (See sketch of George W.) His grandfather fought at the battle of Bunker Hill.

In Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Swift Creek, Drury's Bluff, and Cold Harbor, but never wounded severely. During the last year of the war he was ambulance driver, being attacked by guerillas between Richmond and Petersburg while carrying officers. He was injured by limbs falling across his back and also received a bayonet wound in his head.

Married September 18, 1868, to Emma L. Cook, of Sandwich. Children, Mary L., Lizzie (deceased), and Idella A.

Occupation, farmer before the war; carpenter and car builder since.

CORP. GEORGE W JEWETT.

The subject of this sketch was the son of John and Hannah (Thurston) Jewett, of Gilford, where he was born in 1838. He was a brother to Elbridge G., of the same company (see sketch), and also to Charles F., of Company F., Eighth New Hampshire Volunteers. His grandfather was in the Revolution and fought at Bunker Hill.

Married April 15, 1856, to Alvira R. Collins, of Gilford, by whom he had two children, one of whom, Frank L., is living and has a son of his own, named George, and long may the name be found in the line of lineal descent.

In the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysbury, intrepidly facing the dangers of them all in safety; but worn down by the Gettysburg campaign, disease, chronic diarrhœa, already upon him got a new and fatal hold upon his once strong and hardy constitution and he went home on a sick furlough to die (see roster).

He is spoken of by his surviving comrades as a brave man and true soldier, but this hardly does full justice to his honorable record.

SERGT. AJALON D. JONES.

On the 24th of January, 1838, this soldier, a member of a family of ten children, was born in Turner, Me. His parents were Alonzo P and Eunice (Allen) Jones; his grandfather, James Allen, who acted as a drum major in the War of the Revolution, and his father's father, Benjamin Jones, served in the War of 1812. His brothers, Waldo B. and James A., served in the Union army—one in the Twentieth Maine and the other in the Fourth New Hampshire, both dying in the service.

On account of sickness his service in the Twelfth was brief, and concerning his enlistment in the state service, see roster.

In 1871 he attended school at New Hampton and at Lewiston, Me., preparing for the ministry. He was ordained at Litchfield, Me., as a Free Baptist minister, June, 1873.

Barnard Smith, who enlisted in the Tenth New Hampshire, was the father of Emma H., who married the subject of this sketch, October 22, 1866. Walter S., Alice C., and Harry B., are the names of their children.

A good soldier of the cross and for the Union. His labor has been productive of many converts.

LYMAN H. LAMPREY

This, the oldest of three sons (no daughters) of Oliver and Abigail (Moulton) Lamprey, was born in Gilmanton, November 29, 1840, and is the brother of Madison C., of the same company, who is now living on the old homestead farm.

He had a noble record, being in every battle but Gettysburg and never absent from the regiment, except when wounded, until permanently disabled at Cold Harbor, by a severe minie ball wound in left arm. He was also so badly wounded in right arm at Chancellorsville that he was unable to do duty again for several months.

B. S. L. 5–10.
ELBRIDGE G. JEWETT

B. Bk. L. 5–11¾.
CORP. GEORGE W JEWETT

B. DB. D. 5–11½.
SERGT AJALON D. JONES.

B. LB. L. 6–0.
LYMAN H. LAMPREY

Married Nettie Robinson, of Plattsburg, N. Y., July 5, 1870, who is now the mother of Maud A., their only child.

Though never promoted, he was one of the most capable and deserving of the company, and since the war has been honored by being elected representative two years; commander of Louis Bell Post, G. A. R., and appointed deputy collector of Internal Revenue, for four years.

His occupation, a commercial traveller; and though much might be said in his praise, nothing speaks plainer of the merits of this man than his bright and noble record for his country. His residence is in Manchester and is one of her most respected citizens. Though his arm was never marked by even a single stripe of rank, his title to real merit is equaled by few in the whole regiment.

BVT. LIEUT. GEORGE B. LANE.

Son of Col. Charles and Sarah Jane (Bodwell) Lane; born in Sanbornton, August 5, 1841.

Receiving a liberal education, he was at the time of his enlistment employed as insurance agent in the office of his father, and being thus peculiarly fitted by education and experience for the position of clerk, acted in that capacity and as mail agent until promoted to commissary sergeant, February 4, 1864. He was commissioned second lieutenant of Company D, but not mustered.

Although never facing the foe in the ranks, the service that he rendered was quite as important, if not as hazardous; and he deserves credit for being always found ready and able to perform it quickly and well.

He married Mary J. Webber, widow of Daniel H. Webber, of Company G, November 15, 1870, and has one child, Ada F

WESLEY LEIGHTON.

He died on Gettysburg's bloody soil, having previously fought at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville.

He was the son of Moses and Mary (Smith) Leighton and was born in Sanbornton, February 1, 1842.

He fought and fell by the side of Freeman Sanborn, who was terribly wounded in the throat at the same battle. Leighton was wounded in the bowels and lay, when he was found dead after the battle, with his hand under his head.

There were eight children in his father's family, two of them being girls, and Wesley, the third child. Samuel W Leighton, the oldest, was in the war and served in a cavalry regiment and died before discharge, September 16, 1863.

CORP. DARIUS H. LEWIS

Was born in Meredith, March 5, 1839, being the son of William and Hannah (Pickering) Lewis.

He was wounded in left leg and taken prisoner at Chancellorsville, being confined in Libby and Belle Isle prisons. He was then paroled and sent to Annapolis where he, with J. S. Collins, remained three months. During the rest of the war he acted most of the time on detached duty.

He was married June 9, 1859, to Mary Gordon, of Laconia, by whom he had two children, Orrin and Archy.

He was a stone worker and spinner before enlistment, and after the war was employed on horse cars.

He died some years ago (see roster), and is remembered by his neighbors and friends as a good citizen.

Bk. B. L. 5–7.
BVT. LIEUT GEORGE B. LANE.

B. L. L. 5–9.
WESLEY LEIGHTON.

B. B. L. 5–10.
CORP. DARIUS H. LEWIS.

WALTER E. LIBBEY.

This soldier was the son of Ezra B. and Mary G. (Homan) Libbey, who were the parents of three boys and four girls. He was born in Warren, September 27, 1837 Both his grandfathers, Luke Libbey and Joseph Homan, a relative of Hannah Dustin, were soldiers of the Revolution and the former was taken prisoner and carried to England, being confined there six months.

This soldier enlisted as a drummer and served as such most of the time until his discharge, being known as "the left handed drummer." He was present at the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Cold Harbor, Siege of Petersburg, and Capture of Richmond.

He married Annie G. Stowe, who lived near Point of Rocks, Va., and with whom he got acquainted while in the war. Their children were Gertie B., Walter E., and Hadley Dame, the last being named after Harriet Dame, the well known army nurse of New Hampshire, and Dr. Hadley Fowler, surgeon of the Twelfth.

He was very quick and agile in all his movements* and was noted as being a great wrestler, throwing everyone, not only in his own regiment but others who dared try his skill, at arms length. He always came out on top and was acknowledged the champion, yet he was of slim build and measured but little above the army height. He was on detached service at Point of Rocks hospital, Va. He was of a lively and jolly disposition, possessing one of the kindest of hearts, and will long be remembered for his true and lasting friendship. He died in Philadelphia in the fall of 1892.

SERGT. ALMA MILLIKEN.

This, one of the four patriotic sons of Amos and Sally (Milliken) Milliken, was born July 16, 1835, in Saco, Me. His three brothers were in the Union army and all earned honorable records. Moses S. and David served in the Seventeenth Missouri and Twentieth Illinois, respectively; and Lieut. Abraham H. received a commission in the Twelfth Regiment. (See roster as corrected below.)

In Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville (where he was wounded in left arm), and Cold Harbor, where he was so badly injured by a fall in the charge as to disable him from taking the field again and affect him for life. He was sent to hospital and soon was furloughed home. Upon his return to Washington he again was sent to hospital until April, 1865, when he was sent into Pennsylvania after recruits, getting to Harrisburg the same day that the martyred Lincoln lay in state there. From there he was sent to North Carolina and thence back to Washington where he was discharged. See incident, page 417.

He was married December 13, 1858, to Harriet E. Lee, of Paw Paw, Mich. Children, Willie L. (deceased) and Hattie J.

He was a dyer by trade when he enlisted, but after the war worked twelve years in a repair shop at Bangor, Mich., and then moved to Michigan City, Ind., where he lived two years, when he removed to Crete, Neb., where he now resides. A farmer most of the time since discharge, being employed at present as a large market gardener.

Since the printing of the roster at the end of this book, the order of "dishonorably discharged" in the case of Lieut. A. H. Milliken, above referred to, has been revoked by the War Department and he restored (see how it reads).

SERGT. CHARLES E. MOODY.

The oldest son and third child of the seven children of Stephen S. and Eliza S. (Hoyt) Moody and born in Gilmanton, November 23, 1836. Grandfather on mother's side in War of 1812, and his great-grandfather, John Moody, was in Captain Ambrose's company, of Colonel Welch's regiment of volunteers that was raised in Moultonborough and adjacent towns, joined General Gates' army at Saratoga, and remained with it until after the surrender of General Burgoyne.

*See page 406.

B. L. L. 5–5.
WALTER E. LIBBEY

B. L. L. 5–10.
SERGT ALMA MILLIKEN.

B. B. L. 6–$\frac{1}{4}$.
SERGT CHARLES E. MOODY

In most of the principal battles, except Gettysburg and Cold Harbor. Wounded in left leg and had bullet through his cap and several through his clothes at Chancellorsville. Rejoined regiment at Point Lookout and remaining with it, except three or four months absence from sickness after Drury's Bluff, until the end of the war.

Married Mary A., daughter of Joseph P. Gilman, of Laconia, December 31, 1882. Children, Clayton G. and Theodore (deceased).

Farmer and school teacher before the war, farmer since. He needs no praise.

CORP. HORACE PRESCOTT.

Second son of five children, three boys and two girls, of Isaac and Sarah (Keniston) Prescott, and was born in Lyndon, Vt., January 7, 1829.

Married Josephine E., daughter of Alpheus D. Smith, April 8, 1857, whose grandfather was a sergeant in War of 1812, and soon after moved to upper Gilmanton (now Belmont), where he lived, when he enlisted, with his two children, Charles T. and Horace F., one of whom lives in Chicago, Ill.

Killed in the battle of Chancellorsville, being, as he believed he should be,* among the first to fall. He gave his watch and money to Woodbury Sanborn to send home to his wife while on the march for the field where he fell, pierced through the head by minie ball or piece of shell. Sergeant Milliken, who stood the next right, says: "Prescott then seemed in good spirits and said to me 'give it to them, corporal, we're driving them,' but had scarcely spoken the words before he fell dead by my side. I did not see where he was struck, for the next instant I was hit by a minie ball in my arm."

He had been to California twice, and was an active, energetic man and a brave soldier. After his death his widow married Samuel Sanders, of Laconia, who is now deceased.

EDWARD C. RYAN

Was the son of Edward and Johohanna (Jenney) Ryan, and was born in Ireland, March, 1831.

Married Anner Fennall, of Ireland, August 26, 1848, and their children were John, Edward L., Daniel W., Patrick S., Mary F., and Anna M.; all dead but Edward.

In Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and wounded severely at last battle by minie ball in right thigh and instep and disabling him for further field service (see roster). He was in Invalid Corps for a while and discharged at Beaufort, S. C., in 1864.

ARTHUR C. SANBORN.

Here we will introduce to the reader the son of Jonathan W. and Nancy J. (Lamprey) Sanborn, as he looked with his sombrero on, when he guided the mules for "Uncle Sam," over thirty years ago. He served until the end of the war as regimental and brigade teamster and wagonmaster (see roster), and proved himself reliable and efficient in every time and place.

He was born in Gilmanton, January 11, 1843.

He was married to Ellen J. Webster, of Laconia, January 11, 1862, which was the same month and day he was born. The names of his three children are Lena A., Eva B., and Frank W.

He is now, as for many years he has been, a respected citizen and successful merchant of Concord.

* See "Presentiments," page 343.

5–10.
CORP. HORACE PRESCOTT

B. B. L. 5–8.
EDWARD C. RYAN.

B. B. L. 5–6.
ARTHUR C. SANBORN.

DAVID S. SANBORN.

Here is one of the many brave and good men of Company H who gave their lives for their country. He was the son of Luther Sanborn and was born in Meredith, in 1840.

He married Sarah E. Bond, of Gilford, by whom he had two sons, Frank D. and Joseph B.

He was in nearly every battle of the regiment until he fell at Cold Harbor. In conversation with his tent-mate, Almon J. Farrar, he said that Cold Harbor would be his last battle ;* and his wife had a remarkable dream about him the night before.† Sanborn also told Collins, of his company, of the inevitable fate that awaited him and to which he seemed to be resigned like a Christian soldier, as he seemed to be. He is seen here as he looked soon after he enlisted.

SERGT. JOHN C. SWEATT.

Son of Daniel and Adeline (Abbott) Sweatt, and born in Quincy, Mass., September 6, 1836. His father was a farmer and he followed the same occupation up to the time of his enlistment, August 16, 1862.

Married in November, 1860, to Sarah Jane Twombly. No children.

In Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Cold Harbor, and wounded in each of the two last named battles in middle finger and right hand. Color bearer from Point Lookout to the battle of Swift Creek. Rejoined regiment at Manchester, Va., where he was discharged on account of wounds. Of this man's record nothing but good can be written.

He has been for many years overseer in a hosiery mill at Belmont where he now resides.

WILLIAM THOMAS.

Born in Lunenburg, Vt., April 2, 1822. He was the son of Isaac C. and Hannah (Thomas) Thomas.

He married first in 1849, Lucia Clifford, of Danville, Vt.; and Martha A. Frisbee, of Kittery, Me., December 20, 1856. One daughter by his first wife.

At the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg. He was on detached duty as teamster in ammunition train, but he fought in the ranks at Swift Creek, Drury's Bluff, Port Walthall, and Cold Harbor.

He was for many years confined to his house in Laconia by paralysis, of which he died October 26, 1886. He was a member of the John L. Perley, Jr., Post. A Laconia paper speaks of him as "a brave soldier, a loyal citizen, and a kind and devoted husband and father."

LIEUT. JOSEPH S. TILTON.

Son of Stephen and Julia (Batchelder) Tilton, and born in Loudon, June 13, 1818. His parents soon after removed to Meredith where he received his education.

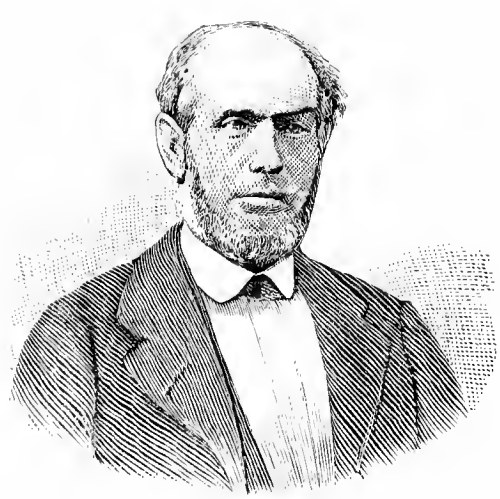
After the discovery of gold in California, he removed there with his family, being among the early pioneer settlers. While there he took an active part in the politics of San Francisco where, during the turbulent times with the lawless class, he was an officer in the "Vigilants." Returning to New Hampshire in 1857, he engaged in the manufacture of hosiery at Laconia, and continued in the business until 1862, when he stopped his mill to assist in the raising of this regiment, in which he was commissioned first lieutenant of Company H. He commanded his company at the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, being so badly wounded in the latter that he was obliged to leave the service, resigning October 9, 1863. When his health had sufficiently recovered he again started his mill.

* See page 350. † See page 349.

B. LB. L. 5–8.
DAVID S. SANBORN.

LB S. L. 5–6.
SERGT JOHN C. SWEATT

B. A. L. 5–10½.
WILLIAM THOMAS.



B. B. L. 5–8½.
LIEUT JOSEPH S. TILTON.

He married Betsy, daughter of Joseph Ham, February 7, 1842. Their children were Nancy, George H., who served three years in the Fourth New Hampshire Regiment, Emma S., and Frank S.

Lieutenant Tilton was a man of most profound and sincere convictions; frank and out spoken in his opinions on all subjects, and when once his mind was made up, was never slow to act. He inherited, to a great extent, the characteristics of his Puritan ancestry and sprung from one of the oldest families in New Hampshire history. His ancestors were well known men in its earliest days both as officers of the state and in the colonial forces during the French and Indian Wars.

He died November 6, 1879.

GEORGE W WATSON.

Jacob Watson, who was in the Eighth New Hampshire Volunteers, and Rachel (Swain) Watson were the parents of this soldier, who was born in 1841.

He was in all battles of the regiment, except Gettysburg. He was never seriously wounded but had a bullet pass through his equipments at Chancellorsville. He says, "Charles Cate was hit in the side at Chancellorsville. I took his watch. He was crying for water and for some one to kill him (see sketch). Sanborn (David S.), of my company, had his side torn out by piece of shell at Cold Harbor."

He was married June 16, 1866, to Sarah Philbrick. Their children were Sarah E., Mabel F., Olive A., Minnie M., Ula I., George E., and Clarence B.

He was for many years a spinner and overseer in one of the mills at Laconia. He is spoken of as one of the best soldiers of the company and few saw more of actual warfare than he.

HENRY L. WILKINSON.

Son of Samuel B. and Eliza (Smith) Wilkinson, and grandson of Benning Wilkinson, of the Revolution, and was born in Holderness, August 1, 1838.

In the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Wapping Heights, with the regiment, and in Fort Fisher, Sugar Loaf, East River, while orderly for General Payne, by whom he was highly recommended for promotion. He also served as orderly for Generals Butler, Hinks, and Marston, with great credit. Upon his discharge, the following words: "Character excellent; trusty, reliable, and brave," are endorsed by Solon A. Carter, captain and assistant adjutant-general.

Married July 26, 1865, to Nellie S. Howell, of Goldsborough, N. C. Children, Edward H. and Eliza B.

Since the war he has been commander of G. A. R. Post, inspector of department, and assistant inspector-general, for one year.

REUBEN P WILLARD.

This soldier, who was in Fredericksburg battle, and whose severe wound in both hips at Chancellorsville so far disabled him from further service that he was discharged a few months later.

He was born in Loudon, October 9, 1834. Son of a carpenter, John Willard, he early learned that trade which has been his principal business since the war. He also learned the shoemaking trade, working at it for some years before enlistment, and for a while, because of his wounds, after his discharge. His father married Ann Batchelder, by whom he had seven children, Reuben and John (see Company F), of the three boys, both serving their country in the war for its preservation.

Married December 29, 1860, to Olive B. Bean, of Sandwich, and Edward F., Daniel M., Nellie F. L., John P., Arthur B., and Ernest H., are the fruits of their marital union. May they be as happy in the enjoyment of our free institutions as their father was willing to toil and suffer for their defense.

B. Bk. L. 5–10.
GEORGE W WATSON.

H. B. L. 5–9.
HENRY L. WILKINSON.

B. L. S. 5–7.
REUBEN P. WILLARD.

COMPANY I.

The work of raising this company was carried on in the towns of Meredith, Centre Harbor, Campton, and Holderness.

A recruiting office was opened at Meredith, by Joseph W Lang, Jr., who enlisted eighty-six men in three days. A whole company might have been enlisted by him if a squad of fourteen men from Campton, enlisted by Edwin Pronk, had not been taken into the company because they wished to go altogether

The following men were elected by members of the company and afterwards commissioned: For captain, Joseph W Lang, Jr ; for first lieutenant, William H. H. Fernal; second lieutenant, William W Stevens: sergeants, George S. Cram, Edwin Pronk, Levi Leach, William P Ham, and Moses F Hutchins: corporals, Alden A. Kidder, Moses Chapman, Samuel W George, George G. Badger, George W Ham, Loammi Hartshorn, Dudley F Norris, and Robert Forsaith; William E. S. Foss and William H. Skinner were appointed musicians.

Captain Lang as afterwards commissioned, was the first man to enlist in the company

The muster of this company into the United States service occurred September 9, 1862.

SULLIVAN BRYANT.

Born in Meredith, February 24, 1823, and is the son of Hazen and Mehitable (Quincy) Bryant and father of William O., who enlisted in the same company (see sketch) and was killed in the battle of Cold Harbor.

The subject of this sketch was married to Mehitable H. Barry, of Tamworth, October 26, 1844. Children, William O., Hattie G., Clara E., George W., Hosea F., and Sarah J.

He was in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg. Wounded slightly in both ears at Chancellorsville and in hand by minie ball at Gettysburg, where he also had his knapsack torn from his back by a shell. His grandfather, Jonathan Quincy, was in the War of 1812.

A shoemaker before enlistment and laborer since discharge. He died at Meredith, February 19, 1897.

WILLIAM O. BRYANT

Here is another of the youthful heroes of Company I who gave his life for his country. About his parentage, etc., see sketch of his father, Sullivan. Born June 23, 1846, he was but one month and sixteen days over sixteen years of age when he enlisted; yet he was with his regiment in every battle, as believed, except Fredericksburg, up to Cold Harbor, where he fell mortally wounded in the bowels, but lived, from best information, until 6 P. M. Sergeant Gray, of Company F, was talking with him a few minutes before he died. He seemed quite composed, and not then suffering much. Suddenly he exclaimed, "Oh, dear, I shall die!" and immediately expired. At Gettysburg, while acting on detached duty in the First New Jersey Battery, two horses that he was holding were killed by a shell that left him untouched.

Captain Lang says of him: "good, always ready;" while another of his comrades says: "good as the best;" while his mother, with tearful eyes, thus expressed this tribute of praise: "he was a good hearted, dutiful boy." Few words indeed, but how full of meaning, and hence applicable to this brief sketch of one whose memory should be cherished.

ALBERT L. BUSIEL.

Here in full uniform, cap-a-pie, is a picture of the youthful patriot who was the first to fall from the ranks of the Twelfth, being accidentally shot while buying a revolver in a gun shop at Concord, two days before the regiment left there for the front.

He was the oldest child of Harrison M. Busiel (see sketch) who, finding that his son, a mere boy of fifteen years, was determined to go to war and had already enlisted, decided to enlist himself in the same regiment that he might be with and care for him. How little he thought then how short the time and unavailing his care would be.

Albert L. was born October 19, 1846. He was a bright, promising boy, full of life and energy, and this sad and sudden death of their first born was a terrible blow to his parents, who had not the consolation even of knowing that he fell on the field of battle, and in defense of the flag that he was so earnestly willing to follow. Yet, why should his praise be less?

> "Who would not be that youth? What pity is it
> That we can die but once to save our country."

DANA E. BUSIEL.

This worthy defender of his country's flag was the oldest son of Jonas S. and Clarenda (Ames) Busiel, and was born in Bedford, Mass., November 23, 1842.

In October, after his discharge, in 1865, he was married to Sarah A. Peabody, of Gilford, by whom he has two children, George H. and Parker A., both living.

In all battles of regiment, except Cold Harbor and Siege of Petersburg, during which time he was on detached service in the division supply train.

A farmer by occupation, and as reliable as a soldier, as are the rains of spring to clothe the fields that he tills, with verdure. "I tried to do my duty," he says in a letter to the author of this sketch and his record shows how well he succeeded.

SERGT. MOSES CHAPMAN.

The picture of this veteran shows him as he looked when discharged from the service, for disability from protracted sickness, a month or two before the close of the war. He is the son of Moses and Betsey (Giddings) Chapman, and born in Danvers, Mass., July 30, 1821.

Married April 5, 1851, to Margaret H. Westwood, of his native town, where they resided until he moved into this state some years later. Children, Moses E., George A., Christianna, Maggie E., Isabella (deceased), Charles H., Edgar, Jennie A., Frank, and Nellie.

In Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, where he was taken prisoner and lay for a while in the rebel lines exposed to a scathing fire from the Union side, one bullet passing over him and wounding a man by his side, who had already been wounded four times in that battle.

It is enough to say of the good will and sterling worth of this soldier, that knowing as he did from his experience on two terrible battle-fields, what he was to meet on the next, he went into and through the battle of Gettysburg with a certificate from Surgeon Fowler, exempting him from all military duty and which had been endorsed, while on the march, by one of General Mead's medical staff, who told him not to try and keep along with the regiment. After the battle he was unable to keep up with the army and followed after alone, as far as Harper's Ferry, where he was ordered into the hospital, rejoining the regiment some weeks later at Point Lookout. From there until his discharge he was either doing light duty with the regiment, or at home on sick furlough.

CHARLES B. CLOUGH.

Youngest of the three brothers (John F. and George S.), who are here found sketched in the order of their ages.

Though a mere boy, being born February 14, 1845, yet brave, determined, and faithful, he followed and stood by the flag of his country in all the marches and battles of the regiment from Concord to Point Lookout, Md., where disease, taking advantage of his toil-worn condition, fastened upon him, and he went home to die. His father, who had tried hard to dissuade him from enlisting, went out after him hoping that a change of air and a mother's care might save him. But all in vain, for in just three weeks from the time his mother pressed a love-welcoming kiss upon his pale and sunken cheek, that cheek was pale in death. Captain Fernal said that he could be tracked for miles on the march to Gettysburg by the blood that came from his feet, his shoes being too badly worn to protect them. At Chancellorsville, he fired seventy-two rounds, ten more than he carried, and was slightly wounded by a rail thrown against him, his knapsack receiving the blow and probably saving his life.

One of the bravest and best.

GEORGE S. CLOUGH.

In number, age, and size, here is the middle one of the "Clough brothers," of Company I, whose picture shows him at the time of his enlistment.

Born in Meredith, May 23, 1843; see sketch of John F., for parentage and family record.

He was taken sick at Arlington Heights, and was confined in hospital at Washington for seventeen weeks before discharge. He went out and got his brother, John F., a furlough after the latter was wounded at Chancellorsville, and brought him home.

Married June 20, 1863, while at home on furlough, to Eliza C. James, of New Bedford. Children, May E. and Lizzie F.

He was a shoemaker when enlisting, but since the war has most of the time been engaged in the meat and provision business at Manchester. Like his brother, he has the respect of all who know him and is a successful and reliable business man.

B. B. L. 5–7½.
ALBERT L. BUSIEL.

B. B. D. 5–7½.
SULLIVAN BRYANT

B. D. D. 5–7.
WILLIAM O. BRYANT

JOHN F CLOUGH.

Soon after the birth of this veteran of Company I. who is second in a family of seven children, all boys, November 14, 1842, his parents, John K. and Ellen (Libby) Clough, moved from the town of Gray, Me., to Meredith, where his two comrade brothers were born (see sketches), and where his aged mother is still living. This family of Cloughs are of Scotch descent and immigrated to this country.

In Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, where he was severely wounded in right knee, and lay for sixteen days on the field without any food or care except the little received from the enemy. Speaking of the battle, he says : "All I got to eat, all this time, was water and flour so poor that when mixed up it looked like ashes and water. I lay in the old log house until it was literally knocked to pieces by our own solid shot and shells, and one of which, passing through the house, just grazed my body as I lay prostrate upon the floor." He was reported dead, after the battle, and the day for the funeral services appointed at his home in Meredith, when the good news came that he was still among the living.

Annie L. Kenny, of Manchester, who became his wife March 19, 1872, is now the mother of Eugene F., their only child.

The fact that he has been county commissioner of Hillsborough county for nearly eight years. being elected four times, and a member of the city government of Manchester for about the same time, speaks plainer than words of his integrity and ability as a public officer. and of his personal affability and high character as a citizen and a man.

Occupation before enlistment a shoemaker, and since discharge in the meat business with his brother, George S. (see sketch), and in office as above.

His grandfather, Oliver Clough, was a pensioner of the Revolution, and is remembered as the last survivor of that war, of Meredith, or any where in that section. He was at the surrender of Burgoyne, and said to have been on guard at the execution of Andre.

LIEUT. GEORGE S. CRAM.

This soldier went out with the regiment as first sergeant of his company, and was promoted to a second lieutenant just before the battle of Chancellorsville, where he was killed early in the fight, by a musket ball passing through his neck and severing both jugular veins, the blood spurting out on both sides.

He was the youngest son of Amos and Jane S. (Prescott) Cram, who had two other sons and three daughters, and was born in Meredith, March 2, 1826.

Married Abby J. Deen, of Lincolnville, Me., November 9, 1845, by whom he had four children, Francis H., Clara A., Viola J. (died young), and Alberto J. His progenitors were of English descent, but his more immediate ancestry lived for several generations in Meredith. He received his commission on his birthday, 1863, but a presentiment that he should be killed in the first battle following proved but too true. "He had just told me, (G. W. Clarke) as he fell, to go to the rear, as I was just then severely wounded." He had told Captain Lang, shortly before, that he shouldn't live through the battle.

The G. A. R. Post, of Meredith, is named for him.

CORP. NATHANIEL S. DAVIS.

Son of Josiah M. and Mehitable (Smith) Davis, and born in Gilmanton, November 24, 1837.

He was a farmer before the war and enlisted from Meredith.

He was in the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, being wounded in the latter by minie ball in left thigh and taken prisoner. He was paroled the next day and exchanged in November. His grandfather Smith enlisted in the War of the Revolution, serving five years, and his two brothers, John P (see sketch) and Charles O., were also members of this regiment.

Sarah S. Graves became his wife, December 30, 1855, and their children, George E., Frank, and John P., are all living.

LB. L. L. 5–4½.
DANA E. BUSIEL.

B. D. D. 5–9.
SERGT. MOSES CHAPMAN.

B. LB. L. 5–6½.
CHARLES B. CLOUGH.

B. B. L. 5–8.
GEORGE S. CLOUGH.

DB. D. L. 5–11½.
JOHN F. CLOUGH.

CAPT. WILLIAM H. H. FERNAL.

Captain Fernal, the only son of Luke and Betsey (Stevens) Fernal, was born in Boston, Mass., March 11, 1834; his parents moving to Meredith, which ever after was his home, when he was about a year old.

His father was for some years a missionary among the Cherokee Indians in Tennessee, and possessed in a marked degree those noble qualities of heart that were transmitted to, and so often manifested by, his son. Receiving a common school education, he learned the trade of blacksmith, and continued to work at that business until he enlisted into Company I, August 15, 1862, being chosen by that company and afterward commissioned as its first lieutenant.

November 3, 1855, he was married to Loretta S. Burleigh, of Holderness, having by her two children, Harry L. and Minnie H., both living. His wife had both grandfathers in the Revolution.

He was in more battles and saw more active field service than any other one of the original officers of the regiment, being in every engagement except Cold Harbor, and present at that, but not getting off picket in time enough to enter the charge, and never wounded, except slightly in the ear, at Chancellorsville. There was no mean or mercenary blood in his veins. He enlisted to put down what he believed to be a "wicked and causeless rebellion," and with a brave heart and strong arm he valiantly wielded the sword in his country's defense, until the work was done. In writing of Cold Harbor he said: "We got Lieutenant Dunn's body at night and carried him off the field and buried him. It was eleven or twelve o'clock at night, when Sergeant Place and I buried him, and lay down to sleep, using the new made grave for a pillow. Dr. Sanborn marked a board for a headstone."*

Though modest and unassuming, patient to bear, and slow to resent, he was none the less capable to perform and quick to execute when the occasion required or exigency demanded.† He was a good officer, a brave soldier, a kind husband and father, a worthy citizen, and an honest man.

He died of heart disease, February 27, 1872, when he should, and but for the war doubtless would, have been in the vigor and prime of his manhood.

CORP. ROBERT FORSAITH.

A descendent of the first settlers of Deering, who were English, and he was born, May 2, 1824, at Deering, and died on the battle-ground of Chancellorsville, Va., thirty-eight years and one day afterward, and buried by the enemy on the field.

He was, as believed, the oldest child of David and Nancy (Mills) Forsaith, who had five sons in the war — Horace and Squiers in the Fourth and Sixteenth New Hampshire Infantry; Warren in the New England Cavalry; John in a Massachusetts regiment; and the subject of this sketch who was killed in the Twelfth New Hampshire, as above stated.

Corporal Forsaith was by occupation a painter, and August 28, 1849, was married to Mary A. Ellsworth, of Deering, whose father was a cousin to Colonel Ellsworth, who was killed early in the war at Alexandria, Va. Children, Emma J. and Carrie L.

One of his comrades says he was wounded in the bowels; and from what Levi Leach, of his company, who thinks he was the last one to ever see him alive, has told the writer, it seems that this might be correct, and that he received the fatal wound unconscious of the fact, some little time before he fell. Sergeant Leach further said: "Speak well of Corporal Forsaith," to which the writer replies: "I cannot truthfully do otherwise if I would for he seems to have been a good Christian soldier and man."

* See page 212. † See page 126.

G. B. L. 5–11½.
LIEUT GEORGE S. CRAM.

B. B. L. 5–8.
CORP. NATHANIEL S. DAVIS.

B. L. L. 5–11.
CAPT WILLIAM H. H. FERNAL.

B. G. D. 5–7½.
CORP. ROBERT FORSAITH.

CORP. SAMUEL W GEORGE.

A true and faithful soldier of the cross and the army, who left his wife and family, containing twins only eight months old, for the front to defend the country he loved so well. The town of Plymouth was his birthplace and upon her soil his parents, Eaton and Ruth W (Dow) George, resided. He was born in 1836.

He was in the battle of Fredericksburg although he was not able to go and was taken from the men picked up back in camp who were unfit to take an active part in battle. He died of disease at Falmouth and had the pictures of his wife and twin children in his bosom, and the last thing he did was to spring up in bed that he might bring the pictures up before him to look at. He was brought home to Plymouth and buried there by the Masons.

Married September 3, 1859, to Anna M. Jones, of Concord, sister of Abner C. Jones, of Company E, and had two children, Samuel W and Emma.

LIEUT. WILLIAM P HAM.

He was born in Farmington in 1822.

In the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Cold Harbor, where he was wounded, dying a few days after the battle, June 15, 1864.

He was the father of two or three children.

Captain Lang says: "He lived in Meredith a short time before he enlisted."

The fact that he enlisted as sergeant and died at Cold Harbor as lieutenant, shows that he was one of the true and brave, and his death upon the field entitles him to a place in the "Roll of Honor." Soon after his death his widow and children moved from Meredith to Sandwich, where she died a few years later.

BVT. LIEUT. LOAMMI HARTSHORN.

This meritorious soldier first saw the light on Tuesday, July 1, 1828, in the quiet town of Lunenburg, Mass., and was soon named after his father, while his mother's maiden name was Sibyl Scripture.

Although it was April fool's day, 1862, when he invited ministerial sanction to a life co-partnership with Mary E. Gay, of Nashua, there are now a multitude of witnesses to testify that it was the wisest act of his life, and Frank L. and Charles E. are the products of their union.

The next most important act of his life happened but a few months later, in this, to him, eventful year, when he enlisted as a private and was mustered into the service of "Uncle Sam" as the sixth corporal of Company I. From this date to the end of the war, his record, written by the bayonet and punctuated by the bullet, is one of which he may well feel proud. He was in every battle and skirmish where the Twelfth fought or faced the enemy, save the battle of Gettysburg, when he was sick in hospital from accidental injury. His knapsack cut from his back, and hat cut in two by solid shot or shell at Cold Harbor.

He was a wagon painter before the war, and resumed his occupation after his return, being as constant and faithful to his daily duties as a soldier citizen as he was brave and heroic to defend the flag of his country as a citizen soldier. One of the last to talk about carrying a forlorn hope, either before or after, but one of the first to do it.

JAMES HAWKINS,

The younger brother of W H. (see sketch), was born in 1841, and died on the field of Gettysburg, on the third day of the battle. He was wounded the day before by a minie ball or piece of shell perforating his bowels.

He was in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, his last, where he fell with his face to the foe.

He, like his brother, was tall, but he was the heavier and stouter built, as well as the taller of the two.

He was a brave man and "good soldier," as said of him by all his comrades.

Bk. Bk. D. 5–11½.
CORP. SAMUEL W. GEORGE.

G. S. L. 5–9.
LIEUT. WILLIAM P. HAM.

D. D. L. 5–6.
BVT. LIEUT. LOAMMI HARTSHORN.

B. L. L. 5–11½.
JAMES HAWKINS.

WILLIAM H. HAWKINS.

The father of this soldier served in the Eighth New Hampshire, and died in the war at Camp Kearney, La., November 12, 1862, and had two other sons, James (see sketch) and Lorenzo in the same company. His mother, whose maiden name was Jane B. Plaisted, died several years ago. This son was born in 1839.

Married, just before he enlisted, to Helen Emery, of Meredith, and his only son, Frederick L., now a doctor and practising in Meredith, his native town, was about a year old when his father enlisted. His great-grandfather Plaisted was in the Revolution.

In the battle of Fredericksburg, and at Chancellorsville he was wounded in knee and thigh by two minie balls as it seems, the latter proving fatal (see roster).

He and his brother, last mentioned, have their names on the "Roll of Honor."

LIEUT. HORACE S. HUTCHINS.

This officer, who was born in Meredith, December 23, 1838, is the son of Moses and Miranda (Webber) Hutchins and the brother of Moses F., of Company I, and George F. in the Sixteenth Massachusetts, wounded at Fair Oaks. His grandfather was in the War of 1812.

In the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. Although wounded severely in the elbow May 2, 1863, he kept with his company and fought in the great battle of the next day until wounded again in the hand and wrist. In trying to get to the rear, he was run over by the cavalry and lay helpless on the ground until picked up and carried off the field. In the spring of 1864, he was commissioned second lieutenant in the First United States Volunteers, and served until after the close of the war on the western frontier, where he was promoted to first lieutenant, and commanded his company in a defensive fight of several hours against a large force of Indians.

Married Hannah H. Sturtevant, of Moultonborough (deceased). Children, Herbert E., Horace W., and Annie L. Married Ellen E. Horn, January 26, 1882; one child.

His claims as a soldier were good.

CORP. JEREMIAH F JENNESS.

And here its the privilege of the reader to look upon the engraved print of another of the heroes of the "Old Twelfth," who first saw the light in Meredith, at the hour of 4 P. M., on the 13th day of July, 1844. Youngest child of Jeremiah and Dorothy (Dockham) Jenness.

He never belonged to the coffee-cooling brigade nor curried favor with any officer high or low. Independent in thought and action, he never hesitated to express the one, or perform the other, without fear or favor; but when or where the enemy moved or fought he was there, and ready to do his full share. The colors of his regiment were never endangered, but he was there to protect them, except at Chancellorsville, and then he was on detached service.

Wounded slightly at Gettysburg, but went through all other battles untouched except in clothes.

Sibyl N., daughter of Abel Nutting, of Plymouth, became his wife, April 3, 1875. Children, Elmer F and Mazie A.

Like most of the youth who enlisted in the Twelfth, he spent his early years in working upon his father's farm and attending the district school, where by healthful labor and athletic sports, he developed the strong and enduring qualities of body and mind, without which he could never have made for himself such a long and honorable record in the service of his country. May many happy years be his to enjoy the fruits of his labor.

B. DB. L. 5–11.
WILLIAM H. HAWKINS.

B. S. L. 5–7½.
LIEUT HORACE S. HUTCHINS.

G. B. L. 5–9.
CORP. JEREMIAH F. JENNESS.

SERGT. ALDEN A. KIDDER.

This good man and soldier was the son of Thomas B. and Sally (Perkins) Kidder, and was born in Dunbarton, April 25, 1824. The family is of English descent and has an honorable record.

The subject of this sketch was the middle one of five children (three boys), and was married on the 29th of April, 1852. His wife's name, before marriage, was Julia H. Hinman, of Bangor, Me. Their only child, Albert A., is living with his mother in Meredith.

He was all the time with the regiment, and in all its battles until severely wounded in left shoulder at the battle of Drury's Bluff; not in active service afterward.

His occupation, before and after the war, a shoemaker. He was an honor to the regiment.

CAPT. JOSEPH W. LANG, JR.

This noble hearted, whole souled officer is the son of Thomas E. and Cynthia (Blaisdell) Lang, and was born in Tuftonborough, December 2, 1832.

He married Lucy A. Leach, of Wells, Me., January 19, 1860, and has one daughter, Elizabeth W., recently a teacher in Boston.

When permission was given to raise a regiment in Belknap county, Captain Lang, who was then a partner in trade with Isaiah Winch (see sketch) at Meredith Village, at once set about raising a company, and turning their store into a recruiting office enlisted eighty-six men, of what was afterward known as Company I, and being as popular as he was in earnest, was unanimously chosen its commander. He himself was the first man to enlist in Company I, August 14, 1862, and enlisted twenty-five in the afternoon of the same day.

He was in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and the skirmishes in front of Petersburg. At Chancellorsville, he was wounded severely in leg and taken prisoner, being held fourteen days. The wound in his leg prevented him from marching into Richmond with the regiment. He was discharged on account of wounds August 19, 1864.

Since the war he has been engaged in farming and teaming at Meredith. A man of sterling character and honesty, and while a member of Company I survives he will not lack a friend.

SERGT. LEVI LEACH.

Born the last but one of the ten children of Levi and Betsey (Conant) Leach, who then (October 1, 1818) resided in Bridgewater, Mass.

Married Susan Catharine, daughter of Dr. Sanborn, April 30, 1845. Children, William S. (see sketch) and Edward G. Leach, who is a lawyer in Concord.

In the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg. At Chancellorsville a musket ball went through his haversack, glancing on a tin plate therein which saved him from a dangerous, if not a fatal, wound. He received a serious and painful wound at Gettysburg, disabling him from further military service. In this battle he acted as both orderly sergeant and lieutenant, showing a cool head and ready hand. When wounded, using his musket as a cane, he at last succeeded in reaching a house in the rear, but found it full, as was also the barn, of the wounded, dying, or dead, and he with many others was glad of partial shelter through the night in a straw stack.

For many years, before the war, he was a school and vocal music teacher, gaining an enviable reputation in both vocations. Since his discharge, he has been honored and respected as an honest and intelligent farmer.

He and his son were the oldest and youngest, respectively, of their company, the former lacking but six years of fifty, and the latter the same number of twenty-one.

DB. LB. L. 5–10.
SERGT ALDEN A. KIDDER.

B. L. S. 5–10½.
CAPT. JOSEPH W. LANG, JR.

B. B. L. 5–6.
SERGT LEVI LEACH.

WILLIAM S. LEACH.

"Death likes a shining mark," and found it here in one of the youngest and most promising of the many brave and brilliant youth of the regiment, whose heroic patriotism deserves the highest praise.

Born in Meredith, February 4, 1847, he was but six months and ten days past his fifteenth birthday when he enlisted, not as waiter, clerk, or musician, but as a musket bearer in the ranks, where he marched and fought side by side with robust and full-bearded manhood. His father, Levi Leach, who enlisted in the same company, and his mother, Catharine (Sanborn) Leach, are still living and relate, with tearful eyes, the sad story of the bright hope and cherished paternal pride forever crushed by the untimely death of their first born.

From early youth he evinced marked intellectual development far beyond his years; and when but seven or eight years of age cared more for study than for play, and was more interested in politics and the columns of the New York Tribune, than in Arabian Nights or Gulliver's Travels.

"Father, this Rebellion must be put down, and we must go and help do it." They went; but in a few months the father returns with the lifeless form of his son, taken from the altar of his country to bury beneath the snow covered sod of his native state. Typho-malarial fever, brought on by exposure at Fredericksburg, and upon the "mud march," ended the brief, but brave and manly career of this young patriot. "In the very May-morn of his youth" freedom claimed him as her own; and without a single tear of sorrow or murmur of complaint, he smilingly answered to her call, and joined the long line of her martyred hosts that are now marching onward to the "music of the spheres."

JOHN P. McKENDRICK.

This soldier, oldest of the family of six children, three boys and three girls, was born in Bristol, on the 8th of September, 1839, and his parents were John F. G. and Susan (Cram) McKendrick. His brother, George C., was in the Twentieth Massachusetts, and was killed in the battle of Wilderness.

In the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and wounded in latter battle by minie ball in head, on which account he was discharged.

Married December 29, 1859, to Maria P. Ellsworth, of Meredith, and had the following children, Elmer E., John H., and Alice E.

Millman by occupation.

CORP ALBERT MERRILL.

Son of Winthrop and Martha (Noyes) Merrill, of Campton Village, in which he was born, June 5, 1838.

He was with the regiment at the battles of Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Siege of Petersburg, Cold Harbor, Raid on the Petersburg road, and Bermuda Hundred, where he was captured by Stewart's brigade, Pickett's division. Concerning his capture he says: "I was taken to General Pickett's headquarters and questioned as follows:

General Pickett. 'What regiment do you belong to?'

'Twelfth New Hampshire Volunteers.'

General Pickett. 'Is Lincoln elected?'

'Yes, sir.'

General Pickett. 'By G–d, we'll keep you four years.'

General Pickett's aid. 'Do you ever expect to get home?'

'I don't know.'

General Pickett. 'Have your folks got much force over there?'

'Yes, sir, a tremendous force.'

General Pickett. 'Have they any mortars?'

'I suppose so, got lots of artillery of all kinds.

Thus ended the conversation, and I was taken to Richmond to old Libby prison."

D. D. D. 5–6.
WILLIAM S. LEACH.

B. D. L. 5–9½.
JOHN P. MCKENDRICK.

B. B. L. 5–5½.
CORP. ALBERT MERRILL.

He was also confined in Pemberton, Goldsborough, and Salisbury prisons until March 2, 1865.

He married Carrie A. Crowell, of Chelsea, Mass., June 2, 1867, by whom he has two children, Frank A. and Etta F.

Since the war he has been connected with the railroad as clerk and conductor.

His brother, Charles E., was in the First and Twelfth Massachusetts Light Artillery, and afterwards commissioned in a colored regiment. The subject of this sketch, if living, is one of the bravest and most faithful soldiers in his company, but his health was ruined in rebel prisons and he has been a constant sufferer from the effects of scurvy and other diseases ever since.

CAPT. SAMUEL B. NOYES.

Here is the face of one who entered the service beardless and fragile in looks, but who stood the hardships of active service by being slightly favored at first, being mail carrier for a while, and was discharged at the end of the war as captain of company (see roster). He was in two or three engagements and wounded in shoulder at Gettysburg. He was promoted to captain after being transferred to the United States service (see roster), and was stationed at Fort Wrights, Dak., near which he had two or three skirmishes with the Indians.

Only son, two sisters still survive him, of Enoch W and Mary L. (Bean) Noyes, and was born in Meredith, December 10, 1842. He was a good scholar, and was attending high school at Tilton when he enlisted from a sense of duty.

Married Annette C. Curry, of Tilton, and of his two children, Mary J. died when about one year old, and Harry Lincoln now lives in Boon, Ia., where his mother, now Mrs. Mason, resides.

He engaged in grocery business in Chicago after the war, but his health, always delicate, failing, he returned to Tilton where he died of consumption, January 15, 1870. Thus in early manhood his earthly career ended; but not until he had proved himself worthy of a long cherished memory and fitted as a leader in the higher life. He was liked and his death lamented by all who knew him.

OSCAR J. PIPER.

This soldier, the only son of John and Sarah H. (Moses) Piper, was born in Meredith, November 27, 1845.

Married April 27, 1867, to Mary A. Batchelder, of Hooksett. Children, Emma L., Fred S., and Fred O., the last two deceased. Second marriage, January 1, 1876, to Ina A. Nelson, of Plymouth. Children, Fred H., Oscar G., Ralph N., and Earl R.

In the battle of Fredericksburg, after which he was taken sick and discharged, but re-enlisted into the New Hampshire Heavy Artillery, and served in that regiment to the end of the war.

He was the tent-mate of Gilman Smith, and the picture of him here seen was taken the day he enlisted.

CORP. NATHAN G. PLUMMER.

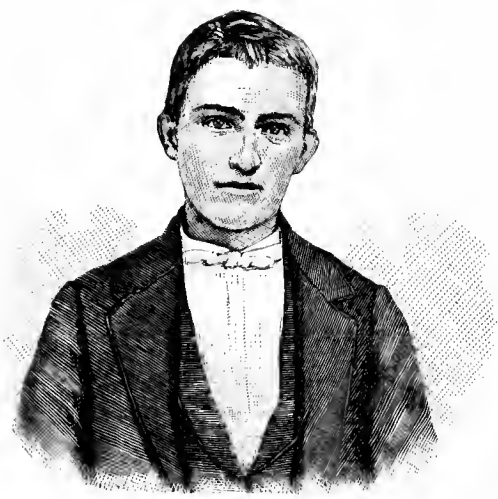
Son of Moses G. and Betsey (Smith) Plummer; born in Meredith, February 6, 1841, and married November 11, 1869, to Sarah E. Glidden, of Meredith, by whom he has had two children, Evelyn M. and Ida G.

His brothers, Edward C. and Martin B., were in the army; Edward, in the Fourth Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, and died of yellow fever at Newberne, N. C.; and Martin in the First New Hampshire Cavalry, and served through the war.

In Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Swift Creek, Bermuda Hundred, Port Walthall, and also Cold Harbor, where he was wounded by bullet in left shoulder, in left leg by piece of shell, and his clothes and equipments pierced with bullets.

To the above we need only add the words of his captain, that he "was one of the very best of men and soldiers."

B. L. L. 5–7
CAPT SAMUEL B. NOYES.



B. L. L. 5–6.
OSCAR J. PIPER.

B. D. L. 5–7½.
CORP. NATHAN G. PLUMMER.

B. D. L. 5–7.
BVT LIEUT JOSIAH H. PRESCOTT

BVT LIEUT. JOSIAH H. PRESCOTT.

Son of James M. and Patience K. Prescott, and born in Meredith, September 6, 1840.

Married January 2, 1864, to Mary L., daughter of William G. Hoyt. formerly of Gilford. Children, Clara L. and Ruth A.

He was appointed quartermaster-sergeant at the organization of the regiment, and acted as such until commissioned second lieutenant of Company D, May 18, 1863 (see roster). According to his own record he was commissioned first lieutenant, September 2, 1863, but was never mustered and acted a while as adjutant. He was taken sick on the march to Gettysburg, rejoining the regiment at Point Lookout, from which he was soon after discharged. He was prompt and efficient as assistant to Quartermaster Winch with whom, soon after the war, he went into the mercantile business at Fernandina, Fla., where he still resides.

SERGT. EDWIN PRONK.

Son of John and Abigail (French) Pronk, and grandson of John Pronk, who was a noted physician in Germany. Born in Boston, Mass., January 17, 1825, and married Sarah P. Church, of Newbury, Vt., in 1852, by whom he had two children, Emma W (deceased) and John E.

The father of this soldier died on board the United States ship "Ohio" in 1854, having served in the navy twenty-five years, and being carpenter's mate at the time of his decease.

Sergeant Pronk had been a captain in the old state militia and would probably have soon been promoted to a commissioned officer had his health allowed him to remain longer with the regiment, which he left at Warrenton, Va., a few weeks after leaving Washington, remaining in hospital until discharged.

A miller before enlistment, and a watchman and railroad employee since discharge. He has been chairman of the "town fathers," of Hooksett, and held other town offices.

GILMAN SMITH.

Next to the youngest of nine children of Daniel P. and Abigail (Dolloff) Smith. He was born in Meredith, April, 1846.

At the battle of Chancellorsville, he was wounded by ball that went into his chest entering through the neck. He lived until the next day or two in great agony, and died as he was carried through the camp at Falmouth for Potomac Creek hospital, and was buried at Falmouth.

He deserves honorable mention as a good man and a plucky soldier.

CORP. WILLIAM H. STICKNEY.

Look here at another beardless youth with his cap on and his coat closely buttoned up as becomes a soldier. You would hardly recognize him now by his picture, which was taken soon after he enlisted, but the same brave and manly heart is still beating, though thirty-five years have passed since then.

The fifth of nine children of Benjamin and Phebe (Pulsifer) Stickney, and was born February 16, 1843. One of his six brothers was in the Thirty-ninth Massachusetts.

Fought on every battle-field that the regiment did, except Gettysburg, when he was suffering from wound in right hand by minie ball at Chancellorsville. Also wounded in left leg in Siege of Petersburg, and again by minie ball in left shoulder while running the gauntlet of rebel lines at Bermuda Hundred, to escape being taken prisoner, preferring quick death to slow starvation.

Married Sarah O., daughter of Joseph Hodgdon, of Campton, August 30, 1870. Willie, their only child, died in infancy.

For ten years after the war he worked in a factory; since which, a farmer. Captain Lang says of him: "One of the best; a good and truthful man." But no words can improve his record as a soldier for it is nearly perfect.

D. D. L. 5–9.
SERGT EDWIN PRONK.

B. L. L. 5–10.
GILMAN SMITH.

B. L. L. 5–9.
CORP. WILLIAM H. STICKNEY

B. DP. L. 5–11.
SERGT THOMAS WELCH.

SERGT. THOMAS WELCH.

The above soldier was born in Ossipee, May 12, 1824, and son of James and Mary (White) Welch.

He was in the pioneer corps most of the time during his enlistment. He was in the battle of Chancellorsville, where he was taken prisoner. E. W. Shannon, of Company G, and Dow B. Griffin, of Company D, both excellent soldiers and brave fighters, were for a long time his comrades in the pioneer corps. They all deserve honorable mention.

Married Julia Eldridge, of Ossipee, several years before his enlistment, and his children are, Mellissa, Ella, Mary, Charles M., John S., George L., and John C., three or four of whom are still living.

He was a stone cutter before the war.

COMPANY K.

Company K was enlisted mostly from the towns of Wolfeborough, Tuftonborough, and Wentworth, by Silas May, Milo E. Haines, and John Peavey One of the men who enlisted died before the company went into camp at Concord.

Colonel Peavey called a meeting at Melvin Village, at the chapel on the middle road (so called), speeches being made by him and several townsmen.

The meeting for the election of officers was holden in the Piper school house, and Silas May was elected captain over Ham of Tuftonborough, by one majority William F Dame was elected first lieutenant at the same meeting; for second lieutenant, George L. Batchelder; sergeants, Samuel A. Seavey, Daniel P Haines, Marquis D. L. McDuffee, Freeman O. Willey, and Joseph Morgan, Jr.; corporals, Jacob B. Tuttle, Charles Sullivan, Enoch C. Piper, Daniel W Horner, Charles A. Warren, William B. Rendal, Wilbra W Swett, and John L. Canney; James H. Stanyan and Jacob Hanson, drummer and fifer.

Mustered into the service of the United States, September 10, 1862.

GEORGE H. BLAKE

Was born at Wolfeborough, May 22, 1842, and is the son of Daniel and Sarah Ann (Bickford) Blake. Son of a farmer, as can be said of most of the regiment.

After the battle of Fredericksburg, in which he participated, he was detailed as teamster and served as such until June, 1863, when he was detached from regiment and served as wagon master of the supply train in the third division, of the Third Army Corps, until the end of the war.

His grandfather, on his father's side, was a veteran of the Revolution.

He was married, December 27, 1871, to Gertrude M., daughter of Benjamin R. Dow, of Boscawen. Children, Hostem F., Frank (deceased), Ralph P., and Gertrude A.

ORLANDO BOYD.

The square cut mouth, firmly closed lips, and straight forward look of this young and beardless soldier all indicate to the careful observer something more than a mere glance at his boyish face seems to reveal. Tall, slim, slightly bent forward, and apparently of weak constitution, he was perhaps the last man in his company that one would have picked to have made such a noble war record for himself as he did. So much for his looks, now let us consider his acts, for "by their works ye may judge them."

He was in and through every fight and hardship of the regiment, and, excepting a slight contusion on right leg at Gettysburg, and a minie sting at Cold Harbor, he went through all untouched in person, though his equipments received bullet marks at Chancellorsville. Never in hospital, except for twenty-six days at Bermuda Hundred, with chills and fever.

Though Cupid's arrows have, as yet, had no more impression upon him than rebel bullets, it is hoped he may still be struck by a chance shot of the mischievous little archer and his honored name be given to the oldest sons for many generations.

Son of David and Laura (Ellsworth) Boyd, and born in Wentworth, January 30, 1842.

ANDREW R. BRACKETT

Here is another of the "boys" in age as well as name, being under fourteen years of age when he enlisted, and the youngest but one of the regiment. Son of Alexander and Almira D. (Look) Brackett, and born in Addison, Me., January 13, 1848.

He joined the regiment as a recruit at Point Lookout, Md., and was constantly with it, except for a few days, and in all its marches and battles from there until first of September, 1864, when he was taken sick and sent to hospital; and this, considering his size and age, and the fact that he carried a gun instead of a drum, as he enlisted to, is a most remarkable record indicative of the same remarkable courage and energy manifested by his persistent efforts to be allowed the privilege of serving his country. After trying many times in vain to get into some Maine regiment, he left home and came into this state determined to try until successful.

His only brother, Alesto, served in the navy and died of fever, October 14, 1864; and his grandfather, John, was in the War of 1812.

Married Etta M., daughter of Isaac M. Bishop, who served in the Twenty-fifth Maine, November 20, 1870, and is now the happy father of Carrie L., Bert A., Georgie F., Samuel W., and Minnie L., and long may he live to enjoy the peace and happiness of his home.

AMOS E. BRADLEY

Born in Wakefield in 1838, and enlisted from Wolfeborough.

In most of the battles of the regiment, and wounded at Cold Harbor in hand.

He was killed on a railroad crossing at Rochester some years after the war.

B. B. L. 6–2.
GEORGE H. BLAKE.

H. B. L. 6–1.
ORLANDO BOYD.

G. L. L. $5–3\frac{3}{4}$.
ANDREW R. BRACKETT

D. B. D. 5–9.
AMOS E. BRADLEY

CORP. ALBERT BURNHAM.

Take a good long look at this soldier's face, for you will never look, even upon the picture, of a better one, and few can be found in this history who were as good.

We regret that after special pains taken to locate this soldier for the last few years we have been unable to do so.

LIEUT THOMAS C. DAME.

Here he is as he looked eight years after the war, sober and sedate as a minister; and yet there is quite a streak of fun in his social composition. He joined the infant ranks of life just twenty-two years before he enlisted in the ranks of war (see roster), and is the fourth in a family of five sons and one daughter. His brothers, William F (see roster) and Charles W., were in the war, the latter serving on board the "Ethan Allen" and in the New Hampshire Heavy Artillery. Parents, Isaac and Polly (Coffin).

After Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, where he did good service in the ranks, he exchanged the musket for the pen, being a natural master of the latter, and did excellent service with it, at regimental and corps headquarters, to the end of the war. At Gettysburg, Drury's Bluff, Cold Harbor, Siege of Petersburg, and Capture of Richmond, and was on duty in same capacity at every battle of the regiment.

Married Georgianna, daughter of Samuel P. Frothingham, of Dedham, Mass., January 18, 1867. Their daughter, Pearl F., must be to them a precious pearl indeed; for although she was not born until seventeen years, nine months, and twelve days after marriage, she is the first and only child.

Farmer before enlistment; box manufacturer in Boston, Mass., since discharge. Soldier or citizen, he was and is in every respect "O. K."

EDWARD E. FALL.

Parents, John and Nancy (Evans) Fall. Born in Alton, July 10, 1833, being second in a family of ten children; Marshall T., one of his four brothers, was in a Minnesota cavalry regiment; grandfather, Stephen Fall, in the War of 1812.

Married May 12, 1860, to Martha C. Welch, of Tuftonborough, who died November 29, 1886. Florence H., wife of Fred F. Brown, and Ella A., the only children.

In Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville; and severely wounded in last battle by ball through right shoulder, disabling him for life, and for which he was discharged a few months later.

As a soldier, man, and citizen, he belongs to the first order.

TIMOTHY A. HALEY.

The fourth of the six children of John S. and Mary N. (Piper*) Haley, and was born in the town of Tuftonborough, July 24, 1840.

Married December 19, 1869, to Corinna C. Pierce, of Dighton, Mass. No children.

Was sick and sent to hospital from Falmouth, Va., and afterward transferred to Invalid Corps where he served until after the close of the war. A student of medicine at the time of his enlistment, he completed his studies after returning home, received his diploma from Dartmouth, and is now a practicing physician in his native town.

He has a very large and valuable collection of minerals, fossils, antique relics, and stuffed birds, there being nearly two thousand of the latter from all parts of the world, with eggs of almost every kind of the feathered species, from the ostrich to the humming bird.

* Aunt to Enoch C. Piper; see sketch.

H. B. L. 5–9½.
CORP. ALBERT BURNHAM.

Bk. DB. D. 5–6.
LIEUT THOMAS C. DAME.

B. DB. L. 5–8.
EDWARD E. FALL.

B. B. D. 5–10.
TIMOTHY A. HALEY

JACOB HANSON.

This true hearted man and soldier was born April 5, 1820, at Ossipee, and son of Rev. Moses and Joanna (Hanson) Hanson.

His first marriage to Tabitha Hall, Bowdoin, Me.; his second wife, Willhelmina D. Nutter; and Emma F Brown, his third wife, resides at Water Village. Two children, Winnie V and Eda E., by his second wife.

This soldier enlisted as a fifer and was present in that capacity at the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wapping Heights, Bermuda Hundred, Swift Creek, Relay House, Drury's Bluff, Port Walthall, Cold Harbor, Cemetery Hill, Siege of Petersburg, and Capture of Richmond, in all of which he proved his worth and heroism.

While at Danville, Va., he was detailed to help organize colored schools, in which he proved himself signally efficient.

He was by occupation a marble dealer, both before and after the war.

As a citizen he was peaceable and law abiding, and in his religious belief a faithful and true Free Baptist. He was a great lover of music, sacrificing almost any work to listen to any strain of music that perchance floated to his ear. He was always a strict temperance man in the fullest sense of the word, and regarded intemperance as detrimental to the welfare of the country as slavery. His motto was, God, home, and native land.

His death occurred August 17, 1886, at Wolfeborough, and he was interred in the Water Village cemetery, where his grave is kept green by the Ambrose Post.

FRANKLIN HODSDON.

This soldier, a brother of Joseph Hodsdon, of this company, was born in Tuftonborough, in the year 1833, and was the son of Samuel and Sobrina (Stevens) Hodsdon. There were three girls and five boys in his father's family.

About six years before the war he was married to Nancy Sargent. Children, John H. and Willie H.

Died of disease at Washington, D. C. (see roster).

CORP. JOSEPH HODSDON

Was born in Tuftonborough in 1830. (For family record see sketch of his brother, Franklin, above.)

He was in most of the battles of the regiment, and at the battle of Chancellorsville was wounded in, and lost a finger. He rejoined the regiment at Point Lookout after an absence of three months occasioned by his wound. After this he remained in the service until his discharge, June 21, 1865, but no further record is known of his being in other battles.

Married Tryphene, daughter of Stephen Dow, of Tuftonborough, but he has no children.

LIEUT. GEORGE W HORNE.

Oldest of the three children (one daughter) of Barzilla and Louisa (Whitten) Horne, and born in Farmington, October 1, 1828. Grandfather, Joseph, in War of 1812.

He was recruiting officer for a while when the regiment was raised, and enlisted several men for Company K. He was sick and excused from duty most of the time after reaching Falmouth, and was one of those who were gathered up and sent forward at the battle of Fredericksburg.* After his discharge from the Twelfth he remained at home until the fall of 1864, when he again enlisted and was appointed second lieutenant of Company G. First New Hampshire Heavy Artillery, and served as such until the end of the war.

Married December 27, 1846, to Betsey A. Straw, and again to Mary A. Bigslow, March 18, 1895, but no children by either.

*See page 52.

B. H. L. 5–10.
JACOB HANSON.

Bk. DB. D. 5–10.
FRANKLIN HODSDON.

B. B. L. 5–9.
CORP. JOSEPH HODSDON.

OSCAR F. HORNE

Is the youngest of seven children of Napoleon and Deborah (Burleigh) Horne, and born in Dover, August 12, 1836. When he was four years old his father moved into Wolfeborough, where he resided until 1862, when he left the field of cultivation for the field of war.

He did not remain long in the service on account of being early disabled, and was discharged at Alexandria, Va., five months after he had enlisted (see roster), being engaged in none of the battles of the regiment.

Married to Cynthia A. Ricker, sister of Captain Ricker, of this company, October 10, 1860. He has no children.

He now resides on the old homestead where his father was born and lived except for about six years.

SERGT DANIEL W HORNER.

Every company had its heroes, and Company K was not without its full share, and here is one of them. October 22, 1829, Granby, in the Province of Quebec, gives his time and place of birth. His father, John, fought against the British at the battle of Plattsburg. The subject of this sketch relates of him as follows:

"It was Sunday and he was eating breakfast when the cannonading commenced. He went twenty miles, carried his gun, and went aboard one of our war vessels when the deck was red with the blood of the dead and wounded. While he was there a rooster flew up into the rigging and crowed."

His mother's maiden name was Mary Door. He married Lizzie A., daughter of Walter N. Cotton, of Wolfeborough, June 15, 1858. Children, John W., George S., Arthur E., and Charles D., all living.

In every battle from Fredericksburg to Capture of Richmond. At Chancellorsville a minie ball cut off the middle band of his gun and so dented the barrel while he was loading that when he fired he was badly injured in arm and shoulder, laming him for a long time; and wounded again in left thigh by picket shot at Gettysburg, so he had to be carried from the field on a stretcher, yet he never left the regiment or went to hospital. While at Point Lookout, Md., he was detailed as recruiting sergeant and sent to Concord, where he remained through the winter of 1864. He had charge for a long time of the men detailed from the regiment as pioneers, and acted as such in helping to bury the dead at Cold Harbor and other battles; and in November, 1864, was detached as first sergeant of the brigade pioneer corps, composed from Twelfth New Hampshire, Eleventh New Jersey, One Hundred and Fifteenth New York, and Sixty-second Ohio Regiments.

He says: "Capt. T. E. Barker and myself were the first two to cross the breastworks at Chancellorsville, and Charles A. Warren and I were the last so far as I saw to leave the oaks where we fought so long and desperate. The whole regiment fell back and we knew nothing about it. I helped Charles Taylor, of Company C, off the field. He was wounded in the shoulder and thigh. I got him down to where we formed in line of battle in the morning and was letting him drink out of my canteen when a squad of rebels came within ten feet of us, and one cocked his gun when he saw us. I started then to run and they commenced firing. I threw away everything I had in trying to save myself, and get inside our lines once more."

His occupation, before enlistment and since discharge, farming and running a saw mill. Sick or wounded he never went to hospital, but always staid with his regiment in field or in camp. Able, willing, brave, and faithful, he acted well his part in the tragic drama of 1861–5.

B. L. L. 5–7½.
LIEUT GEORGE W. HORNE.

D. Bk. D. 5–7.
OSCAR F. HORNE.

B. D. D. 5–5½.
SERGT. DANIEL W. HORNER.

LEVI W LADD.

The only son and child but one of Gordon and Dolly (Young) Ladd; born July 11, 1843.

Lived in Tuftonborough, and worked on his father's farm until his enlistment in the Twelfth Regiment.

Taken sick on march to Falmouth, Va., and left at Lovettsville, where he came very near being captured by Mosby's guerrillas; Mosby himself visiting the very house where he was secreted. Rejoined regiment on the last day's fight at Gettysburg, and in most or all of the battles after that; for though wounded in left leg by shot or shell, that he attempted to dispute the right of way with at Cold Harbor, he kept along most of the time with his comrades in the ranks, and came home with them at the end.

Married Maranda S., daughter of George Mills, of Hudson, Mass., and widow of Willard Hunting, who was a member of the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts Volunteers, and died in Salisbury prison, N. C. Children, Etta M. and Lizzie E.

Farmer's boy before the war, machinist and carpenter since, and resided most of the time at Lawrence, Mass., and is as good a citizen as he was a soldier.

He says: "Lieutenant Jewett and I carried Chaplain Ambrose off the field, when he was wounded with the bullets flying thickly around us. He was the coolest man I ever saw and several times encouraged us by brave and cheering words."

CORP. DANIEL LEARY.

Born in Cork, Ireland, May 3, 1819, and came to this country when he was twenty-five years old.

January 6, 1852, he married Mary A. Swett, of Tuftonborough, by whom he had five children, Sarah A., Martha P., John N., and Eveline M., the oldest and youngest of whom are dead.

He was in Fredericksburg, and instantly killed in the battle of Chancellorsville by a musket ball through his head.

He was a good and brave soldier and nobly gave his life for his adopted country. May his children and their descendents be long remembered and respected.

CAPT. SILAS MAY.

He was born in Salem, Mass., July 8, 1818, and was the son of Silas and Pamelia (Wyman) May.

His years before the war were occupied as machanic.

He was in the battle of Fredericksburg, and in Chancellorsville where he was wounded in left leg below the knee, just as the battle commenced at the edge of the woods. His brother, Henry W., served honorably in a Massachusetts regiment.

Captain May was twice married, first to Salem Tilden by whom he had two children, Pamelia J. and Fanny W., and second to Hannah C. Goodwin, whose children by him were, Silas D., Ettie E., and John D., all now dead but last two, the son living in Buffalo, Wyo., and the daughter, Mrs. John T. Wentworth, of Wakefield.

While in the Veteran Reserve Corps (see roster), he was stationed at Washington when Lincoln was inaugurated. His daughter gives the following extracts from his letters: "My regiment received what is considered the post of honor. * * * * My post was on the steps of the east wing, the senate wing. This was the entrance, the main or middle entrance being closed, and a platform erected in front where the oath of office was administered to the president and from which he delivered his inaugural address. From my position I could see all worth seeing." May 7, 1865, he wrote: "I have been on duty at the arsenal where Harold, Paine, and others, of the assassin tribe, are confined and I do not feel the least emotion of pity, only that they should have been so wicked as to plot and undertake the terrible murders they did."

H. Bk. L. 5–4½.
LEVI W LADD.

B. D. L. 5–7.
CORP. DANIEL LEARY.

H. B. D. 5–10.
CAPT SILAS MAY.

Sometime in March, 1865, he was sent south where, at Granada, Miss., he died October 22, 1866, of typhoid fever, "and the government lost," as said of him, "a faithful and efficient officer and his family one to whom he was most affectionately devoted."

The picture shown is engraved from one taken of him while a captain in the Veteran Reserve Corps. One thing should be mentioned here which speaks loud in his praise. When the regiment arrived at Washington after the Gettysburg campaign he met them with his heart full of pity as shown by his acts of brotherly kindness,* and who shall say that ere this he has not met many of them again on the other shore.

SERGT. MARQUIS D. L. McDUFFEE.

A native of Alton; son of Jacob and Amanda (Piper) McDuffee, and born November 24, 1833.

Married Clara, daughter of Greenleaf Piper, of Tuftonborough, March, 1855; one son, Walter L., deceased, unmarried. Second wife, Alice C. Foss; no children.

His grandfather, James McDuffee, was the first settler in East Alton.

In Fredericksburg, and carried the state colors in the battle of Chancellorsville, where, for one hour and twenty minutes, he defiantly held them aloft against the terrible battle blast of lead and iron hail, until, with his clothes and the flag riddled with bullets, and himself severely wounded in the leg, he heroically fulfilled the promise he had made to his colonel, to bring his colors safely from the field, if the rebels left him enough of life and strength to do so.

Like all truly brave men he is modest and unassuming and esteemed most by those who know him best. His name honors the rolls of his country's defenders.

ISAAC N. McINTIRE.

This son of Isaiah and Mary Ann (Stevens) McIntire was born in Tuftonborough, March 5, 1838.

Married Nancy J. Stewart, of his native town, November 11, 1860, by whom he had one son, Charles A.

He was in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wapping Heights, part of Siege of Petersburg; then taken sick and was unable to do active duty until the fall or winter of 1864. He was also in the Capture of Richmond and detailed at Potomac Creek to build hospital.

ALVIN MITCHELL.

This most worthy veteran of the late war is the second of the four children (one daughter) of Samuel and Sally (Drew) Mitchell, and was born in New Durham, September 25, 1840. His great-grandfather, John Mitchell, fought seven years for our independence, being all through the war; his grandfather, Joseph, enlisted in 1812 to vindicate it, and he, himself, has fought and shed his blood to preserve our perpetuity.

In all the battles of regiment, except Cemetery Hill, and part of the Siege of Petersburg, when he was in hospital with wound in left arm by minie ball at Cold Harbor, as the regiment debouched from the woods just before the charge.

Married December 1, 1874, to Francis J. Twombly, of Dover, and their children are Jennie A. and Albert H.

There were as few skim-milk soldiers in Company K as any company in the regiment, and yet it can be truthfully said that this soldier was one of the very few that in every company constitute the cream. One of those quiet and unobtrusive men who attract no especial notice in "the piping times of peace," but need only the occasion to prove their worth, and be known to fame.

*See page 143.

Bk. DB. D. 5–10.
SERGT MARQUIS D. L. MCDUFFEE.

H. D. D. 5–8.
ISAAC N. MCINTIRE.

DH. LB. L. 5–$8\frac{3}{4}$
ALVIN MITCHELL.

JAMES MOULTON.

Here is one of the many unpromoted heroes of the regiment who is worthy of high praise. Born in Tuftonborough, August 20, 1824; son of Jacob and Eunice (Dean) Moulton, who were the parents of ten children, he being the fifth, and three sisters being the only survivors.

Married May 3, 1849, to Louisa, daughter of Israel Hunting, of Wellesley, Mass., where they now reside. John F., George A., James W., Clara L., Charles H., Abbie A., Mary E., and Willard H., are the names of their children; all living but two.

In most of the battles of the regiment, except Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg, when he was on detached duty in the ambulance corps, but present on the field. Wounded slightly in right heel at Gettysburg and severely in left shoulder at Cold Harbor but rejoined his regiment in time to enter Richmond and served until its final discharge. Jacob, his brother, in the same company, and taken sick after the battle of Fredericksburg, being sent to Alexander hospital, Va. He was soon after sent to Point Lookout to do light duty, but on account of sickness he was given a furlough. He died at Washington, on his way home, at Armory Square hospital of typhoid fever. He was the youngest of the family and never married.

His wife's brothers, Israel, Jr., and Willard Hunting, served in the Forty-fourth and Twenty-ninth Massachusetts regiments, respectively, the latter being captured on the Weldon railroad and died in Salisbury prison, S. C.

"One of Company K's best," is what his comrades say of the subject of this sketch, and there were few, if any, better in the regiment.

SERGT. ENOCH C. PIPER.

Gaze sadly yet proudly upon his picture for his name is on the "Roll of Honor." One of the three sons in a family of six who were born to David and Sarah (Haley) Piper, his birth being April 1, 1831. He was of Scotch descent and his blood was tinctured with that of Robert Bruce, for his great-great-grandfather, Thomas, married a Bruce of the royal family and coming with her to this country, settled upon a grant of land on the coast of Maine, then known as "Black Point," at or near where the city of Portland now is. His grandfather was in the War of 1812.

In all the principal battles but one to Cold Harbor, when a minie ball wound in his ankle resulted in the loss of his leg and life. Wounded three times in quick succession, in head, shoulder, and hip, at Chancellorsville. Died in Lincoln hospital, Washington, and buried in Tuftonborough.

CORP. WILLIAM B. RENDAL

Is one of the five children (one daughter) of William and Mary A. (Blake) Rendal, who was a daughter of Elder Daniel A. Blake. William B. was born in the town of Wolfeborough, November 7, 1839. His brother, Henry B., served in the Fifth New Hampshire Regiment where he was promoted to a second lieutenant, but had to resign on account of lung disease of which he died at Wolfeborough Bridge, but a few miles from his father's house, and only a few days after the subject of this sketch had enlisted.

He was in Fredericksburg and also in Chancellorsville, where he was wounded and reported missing (see roster) and supposed for a time to be killed or taken prisoner. He rejoined his regiment at Point Lookout, Md., in the autumn following but was not able to enter upon the campaign the next spring and was discharged.

He was married December 31, 1867, to Mary S. Wiggin and has had but one child, whose name is Mabel W.

He has been since the war a shoemaker and farmer and is to-day one of the respected and worthy citizens of his native town.

H. Bk. D. 5–5½.
JAMES MOULTON.

H. A. L. 5–9¼.
SERGT ENOCH C. PIPER.

H. D. L. 6–1
CORP. WILLIAM B. RENDAL.

CAPT. EPHRAIM W. RICKER.

Here you can see him as he looked about twenty years of age, just after he received his commission as captain, and it is just at that time that the author is glad to introduce him to the public and reproduce him to his old comrades who will gladly greet him once again as of yore. He is a native of Tuftonborough; born March 11, 1842, and is the son of William and Lucy (Whitten) Ricker, who had seven children, of whom five were boys, and one of his daughters married Oscar Horne (see sketch).

From Wolfeborough academy he followed the sound of the fife and drum into the ranks of war, where he fought bravely in every battle of his regiment, yet "never went to a surgeon's call, and in hospital except for two days to rest," as written by his own truthful pen. And it is a most remarkable record yet he was never wounded except slightly by spent ball at Petersburg. He was several weeks on General Steadman's staff at Cold Harbor, and during the advance upon and Siege of Petersburg; and acted as assistant provost marshal a while at Danville, Va. His grandfathers on both sides were in former wars for the country.

For eight years after the war, he was employed, most of the time, in shoe manufacturing and active in the meantime as a Christian worker, being converted when but nine years of age.

He was married July 16, 1865, to Clara A., daughter of a Mr. Hurd, of Dover, and has two children, Herbert L. and Gracie H.

June 3, 1873, he was ordained at Alton, as a minister of the Free Will Baptist church, preaching at Alton, Dover, Lakeport, Providence, R. I., and Haverhill, Mass., where he now lives.

It should be said of him, as most of all to his credit, that he was a poor boy, and his highly honorable record as a patriot and a Christian is owing to his own unaided efforts. There is but little danger of saying too much in praise of the subject of this sketch, and may he long live to fight with the resistless power of the Word, as he once fought with the gun and sword, for humanity and Christian liberty.

CAPT. JEREMIAH SANBORN.

This officer enlisted under the name of George Pickering, from the town of Tuftonborough, August 28, 1862, and served until his final discharge, June 21, 1865.

He was born in Hartford, Conn., in the year 1839, and enlisted as private but wore the captain's insignia before his discharge. For his line of promotions see roster.

His residence, when last heard from, was Philadelphia, Penn. He was an active, efficient, and brave officer.

JAMES H. SEAVEY

Was born in Tuftonborough, in 1844, and is the son of James C. and Esther E. (Hooper) Seavey.

He was married September 19, 1867, to Jennie Fernal, of his native town. No children. His grandfather, Hooper, was a veteran of 1812.

He was in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Swift Creek, Petersburg, Cemetery Hill, and Capture of Richmond, and in Fort Harrison, when serving as sharpshooter, and was one who helped take the fort. He was one of the best shots in the regiment when hunting rebel game and has and even now goes out and shows the boys how to make a hole through the pupil of a "bull's-eye" at a single squint. He is seen here in the uniform of one of the Boston keen-sighted "Independent" companies of several years ago.

He has for a long time been engaged in making paper boxes in Boston, Mass.

H. B. L. 5–10.
CAPT. EPHRAIM W. RICKER.

G. B. L. 5–7½.
CAPT JEREMIAH SANBORN.

B. LB. L. 5–9½.
JAMES H. SEAVEY.

FRANKLIN STUART

Born at Alton, December 11, 1836. Died at Falmouth, Va., May 27 1863. Oldest son of Charles and Jane (Piper) Stuart, and his grandfather was in War of 1812.

Married to Emily H. McIntire, of Tuftonborough, November 25, 1859, and left three children, Ida M. (Mudgett), John E., and Alice C. (Wallace).

By the decree of fate and not from his desire does his name not appear on the battle call roll of his regiment, except at Fredericksburg when, or on the "mud march" that followed, he doubtless contracted the disease of which he died. In the diary of one of his comrades he is spoken of as a good soldier and much lamented by the company.

CAPT. BENJAMIN B. THOMPSON.

Of all the Thompsons of the Twelfth, and there were seven, this was the strangest one of all. In fact, he was *sui generis* in his subcranial organization, and in some respects he had not his match in the regiment. "I went out with the rest of the boys," as he once said, "but went where I pleased after I got there," which was strictly true; and the rebel picket line was not the boundary of his perambulations either. He went to Richmond with about the same ease that he did to Washington, and is said to have acted as a Union spy. Although with the regiment from the start he did not enlist in it until the spring of 1864, and about a year later was discharged and commissioned captain in Company I, Eighteenth Regiment, where he served until the close of the war.

Since then he has been nearly everywhere and into almost everything, and no one of his relations or former acquaintances can tell where he has been, what he has been doing, or whether he is now living or dead.

In most or all battles of regiment (as believed) while a regular member thereof, and his capture at Bermuda Hundred and escape from Libby prison * was little more than an amusing episode in the strange drama of his life, for rebel walls and guards had but little terror for him. Though fickle fortune might play false and betray him, his natural tact and shrewdness quickly come to his rescue, and seldom, if ever, in vain. Obstacles seemingly insurmountable to others were trifling hindrances to him; for *veniam viam aut faciam* was something more than a sophomoric star-pointer in his classics.

A few of the many anecdotes about him have been already written in this history.† Death, it is feared, has got the better of him at last, but hardly any of his surviving comrades can be made to fully believe it, though he has not been seen or heard from for several years.

MOSES F. THOMPSON.

"The boy is the father of the man." The bright, brave, and ambitious youth will, in spite of fortune and almost fate, find himself at the flood-tide of his manhood, standing, self-reliantly independent at the helm of success. The subject of this sketch is an example. Though cut down in middle age by that dread disease, diphtheria, which at the same time took from the widowed mother three of five children, he had succeeded in accumulating an ample life competency for the loved ones left, and established a reputation of being one of the most successful business men ever raised in his native town, where he first opened a store soon after the war.

He first enlisted and would have gone out in the Fifth Regiment had not his father objected, but when the Twelfth was raised, finding he was bound to go anyway, his father consented rather than have him run away. He was then but half way through his "teens" and so small of his age that Larkin D. Mason, a friend of the family, was surprised to find him one day in the ranks at the front, and asked him how he ever got the consent of his father. "By making him believe that I knew more about war than he did, and I guess I do now," was the witty reply. His mother, speaking of him, said while wiping the tears from her eyes: "He was a good, happy dispositioned boy, and always brim full of frolic and fun."

* See page 460, *et seq.* † See pages 397 and 402.

B. DB. D. 5–6½.

FRANKLIN STUART

DB. DB. D. 5–8.

CAPT. BENJAMIN B. THOMPSON.

B. LB. L. 5–11.

MOSES F. THOMPSON.

In several battles, eight or nine (as believed), and came home with his regiment at the close of the war, which is all that need be said of his merits as a soldier.

One of six children, three boys and three girls, and born May 20, 1846. His grandfather came from Deerfield and settled in Wolfeborough, in 1802 or 3, and his great-great-grandfather, David, was the first settler (as believed) in the state, being sent over by the English government on official business connected with the harbor at Portsmouth.

He had attended high school at home, and commenced school for a time at Concord.

Married to Abbie H., daughter of George W Hersey, of Wolfeborough, December 28, 1870. Children, Lester H., Guy M., Dana M., Helen A., and Edith; the first and third living. Removed with his family to Minnesota in the spring of 1883.

His father and mother, Moses and Hannah M. (Rust), are still living and relate many amusing incidents of his youth.

BVT LIEUT. JACOB B. TUTTLE.

"Fortune favors the brave," indeed, else the soldier here introduced to the reader would not be able to truthfully say that he was in every battle and skirmish of the regiment, but was never seriously wounded. At Chancellorsville a bullet glanced from his gun striking his side with sufficient force to penetrate and break all but two or three leaves of a diary in his coat pocket, bend into saucer shape a silver quarter and a copper cent in his wallet that he then carried in a pocket in his shirt, and disabled him for several days.

He is the fifth of the eight children of Jacob and Martha (Bracket) Tuttle, and was born in Effingham, August 24, 1839. Two of his three brothers, Hiram O. and Joseph D., were in the New Hampshire Heavy Artillery; the latter dying in the service from accidental wound. Hiram O. also served three months in a Massachusetts regiment.

Married Hattie C. Hall (deceased), of Franklin, July 6, 1873; and again to Sarah A. Granville, of Detroit, Mich., with whom he is now living. His only child, Fred H., was by his first wife.

He received commissions as first and second lieutenant, and although too late to be mustered in as such, they were none the less nobly earned and richly merited.

No higher praise can or need be given him than what is above written. "In every battle and skirmish of the regiment;" yet we can not forbear to add in conclusion, that from first corporal, when he left the state, to first lieutenant, when he returned, he was always the same true and brave soldier, and that he is one of those whose heroic record should be as lasting as their country's history.

SERGT. WILLIAM WALLACE, JR.

This soldier stands very near the head of the list of those who did the most to give his regiment a name and fame second to none.

In every battle, march, and skirmish, except Capture of Richmond, when he was obliged to yield to disease and go to hospital. Wounded slightly at Cold Harbor by minie ball striking rib on left side and glancing off.

He is of Scotch-Irish and Indian descent and no better fighting blood ever ran in the veins of any bearer of the broad sword, spear, or bow, not excepting the great warrior whose name he bears. He is the oldest of the ten children of William and Julia A. (Starke) Wallace; one of his five brothers, Charles, was a member of Company I, Sixth New Hampshire Volunteers, and died at Hatteras Inlet, N. C., February 15, 1862. Born at Wentworth, May 31, 1840.

Married February 7, 1867, to Hannah B., daughter of James Burbeck, of Campton. No children.

He helped save the colors at Cold Harbor and carried them after that until near the end of the war.* He was at home on a sick furlough when the regiment was discharged, and so much did he think of his brave comrades and the old battle flag that he had carried so long, that despite the protest of his physician, and the earnest entreaties of his relatives and friends to heed his advice, he arose from a sick bed, and rode in carriage and cars, thirty or forty miles to meet and greet them upon their arrival in Concord.

Occupation, a farmer. The picture of him is from one taken purposely for this history, twenty-five years or more after the war.

* See pages 206 and 377.

G. B. F. 5–11
BVT. LIEUT JACOB B. TUTTLE.

B. B. D. 5–7.
SERGT WILLIAM WALLACE, JR.

SERGT. CHARLES A. WARREN.

Youngest son of George W and Mary F. (Allard) Warren, and born in Wolfeborough, August 15, 1835. His great-grandfather, George Warren, who was the uncle of Gen. Joseph Warren, was a major musician in the Revolution and served through the whole war.

Married February 6, 1856, to Sarah A., daughter of Jeremiah Young, of Wolfeborough, who was a member of the Fifth New Hampshire and wounded at Fair Oaks. Children, George B. and Charles F.

In the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Siege of Petersburg, and also Bermuda Hundred, where he was taken prisoner and confined in Libby prison until exchanged (see roster). At Gettysburg he was one of the color guard and wounded in left leg.

This soldier was a descendent of a very distinguished and patriotic ancestry, and his own good service, for nearly three years for his country, on some of the bloodiest battle-fields of the Rebellion, has shown that the same heroic blood flows in his veins.

JOHN A. WIGGIN.

And still they come; for here you see the face of another who deserves recognition by the survivors of the "dirty dozen." He is a good "boy" still, though February 24, 1898, will be the last day of three score years since his birth. He is a double-twisted lineal thread, for he is the only child of Thomas J. and Susan P. (Wiggin) Wiggin, both of Tuftonborough.

Married Abby, daughter of Stephen Bickford, of Ossipee, August 22, 1858. Children, Augusta M., Ralph H., Carrie G., Susan A., and Frank, the three last named now living.

Occupation, a farmer.

In Chancellorsville, Swift Creek, Relay House, Drury's Bluff, Port Walthall, Cold Harbor, not in charge, and part of Siege of Petersburg. Wounded twice at Chancellorsville, by pistol shot and minie ball, at about the same time and in nearly the same place on his left arm. Severely wounded in the left shoulder at Siege of Petersburg, disabling him from further service in support of the cause that he had so long and bravely defended.

"Always willing and ready," says one of his comrades, referring to his conduct as a soldier, and the same can be truthfully said of him concerning deeds of kindness and hospitality, by his neighbors and acquaintances.

LEVI H. WIGGIN.

The first born and only son of Woodbury L. and Mary W (Hersey) Wiggin, who had four daughters. Enlisted on his nineteenth birthday, August 18, 1862. As may be said of a great majority of the original members of the regiment, he was the son of a farmer and brought up to till the soil.

In the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and Wapping Heights. Not wounded but had his blanket roll cut half in two upon his shoulder by pistol shot at Fredericksburg. Discharged by reason of sickness at Hamilton hospital, Fortress Monroe, Va.

Married Anna M. Jewell, of Clinton, Mass., March 17, 1872. Children, Evalina J., Clara A., Pearley H. W., and Warren.

Carpenter since the war, and resident, most of the time, of Clinton and Worcester (present address), Mass. There are no dark lines in his record as a soldier or citizen.

B. D. L. 5–5½.
SERGT. CHARLES A. WARREN.

DH. B. F. 5–11.
JOHN A. WIGGIN.

B. D. L. 5–11.
LEVI H. WIGGIN.

WINSOR P. HUNTRESS.

COMPANY B.

This noble youth, the tallest man in his company, was one of eight children (four boys) of Noah C. and Sally (Gowen) Huntress, and was born in Barnstead, April 26, 1841.

He fought at the battle of Fredericksburg, and was killed at Chancellorsville, being shot through the head.*

His mother who greatly lamented his death always spoke of him as a good and dutiful son. Another son by the name of Henry was also in the service. Both brother and mother deceased recently.

GEORGE H. FOWLER.

The oldest and only son, now living, of Dr. Fowler, for whom he acted as private orderly in the war, in which he served as such for two and one half years.

He was fourteen years of age when he went out with his father. Now a resident apothecary of Bristol. He was the adopted son of the regiment.

WOODBURY SANBORN.

Although not an enlisted man, he was, unlike sutlers generally, so pleasantly identified from first to last with the regiment and personally with its membership, he certainly deserves a place among the boys he so long served. By his interest in their welfare he endeared himself to them all.†

He was born in Gilford, December 20, 1822, and died at Chelsea, Mass., June 8, 1888.

Was the son of Joseph and Ruth (Carter) Sanborn, and married at Nottingham to Eliza W. Bartlett, December 13, 1844. His children were Charles C. and Marcellus B. Their mother died December 24, 1893.

* See page 79.

† See pages 334 and 337.

G. B. L. 6–2.
WINSOR P. HUNTRESS.

GEORGE H. FOWLER.

WOODBURY SANBORN.

UNKNOWN

COMPANY E.

COMPANY K.

In engraving and numbering the pictures in this book, the names of the above soldiers were lost, and all efforts of the author to assert their identity have been futile; but whether living or dead it is not known.

CHAPTER XX.

CONCLUSION.

ROLL OF HONOR.

CHAPLAIN THOMAS L. AMBROSE.

COMPANY A.

COLBATH, BENJAMIN F.
DONAHUE, MARTIN.
ELLSWORTH, GEORGE W
GILMAN, CHARLES M.
JONES, ALBERT D.
JONES, JAMES M.
JOY, CHRISTOPHER C.
KELLY, JOHN L.
KINGMAN, SULLIVAN.
MCCARGAR, JAMES.
MCCORMICK, JACOB.
MILLER, STEPHEN.
PEAVEY, JOSEPH D.
PINKHAM, DANIEL J.
PLACE, COGSWELL J.
RANDALL, JOHN F.
ROLLINS, ELISHA E.
SAVAGE, MOSES H.
SMITH, GEORGE W
STRAW, JAMES M.
STRUNK, ISAAC.
TUTTLE, JOSEPH.
WATSON, WILLIAM P
WENTWORTH, JACOB S.

COMPANY B.

BERRY, WILLIAM H.
BUNKER, JOSEPH N.
DOCKHAM, JOSEPH E.
FLANDERS, IRA M.
HILL, JOSEPH W
HUNTRESS, WINSOR P.
JANVRIN, GEORGE A.
JONES, ALMON D.
KNIGHT, WILLIAM T.
LINTNER, J. HENRY.
MARDEN, CHARLES H.
MCKENZIE, ALBERT.
MUNSEY, GEORGE F.
NICKSON, HENRY H.
PERKINS, WILLIAM H.
PERKINS, PELEG D.
PIERCE, THOMAS J.
PITMAN, CALVIN D.
SMITH, HORACE H.
THOMPSON, SYLVESTER E.

COMPANY C.

BABBITT, ANDREW.
BEAUREGARD, CLODOMIR.
BERRY, ALBERT H.
BRIGGS, NATHANIEL.
BROWN, SAMUEL.
BROWN, HENRY.
BROWN, JOHN.
CHENEY, CHARLES W
EMMONS, GUSTAVUS.
FARNHAM, CHARLES W.
FELLOWS, HENRY A.
HOLT, CALEB H.
PIPER, SEWELL W.
TAYLOR, CHARLES H.
YERBEE, JOHN.

COMPANY D.

Brown, George.
Buzzell, Henry C.
Chapman, Augustus L.
Fowler, Frank G.
Hall, Adna M.
Harrington, Daniel B.
Hickey, Patrick H.
Hodge, John G.
Kidder, Henry R.
Knowlton, Frank.
Leavitt, Jonathan E.
Martin, William S.
Nelson, Dan P
Parker, Luther H.
Sanborn, Benjamin F
Smith, Charles G.
Swain, George W
Wilson, George.

COMPANY E.

Baker, Washington I.
Brown, Charles.
Brown, Edwin E.
Cheeney, Samuel T.
Daley, John.
Dow, John M.
Downing, Jonathan T
Gault, Samuel.
Howe, William J.
Hughes, George K.
Huntress, James S.
Jewett, Olof L.
Kempton, James M.
Keyes, Orlando W
Matthias, Rudolf.
Meier, William.
Taylor, John.
Tobler, Johann A.

COMPANY F

Bennett, Charles A.
Black, Charles.
Brown, True C.
Dietze, Frederick W
Edmont, John.
Emery, Charles S.
French, Henry A. L.
Hamblet, Lyman A.
Haynes, George.
Kelley, Edwin A.
Kelley, Richard.
Kelley, Dennis.
Mason, Charles F
Marston, Jeremiah.
Maxfield, Alfred W
Merrill, John B.
Reynolds, George H.
Smith, Edward.

COMPANY G.

Arnett, John.
Dalton, Thomas.
Gale, Reuben.
Gilman, John.
Grant, Nahum B.
Holmes, Charles P.
O'Connor, James.
Prescott, Abner H.
Sheldon, Charles S.
Smith, Henry J.
Smith, George H.
Webber, Daniel H.
Wentworth, Joseph F.
Whittier, Andrew H.
Whittier, Joseph K.
Worth, William B.

COMPANY H.

Bailey, John.
Bean, Merrill S.
Cate, Charles A.
Cotton, Charles.
Dunn, Gorham P.
Elliott, Hiram.
Gordon, Josiah F
Hill, John W
Houston, Adin M.
Kelly, Charles T
Lehiff, John.
Leighton, Wesley
Murray, James.
Percival, Francis L.
Prescott, Horace.
Sanborn, David S.
Sawyer, Jeremiah F
Wallace, Orrin F

COMPANY I.

Brown, George L.
Bryant, William O.
Clay, John P.
Cram, George S.
Dolloff, John S. S.
Forsaith, Robert.
Frederick, Charles.
Ham, William P.
Hawkins, James.
Hawkins, William H.
Kohlmann, Charles.
Maloon, Walter G.
Miller, Louis.
Piper, Benjamin G.
Plaisted, Horace S.
Rogers, William H.
Shaw, Daniel.
Smith, Gilman.
Twombly, Daniel G. W
Wallis, Joseph.

COMPANY K.

Casey, Patrick O.
Eames, Homer.
Ellsworth, Thomas J.
Hobbs, Carey.
Ingelburg, Mons.
Leary, Daniel.
Moulton, Russell.
Piper, Enoch C.
Smith, James F.
Sullivan, Charles.
Thompson, John M.
Tibbetts, James E.

LIST OF WOUNDED BY COMPANIES AND BATTLES.

Companies —	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	F. & S.	Total.
Fredericksburg,		3								6		9
Chancellorsville,	26	33	21	29	29	21	23	27	22	16	3	250
Gettysburg,	7	6	10	8	4	8	10	5	6	9		73
Wapping Heights,	1											1
Swift Creek,	1				1							2
Relay House,				1			9	1				11
Drury's Bluff,		1	5			1	1		1	4		13
Port Walthall,		1										1
Cold Harbor,	6	12	9	14	15	19	11	8	10	10		114
Siege of Petersburg,	2	2	1	2	1	3	6	4	3	2		26
Cemetery Hill,			1					1				2
Bermuda Hundred,			2		1	1			2	2		8
Capture of Richmond,	1											1
Total,	44	58	49	54	51	53	60	46	44	49	3	511

COMPARATIVE TABLE OF LOSS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE REGIMENTS.

INCLUDING ORIGINAL MEMBERS AND RECRUITS.

Twelfth	12.3 per cent.	Thirteenth	7.1 per cent.
Third	11.1 "	Second	7.0 "
Fifth	11.1 "	Eighth	6.2 "
Seventh	8.6 "	Fourth	5.5 "
Eleventh	8.2 "	Tenth	5.0 "
Ninth	7.6 "	Fourteenth	4.8 "
Sixth	7.5 "	Fifteenth	3.3 "

The above table of killed and mortally wounded, compiled from the adjutant-general's official report, speaks for itself, and would reflect still greater credit upon the Twelfth was the actual time of service of the different regiments taken into account.

GREATEST LOSS BY ANY NEW HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT IN ITS TWO LARGEST BATTLES.

KILLED AND MORTALLY WOUNDED.

Twelfth	Chancellorsville, 72 Cold Harbor, 63	135
Fifth	Fredericksburg, 57 Cold Harbor, 46	103
Seventh	Fort Wagner, 77 Olustee, 25	102
Second	Gettysburg, 47 Bull Run, 36	83
Sixth	Bull Run, 66 Fredericksburg, 13	79
Ninth	Spottsylvania, 55 Mine at Petersburg, 23	78
Third	Drury's Bluff, 49 Secessionville, 26	75
Fourteenth	Opequan, 54 Cedar Creek, 12	66
Eleventh	Fredericksburg, 40 Mine Explosion, 22	62
Eighth	Port Hudson, 29 Port Hudson, 25	54
Thirteenth	Cold Harbor, 22 Fort Harrison, 15	37
Fourth	Drury's Bluff, 17 Petersburg Mine, 13	30
Tenth	Cold Harbor, 20 Fort Harrison, 9	29
Fifteenth	Port Hudson, 17 Port Hudson, 2	19

From the following facts, in addition to what has already been written, the reader may get a better idea of what the Twelfth suffered at Chancellorsville.

As is generally known, the Third Corps in this battle received, and for a long time withstood, the heaviest shocks of the rebel army in Lee's and Jackson's combined efforts to defeat Hooker; and that its losses were nearly double those of any other corps and more than one third that of the whole army. Yet, of the whole number of the killed and wounded, the Twelfth Regiment, alone, lost more than either of them, and nearly as many as any one of five, of the nine brigades in the corps, though

most of them contained five and six regiments each; while in its own brigade, which suffered greater loss than any other, but one, in the whole corps, it had within two of four times as many killed and wounded as one of the other two regiments, and one more than eleven times as many as the other, or lacking but seven of three times as many as both together.

The foregoing statements and comparisons are taken from the records of the War Department at Washington, as lately revised and corrected for publication, and does not take into consideration the fifty or more of the Twelfth who were slightly wounded — some of them severely — of whom no report was ever made.

"THE NEW HAMPSHIRE MOUNTAINEERS,"

As this regiment was sometimes called,* were remarkable for their size and height, the average height being over five feet and eight inches, or more exactly, 68.633+ inches. Of one hundred men, eight were six feet and two inches; five lacked only one fourth of an inch of being six feet two inches: twenty-eight ranged from six feet and one half an inch to six feet one and three fourths inches, and sixty more were just six feet each.

*See page 21, Chapter II.

ADDENDA AND ERRATA.

Additional facts about many members of Company F. and concerning Rev. Joseph Harvey, of Pittsfield, who was greatly interested in their welfare and was the means of saving the lives of several of them, can be found in Robinson's "History of Pittsfield, N. H., in the Great Rebellion."

Page 484.— Doctor Sanborn's grandfather was at West Point when Arnold betrayed it to the enemy.

Page 518.— Rufus E. Gale's only child, Fitzerwin, died soon after the war.

Page 35.— "Washington" should read *Warrenton* on fifteenth line.
"Washington" should read *Warrenton* on twenty-third line.

Page 253.— "Fourth Corps" should read *Twenty-fourth Corps.*

Page 438.— "Sergeant Collins" should read *Corporal Collins.*

Page 451.— "Company E" should read *Company G.*

Page 489.— Read *Sergeant* before "Orlando F. Davis."

Page 554.— "Grandson of Josiah" should read *Great-grandson of Levi.*

Page 571.— Under Charles M. Brown's name 6–0 instead of "6–5."

Page 622.— "Charles A. Kelley" should read *Charles H.*
"George F. Lane" should read *Charles F*

Page 678.— Cyrus P. Dow born in *March* instead of "August"; *Florist* instead of "Machinist."

Page 681.— In Henry E. Emery's descriptive list "P" should read *B.*

ABBREVIATIONS.

A. A. G.	Assistant Adjutant-General.
A. C.	Army Corps.
Adjt.	Adjutant.
A. G. O.	Adjutant-General's Office
App.	Appointed.
Appreh.	Apprehended.
A. Q. M.	Assistant Quartermaster.
Art.	Artillery.
Asst.	Assistant.
B. (b.)	Born.
Batt'l	Battalion.
B. H.	Boston Harbor.
Brig.	Brigade, Brigadier.
Bvt.	Brevet.
Capt.	Captain.
Captd.	Captured.
Cav.	Cavalry.
Co.	Company.
Col.	Colonel.
Com.	Commissary, Commission.
Com'd	Commissioned.
Corp.	Corporal.
Cred.	Credited to.
C. S.	Commissary of Subsistance.
Dept.	Department.
Des.	Deserted.
Dis.	Disease.
Disab.	Disability.
Disch.	Discharged.
Dishon.	Dishonorably.
Div.	Division.
Enl.	Enlisted.
Exch.	Exchanged.
F. and S.	Field and Staff.
G. C. M.	General Court Martial.
Gd. from mis.	Gained from missing.
Gen.	General.
G. O.	General Orders.
H.	Heavy.
Hosp.	Hospital.
I. C.	Invalid Corps.
Inf.	Infantry.
L.	Light.
Lt.	Lieutenant.
Maj.	Major.
Mis.	Missing.

Miscl.	Miscellaneous.
M. o. roll.	Muster out roll.
Musc.	Musician.
Must.	Mustered.
N. f. r. A. G. O.	No further record, Adjutant-General's Office, Washington, D. C.
N. Y. H.	New York Harbor.
Non-com.	Non-commissioned.
Ord. Seaman.	Ordinary Seaman.
Par.	Paroled.
P. O. ad.	Post-office address, last known.
Prin.	Principal.
Priv.	Private.
Prom.	Promoted.
Q. M.	Quartermaster.
Re-enl.	Re-enlisted.
Regt.	Regiment.
Res.	Residence.
Sergt.	Sergeant.
Sev	Severely.
S. O.	Special Orders.
Surg.	Surgeon.
Tm. ex.	Term expired.
Tr.	Transferred.
U. S. A.	United States Army.
Unas'd	Unassigned.
U. S. C. T.	United States Colored Troops.
U. S. S.	United States Ship.
U. S. Sig. Corps	United States Signal Corps.
U. S. S. S.	United States Sharpshooters.
V	Volunteers.
V. R. C.	Veteran Reserve Corps.
Wd.	Wounded.
Wds.	Wounds.

COMPLETE ROSTER

OF THE

TWELFTH REGIMENT

NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS.

COMPLETE ROSTER

OF THE

TWELFTH REGIMENT NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEER INFANTRY

(THREE YEARS.)

Mustered into the service of the United States August 28 to September 25, 1862, at Concord, by Charles Holmes, Capt. 17 Inf., U S. A., and Seth Eastman, Lt. Col. 1 Inf., U S. A. Organization completed September 25, 1862. The recruits were transferred to the Second New Hampshire Volunteers June 21, 1865. The original members were mustered out June 21, 1865, at Richmond and Manchester, Va., by William J. Ladd, 1 Lt. 13 N. H. V., Bvt. Capt., U S. V Companies C and I were mustered out at Manchester, Va. Each man was a volunteer appointed or enlisted for three years unless otherwise stated.

Adams, Dudley B. S. Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 20; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 2, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Apr. 20, '63; Sergt. Dec. 21, '63; disch. disab. Oct. 8, '64, Concord. Died Sept. 6, '81, Pittsfield.

Adams, John. Co. B; b. Durham; age 28; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis.; app. Corp. Apr. 17, '64; disch. June 15, '65. Died Mar. 26, '79, Gilmanton.

Adams, John. Co. D; b. Newark, N. J.; age 22; res. Newark, N. J., cred. Madison; enl. Dec. 14, '63; must. in Dec. 14, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 12, '64, Yorktown, Va.

Adams, Samuel S. Co. C; b. Chester; age 34; res. Danbury, cred. Danbury; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Sergt.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; tr. to 115 Co., 2 Batt'l, V R. C., Apr. 9, '64; disch. disab. Oct. 31, '64, Philadelphia, Pa. P. O. ad., Northfield.

Adamson, Andrew. Co. I; b. Scotland; age 20; cred. Loudon; enl. Dec 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; des. to the enemy Nov. 6, '64.

Adjutant, Charles H. Co. K; b. Tuftonborough; age 20; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. May 7, '63, Baltimore, Md.

Adjutant, Samuel D., Jr. Co. K; b. Tuftonborough; age 25; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; tr. to Co. A, 21 I. C., Feb. 11, '64; disch. June 28, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Brookfield.

Africanus, Scipio. Co. I; b. Richmond county, Va.; age 18; enl. Jan. 8, '61, at Pt. Lookout, Md.; must. in Feb. 25, '64, as colored under cook; tr. to Co. G, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Agnew, James. Co. B; b. Philadelphia, Pa.; age 21; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 4, '63; must. in Dec. 4, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Commodore Morris"; disch. disab. Oct. 15, '64, as a Landsman, Norfolk, Va.

Agnew, Thomas. Unas'd; b. Canada; age 22; cred. Weare; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Akerman, Michael S. Co. C; b. Strafford; age 31; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 21, '63, Falmouth, Va. P. O. ad., Alexandria.

Akins, George W Co. B; b. Barnstead; age 21; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Muse. Died, dis. Aug. 18, '63, Brattleboro, Vt.

Aldrich, Henry. Co. H; b. Derby, Vt.; age 30; res. Upper Gilmanton, cred. Upper Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Dec. 12, '62, Washington, D. C. Died June 18, '93, Concord.

Alexander, John. Co. K; b. Canada; age 22; cred. Wilmot; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Allen, Henry. Unas'd; b. Australia; age 21; res. Boston, Mass., cred. Exeter; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Allen, Isaac E. Co. H; b. Gilmanton; age 22; res. Upper Gilmanton, cred. Upper Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Mar. 2, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Allen, Jesse L. Co. H; b. Gilmanton; age 21; res. Upper Gilmanton, cred. Upper Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Dec. 15, '62, Washington, D. C. Died Jan. 22, '90, Belmont.

Altland, George. Co. E; b. Dover, Pa.; age 21; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; reported on m. o. roll dated Dec. 19, '65, as absent on detached service. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Ambrose, Thomas L. F and S.; b. Ossipee; age 33; res. Ossipee; app. Chaplain Sept. 17, '62; must. in Sept. 17, '62; captd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from capture; wd. July 24, '64, near Petersburg, Va., and died, wds. Aug. 19, '64, Ft. Monroe, Va.

Anderson, Charles. Co. B; b. Norway; age 25; cred. Warner; enl. Dec. 18, '63; must. in Dec. 18, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 1, '64, as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Minnesota" and "Wyalusing"; disch. Aug. 15, '65, as a Quarter Gunner.

Anderson, Hans. Co. E; b. Denmark; age 23; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; captd. Nov. 17, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Anderson, Jacob. Co. I; b. Germany; age 23; res. Boston, Mass., cred. East Kingston; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Atlanta"; des. June 22, '65.

Anderson, John. Unas'd; b. New York city; age 21; res. New York city, cred. Exeter; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Anderson, Joseph. Co. D: b. Newark, N. J.; age 28; res. Newark, N. J., cred. Madison; enl. Dec. 14, '63; must. in Dec. 14, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 12, '64, Yorktown, Va.

Andrews, Calvin M. Co. E; b. Centre Harbor; age 24; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 25, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 26, '63, Baltimore, Md. P. O. ad., Ashland. See 1 N. H. H. Art.

Andrews, George W. Co. G; b. Centre Harbor; age 18; res. Centre Harbor, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 12, '62, as Priv.; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Ashland.

Annable, George M. Co. E; b. Canada East; age 24; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 20, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Arnett, John. Co. G; b. Ireland; age 25; cred. Bradford; enl. Dec. 3, '63; must. in Dec. 3, '63, as Priv.; killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Atwood, Jeduthan. Co. E; b. Thornton; age 44; res. New Hampton, cred. New Hampton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; captd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; par. May 15, '63; tr. to 118 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Mar. 15, '64; disch. disab. June 27, '64, Annapolis, Md. Died Sept. 22, '65, Detroit, Mich.

Avery, Edwin. Co. I; b. Campton; age 20; res. Campton, cred. Campton; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va. Died, dis. Oct. 30, '63, Annapolis, Md.

Avery, Martin B. Co. G; b. Ellsworth; age 20; res. Ellsworth, cred. Campton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 12, '62, as Priv.; wd. sev. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Nov. 9, '63, Concord. Died Aug. 13, '79, Campton.

Babb, John W Co. H; b. Bartlett; age 23; res. Bartlett, cred. Bartlett; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 12, '62, as Priv.; disch. June 7, '65, Portsmouth, Va.

Babb, Solomon A. Co. C; b. Alexandria; age 20; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv. Died Oct. 9, '62, Alexandria.

Babbitt, Andrew. Co. C; b. Canada; age 41; cred. Boscawen; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va., and died, wds. June 10, '64, Washington, D. C.

Bachelder, Stephen W Co. F; b. London; age 42; res. Loudon, cred. Loudon; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Nov. 17, '62, Washington, D. C.

Bachelder. See Batchelder.

Bacheler, Albert W. Co. E; b. Balasore, India; age 18; res. New Hampton, cred. New Hampton; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 6, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. May 19, '64; Sergt. June 5, '64; captd. Nov. 17, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; escaped from Libby prison Dec. 13, '64; app. 1 Lt. Co. A, Jan. 10, '65; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., New Hampton.

Badger, George G. Co. I; b. Meredith; age 42; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Corp.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Feb. 11, '64, Washington, D. C.

Bailey, John. Co. H; b. Trowbridge, Eng.; age 21; res. Laconia, cred. Laconia; enl. Aug. 6, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Baker, James S. Co. E; b. Holderness; age 30; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Musc.; app. Prin. Musc. Jan. 1, '64; must. out June 21, '65. Died Apr. 1, '90, Ashland.

Baker, John C. Co. B; b. Princeton, Mass.; age 38; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Aug. 6, '63, Alexandria, Va. P. O. ad., Gilmanton.

Baker, Osmond T. Co. H; b. Holderness; age 19; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Sept. 1, '64; Sergt. Jan. 1, '65; must. out June 21, '65.

Baker, Samuel H. Co. E; b. Holderness; age 24; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Sept. 11, '62,

as Corp.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; tr. to 23 Co., 2 Batt'l. V R. C., Jan. 9, '65; disch. disab. July 21, '65, Washington, D. C P. O. ad., Ashland.

Baker, Washington I. Co. E; b. New Hampton; age 18; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va., and died, wds. May 19, '63, Washington, D. C

Ballou, Luis de L. Co. C; b. Bristol; age 19; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. sev. May 16, '61, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; tr. to Co. D, 3 V R. C., Jan. 23, '65; disch. July 6, '65, Brattleboro, Vt. P. O. ad., Alexandria.

Banks, John. Co. A; b. Baltimore, Md.; age 19; res. Baltimore, Md., cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; des. Oct. 15, '64, while on furlough from Finley Gen. Hosp., Washington, D. C.

Barker, Thomas E. Co. B; b. Canterbury; age 23; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. Capt. Sept. 8, '62; must. in to date Aug. 30, '62, as Capt.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Lt. Col. Sept. 30, '64; Col. May 26, '65; not must.; must. out June 21, '65, as Lt. Col. P. O. ad., Malden, Mass. See 2 N. H. V

Barnard, Robert. Co. C; b. Gibraltar, Spain; age 21; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 4, '63; must. in Dec. 4, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; des. Nov. 1, '64, from DeCamp Gen. Hosp., David's Isl., N. Y. H.

Barnes, William. Co. C; b. Alexandria; age 21; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Sept. 23, '62; must. in Sept. 24, '62, as Priv. Died Jan. 19, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Barry, Charles R. Co. E; b. Holderness; age 36; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Nov. 20, '62. Washington, D. C Died July 31, '87, Meredith.

Barry, Samuel B. Co. E; b. Holderness; age 32; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Sept. 25, '63. Concord. P. O. ad., Holderness.

Barry, Thomas. Co. K; b. Brunswick, Me.; age 23; res. Boston, Mass., cred. Wakefield; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Calypso" and "Ft. Jackson"; disch. Aug. 7, '65.

Barshowskig, John. Co. B; b. Russia; age 23; cred. Boscawen; enl. Dec. 4, '63; must. in Dec. 4, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Calypso" and "Daylight"; des. June 16, '65, from receiving ship, New York city.

Bartlett, Asa W. Co. F; b. Epping; age 22; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Musc.; app. Sergt. Maj. Mar. 2, '63; 2 Lt. Co. G, Mar. 3, '64; 1 Lt. Co. K, July 15, '64; Capt. Co. C, Sept. 28, '64; disch. disab. Mar. 18, '65. P. O. ad., Pittsfield.

Bartlett, Charles C. Co. G; b. Gilford; age 21; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; des. Nov. 10, '62, Orleans, Va.; relieved from charge of desertion, and discharged with loss of all pay and allowances, July 14, '65.

Barton, Charles A. Co. D. See Josiah W Fordham.

Batchelder, George L. Co. K; b. Conway; age 31; res. Concord; app. 2 Lt. Sept. 8, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62; resigned Jan. 26, '63. Died July 6, '86, Haverhill.

Batchelder, Mayhew C. Co. A; b. Windham, Me.; age 26; res. New Durham, cred. New Durham; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Dec. 25, '62; Sergt. Apr. 19, '63; 2 Lt. Jan. 1, '64; 1 Lt. Co. B, July 20, '64; wd. Aug. 19, '64, Petersburg, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. Died Jan. 24, '91, Concord.

Batchelder, William T. Co. F; b. Loudon; age 38; res. Loudon, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; sev. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. disab. Jan. 23, '65, Manchester. Died June 24, '91, Pittsfield.

Batchelder. See Bachelder.

Bates, William. Co. H; b. New York city; age 21: cred. Weare; enl. Dec. 3, '63; must. in Dec. 3, '63, as Priv.; furloughed July 3, '64, from Hampton Gen. Hosp., Ft. Monroe, Va.; considered a deserter from Aug. 3, '64.

Bauer, Frederick. Unas'd; b. Germany; age 35; res. New York city, cred. Sandown; enl. Dec. 19, '63; must. in Dec. 19, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Bauman, Victor. Unas'd; b. France; age 24; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Bautz, Robert. Co. E; b. Germany; age 31; res. Frankfort, Me., cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 30, '65, Bristol, Pa.

Bean, Joseph B. Co. H; age 26; res. Upper Gilmanton, cred. Upper Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 25, '63, Alexandria, Va.

Bean, Merrill S. Co. H; b. Gilford; age 29; res. Upper Gilmanton, cred. Upper Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Beauregard, Clodomir. Co. C; b. Canada; age 18; cred. Deering; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va., and died, wds. June 23, '64, Fairfax, Va.

Beck, Calvin W Co. D; b. Canterbury; age 21: res. Northfield, cred. Northfield; enl. Aug. 25, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Feb. 11, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Bedee, Daniel S. F. and S.; b. Sandwich; age 40; res. Meredith, cred. Meredith; app. Adjt. Sept. 6, '62; must. in Sept. 6, '62; resigned May 15, '63. Died Oct. 16, '69, Meredith.

Bedee, Daniel S. Co. H; age 25; res. Laconia, cred. Laconia; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; tr. to 81 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Mar. 15, '64; disch. wds. Sept. 29, '64, from Gen. Hosp., Fairfax Seminary, Va.

Bedee, Edwin E. Non-Com. Staff; b. Sandwich; age 24; res. Meredith, cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 20, '62, as Sergt. Maj.; app. 1 Lt. Co. G, Dec. 22, '62; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Capt. May 12, '63; wd. sev. June 4, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; captd. Nov. 17, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; par. Feb. 22, '65, James river; app. Maj. May 26, '65; not must.; must. out June 21, '65, as Capt. P. O. ad., Meredith.

Bell, Robert. Co. B; b. New Jersey; age 23; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 4, '63; must. in Dec. 4, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; des. Nov. 8, '64, from U. S. S. "Quaker City."

Bennett, Charles A. Co. F; b. Lowell, Mass.; age 18; res. Canterbury, cred. Canterbury; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Bennett, John. Co. D; b. England; age 24; cred. Hollis; enl. Dec. 8, '62; must. in Dec. 8, '62, as Priv.; des. to the enemy Nov. 4, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va.

Bent, John. Co. B; b. Canada; age 21; cred. Marlow; enl. Dec. 18, '63; must. in Dec. 18, '63, as Priv.; wd. sev. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; disch. May 18, '65.

Bernard, Francis. Co. I; b. Nova Scotia; age 25; cred. Mason; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; des. Mar. 10, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md.

Berry, Albert H. Co. C; b. Strafford; age 21; cred. Meredith; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va., and died, wds. May 27, '64, Ft. Monroe, Va. Supposed identical with Albert H. Berry, Co. G, 8 N. H. V

Berry, George E. Co. A; b. New Durham; age 18; res. New Durham, cred. New Durham; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 14, '63, Potomac Creek, Va.

Berry, William H. Co. B; b. Barnstead; age 23; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Corp.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va., and died, wds. May 17, '63, Potomac Creek, Va.

Besker, Henry Co. B; b. Northumberland, Va.; age 23; enl. Dec. 23, '63, Pt. Lookout, Md.; must. in Dec. 26, '63, as colored under cook; tr. to Co. D, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Bickford, Arthur L. Co. B; b. Barnstead; age 20; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Dumont, Iowa.

Bickford, Charles H. Co. K; b. Wakefield; age 29; res. Wolfeborough, cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65.

Bickford, John M. Co. D; b. Alton; age 24; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Corp.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; tr. to 120 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Feb. 23, '64; disch. July 26, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Franconia.

Bickford, Moses. Co. B; b. Barnstead; age 26; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Dec. 15, '63, Pt. Lookout, Md. P. O. ad., Barnstead.

Bickford, Oliver L. Co. I; b. Meredith; age 30; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; des. July 21, '63, Annapolis, Md.

Bickford, Rufus F. Co. I; b. Campton; age 19; res. Campton, cred. Campton; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. G, 2 V. R. C., Mar. 31, '64; disch. July 3, '65, Indianapolis, Ind. P. O. ad., Auburn, Me.

Bixby, Joseph C. Co. A; age 28; res. Plymouth, cred. Plymouth; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 16, '62, as Priv.; des. Feb. 26, '63, while on furlough.

Black, Archy Co. C; b. New Brunswick; age 21; cred. Warner; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Shokokon" and "Mackinaw"; disch. disab. May 2, '65, Norfolk, Va.

Black, Charles. Co. F; b. Philadelphia, Pa.; age 22; cred. Boscawen; enl. Dec. 2, '63; must. in Dec. 2, '63, as Priv.; killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Blackstone, Benjamin E. Co. D; b. St. Albans, Vt.; age 33; cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. Nov. 26, '62, Washington, D. C.

Blaisdell, Samuel A. Co. C; b. Gilford; age 26; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Corp.; missing July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; reported killed same place and date — also said to have deserted.

Blaisdell, Solon G. Co. F; b. Danville, Vt.; age 28; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Sergt.; app. 1 Sergt. Nov. 23, '63; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; app. 2 Lt. May 18, '65; not must.; must. out June 21, '65, as 1 Sergt. P. O. ad., San Diego, Cal.

Blake, Charles. Co. B; b. Germany; age 22; cred. Pittsfield; enl. Dec. 4, '63; must. in Dec. 4, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; disch. Oct. 31, '65, Concord.

Blake, Charles. Co. K; b. Wolfeborough; age 30; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 9, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Blake, George H. Co. K; b. Wolfeborough; age 20; res. Wolfeborough, cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65.

Blake, Hollis S. Co. E; b. Holderness; age 18; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Ashland.

Blake, John. Co. B; b. Epsom; age 40; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, Dec. 10, '62; disch. disab. May 17, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., Barnstead.

Blake, John D. Co. H; b. Dorchester; age 19; res. Laconia, cred. Laconia; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. May 13, '65.

Blake, William H. Co. F; b. Loudon; age 18; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. D, 1 I. C., Feb. 3, '64; disch. July 14, '65, Elmira, N. Y. P. O. ad., Pittsfield.

Blanchard, Elbridge A. Co. D; b. Groton; age 18; res. St. Albans, Vt., cred. Groton; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65.

Blanchard, Henry A. Co. C; b. Bristol; age 17; res. Hebron, cred. Hebron; enl. Aug. 29, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. sev. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; app. Corp. Apr. 28, '65; must. out June 21, '65.

Blaun, Francis. Co. E; b. France; age 21; cred. Hudson; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv. Died Feb. 28, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md.

Bogart, Daniel W Co. C; b. Harlem, N. Y.; age 18; cred. Sutton; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; disch. Sept. 8, '65.

Bohonon, Daniel W. Co. C; b. Bristol; age 20; res. Grafton, cred. Grafton; enl. Aug. 28, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Mar. 1, '63; Sergt. May 3, '63; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; app. 1 Lt. Co. H, Sept. 16, '64; Capt. Co. C, Apr. 12, '65; must. out June 21, '65. See 2 N. H. V

Bond, John. Co. A; b. Camden, N. J.; age 21; res. Camden, N. J., cred. Meredith; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; captd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died, dis. Oct. 4, '64, Andersonville, Ga.

Boodrow, Battees. Co. C; b. New York; age 18; cred. Loudon; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Boomer, David. Co. C; b. Nova Scotia; age 24; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 2, '63; must. in Dec. 2, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; des. Aug. 27, '64, while on furlough from Carver Gen. Hosp., Washington, D. C.

Bordeleben, Gustave. Co. E; b. Germany; age 38; res. New York city, cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; des. July 10, '64, near Petersburg, Va.

Bornholdt, Hans. Co. B; b. Germany; age 24; cred. Alexandria; enl. Jan. 11, '64; must. in Jan. 11, '64, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Mount Washington," "Minnesota," "Malvern," and "Alleghany"; disch. July 11, '65.

Bowers, Charles. Co. A; b. Mississippi; age 21; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 7, '63; must. in Dec. 7, '63, as Priv.; des. June 1, '64, White House, Va.

Boyd, John. Unas'd; b. Ireland; age 26; cred. Loudon; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; sent to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Boyd, Orlando. Co. K; b. Wentworth; age 20; res. Wentworth, cred. Wentworth; enl. Aug. 30, '62; must. in Sept. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. June 1, '65; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., East Canaan.

Boynton, Charles R. Co. I; b. Holderness; age 41; res. Centre Harbor, cred. Centre Harbor; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis. Died July 11, '64, Centre Harbor.

Brackett, Andrew. Co. K; b. Lewiston, Me.; age 18; cred. Tamworth; enl. Jan. 2, '64; must. in Jan. 2, '64, as Priv.; disch. to date Dec. 1, '64. P. O. ad., Freeport, Me.

Bradey, William. Unas'd; b. Ireland; age 21; res. Philadelphia, Pa., cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Bradley, Amos E. Co. K; b. Wakefield; age 24; res. Wolfeborough, cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; mis. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; gd. from mis.; wd. June 2, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; must. out June 21, '65.

Bradley, Nathaniel, Jr. Co. K; b. Wakefield; age 29; res. Wolfeborough, cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Newton.

Brady, Bernard. Co. K; b. Ireland; age 20; res. Boston, Mass., cred. Danville; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Minnesota," "Malvern," and "Commodore Morris"; des. Aug. 20, '64.

Brady. See Bradley.

Braley, Albion W. Co. C; b. Danbury; age 19; res. Danbury, cred. Danbury; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Oct. 5, '63, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Danbury.

Braley, Cornelius L. Co. F; b. Canterbury; age 19; res. Northfield, cred. Northfield; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; des. Dec. 15, '63, Annapolis, Md. P. O. ad., Hill.

Braley, Frank A. Co. F; b. Northfield; age 18; res. Northfield, cred. Northfield; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; des. Dec. 12, '62, Falmouth, Va.; apprch.; must. out June 21, '65. Died July 11, '92, Gilford.

Breck, George C. Co. G; b. Sherborn, Mass.; age 30; cred. Wentworth; enl. Aug. 28, '62; must. in Sept. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; tr. to 18 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Nov. 17, '63; disch. Aug. 11, '65, Albany, N. Y. Died Jan. 5, '85, Bristol.

Bredett, Edward. Co. I; b. Belgium; age 34; cred. Gilford; enl. Jan. 5, '64; must. in Jan. 5, '64, as Priv.; des. June 16, '64, from De Camp Gen. Hosp., David's Isl., N. Y. H.

Briggs, Nathaniel. Co. C; b. Orange; age 32; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; wd. June 5, '64, Cold Harbor, Va., and died, wds. June 26, '64, Washington, D. C.

Brigham, Charles. Co. G; b. Canada; age 28; cred. Nottingham; enl. Dec. 18, '63; must. in Dec. 18, '63, as Priv.; des. Nov. 30, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md.

Brill, Charles. Co. E; b. Germany; age 24; res. New York city, cred. Meredith; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; des. July 10, '64, near Petersburg, Va.

Brinkman, Henry. Co. I; b. Germany; age 28; cred. Hopkinton; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; captd. May 12, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died, dis. Aug. 25, '64, Andersonville, Ga.

Brock, Charles H. Co. F; b. Pittsfield; age 29; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Corp.; tr. to 129 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C., Apr. 10, '64; disch. disab. Sept. 26, '64, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Pittsfield.

Brock, Sylvester. Co. C; b. Alexandria; age 25; res. Grafton, cred. Grafton; enl. Aug. 28, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. May 25, '65; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Grafton.

Bromley, William H. Co. F; b. Canada; age 21; cred. Weare; enl. Dec. 3, '63; must. in Dec. 3, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy as a deserter therefrom, to date Mar. 23, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md. N. f. r. Navy Dept.

Brown, Abiel B. Co. F; b. Canterbury; age 19; res. Loudon, cred. Loudon; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. sev. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. May 8, '65. P. O. ad., Pittsburg, Pa.

Brown, Abraham S. Co. C; b. Nottingham; age 35; res. Danbury, cred. Danbury; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Corp. Feb. 5, '64; must. out June 21, '65.

Brown, Alexander. Co. G; b. Malta; age 32; res. Philadelphia, Pa., cred. Exeter; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64; served on U. S. S. "Agawam" and "Queen"; disch. disab. Feb. 10, '65, from receiving ship, New York city.

Brown, Caleb. Co. F; b. Bow; age 23; res. Loudon, cred. Loudon; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Aug. 22, '63, Concord.

Brown, Charles. Co. E; b. Denmark; age 22; cred. New Boston; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; killed June 3, '61, Cold Harbor, Va.

Brown, Charles. Co. I; b. Manchester, Eng.; age 28; res. New York city, cred. North Hampton; enl. Dec 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; disch May 18, '65.

Brown, Charles. Co. K; b. New Brunswick; age 23; res. Kingston, Mass., cred. Wakefield; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17 '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. "Onondaga," and appears on roll Apr. 16, '65. N. f. r. Navy Dept.

Brown, Charles M. Co. D; b. Bow; age 29; res. Hebron, cred. Hebron; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Jan. 1, '63; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Sergt. Feb. 5, '64; 1 Sergt. May 9, '64; 1 Lt. Co. H. May 18, '65; not must.; must. out June 21, '65, as 1 Sergt. Co. D. P. O. ad., Concord.

Brown, Charles S. Co. C; b. Bridgewater; age 38; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; tr. to 86 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C., Apr. 9, '64; disch. disab. Oct. 7, '64, Fairfax Seminary, Va. Died Mar. 8, '86, Bristol.

Brown, Charles W. Co. G; b. Moultonborough; age 20; res. Moultonborough, cred. Moultonborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Wagoner; disch. disab. May 28, '63, Portsmouth Grove, R. I. P. O. ad., Somerville, Mass.

Brown, Edward. Co. H; b. New York city; age 23; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; reported on roll dated June 21, '65, as tr. on that date to 2 N. H. V., with remark, "sent sick to hosp. June 22, '64"; never joined 2 Regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Brown, Edwin. Co. E; b. Bridgewater; age 22; res. Bridgewater, cred. Bridgewater; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; killed July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.

Brown, George. Co. D; b. Switzerland; age 35; res. Hudson, N. Y., cred. Exeter; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Brown, George L. Co. I; b. Stow, Mass.; age 24; cred. New Hampton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va., and died, wds. May 22, '63, Washington, D. C.

Brown, Henry. Co. C; b. Portugal; age 40; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 2, '63; must. in Dec. 2, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '61, Cold Harbor, Va., and died, wds. June 7, '64, White House, Va.

Brown, Hiram A. Co. C; b. Lowell, Mass.; age 18; res. Hill, cred. Hill; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Corp.; captd. Nov. 17, '64, on picket line, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; exch. Mar. 2, '65; disch. May 31, '65.

Brown, John. Co. C; b. France; age 21; res. France, cred. New Hampton; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va., and died, wds. Dec. 17, '64, McDougall Gen. Hosp., N. Y. H.

Brown, John. Co. G; b. Baltimore, Md.; age 29; cred. Pittsfield; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; captd. May 9, '64, Swift Creek, Va.; exch. Dec. 24, '64; reported on roll dated June 21, '65, as tr. on that date to 2 N. H. V., with remark, "sick at Annapolis, Md."; never joined 2 Regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Brown, John. Unas'd; b. Philadelphia, Pa.; age 20; res. Philadelphia, Pa., cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; reported on muster and descriptive roll dated Dec. 22, '63. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Brown, John G. Co. E; b. Woodstock; age 27; res. Ellsworth, cred. Ellsworth; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Dec. 9, '62. Falmouth, Va.

Brown, Newell A. Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 18; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Dec. 23, '62, Potomac Creek, Va.

Brown, Perley R. Co. H; b. Freedom; age 13; res. Laconia, cred. Laconia; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Sept. 14, '64, Laconia.

Brown, Samuel. Co. C; b. Bow; age 22; res. Hebron, cred. Hebron; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; killed July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.

Brown, True C. Co. F; b. Loudon; age 21; res. Loudon, cred. Loudon; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Brown, William. Co. F; b. Canada; age 35; cred. Canterbury; enl. Dec 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. disab. Nov. 9, '64.

Bryant, Sullivan. Co. I; b. Meredith; age 39; res. Meredith, cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; tr. to Co. F, 21 I. C., Dec. 8, '63; disch. June 29, '65, Philadelphia, Pa. P. O. ad., Meredith Village.

Bryant, William O. Co. I; b. Meredith; age 16; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Bryant, Winbun. Co. I; b. Meredith; age 33; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Mar. 17, '63, Washington, D. C.

Bull, William. Co. A; b. France; age 36; cred. Warner; enl. Dec. 7, '63; must. in Dec. 7, '63, as Priv.; des. to the enemy Nov. 1, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va.

Bulla, James. Co. G; b. Grant county, Ind.; age 24; cred. Pittsfield; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; des. Sept. 30, '65, Warsaw, Va.

Bunker, Joseph N. Co. B; b. Barnstead; age 25; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Burbank, Ezra B. Co. I; b. Shipton, Can.; age 32; res. Campton, cred. Campton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 12, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. to date June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Campton.

Burke, James. Co. F; b. Ireland; age 30; cred. Weare; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Florida" and "Quaker City"; disch. Aug. 27, '65, from receiving ship, Philadelphia, Pa.

Burnell, Dwight. Co. B; b. Chenango county, N. Y.; age 37; cred. Warner; enl. Dec. 18, '63; must. in Dec. 18, '63, as Priv.; disch. disab. July 15, '64, New York city.

Burnham, Albert. Co. K; b. Enfield; age 20; res. Wentworth, cred. Wentworth; enl. Aug. 27, '62; must. in Sept. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Corp. Sept. 1, '64; captd. Nov. 17, '64, on picket, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; exch. Apr. 29, '65; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., West Rumney.

Burnham, Asel, Jr. Co. F; b. Mont Vernon; age 42; res. Loudon, cred. Loudon; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; tr. to 39 Co., 1 Batt'l, I. C., Sept. 8, '63; disch. disab. Aug. 19, '63, Washington, D. C.

Burpee, Andrew F. Co. C; b. New London; age 25; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Apr. 25, '63, Concord.

Burpee, Barron F. S. Co. B; b. Boscawen; age 26; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Corp.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. Apr. 1, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md. P. O. ad., Jacksonville, Fla.

Burr, Lyman. Co. A; b. Orleans, N. Y.; age 21; res. Buffalo, N. Y., cred. Londonderry; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; des. June 1, '64, White House, Va.

Burt, George M. Co. G; b. Canada; age 22; res. Boston, Mass., cred. Meredith; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; entered 18 A. C. Base Hosp., Broadway, Va., Aug. 24, '64; sent Aug. 28, '64, to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Bushee, Peter. Co. F; b. Island Pond, Vt.; age 20; cred. Boscawen; enl. Dec. 4, '63; must. in Dec. 4, '63, as Priv.; furloughed Mar. 5, '65, from Gen. Hosp., Ft. Monroe, Va.; failed to return; considered a deserter from Mar. 30, '65. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Busiel, Albert L. Co. I; b. Tamworth; age 15; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; accidentally killed Sept. 25, '62, Concord.

Busiel, Dana. Co. I; b. New Bedford, Mass.; age 20; res. Meredith, cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Laconia.

Busiel, Harrison M. Co. E; b. Gilford; age 37; res. Meredith, cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 12, '62, as Corp.; disch. disab. July 22, '64, Concord. P. O. ad., East Andover.

Busiel. See Buzzell.

Buss, Joseph. Co. A; b. Nashua; age 45; cred. Hollis; enl. Dec. 7, '63; must. in Dec. 7, '63, as Priv. Died, dis. Oct. 13, '64, Ft. Monroe, Va. See 3 N. H. V.

Buswell, George P. Co. B; b. Alton; age 23; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Corp.; reduced to ranks Nov. 3, '62; app. Corp. Dec. 22, '62; wd. sev. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; tr. to Co. B, 12 I. C., Sept. 7, '63; disch. July 6, '65, Trenton, N. J. P. O. ad., Dover. See Miscel. Organizations.

Butterfield, J. Ware. Co. D; b. Andover; age 24; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; app. Capt. Sept. 8, '62; must. in to date Sept. 5, '62; disch. to date Nov. 17, '62. P. O. ad., Florence, Kan.

Buzzell, Charles P. Co. E; b. Ellsworth; age 21; res. Ellsworth, cred. Ellsworth; enl. Aug. 25, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. July 15, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.

Buzzell, Henry C. Co. D; b. Northfield; age 21; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Nov. 6, '63; Sergt. May 1, '64; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va., and died, wds. June 29, '64, Washington, D. C.

Buzzell. See Busiel.

Cahill, James. Co. H; b. Ireland; age 23; cred. Hudson; enl. Dec. 18, '63; must. in Dec. 18, '63, as Priv; tr. to U. S. Navy May 3, '64, as a Seaman; des. fourth quarter '64, from U. S. S. "Ino."

Callahan, William. Co. G; b. Waltham, Mass.; age 19; cred. Barrington; enl. Jan. 12, '64; must. in Jan. 12, '61, as Priv.; captd. Nov. 17, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; par. Mar. 2, '65; disch. May 19, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., Nat. Soldiers' Home, Va.

Calley, James T. Co. D; b. Sanbornton; age 17; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 13, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Cambridge, George. Co. H. See George Carpenter.

Campbell, Charles. Unas'd; b. New York city; age 22; cred. Pelham; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; name appears on muster and descriptive roll dated Dec. 18, '63. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Canney, Charles H. Co. A; b. Tuftonborough; age 25; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Musc.; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis.; disch. June 3, '65, as Priv.

Canney, John L. Co. K; b. Tuftonborough; age 37; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Corp.; reduced to ranks Nov. 9, '62; tr. to Co. F, 18 I. C., Jan. 15, '64; disch. June 27, '65, Washington, D. C.

Carbee, Samuel P. Co. D; b. Bath; age 26; res. Bath, cred. Bath; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Asst. Surg. Oct. 26, '63; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Haverhill.

Carmichael, David. Co. I; b. Scotland; age 20; cred. Hudson; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv; captd. Nov.

17, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; par. Feb. 28, '65; reported on roll dated June 21, '65, as tr. on that date to 2 N. H. V., with remark, "absent sick"; never joined 2 Regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Carpenter, George, *alias* George Cambridge Co. H; b. Gloucester, Mass.; age 40; cred. Weare; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec 15, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy as a deserter therefrom Feb. 3, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md.; des. Feb. 22, '64, from U. S. S. "Ella."

Carr, Asa O. Co. F; b. Loudon; age 19; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; disch. disab. Jan. 4, '64, Concord. P. O. ad., Pittsfield.

Carr, Henry. Co. K; b. Sullivan county, N. Y; age 22; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; disch. to date Dec 19, '65. P. O. ad., Sing Sing, N. Y

Carr, Horace B. Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 31; res. Loudon, cred. Loudon; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Sergt.; disch. disab. Apr. 17, '63, Concord.

Carter, Alfred L. Co. H; b. Gilford; age 20; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; app. Sergt.; disch. May 19, '65. P. O. ad., Laconia.

Casey. Patrick O. Co. K; b. Ireland; age 42; res. Wentworth, cred. Wentworth; enl. Aug. 28, '62; must. in Sept. 13, '62, as Priv.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Castels, Charles, *alias* Henry Myers. Co. G; b. Nova Scotia; age 31; cred. Warner; enl. Dec. 18, '63; must. in Dec. 18, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy as a deserter therefrom Feb. 3, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md.; des. Apr. 4, '64, from U. S. S. "Ella."

Caswell, Charles H. Co. G; b. Warren; age 20; res. Warren, cred. Warren; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Sept. 25, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Feb. 10, '64, Washington, D. C P. O. ad., Lakeport.

Caswell, John L. Co. H; b. Weirs; age 22; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Corp. Died, dis. Dec. 30, '62, Georgetown, D. C

Cate, Charles A. Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 22; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Cate, Charles E. Co. A; b. South Berwick, Me.; age 20; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; tr. to 49 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Oct. 29, '63; disch. June 26, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Haverhill, Mass.

Cate, Erwin G. Co. D; b. Franklin; age 21; res. Northfield, cred. Northfield; enl. Aug. 25, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Corp. May 1, '64; wd. May 15, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Boscawen.

Caverly Benjamin F. Co. G; b. Sheffield, Vt.; age 34; res. Sheffield, Vt., cred. Moultonborough; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; disch. disab. Dec. 30, '63, Portsmouth Grove, R. I. Died June 22, '89, Tamworth.

Cawley, James G. Co. E; age 32; res. New Hampton, cred. New Hampton; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Oct. 19, '63; Sergt. Apr. 2, '64; wd. sev. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. May 23, '65, Concord.

Cayes, Nathaniel. Co. C; b. Canada; age 28; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Plymouth.

Centevare, Lingi. Co. I. See Lewis Gendower.

Chace, Charles E. Co. E; b. Taunton, Mass.; age 22; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 29, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Apr. 6, '64; wd. sev. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. wds. June 29, '65, Philadelphia, Pa.

Chace. See Chase.

Chamberlin, John W Co. A; b. Alton; age 22; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; disch. disab. Aug. 17, '64, Philadelphia, Pa.

Chapman, Augustus L. Co. D; b. Sanbornton; age 23; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Sept. 6, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Chapman, Christopher C. Co. I; b. Meredith; age 27; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. May 28, '65.

Chapman, Joseph G. Co. I; b. Meredith; age 39; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 12, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65. Died Oct. 21, '89, Jackson, Mich.

Chapman, Moses. Co. I; b. Danvers, Mass.; age 42; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 12, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt.; disch. disab. Mar 1, '65. P O. ad., Centre Harbor

Chapman, Smith. Co. D; b. Sanbornton; age 37; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; des. July 25, '63, Edward's Ferry, Va. Died Jan. 19, '87, Sanbornton.

Chase, Charles W Co. G; b. Loudon; age 28; res. Gilford; enl. Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; app. Capt. Sept. 8, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Capt.; disch. Apr. 8, '63. P O. ad., Clinton, Iowa.

Chase, George C. Co. K; b. Deerfield; age 19; res. Wentworth, cred. Wentworth; enl. Aug. 30, '62; must. in Sept. 15, '62, as Priv.; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis.; app. Corp. July 1, '64; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Haverhill, Mass.

Chase, John F. Co. D; b. Bristol; age 18; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. Feb. 23, '63, Washington, D. C

Chase, Silas G. Co. D; b. Milbury, Mass.; age 40; res. Hebron, cred. Hebron; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65. P O. ad., Concord.

Chase, William O. Co. K; b. Deerfield; age 35; res. Wentworth, cred. Wentworth; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; app. Corp. Aug. 6, '63; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; captd. Nov. 17, '64, on picket, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; exch. Apr. 29, '65; disch. to date June 21, '65. Died Sept. 1, '91, Wentworth.

Chase. See Chace.

Chattle, Amos. Co. G; b. Meredith; age 18; res. Meredith, cred. Laconia; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 11, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Aug. 8, '63, Alexandria, Va. P O. ad., Somerville, Mass.

Cheeney, Samuel T. Co. E; b. Holderness; age 27; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt. Dec. 20, '62; killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Cheney, Charles W. Co. C; b. Bristol; age 28; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Cheney, Daniel P Co. E; b. Holderness; age 21; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Sept. 23, '63; Sergt. Jan. 1, '64; 2 Lt. May 18, '65; not must.; must. out June 21, '65, as Sergt. P O. ad., Sioux City, Iowa.

Chesley, Benjamin F. Co. B; b. Barnstead; age 26; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. June 16, '63, Philadelphia, Pa. P O. ad., Barnstead. See 1 N. H. H. Art.

Chesley, Calvin. Co. B; b. Barnstead; age 20; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; des. Dec. 13, '62; appreh. Dec. 12, '63; des. Aug. 25, '64, Philadelphia, Pa.

Chesley, Levi W Co. G; b. Gilford; age 19; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Feb. 1, '63; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; tr. to 52 Co., 2 Batt'l, V R. C., May 13, '64; disch. disab. Jan. 12, '65, Philadelphia, Pa. Died July 12, '86, Augusta, Me.

Chesley, Nathan. Co. A; b. New Durham; age 41; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 11, '62, as Priv.; app. 2 Lt. Sept. 8, '62; must. in to date Aug. 30, '62, as 2 Lt.; disch. Feb. 7, '63. Died Mar. 10, '90, Alton.

Clark, Aaron. Co. C; b. Dorchester; age 31; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Corp.; disch. disab. Jan. 24, '63, Harper's Ferry, Va. P. O. ad., Alexandria.

Clark, Benjamin B. Co. G; b. Franklin; age 33; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 11, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt. Nov. 20, '62; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; July 3, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; app. 1 Sergt. Sept. 10, '64; 1 Lt. May 18, '65; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Brighton, Mass.

Clark, Edward H. Co. G; b. Manchester; age 25; res. Moultonborough, cred. Moultonborough; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; captd. Nov. 17, '64, on picket line, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; par. Mar. 10, '65; furloughed from Mar. 19, '65, to Apr. 18, '65, Annapolis, Md. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Clark, George. Co. K; b. Lebanon, Me.; age 20; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; tr. to 117 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Mar. 15, '64; disch. Sept. 12, '65, Providence, R. I., tm. ex. P. O. ad., Berwick, Me.

Clark, George W. Co. E; b. Dorchester; age 23; res. Dorchester, cred. Dorchester; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. sev. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; sev. May 9, '64, Swift Creek, Va.; disch. June 3, '65. P. O. ad., Laconia.

Clark, Horace W. Co. H; b. Meredith; age 19; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Dec. 23, '63, Concord. P. O. ad., Meredith.

Clark, Portus B. Unas'd. See 9 N. H. V.

Clark, Richard. Co. G; b. Ireland; age 29; cred. Pittsfield; enl. Dec. 3, '63; must. in Dec. 3, '63, as Priv.; app. Corp. Feb. 1, '65; tr. to Co. K, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Clark, Solomon. Co. B; b. Barnstead; age 44; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. May 29, '63, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Pittsfield.

Clark, William D. Co. K; b. Brookfield; age 18; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; mis. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; gd. from mis.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Berwick, Me.

Clark, Willis H. Co. E; b. Holderness; age 18; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Sept. 2, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Dec. 10, '62, Potomac Creek, Va.

Clarke, Benjamin W. Co. F; b. Pittsfield; age 33; res. Northwood; enl. Aug. 29, '62; must. in Sept. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. sev. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; app. Corp. May 1, '65; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Northwood Centre.

Clay, John P. Co. I; b. Wolfeborough; age 27; cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. June 17, '64, near Petersburg, Va., and died, wds. June 23, '64, Ft. Monroe, Va.

Clement, David. Co. G; b. Moultonborough; age 44; res. Moultonborough, cred. Moultonborough; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 30, '63, Fairfax Court House, Va.

Clement, George R. Co. G; b. Moultonborough; age 25; res. Moultonborough, cred. Moultonborough; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Dec. 9, '62, Falmouth, Va.

Clement, William M. Co. E; b. Charlestown, Mass.; age 26; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; captd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa. Died, dis. Oct. 10, '63, Belle Isle, Va.

Clifton, George W. Co. I; b. Meredith; age 18; res. Meredith, cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Jan. 1, '64; captd. Nov. 17, '64, on picket, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; exch. Apr. 18, '65; must. out June 21, '65. Died July 6, '91, Great Falls.

Clifton, John P. Co. I; b. Centre Harbor; age 42; res. Meredith, cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. May 16, '65, Manchester. Died Dec. 7, '89, Meredith.

Clinton, William H. Co. G; b. Gilford; age 22; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Mar. 11, '63, Falmouth, Va. Supposed identical with William H. Clinton, State Service.

Clogston, Henry N. Co. G; b. Nashua; age 18; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 26, '63, Washington, D. C. Died Jan. 8, '79, Laconia.

Clough, Charles B. Co. I; b. Meredith; age 17; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Oct. 8, '63, Meredith.

Clough, George S. Co. I; b. Meredith; age 19; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Nov. 17, '62, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Manchester.

Clough, John F Co. I; b. Gray, Me.; age 20; res. Meredith, cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Oct. 17, '63, Concord. P. O. ad., Manchester.

Clough, Leroy A. Co. A; b. Alton; age 21; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Corp.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; captd. Nov. 17, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va. Died, dis. Dec. 20, '64, Salisbury, N. C.

Cloutman, James A. Co. C; b. Farmington; age 27; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; des. Nov. 27, '62, Potomac Creek, Va. P. O. ad., Alexandria.

Coane, Patrick. Co. D; b. Canada; age 18; cred. Pelham; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv. Died, dis. Feb. 8, '65, Pt. of Rocks, Va.

Cobb, William H. Co. A; b. Windham, Me.; age 30; res. New Durham, cred. New Durham; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Dec. 25, '62; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. May 27 '65, Concord.

Colbath, Benjamin F Co. A; b. Farmington; age 29; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Colbath, Dudley J. Co. A; b. Alton; age 23; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; des. June 25, '63, Pt. of Rocks, Md.

Colbath, Jonathan F Co. B; b. Alton; age 21; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; disch. Nov. 3, '65, to date June 21, '65. Died Apr. 5, '69, Alton.

Colbath, Samuel G. Co. A; b. Brookfield; age 34; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Sergt.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; tr. to 53 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Nov. 16, '63; disch. July 7, '65. Philadelphia, Pa. Died Dec. 15, '78, Nat. Home, Togus, Me.

Colby, James B. Co. G; b. Columbia; age 20; cred. Columbia; enl. Feb. 17, '65, for 1 yr.; must. in Feb. 17, '65, as Priv.; disch. June 14, '65. P. O. ad., Columbia.

Colby, John N. Co. D; b. Sanbornton; age 18; cred. Sanbornton; enl. Mar. 30, '64; must. in Mar. 30, '64, as Priv.; des. June 14, '65, Bermuda Hundred, Va.

Colby, Orrin G. Co. D; b. Hill; age 16; res. Hill, cred. Hill; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. May 1, '64; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; must. out June 21, '65.

Colby, Rufus L. Co. G; b. Warren; age 26; res. Warren, cred. Warren; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Feb. 7, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Colcord, Noah E. Co. K; b. Tuftonborough; age 44; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Apr. 15, '63, Potomac Creek, Va. Died Sept. 26, '71, Tuftonborough.

Collan, Charles. Co. G; b. New York city; age 27; cred. Weare; enl. Dec. 3, '63; must. in Dec. 3, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 14, '64, Relay House (or Ft. Stevens), Va.; des. June 2, '64, David's Isl., N. Y. H.

Collins, James. Co. K; b. Ireland; age 39; cred. Meredith; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; disch. July 22, '65, Ft. Monroe, Va.

Collins, John S. Co. H; b. Gilford; age 26; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd.

May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Corp.; captd. Nov. 17, '64, on picket, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; par. Mar. 1, '65; disch. June 5, '65.

Collins, Patrick. Co. G; b. Ireland; age 20; cred. Allenstown; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Commodore Morris"; des. Sept. 30, '64.

Colomy, John. Co. A; b. New Durham; age 42; res. New Durham, cred. New Durham; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Sergt.; must. out June 21, '65.

Conant, Leonard. Co. D; b. Lyme; age 34; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. June 18, '65. P. O. ad., Tilton.

Conley, Edward, *alias* William Johnson. Co. D; b. England; age 25; cred. Pelham; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; disch. to date Sept. 27 '65. P. O. ad., Fort Buford, N. D.

Conners, James R. Co. K; b. West Troy, N. Y.; age 21; res. West Troy, N. Y., cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Atlanta"; tr. to U. S. S. "Princeton" June 23, '65; never reported on latter vessel. N. f. r. Navy Dept. P. O. ad., Davisville, Cal.

Cook, Danford. Co. H; b. Plymouth; age 42; res. Waterville, cred. Waterville; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Oct. 14, '63, Portsmouth Grove, R. I. P. O. ad., Gilmanton Iron Works.

Cook, Eri. Co. B; b. Milton; age 40; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Feb. 9, '63, Concord. P. O. ad., Pittsfield.

Cooper, George H. Unas'd; b. Canada; age 24; cred. Hudson; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Cooper, James. Unas'd; b. Canada; age 21; cred. Manchester; enl. Nov. 27, '63; must. in Nov. 27, '63, as Priv.; sent to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Cooper, Warren S. Co. D; b. Alton; age 23; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Sergt.; tr. to U. S. Navy Feb. 23, '64. N. f. r. A. G. O. or Navy Dept.

Cooper, William. Unas'd; b. Canada; age 21; cred. Hudson; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; reported on roll dated Dec. 22, '63, as sent to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Copp, Edmund. Co. C; b. New Hampton; age 27; res. New Hampton, cred. New Hampton; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv. Died Mar. 4, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Copp, Frederick E. Co. F; b. Sanbornton; age 18; res. Loudon, cred. Loudon; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Sept. 1, '64, Philadelphia, Pa. P. O. ad., East Tilton.

Corless, Charles E. Co. C; b. Alexandria; age 18; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; des. Oct. 30, '62, Berlin, Md.

Corliss, Horace B. Co. C; b. Alexandria; age 25; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; des. Dec. 13, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; gd. from des.; must. out June 21, '65.

Cotton, Charles. Co. H; b. Gilford; age 43; res. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Cotton, Joseph T. Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 26; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. sev. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. May 30, '64, David's Isl., N. Y. H. Died Aug. 24, '78, Gilmanton.

Cox, Abram. Co. E; b. Derby, Vt.; age 24; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 25, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Mar. 11, '63, Falmouth, Va. Died Nov. 26, '85, Meredith Village.

Cox, Alanson E. Co. E; b. Holderness; age 35; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Feb. 4, '64; Sergt. Jan. 1, '65; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Meredith.

Cram, George S. Co. I; b. Meredith; age 37; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as 1 Sergt.; app. 2 Lt. Co. E, Feb. 9, '63; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Crawford, Cephas R. Co. E; b. Bridgewater; age 27; res. Plymouth, cred. Plymouth; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt. Mar 19, '63; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis.; des. July 15, '63, from Camp Parole, Annapolis, Md. P. O. ad., Plymouth.

Crocker, Charles. Unas'd; b. Germany; age 29; res. New York city, cred. East Kingston; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Crosby, George. Co. G; b. Gilford; age 19; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Dec. 8, '63, Pt. Lookout, Md. P. O. ad., Laconia.

Cross, George D. Co. E; b. Bridgewater; age 27; res. Bridgewater, cred. Bridgewater; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Corp.; wd. sev. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; tr. to 111 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Feb. 15, '64; disch. July 18, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Bristol.

Cross, Simeon H. Co. E; b. Bridgewater; age 18; res. Bridgewater, cred. Bridgewater; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Feb. 28, '63, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Bristol.

Cummings, George H. Co. E; b. Plymouth; age 24; res. Plymouth, cred. Plymouth; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. sev. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. Died Feb. 22, '92, Plymouth.

Curchod, Eloi. Co. A; b. Switzerland; age 38; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 18, '63; must. in Dec. 18, '63, as Priv.; des. Feb. 9, '65, from hosp., Ft. Monroe, Va.

Curdy, James. Co. C; b. Ireland; age 21; cred. Bedford; enl. Dec. 2, '63; must. in Dec. 2, '63, as Priv.; des. Aug. 28, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va.

Curley, William. Co. B; b. New York; age 27; cred. Boscawen; enl. Dec. 4, '63; must. in Dec. 4, '63, as Priv.; des. June 1, '64, White House Landing, Va.

Currier, George C. Co. D; b. Bristol; age 21; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Musc.; must. out June 21, '65, as Priv. P. O. ad., Bristol.

Curtis, John. Unas'd; b. Canada; age 21; cred. Warner; enl. Dec. 18, '63; must. in Dec. 18, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Cutler, Eugene L. Co. F; b. Northwood; age 18; res. Northwood, cred. Northwood; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; tr. to Co. C, 22 I. C., Jan. 2, '64; disch. July 3, '65, Cleveland, Ohio. P. O. ad., West Somerville, Mass.

Daley, John. Co. E; b. Albany, N. Y.; age 23; res. New York city, cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Dalton, John. Co. D; b. Northfield; age 42; res. Northfield, cred. Northfield; enl. Sept. 8, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. Apr 16, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Dalton, Joseph E. Co. H; b. Upper Gilmanton (now Belmont); age 25; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 6, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; des. Oct. 28, '62, Washington, D. C.; gd. from des.; disch. disab. Dec. 15, '64, New York city. P. O. ad., Tilton.

Dalton, Thomas. Co. G; b. Lowell, Mass.; age 15; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Musc.; killed June 30, '64, near Petersburg, Va.

Dame, Thomas C. Co. K; b. Tuftonborough; age 22; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must.

in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; app. 2 Lt. Co. G, May 18, '65; not must.; must. out June 21, '65, as Priv. Co. K. P. O. ad., Somerville, Mass.

Dame, William F. Co. K; b. Tuftonborough; age 31; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 17, '62, as Priv.; app. 1 Lt. Sept. 8, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as 1 Lt.; disch. June 10, '63. P. O. ad., Dover.

Damon, Amos. Co. C; b. Malden, Mass.; age 18; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Musc.; must. out June 21, '65, as Priv. P. O. ad., Reading, Mass.

Danforth, Rufus H. Co. C; b. Danbury; age 10; res. Danbury, cred. Danbury; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. disab. May 5, '65, Manchester. Died June 27, '79, Danbury.

Darling, Frank. Co. C; b. Hill; age 23; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Sergt.; must. out June 21, '65. See 1 N. H. V.

Darmeady, Michael. Co. H; b. Philadelphia, Pa.; age 25; cred. New Hampton; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; tr. to Co. F, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Davenport, William H. Co. E; b. Augusta, Me.; age 32; res. Thornton, cred. Thornton; enl. Aug. 2, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; tr. to I. C. Aug. 1, '63; assigned to 12 I. C.; disch. June 28, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Franklin.

Davidson, Newell. Co. G; b. Newton, Mass.; age 19; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Sept. 12, '62, as Priv.; captd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; escaped *en route* to Richmond; app. Corp. Feb. 1, '65; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Plymouth.

Davis, Charles A. Co. G; b. Gilford; age 21; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; May 14, '64, Relay House (or Ft. Stevens), Va.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Fall River Mass.

Davis, Charles O. Co. G; b. Gilmanton; age 28; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Sergt.; app. 1 Sergt. Apr. 16, '63; reduced to ranks Oct. 1, '63; tr. to Co. I, 9 V. R. C., Apr. 13, '64; app. Sergt.; disch. June 27, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Newton, Mass.

Davis, Charles W. Co. G; b. Gilford; age 19; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65.

Davis, Daniel W. Co. F; b. Barrington; age "20"; res. Northwood, cred. Northwood; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Mar. 27, '63. Portsmouth Grove, R. I. See V. R. C.

Davis, Evans J. Co. D; b. Hill; age 18; res. Hill, cred. Hill; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Feb. 5, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Davis, George F. Co. A; b. New Durham; age 18; res. New Durham, cred. New Durham; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Corp.; must. out June 21, '65.

Davis, George W. Co. I; b. Centre Harbor; age 25; cred. Centre Harbor; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; des. Oct. 28, '62, Lovettsville, Va.; reported Mar. 11, '65, under President's Proclamation; disch. May 8, '65. P. O. ad., Derby, Vt.

Davis, Greenleaf D. Co. K; b. Alton; age 19; res. Wolfeborough, cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. May 28, '63, Falmouth, Va. P. O. ad., Wolfeborough.

Davis, John. Co. H; b. London, Eng.; age 23; res. London, Eng., cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 14, '63; must. in Dec. 14, '63, as Priv.; des. May 31, '64, White House, Va.

Davis, John P. Co. H; b. Epping; age 31; res. Laconia, cred. Laconia; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Sergt.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; disch. disab. Sept. 22, '63, Concord. P. O. ad., Laconia.

Davis, John R. Co. F; b. Eliot, Me; age 37; res. Northwood, cred. Northwood; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Jan. 17, '63; wd. sev. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; disch. disab. Mar. 2, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., Penacook.

Davis, Julius A. Co. A; b. Alton; age 27; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Feb. 23, '64; Sergt. Mar. 1, '65; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Pittsfield.

Davis, Manuel. Cnas'd; b. New Brunswick; age 28; cred. Weare; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Davis, Martin. Co. A; b. Burlington, Vt.; age 21; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 7, '63; must. in Dec. 7, '63, as Priv.; des. May 23, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va.

Davis, Nathaniel S. Co. I; b. Gilmanton; age 24; res. Meredith, cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Mar. 7, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md. P. O. ad., Laconia.

Davis, Orlando F. Co. A; b. Alton; age 22; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; tr. to Co. C, 12 I. C., Sept. 9, '63; disch. July 5, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., South Manchester.

Davis, Pike. Co. A; age 26; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Sept. 15, '63, Concord. Served in 17 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C., under name of Charles W. Duntley. See V. R. C. Unofficially reported that Pike Davis never served in regt., that Charles W. Duntley served in his place and under his name. P. O. ad., Farmington.

Davis, Thomas N. Co. A; b. Lee; age 44; res. New Durham, cred. New Durham; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. June 22, '65. Died Mar. 16, '90, New Durham.

Davis, William. Cnas'd; b. New York city; age 20; res. New York city, cred. Rollinsford; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O. P. O. ad., West Stewartstown.

Day, Henry F. Co. F; b. Dover; age 23; res. Northwood, cred. Northwood; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; disch. disab. July 9, '64, New York city. P. O. ad., Northwood Ridge.

Day, William H. Co. F; b. Northwood; age 19; res. Northwood, cred. Derry; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis. Died, dis. Jan. 27, '65.

Dearborn, Alfred. Co. F; b. Portsmouth; age 43; res. Loudon, cred. Loudon; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis.; disch. June 8, '65. P. O. ad., London.

Dearborn, George W. Co. G; b. Gilford; age 29; res. Gilford, cred. Canterbury; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Jan. 9, '64; disch. May 19, '65. Died July 22, '85, Pitchwood Isl., Lake Winnipiseogee.

Dearborn, Jeremiah B. Co. H; b. Upper Gilmanton; age 39; res. Upper Gilmanton, cred. Upper Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Oct. 9, '63, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Belmont.

Dearborn, John H. Co. H; b. Ossipee; age 34; res. Bartlett, cred. Bartlett; enl. Sept. 3, '62; must. in Sept. 12, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 10, '65, Concord. Died Apr. 21, '65, Conway.

Dearborn, Robert F. Co. F; b. Canterbury; age 26; res. Canterbury, cred. Canterbury; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; disch. disab. Sept. 28, '63, Concord. P. O. ad., Boscawen.

Debes, Adam. Co. E; b. Germany; age 29; res. New York city, cred. Derry; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; des. July 10, '64, near Petersburg, Va.

Deless, George. Co. D; b. St. John, N. B.; age 21; cred. Warner; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Onondaga" and "Memphis"; disch. Sept. 23, '65.

Delono, Richard M. Co. E; b. Fairhaven, Mass.; age 27; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 29, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; sev. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. to date June 21, '65.

Dempcey, James C. Unas'd; b. Yonkers, N. Y.; age 20; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; reported on roll dated Dec. 18, '63, as sent to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Dennett, Jeremiah W. Co. F; b. Gilmanton; age 37; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Wagoner; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Pittsfield.

Derome, Edward. Co. C; b. Albany, N. Y.; age 22; res. Manchester, cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; des. Aug. 14, '65, Warsaw, Va.

Devine, Americus B. Co. G; b. Courtland, Ala.; age 42; cred. Bradford; enl. Dec. 3, '63; must. in Dec. 3, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 14, '64, Relay House (or Ft. Stevens), Va.; disch. June 9, '65.

DeWolf, Allen. Co. I; b. Warren, R. I.; age 28; res. New York city, cred. Northwood; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "State of Georgia"; app. Master's Mate July 20, '64; paid in full Dec. 7, '64, while on U. S. S. "Fort Jackson." N. f. r. Navy Dept.

Dexter, Marshall C. Co. G; b. Albany, Vt.; age 31; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Corp.; disch. disab. Jan. 20, '63, Falmouth, Va. P. O. ad., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Deziel, Edward. Co. D; b. Canada; age 20; cred. Walpole; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; furloughed July 26, '64. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Dietze, Frederick W. Co. F; b. Germany; age 29; cred. Hudson; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Diggs, Henry. Co. C; b. Dayton, Ohio; age 33; cred. Bradford; enl. Dec. 2, '63; must. in Dec. 2, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 12, '64, Yorktown, Va.

Dimond, Henry. Unas'd; b. New York city; age 19; cred. Pelham; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; sent to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Dinsmore, George P Co. H; b. Conway; age 29; res. Bartlett, cred. Bartlett; enl. Sept. 6, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Nov. 10, '63, Concord.

Dinsmore, Jeremiah S. Co. E; b. Conway; age 32; res. New Hampton, cred. New Hampton; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as 1 Sergt.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; tr. to 18 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C. (subsequently Co. I, 13 V. R. C.), Jan. 22, '64; disch. disab. Apr. 18, '64, Portsmouth Grove, R. I.

Dockham, Daniel. Co. G; b. Gilford; age 20; cred. Gilford; enl. Mar. 29, '64; must. in Mar. 29, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Dockham, David S. Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 27; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Dec. 21, '63; Sergt. Mar. 1, '64; Sergt. Maj. Mar. 19, '65; 1 Lt. Co. F, June 6, '65; not must.; must. out June 21, '65, as Sergt. Maj. P. O. ad., Manchester.

Dockham, George W. Co. G; b. Charlestown, Mass.; age 18; res. Charlestown, Mass., cred. Tamworth; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Mar. 4, '64; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; captd. Nov. 17, '64, on picket line, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; exch. Apr. 27, '65; disch. May 23, '65. P. O. ad., West Brookfield, Mass.

Dockham, John N. Co. G; b. Gilford; age 23; res. Charlestown, Mass., cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Gilford.

Dockham, Joseph E. Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 20; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Corp.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va., and died, wds. May 20, '63, Washington, D. C.

Does, John. Co. F; b. Virginia; age 21; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Dec. 4, '63; must. in Dec. 4, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; tr. to Co. F, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; des. Sept. 7, '65, Fredericksburg, Va.

Dolloff, Charles W Co. G; b. Meredith; age 27; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Aug. 31, '63, Concord. P. O. ad., Concord.

Dolloff, John S. S. Co. I; b. New Hampton; age 27; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Donahue, Martin. Co. A; b. Ireland; age 21; cred. Alton; enl. Sept. 29, '64; must. in Sept. 29, '64, as Priv.; wd. and died, wds. Nov. 17, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va.

Donald, Thomas W. Co. D; b. Essex, Vt.; age 29; cred. Sanbornton; enl. Oct. 20, '63; must. in Oct. 21, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; disch. Dec. 1, '65. See 15 N. H. V and 1 N. E. Cav.

Donnoley, Thomas. Unas'd; b. Ireland; age 20; res. New York city, cred. Rollinsford; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Donovan, John G. Co. D; b. Sanbornton; age 41; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Lakeport.

Dorcey, Frank. Co. K; b. Culpeper, Va.; age 25; enl. Nov. 9, '63, at Pt. Lookout, Md.; must. in Nov. 9, '63, as colored under cook; tr. to Co. B, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Dore, Joseph. Co. A; b. Alton; age 37; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Oct. 7, '63, Concord. P. O. ad., Alton.

Dorsey, Frank. Co. D; b. St. Mary's county, Md.; age 26; res. St. Mary's county, Md.; enl. Jan. 10, '64; must. in Feb. 28, '64, as colored under cook; tr. to Co. F, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Dorsey, John H. Co. K; b. Culpeper, Va.; age 22; enl. Nov. 2, '63, at Pt. Lookout, Md.; must. in Nov. 2, '63, as colored under cook; tr. to Co. B, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Dow, Artemas E. Co. H; age 20; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 12, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Dow, Charles W Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 22; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Dec. 18, '62, Potomac Creek, Va.

Dow, Cyrus P. Co. H; b. Sanbornton; age 19; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; app. Corp. Sept. 1, '64; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Laconia.

Dow, George E. Co. G; b. Moultonborough; age 22; cred. Gilford; enl. Dec. 18, '63; must. in Dec. 18, '63, as Priv.; wd. sev. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. disab. Nov. 10, '64, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Tilton. See 2 N. H. V

Dow, George W. Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 30; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; app. Corp. Aug. 1, '64; captd. Nov. 17, '64, on picket, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; exch. May 10, '65; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Gilmanton.

Dow, Henry P. Co. G; b. Moultonborough; age 19; res. Moultonborough, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; mis. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; gd. from mis.; app. Corp. July 1, '64; Sergt. Feb. 1, '65; must. out June 21, '65. Name changed to Harry P. Hudson. P. O. ad., Meredith.

Dow, John H. Co. F; b. Gilford; age 20; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. July 1, '64; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Lakeport.

Dow, John M. Co. E; b. Holderness; age 18; res. New Hampton, cred. New Hampton; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va., and died, wds. July 7, '64, Washington, D. C.

Dow, William A. Co. F; b. Northwood; age 18; res. Northwood, cred. Northwood; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Corp.; disch. disab. Jan. 28, '63, Philadelphia, Pa. Died Feb. 2, '64, Northwood.

Downing, Jonathan T. Co. E; b. Ellsworth; age 23; res. Ellsworth, cred. Ellsworth; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Downing, Levi S. Co. I; b. Meredith; age 19; res. New Hampton, cred. New Hampton; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Dec. 27, '62, Falmouth, Va.

Downs, James W Co. C; b. Andover; age 38; res. Danbury, cred. Danbury; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Nov. 4, '63; wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Danbury.

Doyle, John. Co. F; b. Ireland; age 19; cred. Weare; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec 15, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Onondaga"; des. June 7, '65.

Drake, Charles N. Co. C; b. Bristol; age 22; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 7 '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. sev. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; disch. wds. Mar. 15, '64, Baltimore, Md. P. O. ad., Bristol.

Drake, George W Co. E; b. Holderness; age 20; res. New Hampton, cred. New Hampton; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; captd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; paroled Oct. 28, '63. Died, dis. Nov. 11, '63, Annapolis, Md.

Drake, Henry W. Co. C; b. Bristol; age 18; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Reading, Pa.

Drake, Jonathan C. Co. F; b. Pittsfield; age 18; res. Northwood, cred. Northwood; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. by order, Apr. 1, '63, Falmouth, Va. P. O. ad., Stanley, Neb.

Drew, Augustus B. Co. C; b. Bristol; age 25; res. Bridgewater, cred. Bridgewater; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. by order, Apr. 16, '63, Falmouth, Va. Died June 28, '63, Bridgewater.

Drew, Harvey. Co. C; b. Bridgewater; age 26; res. Bridgewater, cred. Bridgewater; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. to date June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Alexandria.

Drew, John S. Co. A; b. Dover; age 18; res. New Durham, cred. New Durham; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Dec. 23, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Drew, Peter W Co. C; b. Hebron; age 19; res. Bridgewater, cred. Bridgewater; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv. Died Jan. 22, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Drew, Veranus D. Co. E; b. Holderness; age 38; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 25, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; entered 3 Div. 3 A. C. Field Hosp., Apr. 20, '63. N. f. r. A. G. O. P. O. ad., Providence, R. I.

Drown, Charles W Co. D; b. Portsmouth; age 36; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Feb. 6, '64; Sergt. May 1, '64; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. by order, May 19, '65, New York city.

Dubois, Eugene. Co. A; b. France; age 38; cred. Warner; enl. Dec. 7, '63; must. in Dec. 7, '63, as Priv.; disch. May 15, '65.

Dunn, Andrew. Co. F; b. Boston, Mass.; age 20; cred. New Boston; enl. Dec. 5, '63; must. in Dec. 5, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; sent July 11, '64, to regt. from Chester Gen. Hosp., Pa. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Dunn, Gorham P. Co. H; age 28; res. Laconia, cred. Laconia; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Sergt.; app. 2 Lt. Co. G, Feb. 4, '63; 1 Lt. Co. A, Feb. 1, '64; killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Dunn, Joseph. Co. K; b. New Hampshire; age 18; res. Jefferson, cred. Stratford; enl. Jan. 29, '64; must. in Jan. 29, '64, as Priv.; disch. original disab. Nov. 5, '64. P. O. ad., Columbia.

Durgin, Carlton C. Co. I; b. Campton; age 18; res. Campton, cred. Campton; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Feb. 2, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Durgin, Charles O. Co. F; b. Pittsfield; age 18; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv; wd. sev. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; app. Corp. May 1, '65; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., North Berwick, Me.

Durgin, Edwin R. Co. A; b. New Durham; age 18; res. New Durham, cred. New Durham; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Dec. 14, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Durgin, John M. Co. B; b. Thornton; age 44; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 14, '62, as Priv.; app. 1 Lt. Sept. 8, '62; must. in to date Aug. 30, '62, as 1 Lt.; wd. sev. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Capt. Co. H, May 12, '63; disch. to date Jan. 4, '64, to accept appointment in V. R. C. See V R. C.

Durgin, Orlando. Co. I; b. Campton; age 19; res. Campton, cred. Campton; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv Died Oct. 9, '62, Field Hosp., 22 A. C.

Durgin, Samuel. Co. F; b. Strafford; age "41"; res. Nottingham; enl. Aug. 31, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. Apr. 16, '63, Falmouth, Va. P O. ad., Nottingham. See V R. C.

Durgin, William B. Co. A; b. Gilmanton; age 37; cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 18, '63, Potomac Creek, Va.

Durrell, Gardner C. Co. H; b. Gilmanton; age 18; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Sept. 22, '63, Concord. P O. ad., Nat. Military Home, Ohio.

Dwyer, Patrick. Co. G; b. Ireland; age 24; cred. Weare; enl. Dec. 3, '63; must. in Dec. 3, '63, as Priv.; des. May 18, '64. Swift Creek, Va.

Eames, Homer. Co. K; b. Wentworth; age 28; res. Wentworth, cred. Wentworth; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Sept. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 12, '62, Fredericksburg, Va., and died, wds. Dec. 16, '62, Washington, D. C.

Eames, James C. Co. K; b. Wentworth; age 20; res. Wentworth, cred. Wentworth; enl. Aug. 26, '62; must. in Sept. 15, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65. P O. ad., Wentworth.

Easter, Robert. Co. C; b. England; age 35; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv Died. dis. Oct. 19, '62, Washington, D. C.

Eastman, Adams H. Co. A; age 18; res. Bartlett, cred. Bartlett; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 23, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 9, '64, Swift Creek, Va.; captd. Nov. 17 '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; released Feb. 24, '65; disch. June 21, '65, Concord.

Eastman, Charles F. Co. H; b. Moultonborough; age 39; res. Groton, cred. Groton; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; disch. July 7, '65.

Eastman, Ezra. Co. B; b. Berlin, Vt.; age 38; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Mar. 14, '63, near Falmouth, Va.

Eastman, Galen. Co. E; b. Holderness; age 20; res. Plymouth, cred. Plymouth; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. May 19, '65.

Eastman, Moses. Co. C; b. Lowell, Mass.; age 24; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Dec. 16, '62, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Providence, R. I. See 1 N. H. V

Eaton, Abiel C. Co. K; b. Wolfeborough; age 20; res. Wolfeborough, cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; wd. June, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; app. Corp. July 1, '64; must. out June 21, '65. Died June 10, '86. Concord.

Eaton, James L. Co. H; b. Gilford; age 23; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. June 8, '65. Died Mar. 1, '79.

Eaton, John P Co. B; b. Barnstead; age 19; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt. Dec. 1, '63; disch. Apr. 25, '64, to accept promotion. P. O. ad., Fremont, Neb. See Miscel. Organizations.

Eaton, Samuel S. Co. K; b. Wolfeborough; age 26; res. Wolfeborough, cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 12, '62. Fredericksburg, Va.; disch. wds. Apr. 15, '63, Falmouth, Va. P O. ad., Brookfield.

Eaton, William. Co. K; b. Ireland; age 21; cred. Pittsfield; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Onondaga"; des. June 30, '65, from receiving ship, New York city.

Edgerly, Charles E. Co. D; b. Sanbornton; age 18; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; mis. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; gd. from mis.; disch. disab. Oct. 26, '63, Concord.

Edgerly, Daniel M. Co. A; b. New Durham; age 19; res. New Durham, cred. New Durham; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Feb. 10, '63, Potomac Creek, Va.

Edgerly, Edwin S. Co. E; b. New Hampton; age 18; res. New Hampton, cred. New Hampton; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Feb. 5, '64, Brattleboro, Vt. P. O. ad., New Hampton.

Edgerly, Horace. Co. B; b. Barnstead; age 29; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as 1 Sergt.; app. 2 Lt. Co. F, Apr. 22, '63; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. 1 Lt. Co. B, Oct. 15, '63; resigned June 9, '64. P. O. ad., Gilmanton.

Edgerly, Jason H. Co. B; b. Hill; age 22; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Feb. 2, '63, Baltimore, Md.

Edgerly, Orrin A. Co. E; b. New Hampton; age 18; res. New Hampton, cred. New Hampton; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Dec. 15, '62, Washington, D. C. Died Nov. 25, '73, Gloucester, Mass. Perhaps identical with Orin A. Edgerly, U. S. Navy.

Edmont, John. Co. F; b. Ireland; age 36; cred. Canterbury; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va., and died. wds. June 12, '64.

Edwards, David. Co. H; b. Gilford; age 31; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; disch. May 18, '65. P. O. ad., Laconia.

Edwards, George W. Co. D; b. Gilford; age 23; cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Sept. 20, '62, as Priv.; app. Q. M. Sergt. July 1, '63; 2 Lt. Co. D, May 18, '65; not must.; app. 1 Lt. Co. E, May 26, '65; not must.; must. out June 21, '65, as Q. M. Sergt. Died May 27, '90, Pittsfield, Mass.

Edwards, Thomas H. Co. K; b. Newark, N. J.; age 32; cred. Hudson; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; wd. July 20, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; des. Oct. 10, '64, Ft. Monroe, Va.

Elkins, Freeman F. Co. G; b. Gilford; age 19; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Sept. 16, '63, Concord. P. O. ad., Weirs.

Elliott, Edward M. Co. E; b. Rumney; age 23; res. Rumney, cred. Rumney; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 25, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Elliott, Hiram. Co. H; b. Loudon; age 44; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Elliott, Horatio B. Co. E; b. Rumney; age 33; res. Rumney, cred. Rumney; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va., and disch. wds. Oct. 3, '64, Concord. P. O. ad., Des Moines, Iowa.

Elliott, John R. Co. H; b. Gilmanton; age 18; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; tr. to I. C. Sept. 1, '63; assigned to Co. B, 21 I. C.; disch. July 6, '65, Trenton, N. J. P. O. ad., Laconia.

Ellis, David. Co. A; b. Alton; age 32; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. sev. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. wds. Aug. 29, '63, Philadelphia, Pa. Died Dec. 5, '87, Alton Bay.

Ellis, Ebenezer J. Co. A; b. Rochester; age 10; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. June 8, '63, Philadelphia, Pa. Died July 12, '76, Rochester.

Ellsworth, Bartlett. Co. A; b. Wentworth; age 39; res. Wentworth, cred. Wentworth; enl. Aug. 26, '62; must. in Sept. 21, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Dec 22, '62, Potomac Creek, Va.

Ellsworth, Benjamin. Co. K; b. Wentworth; age 42; res. Wentworth, cred. Wentworth; enl. Aug. 28, '62; must. in Sept. 13, '62, as Priv.; disch. wds. Apr. 15, '63, Falmouth, Va. Died Apr. 11, '81, Wentworth.

Ellsworth, George W Co. A; b. Wentworth; age 18; res. Wentworth, cred. Wentworth; enl. Aug. 26, '62; must. in Sept 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '61, Cold Harbor, Va., and died, wds. June 1, '61.

Ellsworth, James M. Co. K; b. Wentworth; age 22; res. Wentworth, cred. Wentworth; enl. Aug. 26, '62; must. in Sept. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. sev. June 3, '61, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. May 30, '65. P. O. ad., Wentworth.

Ellsworth, Jason C. Co. K; b. Wentworth; age 33; res. Wentworth, cred. Wentworth; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Sept. 15, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. June 26, '63, Fairfax Seminary, Va.

Ellsworth, John C. Co. A; b. Wentworth; age 39; res. Wentworth, cred. Wentworth; enl. Aug. 30, '62; must. in Sept. 15, '62, as Priv.; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis.; disch. disab. Sept. 7, '61, Concord. Died Oct. 9, '81, Wentworth.

Ellsworth, Samuel. Co. A; b. Wentworth; age 42; res. Wentworth, cred. Wentworth; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Sept. 15, '62, as Priv.; captd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; par. May 15, '63; tr. to 5 Co., 1 Batt'l, I. C., Jan. 15, '64; to Co. D, 1 V. R. C.; des. Oct. 15, '64, Albany, N. Y. P. O. ad., Wentworth.

Ellsworth, Smith N. Co. G; b. Upper Gilmanton; age 19; res. Gilmanton, cred. Upper Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. May 24, '64, Portsmouth Grove, R. I. P. O. ad., Laconia.

Ellsworth, Thomas J. Co. K; b. Wentworth; age 21; res. Wentworth, cred. Wentworth; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 15, '62, as Priv.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Elmwood, Melvin. Co. H; b. St. Catharines, Can.; age 30; res. St. Catharines, Can., cred. Exeter; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; des. May 31, '64, White House, Va.

Emerson, Albert C. Co. E; b. Rumney; age 44; res. Rumney, cred. Rumney; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Sergt.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; tr. to 19 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Oct. 7, '63; app. 1 Sergt. June 21, '65; disch. Sept. 5, '65, Providence, R. I., tm. ex. Died May 29, '85, Rumney.

Emerson, Henry H. Co. B; b. Alton; age 21; res. Alton, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 13, '63, Washington, D. C.

Emerson, John A. Co. F; b. Northwood; age 29; res. Northwood, cred. Northwood; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Corp. May 1, '64; wd. July, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. Died Jan. 27, '81, Northwood.

Emerson, John M. Co. G; b. Moultonborough; age 27; res. Moultonborough, cred. Moultonborough; app. 1 Lt. Sept. 8, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62; resigned Dec. 20, '62. P. O. ad., Gloucester, Mass.

Emery, Charles S. Co. F; b. Stewartstown; age 32; res. Canterbury (Fisherville, now Penacook), cred. Canterbury; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt. Feb. 20, '63; 2 Lt. Jan. 6, '64; wd. sev. June 3, '61, Cold Harbor, Va.; app. 1 Lt. July 20, '64; not must. as 1 Lt. Died, wds. Aug. 1, '64.

Emery, Henry E. Co. H; b. Gilmanton; age 22; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 19, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; tr. to 72 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C., Sept. 3, '64; disch. disab. Aug. 7 '65, Baltimore, Md. P. O. ad., Meredith Centre.

Emery, Japhet. Co. K; b. Sanford, Me; age 38; res. Wolfeborough, cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va. Died, dis. Jan. 27, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md.

Emery, Reuben. Co. H; b. Bartlett; age 23; res. Bartlett, cred. Bartlett; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 12, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. June 9, '63, Washington, D. C.

Emmett, Thomas. Chas'd; b. Ireland; age 21; res. New York city, cred. Plaistow; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; sent to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Emmons, Gustavus. Co. C; b. Bristol; age 38; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Emmons, William. Co. I; b. Germany; age 22; res. New York city, cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Onondaga"; des. June 30, '65, from receiving ship, New York city.

Evans, Albert C. Co. F; b. Barnstead; age 21; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. Sept. 5, '62, as Corp.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Sergt. Nov. 19, '63; disch. Apr. 25, '64, to accept promotion. P. O. ad., Havre de Grace, Md. See Miscel. Organizations.

Evans, Charles M. Co. A; b. New Durham; age 21; res. New Durham, cred. New Durham; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Corp.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville Va.; July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; tr. to 171 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C., Aug., '64; disch. wds. June 12, '65, Burlington, Vt. P. O. ad., Haverhill, Mass.

Evans, George A. Co. A; b. New Durham; age 28; res. New Durham, cred. New Durham; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Sept. 15, '62, as Priv.; mis. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; gd. from mis.; disch. disab. Mar. 18, '65, Concord.

Evans, Ira C. Co. C; b. Hill; age 21; res. Concord, cred. Concord; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Musc.; app. Prin. Musc. May 1, '64; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Concord.

Everett, David E. Co. D; b. New London; age 36; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 20, '62, as Priv.; app. 1 Lt. Sept. 8, '62; must. in to date Sept. 5, '62, as 1 Lt.; disch. disab. Jan. 25, '63. P. O. ad., Concord.

Fadden, Joseph J. Co. A; b. New Hampshire; age 28; res. Lincoln, cred. Thornton; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va. Died, dis. July 28, '63, Thornton.

Fairfield, John P Co. E; b. New Hampton; age 29; res. New Hampton, cred. New Hampton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. to date June 21, '65. P. O. ad., New Hampton.

Fall, Edward E. Co. K; b. Alton; age 29; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va., and disch. wds. Nov. 28, '63, Concord. P. O. ad., Tuftonborough.

Fanning, Patrick. Co. D; b. Ireland; age 40; cred. New Boston; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; disch. disab. Aug. 20, '64.

Farley, James C. Co. F; b. Ireland; age 18; res. Northfield, cred. Northfield; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65.

Farnham, Charles W Co. C; b. Alexandria; age 21; res. New Hampton, cred. New Hampton; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Farnham, Job W. Co. C; b. Salisbury; age 42; res. Danbury, cred. Danbury; enl. Aug. 28, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv. Died Dec. 30, '62, on board transport *en route* to Washington, D. C.

Farnham, Stephen. Co. A; b. Wells, Me.; age 21; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Feb. 17, '64, Philadelphia, Pa. P. O. ad., Strafford Corner.

Farrar, Almon J Co. H; b. Gilmanton; age 18; res. Gilmanton, cred. Upper Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Jan. 1, '65; disch. Aug. 19, '65. P. O. ad., Laconia.

Fee, James. Co. E; b. Ireland; age 30; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; des. Sept. 12, '62, Concord.

Fellows, Henry A. Co. C; b. Wilmot; age 19; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa., and died, wds. Aug. 20, '63, Philadelphia, Pa.

Fellows, Joseph A. Co. H; b. Lake Village; age 20; res. Gilmanton, cred. Upper Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Sergt.; app. 2 Lt. Jan. 8, '64; disch. disab. Sept. 17, '64. P. O. ad., Buffalo, N. Y.

Fellows, Joseph P. Co. C; b. Wilmot; age 23; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. 2 Lt. Co. K, June 20, '65; not must.; must. out June 21, '65, as Priv. Co. C.

Ferdinand, Joseph. Co. C; b. Nova Scotia; age 22; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 2, '63; must. in Dec. 2, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Commodore Morris"; captd. fourth quarter '64. N. f. r. Navy Dept.

Fergurson, George. Co. B; b. Scotland; age 33; cred. New Boston; enl. Dec. 4, '63; must. in Dec. 4, '63, as Priv.; wd. sev. May 26, '64, Port Walthall, Va. Died, dis. Feb. 17, '65, Manchester.

Fernal, William H. H. Co. I; b. Charlestown, Mass.; age 29; res. Meredith, cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. 1 Lt. Sept. 8, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as 1 Lt.; app. Capt. Co. A, May 4, '63; disch. Dec. 7, '64.

Fernald, Albert P. Co. H; b. Gilmanton; age 43; res. Laconia, cred. Laconia; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as 1 Sergt.; disch. disab. Aug. 6, '63, Washington, D. C.

Ferrin, Enos B. Co. D; b. Bridgewater; age 30; res. Hill, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Jan. 20, '64; Sergt. June 1, '65; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Bristol.

Ferrin, Frank. Co. D; b. Hill; age 39; res. Hill, cred. Hill; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt. Sept. 6, '62; disch. Mar. 5, '63, Baltimore, Md. P. O. ad., Hill.

Ferrin, Hiram W. Co. D; b. Bridgewater; age 27; res. Groton, cred. Groton; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 11, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Aug. 2, '63; Sergt. Apr. 21, '64; wd. sev. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Concord.

Fifield, Albert G. Co. C; b. New Hampton; age 18; res. New Hampton, cred. New Hampton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Nov. 17, '63, Concord. P. O. ad., Laconia.

Fifield, Charles E. Co. A; b. Dover; age 20; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Alton.

Fifield, John H. Co. A; b. Kennebunk, Me.; age 18; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Alton.

Fisher, Edward. Co. H; b. Troy, N. Y.; age 28; res. Troy, N. Y., cred. Northwood; enl. Dec. 14, '63; must. in Dec. 14, '63, as Priv.; app. Corp. June 1, '65; tr. to Co. F, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; des. Oct. 21, '65, Fredericksburg, Va.

Fisher, Heindrick. Co. B; b. Germany; age 33; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 4, '63; must. in Dec. 4, '63, as Priv.; disch. Mar. 24, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md.

Flagg, Jeremiah L. Co. C; b. Grafton; age 26; res. Grafton, cred. Grafton; enl. Aug. 30, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Nov. 4, '63; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Lowell, Mass.

Flanders, Asahel G. Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 15; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. May 25, '65. P. O. ad., Gilmanton.

Flanders, Ira M. Co. B; b. Alton; age 33; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va., and died, wds. May 17, '63, Washington, D. C.

Flanigan, George. Co. C; b. Princeton, N. J.; age 27; cred. Bradford; enl. Dec. 2, '63; must. in Dec. 2, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; app. Corp. July 1, '65; Sergt. Nov. 3, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Flemming, Thomas, *alias* Robert Gray. Co. D; b. New Brunswick; age 30; cred. Hopkinton; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy as a deserter therefrom, Feb. 3, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md.; des. Apr. 4, '64, from U. S. S. "Ella."

Floyd, Andrew. Co. G; b. Park county, Ind.; age 19; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; disch. to date Sept. 30, '65.

Flynn, John. Co. K; b. Ireland; age 39; cred. Gilsum; enl. Dec 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; tr. to 166 Co., 2 Batt'l, V R. C., Apr. 12, '65; disch. Aug. 24, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Flynn, Peter. Co. D; b. Ireland; age 22; res. New Haven, Conn., cred. Londonderry; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; tr. to Co. F, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Fogg, Dexter B. Co. G; b. Centre Harbor; age 34; res. Centre Harbor, cred. Moultonborough; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; tr. to 2 Batt'l, I. C., Dec. 1, '63; mus'd; disch. July 11, '65, Washington, D. C. Died Jan. 2, '87, Methuen, Mass.

Fogg, Milo A. Co. D; b. Bristol; age 20; res. Bristol, cred. Hebron; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 12, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Foley, Michael. Unas'd; b. Ireland; age 31; res. Ohio, cred. Upper Gilmanton; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Follett, George H. Co. I; b. Centre Harbor; age 31; cred. Centre Harbor; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Nov. 25, '62, Falmouth, Va.

Folsom, Dexter J. Co. K; b. Jefferson; age 21; res. Effingham, cred. Effingham; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. July 9, '63; Sergt. Feb. 4, '64; wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va., and disch. wds. May 31, '65.

Folsom, Nathaniel, Jr. Co. G; b. Gilford; age 44; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Mar. 26, '63, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Weirs.

Fonda, Isaac. Co. H; b. West Troy, N. Y.; age 29; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. June 3, '63, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Laconia.

Ford, George. Co. K; b. New Orleans, La.; age 18; cred. Ossipee; enl. Jan. 4, '64; must. in Jan. 4, '64, as Musc.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Agawam," "Malvern," and "Colorado"; des. Jan. 31, '65.

Ford, Preserved B. Co. G; b. Orange; age 38; res. Orange, cred. Grafton; enl. Aug. 29, '62; must. in Sept. 15, '62, as Priv.; des. Oct. 18, '62, Knoxville, Md.

Ford, Thomas. Co. H; b. Ireland; age 24; res. New York city, cred. Derry; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 25, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md.

Fordham, Josiah W., *alias* Charles A. Barton. Co. D; b. New York; age 25; cred. Sutton; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Colorado" and "Malvern"; disch., services no longer required, Oct. 24, '65, from "Malvern." P. O. ad., Chelsea, Iowa.

Forrest, George. Unas'd; b. Franklin county, N. J.; age 19; cred. Manchester; enl. Nov. 27, '63; must. in Nov. 27, '63, as Priv.; sent to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Forsaith, Robert. Co. I; b. Deering; age 38; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Corp.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Foss, Charles H. Co. D; b. Sandwich; age 23; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 20 I. C., Mar. 6, '64; disch. June 30, '65, Philadelphia, Pa. P. O. ad., Tilton.

Foss, William E. S. Co. I; b. Moultonborough; age 21; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Musc.; disch. disab. Jan. 14, '63, Philadelphia, Pa. P. O. ad., Meredith.

Foss, William H. Co. A; b. Rochester; age "18"; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 19, '63, Potomac Creek, Va. See V. R. C.

Fowler, Blake. Co. C; b. Sanbornton; age 58; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 20, '62, as Priv.; app. Capt. Sept. 8, '62; must. in to date Sept. 5, '62, as Capt.; resigned Aug 11, '63. Died Apr. 28, '84, Bristol.

Fowler, Frank G. Co. D; b. Hill; age 19; res. Hill, cred. Hill; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va., and died, wds. Apr. 4, '64, David's Isl., N. Y.

Fowler, Hadley B. F. and S.; b. Bridgewater; age 37; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 20, '62, as Priv.; app. Surg. Aug. 28, '62; must. in Aug. 28, '62, as Surg.; must. out June 21, '65. Died Jan. 11, '93, Bristol.

Frederick, Charles. Co. I; b. Little Falls, N. Y.; age 19; res. Rome, N. Y., cred. Exeter; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Frederick, John. Co. C; b. Germany; age 18; cred. Pembroke; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

French, Henry A. L. Co. F; b. Gilmanton; age 29; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; app. 2 Lt. Sept. 8 '62; must. in to date Sept. 5, '62, as 2 Lt.; app. 1 Lt. Co. C, Apr. 22, '63; killed July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.

French, William N. Co. C; b. Sharon; age 23; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; disch. disab. May 28, '65, Concord.

Frohock, Frank F. Co. A; b. Gilford; age 30; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Sergt.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa. Died, dis. Oct. 9, '63, Pt. Lookout, Md.

Frosch, Frederick. Co. E; b. Germany; age 21; res. New York city, cred. Stratham; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; app. Corp. Apr. 6, '64; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; des. July 11, '64.

Frost, George B. Co. K; b. Wolfeborough; age 20; res. Wolfeborough, cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; disch. June 21, '65.

Fullerton, Charles H. Co. H; b. Moultonborough; age 18; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis.; app. Corp. June 15, '65; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Fullerton, James, Jr. Co. I; b. Cambridge, Mass.; age 20; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Nov. 9, '62, Berlin, Md.

Fullerton, William B. Co. K; b. Wolfeborough; age 35; res. Wolfeborough, cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; tr. to 12 I. C. Sept. 8, '63; disch. June 28, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Wolfeborough.

Fullonton, John E. Co. C; b. Clinton, N. Y.; age 18; res. New Hampton, cred. New Hampton; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. July 10, '64, to accept promotion. Died Feb. 5, '86, in Maine. See Miscel. Organizations.

Gale, Abraham S., Jr. Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 41; res. Gilmantou, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. June 14, '65. Died Mar. 17, '90, Gilmanton Iron Works.

Gale, Charles H. Co. C; b. Alexandria; age 18; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Jan. 25, '64; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Boston, Mass.

Gale, Reuben. Co. G; b. Warren; age 24; res. Warren, cred. Warren; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Gale, Rufus E. Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 30; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as

Sergt.; wd. sev. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. 1 Sergt.; 2 Lt. Co. B, Jan. 2, '64; 1 Lt. Co. F, Aug. 16, '64; Adjt. Mar. 1, '65; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Penacook.

Gale, Sylvester J. Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 30; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Sergt.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. June 28, '65. P. O. ad., Gilmanton.

Gardner, Peter W Co. A; b. Sharon Springs, N. Y.; age 28; res. Rochester, N. Y., cred. Exeter; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; app. Corp. June 1, '65; tr. to Co. E, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; des. Sept. 14, '65, Warsaw, Va.

Garland, Charles F Co. G; b. Moultonborough; age 19; res. Moultonborough, cred. Moultonborough; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 29, '64, Concord. P. O. ad., Moultonborough. See 1 N. H. H. Art.

Garland, Darius. Co. A; b. Alton; age 26; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; mis. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; gd. from mis.; disch. June 15, '65. P. O. ad., Alton.

Garland, George W. Co. E; b. Barnstead; age 35; res. New Hampton, cred. New Hampton; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. June 5, '63, Washington, D. C.

Garland, John L. Co. B; b. Alton; age 37; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis. Died, dis. Sept. 7, '63, Annapolis, Md.

Garrigan, Thomas. Unas'd; b. Canada; age 19; cred. Mason; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; borne on muster and descriptive roll dated Dec. 18, '63. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Gault, John Q. Co. E; b. Canterbury; age 34; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Bridgewater

Gault, Samuel. Co. E; b. Concord; age 32; cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 2, '63, and died, wds. July 3, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.

Gay, Frank M. Co. F; b. Wilmot; age 20; res. Loudon, cred. Loudon; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Corp.; wd. sev. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. disab. Dec. 20, '64. Died Feb. 11, '65, Concord.

Gendower, Lewis, *alias* Lingi Centevare. Co. I; b. Italy; age 21; res. New York city, cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; wd. June, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; des. to the enemy Nov. 4, '64, Pt. of Rocks, Va.; appreh.; sentenced Jan. 25, '65, to be dishon. disch. with loss of pay and allowances, and to be confined at hard labor for 10 yrs.; confined at Clinton prison, N. Y., from which released by S. O. 22, W. D., A. G. O., dated Jan. 17, '66. N. f. r. A. G. O.

George, Samuel W. Co. I; b. Plymouth; age 26; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Corp. Died, dis. Jan. 4, '63, Falmouth, Va.

George, William F. Co. F; b. Sandown; age 44; res. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 28, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. July 1, '65, Concord. Died, '65, Pittsfield.

Gerbe, John. Co. C. See John Yerbee.

Gibbs, Augustus. Co. E; b. Baltimore, Md.; age 21; res. St. Mary's county, Md.; enl. Nov. 1, '63; must. in Nov. 1, '63, as colored under cook; tr. to Co. A, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Gilman, Andrew P Co. D; b. Sanbornton; age 25; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Oct. 26, '63, Concord. P. O. ad., Sanbornton.

Gilman, Charles M. Co. A; b. Alton; age 19; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Gilman, Charles S. Co. G; b. Charleston, Vt.; age 24; res. Charleston, Vt., cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 28, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Laconia.

Gilman, Edward N. Co. H; b. Laconia; age 18; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Mar. 21, '63, Falmouth, Va. P. O. ad., Laconia.

Gilman, George B. Co. D; age 21; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 13, '62, as Priv.; des. May 1, '63, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Lakeport.

Gilman, John. Co. G; b. Springfield; age 30; res. Springfield, cred. Grafton; enl. Aug. 30, '62; must. in Sept. 11, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va., and died, wds. May 23, '63, Washington, D. C.

Gilman, Moses B. Co. D; b. Sanbornton; age 32; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; tr. to Co. A, 6 I. C., Sept. 26, '63; disch. July 6, '65, Cincinnati, Ohio. P. O. ad., Sanbornton.

Gilman, Pliny R. Co. E; b. New Hampton; age 39; res. Plymouth, cred. Plymouth; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. Died Feb. 22, '79, Plymouth.

Gilman, Ward E. Co. D; b. Gilford; age 39; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; must. out June 21, '65.

Glancey, Frank. Co. G; b. Ireland; age 20; cred. Warner; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 14, '64, Relay House (or Ft. Stevens), Va.; June 30, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; disch. disab. Dec. 29, '64.

Gleason, Horace W Co. G; b. Warren; age 18; res. Warren, cred. Warren; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. June 18, '65. P. O. ad., Hutchinson, Kan.

Gleason, James. Co. K; b. White Plains, N. Y.; age 19; res. Yonkers, N. Y., cred. Hampstead; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 12, '64, Yorktown, Va.; returned; reported on roll dated June 21, '65, as tr. on that date to 2 N. H. V., with remark, "absent in arrest for desertion"; never joined 2 Regt. N. f. r. A. G. O. P. O. ad., New York city.

Gleason, John. Co. G; b. Canada; age 26; cred. Bradford; enl. Dec. 3, '63; must. in Dec. 3, '63, as Priv.; entered 1 Div. Gen. Hosp., Alexandria, Va., June 16, '64; tr. to New York, June 21, '64. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Glidden, Phineas. Co. G; b. Canada East; age 20; res. Moultonborough, cred. Moultonborough; enl. Aug. 25, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Mar. 22, '63, Providence, R. I. See 4 N. H. V.

Glines, George W Co. I; b. Moultonborough; age 34; cred. Moultonborough; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; des. June 21, '63, Edward's Ferry, Md.

Glover, Peter D. Co. E; b. Rumney; age 29; res. Rumney, cred. Rumney; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. disab. Feb. 10, '65, Pt. of Rocks, Va. P. O. ad., Groton.

Goodwin, Andrew J. Co. D; b. South Berwick, Me.; age 21; res. South Berwick, Me., cred. Derry; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; tr. to Co. F, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; app. Corp. Oct. 1, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65. P. O. ad., Biddeford, Me.

Goodwin, James R. Co. C; b. Concord; age 15; cred. Salem; enl. Jan. 1, '64; must. in Jan. 1, '64, as Musc.; disch. June 8, '65, as Priv.

Gordon, Edward F. Co. C; b. New Hampton; age 20; res. New Hampton, cred. New Hampton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Mar. 11, '63; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Sergt. Apr. 10, '64; Sergt. Maj. June 13, '64; 1 Lt. Co. F, Mar. 1, '65; Capt. Co. B, June 6, '65; not must.; must. out June 21, '65, as 1 Lt. P. O. ad., Concord.

Gordon, George W. Co. I; b. Lowell, Mass.; age 18; res. Campton, cred. Campton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; app. Corp. May 1, '65; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Conway.

Gordon, James H. Co. C; b. Hartford, Conn.; age 21; cred. Manchester; enl. Nov. 27, '63; must. in Nov. 27, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. to date Oct. 5, '64, Portsmouth Grove, R. I. P. O. ad., Chester, Pa.

Gordon, Josiah F Co. H; age 24; res. Laconia, cred. Laconia; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. and died, wds. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Gorman, John. Co. G; b. Ireland; age 20; cred. New Boston; enl. Dec. 3, '63; must. in Dec. 3, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 14, '64, Relay House (or Ft. Stevens), Va.; sev. July 2, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; tr. to Co. K, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65. Died Oct. 5, '89, Nat. Military Home, Ohio.

Goss, Daniel F A. Co. I; b. Gilmanton; age 35; res. Campton, cred. Campton; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Aug. 28, '63, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Salem, Mass.

Goss, Samuel L. Co. G; b. Gilford; age 32; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Sergt.; disch. disab. Dec. 9, '62, Philadelphia, Pa. P. O. ad., Gilford.

Grant, John. Co. K; b. Canada; age 21; cred. Mason; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; des. Mar. 10, '65, from U. S. S. "Shokokon."

Grant, Nahum B. Co. G; b. Gilford; age 19; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Grant, Samuel. Unas'd; b. Norway; age 26; res. New York city, cred. Exeter; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; reported on roll dated Dec. 18, '63, as sent to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Graves, Albert A. Co. I; b. Moultonborough; age 40; cred. Moultonborough; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; des. Nov. 23, '62, Hartwood, Va.

Gray, Charles. Co. I; b. Nova Scotia; age 27; cred. Hopkinton; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Aries"; disch. July 25, '65, from receiving ship, Boston, Mass.

Gray, Dearborn. Co. C; b. Alexandria; age 28; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Orange.

Gray, Ephraim. Co. F; b. Strafford; age 44; res. Northwood, cred. Northwood; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 4, '64, Portsmouth Grove, R. I.

Gray, Gustavus. Co. C; b. Alexandria; age 29; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; des. Dec. 13, '62, Falmouth, Va.

Gray, Hanson. Co. H; b. Bartlett; age 24; res. Laconia, cred. Laconia; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Corp. Feb. 4, '64; wd. sev. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. to date June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Lakeport.

Gray, Ira C. Co. C; b. Alexandria; age 27; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; des. Nov. 27, '62, Potomac Creek, Va.

Gray, Osborne K. Co. C; b. Farmington; age 39; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; des. Dec. 13, '62, Falmouth, Va. P. O. ad., Alexandria.

Gray, Robert. Co. D. See Thomas Flemming.

Gray, Russell S. Co. C; b. Alexandria; age 31; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; des. Dec. 13, '62, Falmouth, Va.

Gray, Stephen O. Co. C; b. Alexandria; age 27; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; disch. disab. Oct. 16, '63, Concord.

Gray, William S. Co. F; b. Strafford; age 26; res. Northwood, cred. Northwood; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Corp. Nov. 17, '63; Sergt. July 1, '64; disch. to date June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Salem, Mass.

Green, William. Unas'd; b. New Bedford, Mass.; age 20; res. New Bedford, Mass., cred. Exeter; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Greenhalgh, Edmund. Co. D; b. England; age 19; cred. Sanbornton; enl. Jan. 2, '64; must. in Jan. 2, '64, as Musc.; tr. to 166 Co., 2 Batt'l, V R. C., Apr. 12, '65; disch. Aug. 24, '65, as Priv., Washington, D. C.

Greenlief, Nathaniel L. Co. I; b. Holderness; age 22; cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. to date Apr. 10, '63.

Griffin, Dow B. Co. D; b. Sanbornton; age 41; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Laconia.

Griffin, Peter. Co. D; b. New Brunswick; age 21; cred. Hopkinton; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; des. to the enemy Oct. 15, '64.

Grout, Lucius B. Co. G; b. Weathersfield, Vt.; age 25; cred. Columbia; enl. Feb. 17, '65, for 1 yr.; must. in Feb. 17, '65, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; disch. to date Dec. 19, '65.

Gunn, George W. Co. A; age 20; enl. Dec. 31, '63, at Pt. Lookout, Md.; must. in Dec. 31, '63, as colored under cook; des. Mar. 31, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md.

Hackney, Felix C. Co. H; b. Burlington, N. J.; age 36; res. Philadelphia, Pa., cred. Auburn; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65. Died Oct. 10, '65, Fredericksburg, Va.

Haines, Daniel. Unas'd; b. New York city; age 21; res. New York city, cred. Meredith; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Haines, David P. Co. K; b. Wolfeborough; age 22; res. Wolfeborough, cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Sergt.; reduced to ranks July 19, '63; app. Sergt. Oct. 16, '63; reduced to ranks June 10, '64; must. out June 21, '65. Supposed identical with David Haines, Co. A, 1 N. H. V

Haines. See Haynes.

Hale, Charles L. Co. H; b. Campton; age 22; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 18, '63, Falmouth, Va. Died May 22, '67 Laconia.

Hale, George W Co. H; b. Campton; age 24; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Aug. 12, '64, Concord. P. O. ad., Laconia.

Haley, Timothy A. Co. K; b. Tuftonborough; age 22; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; tr. to I. C. Sept. 3, '63; assigned to Co. C, 18 I. C.; disch. July 10, '65, Washington, D. C P. O. ad., Tuftonborough.

Hall, Adna M. Co. D; b. Bristol; age 21; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa. Died, wds. Sept. 15, '63, Philadelphia, Pa.

Hall, Alvin D. Co. B; b. Barnstead; age 29; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. sev. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Corp. Nov. 1, '64; must. out June 21, '65. Died Nov. 15, '75, Barnstead.

Hall, George W Co. D; b. Tunbridge, Vt.; age 32; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as 1 Sergt.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app 2 Lt. Jan. 4, '64; 1 Lt. July 20, '64; Capt. Co. A, Jan. 10, '65; declined appointment as Capt.; must. out June 21, '65, as 1 Lt. P. O. ad., Concord.

Hall, George W Co. I; b. Meredith; age 34; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Nov. 3, '63, Brattleboro, Vt. P. O. ad., Meredith.

Hall, Oliver P. Co. D; b. Bristol; age 19; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; captd. Nov. 17, '64, on picket line, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; exch. Apr. 15, '65; disch. May 30, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., Bristol.

Ham, Asa C. Co. A; b. Thornton; age 18; res. Thornton, cred. Thornton; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Sept. 15, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Oct. 24, '62, Washington, D. C

Ham, George W Co. A; b. Farmington; age 19; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Dec. 13, '62, Falmouth, Va.

Ham, George W Co. I; b. Winslow, Me.; age 38; res. Meredith, cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Corp.; disch. disab. Dec. 29, '62, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Meredith Centre.

Ham, William P Co. I; b. Farmington; age 40; res. Centre Harbor, cred. Centre Harbor; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Sergt.; app. 2 Lt. Jan. 9, '64; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va., and died, wds. June 15, '64.

Hamblet, Lyman A. Co. F; b. Dracut, Mass.; age 25; res. Loudon, cred. Loudon; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis.; app. Corp. Apr. 16, '64; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va., and died, wds. June 23, '64.

Hammond, Nathan D. Co. E; b. Bridgewater; age 19; res. Bridgewater, cred. Bridgewater; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 26, '63, Falmouth, Va. Died Mar. 21, '71, Bridgewater.

Hampton, William. Co. G; b. Darby, Pa.; age 21; res. Philadelphia, Pa., cred. Meredith; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; app. Corp. May 1, '64; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; tr. to Co. K, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65, as Priv

Hand, William B. Co. A; b. Philadelphia, Pa.; age 34; res. Philadelphia, Pa., cred. Meredith; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; des. June 1, '64, White House, Va.

Handley, John. Co. A; b. Canadahollow, Pa.; age 18; res. Reading, Pa., cred. Meredith; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Hannaford, Arthur L. Co. D; b. Sanbornton; age 18; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. and captd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; par. and exch.; app. Corp. May 1, '65; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Boscawen.

Hanson, Hans. Co. B; b. Denmark; age 21; cred. Weare; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Agawam"; disch. Jan. 25, '66.

Hanson, Jacob. Co. K; b. Ossipee; age 42; res. Wolfeborough, cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Musc.; must. out June 21, '65, as Priv. Died Aug. 17, '86, Wolfeborough.

Hanson, Jens. Co. B; b. Denmark; age 22; cred. New Boston; enl. Dec. 4, '63; must. in Dec. 4, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Harden, Henry. Co. C; b. Ireland; age 41; cred. Pittsfield; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; wd. June, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; tr. to Co. E, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; app. Corp. Oct. 1, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Harlow, William P. Co. C; b. Essex, Mass.; age 23; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv. Died Oct. 16, '62, Washington, D. C.

Harrington, Daniel B. Co. D; b. Windsor, Can.; age 31; res. Windsor, Can., cred. Londonderry; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; wd. and died, wds. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Harris, Hiram. Co. E; b. Holderness; age 20; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 11, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Lisbon.

Harris, Hosea B. Co. E; b. Holderness; age 18; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 11, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Feb. 5, '63, Potomac Creek, Va.

Hartshorn, Loammi. Co. I; b. Lunenburgh, Mass.; age 34; res. Meredith, cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt. Oct., '63; 1 Sergt. May 11, '64; 2 Lt. May 18, '65; not must.; must. out June 21, '65, as 1 Sergt. Died June 22, '90, Meredith.

Hartshorn, Munroe. Co. K; b. Norwich, Vt.; age 23; res. Wolfeborough, cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. May 9, '63, Washington, D. C.

Harvey, Henry R. Co. E; b. Plymouth; age 26; res. Plymouth, cred. Plymouth; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Nov. 30, '62, Potomac Creek, Va.

Harvey, James. Co. I; b. England; age 32; cred. New Hampton; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; app. Sergt. Sept. 1, '65; 2 Lt. Co. B, Sept. 20, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Hashoff, Henry. Co. C; b. Germany; age 27; cred. Pembroke; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; des. June 1, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Hasty, William. Co. C; b. Gorham, Me.; age 23; cred. Boscawen; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. May 17, '65.

Hatch, Benjamin F. Co. G; b. Gilford; age 29; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Feb. 24, '63, Baltimore, Md.

Hatch, Caleb M. Co. G; b. Gilford; age 26; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 2, '63, Philadelphia, Pa. See State Service.

Hatchingate, John. Co. C; b. Sweden; age 20; cred. East Kingston; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; des. Sept. 8, '65, Warsaw, Va.

Hawkins, Benjamin S. Co. I; b. Centre Harbor; age 39; res. Centre Harbor, cred. Centre Harbor; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Sept. 18, '63, Centre Harbor.

Hawkins, James. Co. I; b. Centre Harbor; age 21; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 2, '63, and died, wds. July 3, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.

Hawkins, Lorenzo. Co. I; b. Centre Harbor; age 18; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; des. July 21, '63, Annapolis, Md.

Hawkins, William H. Co. I; b. Centre Harbor; age 23; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va., and died, wds. June 15, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Hayes, David. Co. B; b. Rutland, Vt.; age 18; cred. Alexandria; enl. Jan. 11, '64; must. in Jan. 11, '64, as Priv.; captd. Nov. 17, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; par. Feb. 28, '65; sent May 10, '65, to regt., from Alexandria, Va. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Hayes, John S. Co. B; b. Barnstead; age 18; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va. Died, dis. July 23, '63, Alexandria, Va.

Hayford, Albert W Co. G; b. Tamworth; age 25; res. Tamworth, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., North Conway.

Haynes, George. Co. F; b. England; age 22; cred. Weare; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va., and died, wds. June 23, '64, Washington, D. C.

Haynes. See Haines.

Heath, Andrew M. Co. F; b. Loudon; age 26; res. Loudon, cred. Loudon; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as 1 Sergt.; app. Sergt. Maj. Jan. 15, '63; 2 Lt. Co. G, Jan. 26, '63; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. 1 Lt. Co. F, May 12, '63; Adjt. June 1, '63; wd. July 30, '64, Mine Explosion, Petersburg, Va.; app. Capt. Co. E, Jan. 10, '65; must. out June 21, '65. Died at his home in Epsom, soon after the war.

Heath, Charles H. Co. E; b. Hollis: age 18; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. disab. June 2, '65, Manchester. P. O. ad., Ashland.

Heath, Hiram T. Co. E: b. Bristol; age 23: res. Bridgewater, cred. Bridgewater: enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; tr. to 86 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Feb. 23, '64; disch. Aug. 14, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Stewartstown.

Heenan, James. Co. B; b. Ireland; age 22; res. New York city, cred. Hampstead; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.: tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Tecumseh," "Hartford," "Richmond," "Buckthorn," and "Narcissus"; supposed to have been lost at sea Jan. 4, '66.

Hennessey, Thomas M. Co. I; b. New York city; age 21; cred. Canterbury; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Commodore Morris"; des. Sept. 30, '64.

Hersey, Joseph N. Co. K; b. Tuftonborough; age 21; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Dec. 27, '62, Falmouth, Va.

Hess, William. Co. I; b. Newark, N. J.; age 23; cred. New Boston; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; des. Mar. 10, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md.

Hickey, Patrick H. Co. D; b. Ireland: age 38; res. Hill, cred. Hill; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va., and died, wds. June 1, '63, Potomac Creek, Va.

Hicks, George W Co. G; b. Lyndon, Vt.: age 38; res. Lewiston, Vt., cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65. Died Mar. 6, '86, Lake Village.

Higgins, Josiah B. Co. A; b. Livermore, Me.; age 32; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.: app. Chaplain Mar. 2, '65: must. out June 21, '65. Died May 16, '78, Canterbury.

Higson, William H. Co. H; b. England: age 20; res. New York city, cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; wd. sev. Aug. 19, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; disch. disab. Jan. 17, '65.

Hildreth, Joseph O. Co. H: b. Massachusetts; age 34; res. Lowell, Mass., cred. Claremont; enl. Dec. 18, '63; must. in Dec. 18, '63, as Priv.; disch. May 12, '65. P. O. ad., Nat. Home, Togus, Me.

Hill, Byron C. Co. C: b. Alexandria; age 25; res. Concord, cred. Concord; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; disch. May 19, '65. P. O. ad., Concord.

Hill, Calvin. Co. K; b. Gilmanton; age 20; cred. Boscawen; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; wd., accidentally, Mar. 4, '64; furloughed June 18, '64, from DeCamp Gen. Hosp., David's Isl., N. Y. H.; no evidence of return; considered a deserter from July 17, '64. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Hill, Gideon D. Co. E; b. Ellsworth; age 27; res. Ellsworth, cred. Ellsworth; enl. Aug. 30, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; captd. Nov. 17, '64, on picket line, Bermuda Hundred, Va. Died Jan. 26, '65, Richmond, Va.

Hill, John W Co. H; b. Bartlett; age 21; res. Bartlett, cred. Bartlett; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 12, '62, as Priv.; killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Hill, Joseph P Co. E; b. Ellsworth; age 24; res. Ellsworth, cred. Ellsworth; enl. Aug. 30, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; des. Dec. 11, '62, Falmouth, Va.

Hill, Joseph W Co. B; b. Salem, Mass.; age 28; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Dec. 21, '63; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va., and died, wds. July 8, '64, Washington, D. C.

Hill, Joshua S. Co. H; b. Waterborough, Me.; age 28; res. Conway, cred. Conway; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 12, '62, as Priv.; mis. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; gd. from mis. Died, dis. Sept. 1, '63, New Haven, Conn.

Hill, Josiah B. Co. I; b. Moultonborough; age 24; cred. Tamworth; enl. July 10, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Nov. 9, '62, Harper's Ferry, W. Va.

Hill, Samuel N. Co. B; b. Barnstead; age 38; res. Gilmanton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Feb. 11, '63, near Falmouth, Va. Died Aug. 12, '71, Gilmanton.

Hilliard, Zara V. Co. F; b. Pittsfield; age 26; res. Loudon, cred. Loudon; enl. Aug. 26, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va. Died, dis. May 5, '65.

Hills, Alvin C. Co. E; b. Woodstock; age 42; res. Rumney, cred. Rumney; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. I, 13 I. C., Dec. 12, '63; disch. Sept. 5, '65, Providence, R. I., tm. ex. Died July 9, '84, Rumney.

Hillsgrove, Albert H. Co. F; b. Portsmouth; age 22; res. Loudon, cred. Loudon; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. sev. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. disab. Aug. 18, '64.

Hillsgrove, Franklin L. Co. F; b. Portsmouth; age 20; res. Loudon, cred. Loudon; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Corp. May 1, '65; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Danbury.

Hillsgrove, John F. Co. F; b. Loudon; age 19; res. Loudon, cred. Loudon; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; des. Mar. 22, '63; gd. from des. June 30, '63; tr. to Co. F, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; disch. June 30, '65, Concord.

Hillsgrove, Joseph M. Co. F; b. Portsmouth; age 18; res. Loudon, cred. Loudon; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Aug. 13, '63, Concord.

Hillsgrove, William H. Co. F; b. Kittery, Me.; age 34; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Sept. 3, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt. Feb. 20, '63; des. Sept. 15, '63, Brattleboro, Vt.

Hinds, Edward S. Co. C; b. Tamworth; age 37; cred. Sandwich; enl. Jan. 5, '64; must. in Jan. 5, '64, as Priv.; disch. disab. Mar. 22, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md. Died Oct. 24, '92, Laconia.

Hines, Clark V Co. E; b. Sanbornton; age 18; res. Holderness; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis.; must. out June 21, '65.

Hinman, Charles H. Co. G; b. Dorset, Vt.; age 35; res. Warren, cred. Warren; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Corp.; disch. disab. Dec. 31, '62, Philadelphia, Pa.

Hobart, Jeremiah. Co. C; b. Bristol; age 30; res. New Hampton, cred. New Hampton; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; des. Dec. 13, '62; appreh. Apr. 28, '64; tr. to Co. E, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; disch. July 13, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., Alexandria.

Hobbs, Carey. Co. K; b. Wentworth; age 43; res. Dorchester, cred. Dorchester; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 13, '62, as Priv.; killed July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.

Hodgdon, James M. Co. D; b. Madbury; age 45; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Seattle, Wash.

Hodgdon, Miles. Co. C; b. Sanbornton; age 34; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Mar. 21, '63, Falmouth, Va. P. O. ad., West Concord.

Hodge, John G. Co. D; b. Concord; age 21; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Hodsdon, Franklin. Co. K; b. Tuftonborough; age 29; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 14, '63, Washington, D. C.

Hodsdon, Joseph. Co. K; b. Tuftonborough; age 32; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Corp. Feb. 20, '64; reduced to ranks Mar. 12, '64; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Centre Tuftonborough.

Hohler, Hermann Karl. Unas'd; b. Germany; age 26; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Holmes, Charles P Co. G; b. Charlestown, Mass.; age 32; res. Charlestown, Mass., cred. Grafton; enl. Aug. 29, '62; must. in Sept. 15, '62, as Priv.; killed July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.

Holmes, Frank L. Co. K; b. Holland, Vt.; age 18; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; disch. to date Feb. 1, '63.

Holt, Caleb H. Co. C; b. Bow; age 18; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 9, '64, near Petersburg, Va., and died, wds. July 27, '64, Ft. Monroe, Va.

Hopkins, Nathan E. Co. C; b. Providence, R. I.; age 22; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 2, '63; must. in Dec. 2, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '61, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Minnesota" and "Florida"; des. July 18, '65, from receiving ship, New York city.

Horn, Charles H. Co. G; b. Moultonborough; age 20; res. Moultonborough, cred. Moultonborough; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 11, '62, as Priv; wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. P O. ad., Laconia.

Horne, George W Co. K; b. Farmington; age 37; res. Wolfeborough, cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 18, '63, Falmouth, Va. P O. ad., Wolfeborough. See 1 N. H. H. Art.

Horne, Hiram P Co. A; b. Farmington; age 40; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Nov. 9, '63, Concord. Died Nov. 8, '91, Lovell, Me

Horne, Oscar F. Co. K; b. Dover; age 26; res. Wolfeborough, cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Feb. 20, '63, Alexandria, Va. P O. ad., Wolfeborough.

Horne, Thomas R. Co. K; b. Berwick, Me.; age 41; res. Wolfeborough, cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Apr. 15, '61. Portsmouth Grove, R. I. Died Aug. 16, '69, Rochester.

Horner, Daniel W Co. K; b. Granby, Can.; age 32; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt. July 19, '63; must. out June 21, '65. P O. ad., Melvin Village.

Hornsby, Thomas. Co. I; b. England; age 19; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; wd. sev. July 8, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; tr. to Co. E, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Houston, Adin M. Co. H; b. Thornton; age 23; res. Waterville, cred. Waterville; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va., and died, wds. May 16, '63, Washington, D. C.

How, James B. Co. I; b. Meredith; age 22; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. Nov. 17, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; disch. May 19, '65.

How. See Howe.

Howard, James M. Unas'd; b. Canada; age 28; cred. Mason; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Howard, John. Co. F; b. England; age 31; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 4, '63; must. in Dec. 4, '63, as Priv.; app. Corp.; tr. to Co. F, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Howe, Alanson P Co. D; b. Hopkinton; age 25; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; des. Dec. 14, '62, Fredericksburg, Va. P O. ad., Sanbornton.

Howe, George P. Co. D; b. Henniker; age 18; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; tr. to Co. I, 13 I. C., Nov. 18, '63; disch. disab. Jan. 28, '64, Portsmouth Grove, R. I. P O. ad., Manchester.

Howe, Moses B. Co. C; b. Bradford; age 27; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 7, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Jan. 25, '64; must. out June 21, '65.

Howe, Rufus, Jr. Co. D; b. Hopkinton; age 20; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. June 2, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. June 13, '65, Concord. Died Nov. 19, '82, Sanbornton.

Howe, Sylvester D. Co. E; b. Bristol; age 33; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; tr. to 18 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Dec. 12, '63; disch. disab. Sept. 11, '65, Albany, N. Y., tm. ex. P O. ad., Ashland. See 1 and 4 N. H. V.

Howe, William J. Co. E; b. Hartford, Vt.; age 21; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Sergt.; killed July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa. See 1 N. H. V

Howe. See How.

Howland, Prescott Y. Co. D; b. Lisbon; age 32; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Corp.; disch. disab. Nov. 22, '62, Washington, D. C.

Hoyt, Caleb S. Co. K; b. Wilmot; age 21; res. Wentworth, cred. Wentworth; enl. Aug. 28, '62; must. in Sept. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va., and disch. wds. Sept. 30, '63, Pt. Lookout, Md. P O. ad., Olcott's Falls, Vt.

Hoyt, Charles W. Co. G; b. Wolfeborough; age 20; res. Moultonborough, cred. Moultonborough; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt. Apr. 17 '63; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; sev. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. disab. Jan. 22, '65, Bristol, Pa. P O. ad., Moultonborough.

Hoyt, David P Co. K; b. Wilmot; age 24; res. Wentworth, cred. Wentworth; enl. Aug. 28, '62; must. in Sept. 15, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. D, 1 I. C., Jan. 15, '64; disch. July 14, '65, Elmira, N. Y.

Hoyt, John W Co. C; b. Grafton; age 30; res. Grafton, cred. Grafton; enl. Aug. 30, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Corp.; disch. disab. Feb. 21, '63, Falmouth, Va.; re-enl. and must. in Dec. 29, '63, for 3 yrs., as Priv; res. Canaan, cred. Canaan; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; tr. to Co. E, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; disch. to date Dec. 19, '65. P O. ad., Orange.

Hudson, Harry P Co. G. See Henry P Dow.

Hughes, Frank L. Co. E; b. Groton, Mass.; age 18; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv; disch. disab. Dec. 15, '63, Concord. P O. ad., Ashland.

Hughes, George K. Co. E; b. Holderness; age 18; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt. Oct. 17, '63; 2 Lt. Co. C, July 16, '64; not must. as 2 Lt.; killed June 4, '64, Cold Harbor Va. See 1 N. H. V.

Hunt, Arthur L. Co. H; b. Sanbornton; age 40; res. Upper Gilmanton, cred. Upper Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62. as Priv.; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis.; disch. disab. Aug. 14, '63, Concord.

Hunt, Charles A. Co. H; age 35; res. Laconia, cred. Laconia; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. to date June 21, '65.

Hunt, Charles P Co. G; b. Gilford; age 18; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 27, '63, Baltimore, Md. P O. ad., Gilford.

Hunt, Charles W F. and S.; b. Gilford; age 30; res. Laconia; app. Asst. Surg. Sept. 6, '62; must. in Sept. 6, '62; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis. Died, dis. Aug. 24, '63, Pt. Lookout, Md.

Hunt, Henry F Co. G; b. Gilford; age 19; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Nov. 20, '62; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Oct. 6, '63, Concord. P O. ad., Gilford. See 1 N. H. H. Art.

Hunt, Thomas E. Co. G; b. Gilford; age 25; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; app. Hosp. Steward Sept. 9, '62; must. out June 21, '65. P O. ad., Lakeport.

Huntoon, Andrew J. Co. E; b. Unity; age 30; res. Plymouth, cred. Plymouth; enl. Aug. 22, '62, as Priv.; app. 2 Lt. Sept. 8, '62; must. in to date Sept. 5, '62, as 2 Lt.; app. 1 Lt. Co. A, Feb. 9, '63; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Capt. Co. D. Feb. 1, '64; disch. wds. June 15, '64, Cobb's Hill, Va. P O. ad., Washington, D. C.

Huntoon, Daniel M. Co. H; b. Northfield; age 21; res. Canterbury, cred. Canterbury; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Corp. Died, dis. Sept. 20, '64, Ft. Monroe, Va.

Huntress, James S. Co. E; b. Centre Harbor; age 26; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis.; killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Huntress, Willard L. Co. I; b. Centre Harbor; age 41; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Apr. 14, '64, Williamsburg, Va. Died Aug. 21, '64, Meredith.

Huntress, Winsor P Co. B; b. Barnstead; age 19; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Hutchins, George K. Co. E; b. Benton; age 19; res. Rumney, cred. Rumney; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. July 1, '64; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Lowell, Mass.

Hutchins, Horace S. Co. I; b. Meredith; age 22; cred. Centre Harbor; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 2, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Sergt. Feb. 1, '64; disch. May 22, '64, to accept promotion. See Miscel. Organizations.

Hutchins, Ira J. Co. F; b. Loudon; age 26; res. Loudon, cred. Loudon; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Feb. 28, '63, Concord.

Hutchins, Moses F Co. I; b. Moultonborough; age 25; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Sergt.; disch. disab. Dec. 5, '62, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Lawrence, Mass. See 5 N. H. V.

Hutchison, Daniel S. Co. C; b. Bristol; age 19; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65.

Ingalls, John H. Co. C; b. Bristol; age 21; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Sergt.; disch. Apr. 16, '63, as Priv., Falmouth, Va.

Ingelburg, Mons. Co. K; b. Sweden; age 21; res. New York city, cred. Hampstead; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; wd. Aug. 20, '64, Petersburg, Va., and died, wds. Feb. 23, '65, Manchester.

Jackson, Abraham. Co. I; b. St. Mary's county, Md.; age 21; enl. Jan. 8, '64, at Pt. Lookout, Md.; must. in Jan. 8, '64, as colored under cook; drowned Oct. 4, '64, James river, Va.

Jackson, John. Co. B; b. Northumberland, Va.; age 28; res. St. Mary's county, Md.; enl. Dec. 26, '63; must. in Dec. 26, '63, as colored under cook; tr. to Co. F, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Jackson, John. Co. D; b. England; age 24; cred. Hopkinton; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; des. to the enemy Oct. 23, '64.

Jacobs, Charles T. Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 18; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Dec. 25, '62, Potomac Creek, Va.

Jacobs, Elbridge. Co. G; b. Moultonborough; age 29; res. Moultonborough, cred. Moultonborough; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Sergt.; captd. Nov. 10, '62, Orleans, Va.; par. Dec. 12, '62; disch. disab. Mar. 21, '63, Annapolis, Md. P. O. ad., Gonic. See 1 N. H. H. Art.

Jameson, Edward C. Co. B; b. England; age 24; res. Concord (Fisherville, now Penacook), cred. Kingston; enl. Jan. 4, '64; must. in Jan. 4, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Janvrin, George A. Co. B; b. Seabrook; age 19; cred. Pittsfield; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va., and died, wds. June 11, '64, Washington, D. C.

Jenkins, Everett. Co. B; b. Barnstead; age 26; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. sev. Dec. 12, '62, Fredericksburg, Va.; disch. disab. Mar. 5, '63, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Pittsfield.

Jenkins, Lewis. Co. B; b. Barnstead; age 24; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. and mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis.; app. Corp. Dec. 21, '63; Sergt. May 1, '65; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Pittsfield.

Jenkins, Melvin. Co. B; b. Barnstead; age 18; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Manchester.

Jenne, Job C. Co. E; b. Derby Centre, Vt.; age 26; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. May 18, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va. P. O. ad., Franklin.

Jenness, Charles H. Co. I; b. Meredith; age 22; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; des. Jan. 12, '64, Baltimore, Md.

Jenness, Jeremiah F. Co. I; b. Meredith; age 18; res. Meredith, cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; app. Corp. Jan. 9, '64; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Plymouth.

Jewett, Alonzo W. Co. D; b. Wentworth; age 22; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Sergt.; app. 1 Lt. Co. I, Dec. 2, '63; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Laconia.

Jewett, Elbridge G. Co. H; b. Gilford; age 18; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; must. out June 21, '65.

Jewett, George W Co. H; b. Gilford; age 24; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Died, dis. Oct. 17, '63, Laconia.

Jewett, Olof L. Co. E; b. Wentworth; age 26; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Corp.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Johnson, Arthur. Co. B; b. Ireland; age 26; cred. Warner; enl. Dec. 18, '63; must. in Dec. 18, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Tecumseh," "Hartford," and "Richmond"; disch. July 15, '65, as Coal Heaver.

Johnson, Calvin. Co. H; b. Randolph county, N. C.; age 33; res. Randolph county, N. C., cred. Londonderry; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 25, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md.

Johnson, Charles. Co. B; b. Stockholm, Sweden; age 20; res. New York city, cred. North Hampton; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Minnesota," "Mercedita," and "Delaware"; disch. Aug. 5, '65, as Seaman.

Johnson, George. Co. G; b. Derry, Ir.; age 36; cred. Nottingham; enl. Dec. 18, '63; must. in Dec. 18, '63, as Priv.; des. June 11, '64, White House, Va.

Johnson, Henry Cnas'd; b. Hamilton, Can.; age 22; cred. Weare; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Johnson, Samuel E. Co. F; b. Maysville, Ky.; age 32; res. London, cred. London; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. June, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; disch. disab. May 31, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., Worcester, Mass.

Johnson, William. Co. D. See Edward Conley.

Johnson, William. Co. G; b. England; age 22; cred. Nottingham; enl. Dec. 18, '63; must. in Dec. 18, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Shokokon"; des. July 24, '65, from receiving ship, New York city.

Johnson, William L. Co. G; b. Tamworth; age 31; res. Tamworth, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. twice July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; disch. wds. Aug. 1, '64. P. O. ad., Concord.

Johnston, John W. Co. F; b. Pittsfield; age 21; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 23, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Corp.; app. 1 Sergt. Jan. 15, '63; 1 Lt. July 1, '63; Capt. Co. D, July 20, '64; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Manchester

Jones, Abner C. Co. E; b. Stanstead, Can.; age 28; res. Plymouth, cred. Plymouth; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; mis. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; gd. from mis.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Concord.

Jones, Albert D. Co. A; b. Alton; age 21; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; killed July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.

Jones, Almon D. Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 19; res. Northwood, cred. Northwood; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va., and died, wds. June 11, '64, Washington, D. C.

Jones, Ajalon D. Co. H; b. Turner, Me.; age 24; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Sergt.; disch. disab. Dec. 8, '62, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Laconia. See State Service.

Jones, Charles H. Co. A; b. Alton; age 22; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Mar. 12, '63, Falmouth, Va. P. O. ad., Alton.

Jones, Charles H. Co. B; b. Great Falls; age 25; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Dec. 17, '62, Potomac Creek, Va.

Jones, George H. Co. B; b. Strafford; age 25; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. H, 9 I. C., Mar. 16, '64; disch. June 28, '65, Washington, D. C.

Jones, Henry. Co. K; b. Nova Scotia; age 24; cred. Hopkinton; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; wd. July 29, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; captd. Nov. 17 '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; par. Feb. 28, '65; disch. June 5, '65.

Jones, James M. Co. A; b. Alton; age 26; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Jones, John. Co. D; b. Quincy, Mass.; age 24; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; tr. to 82 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Feb. 23, '64; to 86 Co. July 29, '65; disch. Aug. 14, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., New London.

Jones, Josiah. Co. D; b. Quincy, Mass.; age 22; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Sept. 1, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Nov. 20, '63, Alexandria, Va. P. O. ad., Lynn, Mass.

Jones, Lewis F. Co. A; b. New Durham; age 23; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. sev. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; disch. wds. Nov. 9, '63. P. O. ad., Farmington.

Jones, Thomas. Co. G; b. New York city; age 23; cred. New Boston; enl. Dec. 3, '63; must. in Dec. 3, '63, as Priv.; wd. sev. May 14, '64, Relay House (or Ft. Stevens), Va.; tr. to Co. G, 18 V. R. C., Apr. 13, '65; disch. Aug. 1, '65, Pt. Lookout, Md. P. O. ad., Galesburg, N. D.

Joy, Christopher C. Co. A; b. New Durham; age 26; res. New Durham, cred. New Durham; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; killed July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.

Keaton, Hartwell. Co. C; b. Charleston, Me.; age 39; res. Danbury, cred. Danbury; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; must. out June 21, '65, as Priv. P. O. ad., Hill.

Kelley, Charles H. Co. F; b. Dover; age 28; res. Northwood, cred. Northwood; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Sergt.; mis. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; gd. from mis.; captd. Nov. 17, '64, on picket line, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; exch. May, '65; must. out June 21, '65. See 1 N. H. V.

Kelley, Dennis. Co. F; b. Ireland; age 25; res. Canterbury, cred. Canterbury; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; killed July 5, '64, by Confederate sharpshooter, near Petersburg, Va.

Kelley, Edwin A. Co. F; b. Gilmanton; age 19; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Kelley, George D. Co. E; b. Ellsworth; age 20; res. Ellsworth, cred. Ellsworth; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. May 15, '63, Concord. Died Dec. 18, '69, Rumney.

Kelley, Richard. Co. C; b. Portland, Me; age 18; cred. Weare; enl. Dec. 5, '63; must. in Dec. 5, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; captd. Nov. 17, '64, on picket line, Bermuda Hundred, Va. Died Jan. 7, '65, Salisbury, N. C.

Kelley, Richard. Co. F; b. New Hampshire; age 17; cred. Wilmot; enl. Nov. 24, '63; must. in Nov. 24, '63, as Priv.; killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Kelley, Thomas. Co. G; b. Moultonborough; age 37; res. Moultonborough, cred. Moultonborough; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. sev. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Aug. 20, '63, Concord. P. O. ad., Tamworth.

Kelley, William. Unas'd; b. Lawrence, Mass.; age 19; cred. Sutton; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec., '63, Concord. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Kelley. See Kelly.

Kellogg, James W Unas'd; b. Philadelphia, Pa.; age 22; res. Boston, Mass., cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Kelly, Charles T. Co. H; b. Meredith; age 34; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; killed July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.

Kelly, John L. Co. A; b. Clinton county, N. Y.; age 18; cred. Pittsfield; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Kelly, Thomas J. Co. H; b. Lebanon; age 36; cred. Nottingham; enl. Dec. 18, '63; must. in Dec. 18, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy May 3, '64, as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Aries"; disch. disab. Oct. 15, '64, Norfolk, Va.

Kelly, William C. Co. D; b. Hill; age 27; res. Hill, cred. Hill; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. June 1, '65; must. out June 21, '65.

Kelly. See Kelley.

Kelsea, Jonathan K. Co. G; b. Landaff; age 30; res. Warren, cred. Warren; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 24, '64, Washington, D. C.

Kempton, James M. Co. E; b. Newport; age 18; res. Northwood, cred. Northwood; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va., and died, wds. July 3, '64, Washington, D. C.

Keniston, Frederick. Co. F; b. Northfield; age 25; cred. Northfield; enl. Sept. 14, '64, for 1 yr.; must. in Sept. 14, '64, as Priv.; disch. June 21, '65, Baltimore, Md.

Keniston, John. Co. F; b. Northfield; age 19; res. Northfield, cred. Northfield; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. sev. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Northfield.

Keniston. See Kiniston.

Kennedy, John F Co. C; b. Bradford, Vt.; age 21; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; des. Dec. 13, '62, Falmouth, Va. P. O. ad., Alexandria.

Kennedy, Robert. Co. F. See Reuben Roberts.

Kenney, Hiram C. Co. A; b. Milton; age 37; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis.; wd. sev. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. May 12, '65.

Kenney, Michael. Co. K; b. West Chester, N. Y.; age 19; cred. New Hampton; enl. Dec. 18, '63; must. in Dec. 18, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 26, '64, Williamsburgh, Va.

Keyes, Henry F Co. E; b. Bennington; age 21; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 6, '62, as Priv.; wd. sev. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. June 25, '63, Washington, D. C. Died July 24, '65, Holderness. See 1 N. H. V

Keyes, Orlando W Co. E; b. Hancock; age 30; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 19, '62, as Priv.; app. 1 Lt. Sept. 8, '62; must. in to date Sept. 5, '62, as 1 Lt.; app. Capt. Co. D, Nov. 18, '62; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Kidder, Alden A. Co. I; b. Dunbarton; age 38; res. Meredith, cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt. Jan. 1, '63; 1 Sergt. Feb. 4, '64; wd. sev. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; disch. June 22, '65. Died Nov. 20, '89, Meredith.

Kidder, Henry R. Co. D; b. Bristol; age 21; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Kidder, Uriah H. Co. D; b. Bristol; age 25; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Jan. 8, '63; Sergt. Nov. 3, '63; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va., and disch. wds. May 28, '65, Pt. of Rocks, Va. P. O. ad., Bristol.

Killen, Henry. Co. I; b. Germany; age 21; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 17, '65, on furlough; returned May 10, '65; tr. to Co. E, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Kimball, Arthur L. Co. D; b. Tilton; age 22; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Woodsville.

Kimball, Benjamin. Co. K; b. Wolfeborough; age 21; cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Aug. 12, '64; must. in Aug. 12, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65; drowned Dec. 19, '70, Wolfeborough.

Kimball, Isaac L. Co. A; b. Maryland; age 18; cred. London; enl. Dec. 7, '63; must. in Dec. 7, '63, as Priv.; disch. disab. Apr. 11, '64.

Kimball, John M. Co. K; b. Tamworth; age 34; res. Wolfeborough, cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis.; tr. to Co. F, 18 V. R. C., Apr. 11, '64; disch. June 27, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Wolfeborough.

Kimball, Lyman. Co. K; b. Wentworth; age 40; res. Wentworth, cred. Wentworth; enl. Aug. 26, '62; must. in Sept. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. sev. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; disch. disab. June 13, '65, Concord. Died July 26, '90, Wentworth.

Kimball, Wellman. Co. K; b. Wentworth; age 34; res. Wentworth, cred. Wentworth; enl. Aug. 28, '62; must. in Sept. 15, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Nov. 15, '62, Frederick, Md.

King, John. Co. D; b. New Brunswick; age 21; cred. London; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv. Died, dis. Oct. 28, '64, Portsmouth, Va.

Kingman, Sullivan. Co. A; b. Waterford, Me.; age 31; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; killed July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.

Kingsland, William. Unas'd; b. New York city; age 23; cred. Mason; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec., '63. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Kingsley, Francis. Unas'd; b. Utica, N. Y.; age 23; res. Utica, N. Y., cred. Rollinsford; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; wd. sev. Dec. 23, '63, Newark, N. J., while attempting to desert from cars *en route* to regt.; disch. wds. Apr. 1, '64, Augur Gen. Hosp., near Alexandria, Va.

Kiniston, Asa. Co. D; b. Cabot, Vt.; age 44; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. Mar. 19, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Kiniston. See Keniston.

Kittrell, Solomon H. Co. K; b. Kingston, Mass.; age 41; res. Wentworth, cred. Wentworth; enl. Aug. 28, '62; must. in Sept. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; disch. disab. Sept. 30, '63, Pt. Lookout, Md. P. O. ad., Middleborough, Mass.

Knight, William T. Co. B; b. Northwood; age 20; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Corp.; killed July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa. Supposed identical with William T. Knight, Co. E, 2 N. H. V

Knights, Charles W Co. F; b. Bow; age 18; res. Canterbury, cred. Canterbury; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. June 3, '65.

Knights, John. Co. G; b. London, Eng.; age 37; res. London, Eng., cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. Died Nov. 11, '90, Lake Village

Knowland, Hubbard. Co. F; b. Illion, N. Y.; age 25; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; reported on roll dated June 21, '65, as tr. on that date to 2 N. H. V., with remark, "absent sick since May 3, '64"; never joined 2 Regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Knowles, Stephen W. Co. C; b. Farmington; age 26; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. Died Feb. 13, '91, Concord.

Knowlton, Frank. Co. D; b. Sanbornton; age 28; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Mar. 17, '63; killed July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.

Knowlton, William H. Co. G; b. Danbury; age 31; res. Danbury, cred. Danbury; enl. Aug. 30, '62; must. in Sept. 11, '62, as Priv.; des. Oct. 18, '62, Knoxville, Md.

Kohlmann, Charles. Co. I; b. Germany; age 30; cred. Pembroke; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Krotzer, James. Co. I; b. Cherryville, Pa.; age 18; res. Cherryville, Pa., cred. Auburn; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; wd. Apr. 30, '64, Williamsburg, Va.; entered De Camp Gen. Hosp., David's Isl., N. Y. H., June 5, '64; appears on a list of deserters. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Ladd, John H. Co. I; b. Moultonborough; age 28; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; des. Nov. 23, '62, Hartwood, Va.

Ladd, Jonathan P. Co. H; b. Meredith; age 35; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Corp.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; disch. disab. Feb. 27, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md.

Ladd, Levi W Co. K; b. Tuftonborough; age 19; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; wd. sev. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Lawrence, Mass.

Ladd, William. Co. G; b. Mercer, Me.; age 36; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Corp.; disch. disab. May 30, '63, Concord. P. O. ad., Gilford.

Lafleur, Jackson. Co. A; b. Reading, Pa.; age 22; res. Reading, Pa., cred. Wakefield; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; des. June 1, '64, White House, Va.

Lahey, Dennis. Co. F; b. Montreal, Can.; age 19; cred. Lee; enl. Jan. 2, '64; must. in Jan. 2, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; des. Sept. 7, '65, Fredericksburg, Va.

Lamb, William. Co. I; b. Scotland; age 18; cred. Loudon; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; des. Feb. 12, '65, from Webster Gen. Hosp., Manchester.

Lambert, Louis. Co. A; b. France; age 23; cred. Weare; enl. Dec. 7, '63; must. in Dec. 7, '63, as Priv.; des. Dec. 30, '63, Pt. Lookout, Md.

Lamble, William. Co. A; b. England; age 18; res. Boston, Mass., cred. Portsmouth; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Lamprey, Lyman H. Co. H; b. Gilmanton; age 21; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. wds. July 1, '65, Manchester. P. O. ad., Manchester.

Lamprey, Madison C. Co. H; b. Gilmanton; age 18; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 18, '63, Falmouth, Va. P. O. ad., Gilmanton.

Lamprey, William H. Co. H; b. Gilmanton; age 18; res. Gilmanton, cred. Upper Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Corp.; tr. to Co. B, 18 V. R. C., Apr. 11, '64; disch. July 14, '65, as Priv., Capitol Barracks, D. C. P. O. ad., Laconia.

Lane, Charles F. Co. F; b. Pittsfield; age 29; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Sergt.; des. Oct. 25, '62, Berlin, Md.

Lane, George B. Co. H; b. Sanbornton; age 21; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; app. Com. Sergt. Feb. 4, '64; 2 Lt. Co. D, May 26, '65; not must.; must. out June 21, '65, as Com. Sergt. P. O. ad., Laconia.

Lane, James. Unas'd; b. New York city; age 22; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Lane, John P. Co. G; b. Gloucester, Mass.; age 29; res. Laconia, cred. Laconia; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 11, '62, as Corp.; app. 1 Sergt. Feb. 1, '63; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; July, '64, Petersburg, Va.; app. 1 Lt. Sept. 2, '64; wd. sev. Nov. 17, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; resigned Apr. 28, '65. P. O. ad., Lakeport.

Laney, Levi B. Co. C; b. Bridgewater; age 31; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. disab. June 19, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., East Weare.

Lang, Joseph W., Jr. Co. I; b. Tuftonborough; age 29; res. Meredith, cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 14, '62, as Priv.; app. Capt. Sept. 8, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Capt.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va., and disch. wds. Aug. 19, '64. P. O. ad., Meredith Village.

Langley, John F. Co. F; b. Nottingham; age 31; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; app. Capt. Sept. 8, '62; must. in to date Sept. 5, '62; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; app. Maj. Feb. 5, '64; disch. disab. Sept. 22, '64, to date Aug. 31, '64. P. O. ad., Amherst. See 3 N. H. V.

Langly, Charles. Co. A; b. Wolfeborough; age 28; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; mis. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; gd. from mis.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; must. out June 21, '65.

Lansing, George. Unas'd; b. Canada; age 26; cred. Mason; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Lawler, Thomas E. Co. A; b. Queenstown, Ir.; age 21; res. Allenstown, cred. Allenstown; enl. Aug. 25, '62; must. in Sept. 13, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Jan. 30, '64; Sergt. June 8, '64; must. out June 21, '65.

Lawrence, John L. Co. I; b. Meredith; age 29; res. Meredith, cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Nov. 28, '62, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Meredith Centre.

Layfevers, William H. Co. G; b. Pittsburg, Pa.; age 22; cred. Bradford; enl. Dec. 3, '63; must. in Dec. 3, '63, as Priv.; reported on roll dated June 21, '65, as tr. on that date to 2 N. H. V., with remark, "absent in arrest"; never joined 2 Regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Leach, Bradford. Co. I; b. Moultonborough; age 18; cred. Centre Harbor; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 23, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Dec. 25, '62, Falmouth, Va.

Leach, Levi. Co. I; b. Bridgewater; age 43; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Sergt.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; disch. disab. Apr. 3, '64, Concord. P. O. ad., Franklin Falls.

Leach, William S. Co. I; b. Meredith; age 18; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Feb. 17, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Leary, Daniel. Co. K; b. Cork, Ir.; age 43; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Apr. 6, '63; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Leary, Timothy O. Co. H; b. Ireland; age 23; res. Laconia, cred. Laconia; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. July 18, '63; wd. June, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; must. out June 21, '65.

Leavitt, Charles P Co. I; b. Meredith; age 34; res. Centre Harbor, cred. Centre Harbor; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. June 15, '64, David's Isl., N. Y. H. P. O. ad., Centre Harbor.

Leavitt, Charles W Co. G; b. Gilford; age 22; res. Gilford, cred. Laconia; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. sev. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Gilford.

Leavitt, Jonathan E. Co. D; b. Danbury; age 24; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa., and died, wds. July 4, '63.

Leavitt, Reuben T., Jr. Co. F; b. Pittsfield; age 22; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Nov. 21, '63, Concord. P. O. ad., Pittsfield.

Lee, Daniel. Co. E; b. Ireland; age 20; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; des. Nov. 3, '62, Hillsborough, Va.

Lee, Joseph. Co. F; b. Canada; age 30; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 4, '63; must. in Dec. 4, '63, as Priv.; killed Jan. 16, '64, while attempting to desert, Pt. Lookout, Md.

Lee, Lucius. Co. C; b. Heathville, Va.; age 16; res. St. Mary's county, Md.; enl. Feb. 5, '64; must. in Feb. 5, '64, as colored under cook; tr. to Co. E, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Lehiff, John. Co. H; age 30; res. Laconia, cred. Laconia; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Leighton, James C. Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 24; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 30, '63, Potomac Creek, Va.

Leighton, John B. Co. G; b. Moultonborough; age 38; res. Moultonborough, cred. Moultonborough; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. sev. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. May 24, '64, Portsmouth Grove, R. I. P. O. ad., Moultonborough.

Leighton, Wesley. Co. H; b. Sanbornton; age 20; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; killed July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.

Leonard, John. Co. K; b. Ireland; age 21; cred. Pittsfield; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Shokokon," "Lillian," and "Onondaga"; appears on roll of latter vessel Apr. 15, '65. N. f. r. Navy Dept. P. O. ad., New York city.

Lewis, Charles. Co. A; b. New York; age 23; cred. Boscawen; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Shokokon"; drowned Jan. 26, '65.

Lewis, Darius H. Co. H; b. Meredith; age 23; res. Laconia, cred. Laconia; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Corp.; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis.; disch. May 26, '65. Died Sept. 6, '87, Laconia.

Libby, James W Co. K; b. Tuftonborough; age 19; res. Wolfeborough, cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; mis. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; gd. from mis. Died, dis. Aug. 27, '63, Pt. Lookout, Md.

Libby, Walter E. Co. H; b. Warren; age 24; res. Warren, cred. Warren; enl. Aug. 29, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Musc.; disch. June 18, '65, as Priv.

Lifford, Julius. Unas'd; b. France; age 29; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; borne on muster and descriptive roll dated Dec. 18, '63. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Limbold, Louis. Unas'd; b. Holland; age 22; res. New York city, cred. Exeter; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Lintner, J. Henry. Co. B; b. Germany; age 33; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 1, '63; must. in Dec. 4, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 26, '64, Port Walthall, Va., and died, wds. May 27 '64.

Little, William O. Co. D; b. Goffstown; age 19; cred. Rochester; enl. Jan. 1, '64; must. in Jan. 1, '64, as Musc. Died, dis. July 18, '64, near Petersburg, Va.

Littlefield, Alpheus. Co. A; b. Eaton; age 18; res. Bartlett, cred. Bartlett; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. Sept. 23, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. May 1, '65; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Dover.

Littlefield, William H. Co. H; b. Gilmanton; age 20; res. Gilmanton, cred. Upper Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Corp. Oct. 28, '63; wd. Aug. 6, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; app. Sergt. May 19, '65; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Great Falls.

Lock, Andrew D. Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 27; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; captd. Nov. 17 '64, on picket, near Bermuda Hundred, Va.; par. Feb. 21, '65; disch. June 2, '65. P. O. ad., London.

Lock, Charles H. Co. F; b. Canterbury; age 18; res. Canterbury, cred. Canterbury; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; captd. Nov. 17, '64, on picket line, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; exch. May, '65; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Franconia.

Logan, Hugh. Co. F; b. Scotland; age 29; cred. Hopkinton; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Shokokon" and "Winooski"; disch. third quarter '65.

Loisser, John. Co. F; b. Island Pond, Vt.; age 21; cred. Boscawen; enl. Dec. 4, '63; must. in Dec. 1, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; des. July 25, '64, while on furlough from Grant Gen. Hosp., Willet's Point, N. Y.

Long, John. Co. D; b. Boston, Mass.; age 30; res. Boston, Mass., cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; disch. Mar. 22, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md.

Lougee, Charles F. Co. A; b. Alton; age 17; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 12, '63, Potomac Creek, Va.

Lougee, Charles H. Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 22; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 8, '63, Washington, D. C

Lougee, Francis S. Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 19; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Dec. 10, '62, Washington, D. C. Died Dec. 12, '62, Washington, D. C.

Lougee, John F Co. E; b. Gilmanton; age 39; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; des. July 4, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.

Lougee, Joseph F Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 19; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 2, '62, as Priv.; wd. sev. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va. Died, dis. Jan. 13, '64, Washington, D. C.

Lougee, True W Co. H; b. Sanbornton; age 36; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; des. Nov 14, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md.; appreh. Feb. 17, '65; must. out June 21, '65. Died July 31, '79, Laconia.

Lovett, John. Co. I; b. Ireland; age 32; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Mar. 28, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Lucas, Franklin. Co. F; b. New York; age 22; cred. Boscawen; enl. Dec. 4, '63; must. in Dec. 4, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as a Seaman; des. Mar. 26, '65, from U. S. S. "Agawam."

Lucas, Moses J. Co. A; b. New Durham; age 21; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Nov. 3, '63, Alton.

Lucy, Robert W Co. B; b. Dover; age 31; res. Nottingham, cred. Nottingham; enl. Aug. 31, '62; must. in Sept. 3, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Nov. 29, '62, Falmouth, Va. P. O. ad., Northwood.

Lukens, David. Co. A; b. Phœnixville, Pa.; age 18; res. Phœnixville, Pa., cred. Northwood; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; des. May 20, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va.

Magraw, John. Co. A; b. Ireland; age 39; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 7, '63; must. in Dec. 7, '63, as Priv.; disch. disab. Mar. 31, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md.

Majer, Louis. Co. E; b. Poland; age 30; res. Brooklyn, N. Y., cred. Stratham; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; captd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; released; des. July 22, '64, near Petersburg, Va.

Malleck, Frank. Co. I; b. Austria: age 21; res. New York city, cred. Exeter; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; des. fourth quarter '64, from U. S. S. "Ino."

Maloon, Walter G. Co. I; b. Cambridge, Mass.; age 24; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va., and died, wds. June 16, '63, Washington, D. C.

Manning, Charles R. Co. I; b. Mont Vernon; age 15; res. Concord (Fisherville, now Penacook), cred. Salem; enl. Jan. 4, '64; must. in Jan. 4, '64, as Musc.; tr. to Co. E, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; app. Corp. Oct. 1, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Marden, Charles H. Co. B; b. Lowell, Mass.; age 29; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. sev. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Markhoff, Frederick. Co. E; b. Germany; age 38; cred. Derry; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; des. July 10, '65, near Petersburg, Va.

Marsh, Charles E. Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 26; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. 2 Lt. Sept. 8, '62; must. in to date Aug. 30, '62, as 2 Lt.; app. 1 Lt. Co. F, Feb. 4, '63; tr. to Co. C; wd. Feb. 12, '63, Fredericksburg, and July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; disch. Oct. 15, '63. P O. ad., Greenville.

Marsh, John F F and S.; b. Hudson; age 34; res. Hudson; app. Lt. Col. Sept. 17, '62: must. in Sept. 17, '62; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. Feb. 5, '64, to date Jan. 26, '64, to accept appointment in V R. C.; enl. June 10, '61, as Priv. Co. B, 6 Wis. Inf. (while a resident of Hastings, Minn.); not must. as Priv.; app. 1 Lt. June 19, '61, to date June 17, '61; must. in July 16, '61; app. Capt. Co. D, Oct. 30, '61, to date Oct. 25, '61; wd. Aug. 28, '62, Gainesville; disch. Sept. 13, '62, to accept appointment as Lt. Col., 12 N. H. V. Bvt. Col., U. S. V., to date Mar. 13, '65, for gallant and meritorious services in the battle of Chancellorsville, Va. P. O. ad., Springfield, Mass. See V. R. C.

Marsh, John N. Co. I; b. Campton; age 20; res. Campton, cred. Campton; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. June 30, '63, Alexandria, Va.

Marshall, James F Co. D; b. Concord; age 15; res. Hill, cred. Hill; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; app. Corp. Nov. 1, '64; must. out June 21, '65. P O. ad., Portsmouth.

Marston, Jeremiah. Co. F; b. Tamworth; age 19; res. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv; killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Marston, Jeremiah M. Co. F; b. Pittsfield; age 19; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65. P O. ad., Kalama, Wash.

Martin, Charles H. Co. C; b. Hebron; age 20; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; tr. to 4 Co., 2 Batt'l, V R. C.; disch. Sept. 4, '65, New York city, tm. ex. P O. ad., Franklin Falls. See 1 N. H. V.

Martin, Joseph. Co. I; b. Canada; age 23; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. disab. Nov. 9, '64.

Martin, Robert. Co. D; b. Alexandria; age 40; res. Hill, cred. Hill; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Musc.; must. out June 21, '65, as Priv.

Martin, William S. Co. D; b. Boscawen; age 25; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va., and died, wds. June 2, '63, Potomac Creek, Va.

Mason, Charles F. Co. F: b. Chichester; age 18; res. London, cred. London; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Mason, James M. Co. F; b. Chichester; age 19; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 12, '63, Fahnouth, Va. Died Jan., '63, near Potomac Creek, Ga., just after starting for home.

Mason, Jesse M. Co. F; b. Chichester; age 32; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; des. Oct. 24, '62. Knoxville, Md.; returned to duty Apr. 11, '64; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. June 4, '65, Manchester. P. O. ad., Keene.

Mason, William P Co. F; b. Alton; age 20; res. Canterbury, cred. Canterbury; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. May 1, '65; must. out June 21, '65. Died June 30, '67, St. Charles, Minn.

Matthias, Rudolf. Co. E; b. Germany; age 21; res. New York city, cred. Sandown; enl. Dec. 19, '63; must. in Dec. 19, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va., and died, wds. June 9, '64.

Maxfield, Alfred W Co. F: b. Stowe, Vt.; age 23; res. London, cred. London; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.: killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Maxfield, Thomas H. Co. H; b. Bradford; age 27; res. Laconia, cred. Laconia; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; must. out June 21, '65.

May, Silas. Co. K; b. Salem, Mass.; age 44; res. Wolfeborough, cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Aug. 22, '62, as Priv.; app. Capt. Sept. 8, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Capt.; wd. sev. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. June 19, '64. See V. R. C.

McCargar, James. Co. A; b. Canada; age 19; cred. Wilmot; enl. Dec. 7, '63; must. in Dec. 7, '63, as Priv.; wd. and captd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va. Died, wds. June 25, '64, Richmond, Va.

McCarty, Joseph. Unas'd; b. Boston, Mass.; age 32; cred. Pelham; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

McCarty, Patrick. Unas'd; b. Ireland; age 21; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; sent to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

McClung, James. Unas'd; b. Baltimore, Md.; age 25; res. Baltimore, Md., cred. Rollinsford; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

McCluskey, George. Co. C; b. Boston, Mass.; age 40; cred. Epsom; enl. Dec. 2, '63; must. in Dec. 2, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as a Seaman; des. Sept. 30, '64, from U. S. S. "Commodore Morris."

McConnell, John. Co. E; b. New York city; age 21; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 30, '64; entered Carver Gen. Hosp., Washington, D. C., June 7, '64; tr. to New York city June 16, '64. N. f. r. A. G. O.

McCormick, Jacob. Co. A; b. Pennsylvania; age 36; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 7, '63; must. in Dec. 7, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va., and died, wds. June 14, '64, Washington, D. C.

McCrillis, George S. Co. I: b. Centre Harbor; age 21; cred. Centre Harbor; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Oct., '63; Sergt. Apr., '64; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Boston, Mass.

McDaniel, Joseph. Co. F; b. Canterbury; age 24; res. Canterbury, cred. Canterbury; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; des. Aug. 31, '63, Philadelphia, Pa.

McDougall, Alexander. Co. F; b. Scotland; age 34; cred. Hopkinton; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; des. June 20, '64, Philadelphia, Pa.

McDuffee, Marquis D. L. Co. K; b. Alton; age 28; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Sergt.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Dec. 10, '63. P. O. ad., Centre Tuftonborough.

McGann, Daniel. Co. I; b. Ireland; age 23; cred. Canterbury; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; des. Feb. 20, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md.

McGee, James. Unas'd; b. New York city; age 22; cred. Pelham; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

McIntire, Isaac N. Co. K; b. Tuftonborough; age 24; res. Farmington, cred. Farmington; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 13, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65.

McIntire, James. Co. A; b. Ireland; age 25; res. New York city, cred. Exeter; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; wd.; entered Hampton Gen. Hosp., Ft. Monroe, Va., May 12, '64; tr. to Philadelphia, Pa., May 18, '64. N. f. r. A. G. O.

McIntire, Samuel. Co. A; b. Dover; age 25; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 21 I. C., Nov. 16, '63; disch. June 29, '65, Philadelphia, Pa.

McKay, Hugh, *alias* John Roberts. Co. H; b. Nova Scotia; age 23; cred. Pittsfield; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; captd. Nov. 17, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va. Died, dis. Dec. 28, '64, Richmond, Va.

McKeever, James. Co. A; b. Ireland; age 27; cred. Concord; enl. Nov. 25, '64, for 1 yr.; must. in Nov. 25, '64, as Priv.; entered hosp., Pt. of Rocks, Va., Jan. 12, '65; furloughed Feb. 28, '65; failed to return. N. f. r. A. G. O.

McKenzie, Albert. Co. B; b. Canada; age 23; res. Ellenburg, N. Y., cred. Unity; enl. Dec. 18, '63; must. in Dec. 18, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va., and died, wds. June 24, '64, Washington, D. C.

McKindrick, John P. Co. I; b. Bristol; age 23; res. Meredith, cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Sept. 1, '63, Concord. P. O. ad., Meredith.

McLane, John B. Co. C; b. Bath, Me.; age 25; cred. Sutton; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy May 17 '64, as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Ohio" and "Saco"; disch. disab. Feb. 4, '65, Washington, D. C.

McLaughlin, Joseph. Co. K; b. Troy, N. Y.; age 19; cred. New Hampton; enl. Dec. 18, '63; must. in Dec. 18, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 26, '64, Williamsburgh, Va.

McManus, Cornelius. Unas'd; b. Ireland; age 26; cred. Weare; enl. Dec. 4, '63; must. in Dec. 4, '63, as Priv.; sent to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

McMurphy, Robert W Co. G; b. Derry; age 30; res. Derry, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis.; disch. to date June 21, '65. Died June 19, '90, Concord.

McNeal, Jonathan. Co. B; b. Alton; age 37; res. Barnstead cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. May 20, '65, Concord.

Mead, James M. Co. E; b. Holderness; age 20; res. New Hampton, cred. New Hampton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Sergt.; disch. disab. Mar. 26, '63, Falmouth, Va. See 2 N. H. V.

Meaney, William. Co. K; b. Ireland; age 20; cred. Mason; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; tr. to Co. H, 13 V. R. C.; disch. Aug. 3, '65, Concord.

Medley, Richard. Co. D; b. St. Mary's county, Md.; age 21; res. St. Mary's county, Md.; enl. Feb. 18, '64; must. in Feb. 28, '64, as colored under cook; tr. to Co. C, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Meier, William. Co. E; b. Switzerland; age 30; res. Switzerland, cred. Sandown; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Merrill, Albert. Co. I; b. Campton; age 24; cred. Campton; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Nov. 1, '64; captd. Nov. 17, '64, on picket, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; par.; disch. disab. June 21, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., Roxbury, Mass.

Merrill, George W. Co. G; b. Warren; age 35; res. Warren, cred. Warren; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Musc.; disch. disab. Sept. 12, '63, as Priv., Concord. P. O. ad., Warren.

Merrill, Henry O. Co. E; b. Tamworth; age 18; res. Ellsworth, cred. Ellsworth; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. and mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis.; disch. June 18, '65.

Merrill, John B. Co. F; b. Canterbury; age 33; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Merrill, N. Lyman. Co. I; b. Campton; age 20; res. Campton, cred. Campton; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis.; app. Corp. Nov., '63; Sergt. Apr., '64; must. out June 21, '65. Died Aug. 6, '72, Campton.

Merton, Robert. Co. A; b. Boston, Mass.; age 22; cred. Sutton; enl. Dec. 5, '63; must. in Dec. 5, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Minnesota," "Vandalia," and "Agamenticus"; disch. Sept. 4, '65.

Meserve, George F Co. F; b. Dover; age 21; res. Northwood, cred. Northwood; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; captd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; confined May 16, '64, Richmond, Va.; sent May 23, '64, to Andersonville, Ga. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Meserve, Ira. Co. F; b. Dover; age "22"; res. Northwood, cred. Northwood; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Jan. 17, '63; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; tr. to 129 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C., Apr. 10, '64; disch. July 26, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Epsom. See State Service.

Miers, John. Co. I; b. Germany; age 29; cred. Pelham; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Roanoke," "North Carolina," and "Huntsville"; disch. Aug. 26, '65, as Seaman.

Miller, Augustus. Unas'd; b. New York city; age 23; res. New York city, cred. Hampstead; enl. Dec. 14, '63; must. in Dec. 14, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Miller, George P. Co. A; b. Alton; age 21; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Corp.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Sergt. Feb. 1, '64; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Alton.

Miller, Jacob. Co. E; b. New York city; age 22; cred. London; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; app. Corp. Jan. 1, '65; tr. to Co. K, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Miller, John. Co. K; b. Germany; age 20; res. Baltimore, Md., cred. Stratham; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; des. July, '65, while on furlough. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Miller, Louis. Co. I; b. Germany; age 25; res. New York city, cred. Exeter; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Miller, Stephen. Co. A; b. Lewis county, N. Y.; age 36; cred. Weare; enl. Dec. 7, '63; must. in Dec. 7, '63, as Priv.; killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Milliken, Abram H. Co. H; b. New Hampshire; age 24; res. Gilford; enl. Aug. 14, '62, as Priv.; app. 2 Lt. Sept. 8, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as 2 Lt.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. 1 Lt. May 4, '63; dishon. disch. Aug. 23, '64. P. O. ad., Wolfeborough.

Milliken, Alma. Co. H; b. Buxton, Me.; age 26; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Corp.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Sergt. Dec. 1, '63; disch. June 28, '65.

Minard, James T. Co. C; b. Deerfield; age 27; res. Loudon, cred. Danbury; enl. Aug. 30, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; tr. to 14 Co., 1 Batt'l, I. C., Aug. 24, '63; to Co. C, 16 V. R. C.; disch. July 6, '65, Pittsburg, Pa. P. O. ad., Penacook.

Minard, Samuel A. Co. C; b. Rumney; age 31; res. Danbury, cred. Danbury; enl. Aug. 30, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Salisbury.

Minton, Wallace F. Co. K; b. White Plains, N. Y.; age 21; res. White Plains, N. Y., cred. Hampton; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; des. June 24, '64, from De Camp Gen. Hosp., David's Isl., N. Y. H.

Misenee, John. Co. B; b. New Brunswick; age 20; cred. Sutton; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. disab. Mar 16, '65, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mitchell, Alvin. Co. K; b. New Durham; age 21; res. New Durham, cred. New Durham; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Dover.

Mitchell, Ira W. Co. A; b. New Durham; age 23; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; des. Apr. 26, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Mitchell, Michael. Co. E; b. Ireland; age 22; res. Lawrence, Mass., cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; captd. Nov. 17, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; par. Mar. 3, '65. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Moblo, Peter. Co. D; b. Canada; age 43; res. Walpole, cred. Walpole; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Moll, William. Co. E; b. Germany; age 39; cred. Auburn; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; des. Nov. 30, '64, while on furlough from hosp.

Moody, Charles E. Co. H; b. Gilmanton; age 25; res. Gilmanton, cred. Upper Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt. Mar. 13, '63; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Belmont.

Mooers, John. Co. D; b. Phillipstown, N. Y.; age 21; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Corp. Apr. 19, '64; Sergt. Nov. 1, '64; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., San Francisco, Cal.

Mooney, Hiram. Co. A; b. Alton; age 44; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as 1 Sergt.; disch. disab. Dec. 26, '62, Potomac Creek, Va. P. O. ad., Parsons, Kan.

Mooney, Robert. Co. B; b. Savannah, Ga.; age 26; cred. Boscawen; enl. Dec. 4, '63; must. in Dec. 4, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "St. Lawrence," "A. D. Vance," and "Montauk"; des. May 20, '65.

Moore, George L. Co. F; b. Loudon; age 24; res. Loudon, cred. Loudon; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. sev. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va. Died, dis. July 12, '64, Ft. Monroe, Va.

Moore, John A. Co. H; b. Gilmanton; age 21; res. Laconia, cred. Laconia; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 12, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; disch. May 12, '65, Concord. Died Nov. 26, '71, Meredith.

Moore, Russell. Co. C; b. Hebron; age 34; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Sergt.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Sept. 25, '63, as Priv., Concord.

Moore, Thomas. Co. B; b. Dover; age 35; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. June 27, '65. P. O. ad., Barnstead.

Morgan, Columbus. Co. G; b. Highfield, Va.; age 22; enl. Nov. 1, '63, at Pt. Lookout, Md.; must. in Nov. 1, '63, as colored under cook; tr. to Co. K, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Morgan, Joseph, Jr. Co. K; b. Wolfeborough; age 39; res. Wolfeborough, cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Sergt.; reduced to ranks Dec. 12, '62; des. June 25, '63, Philadelphia, Pa. P. O. ad., Wolfeborough.

Mori, John. Co. B; b. Switzerland; age 30; res. New York city, cred. Exeter; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Moriarty, Maurice. Co. E; b. Ireland; age 26; res. Lawrence, Mass., cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; disch. May 12, '65.

Morrill, Bradbury M. Co. D; b. Sanbornton; age 33; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 14, '62, as Priv.; app. 2 Lt. Sept. 8, '62; must. in to date Sept. 5, '62, as 2 Lt.; app. 1 Lt. Co. E, Nov. 18, '62; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; disch. Nov. 11, '63. P. O. ad., Sanbornton.

Morrill, Frank. Co. G; b. Gilford; age 22; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. June 9, '63, Concord. See 1 N. H. Cav.

Morrill, Henry B. Co. F; b. Campton; age 21; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; des. Oct. 25, '62; returned Apr. 11, '64; wd. June 2, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; des. Oct. 7, '64, Ft. Schuyler, N. Y. H.

Morrison, Byron K. Co. G; b. Northfield; age 21; res. Northfield, cred. Northfield; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Dec. 9, '62, Washington, D. C.

Morrison, Samuel S. L. Co. E; b. Sanbornton; age 28; res. Bridgewater, cred. Bridgewater; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Sept. 23, '63, Portsmouth Grove, R. I. P. O. ad., Ashland.

Morrison, William M. B. Co. E; b. Ellsworth; age 32; res. Ellsworth, cred. Ellsworth; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Mar. 19, '63; mis. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; gd. from mis.; tr. to Co. G, 2 V. R. C., May 20, '64; disch. July 24, '65, Brattleboro, Vt. P. O. ad., Malden, Mass.

Morrow, Adolphus D. Co. C; b. Canada; age 35; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Aug. 11, '63, Concord. Died Jan. 21, '94, Alexandria.

Morse, Fred S. Co. F; b. Loudon; age 18; res. Loudon, cred. Loudon; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Charlestown, Mass.

Morse, Henry. Co. F; b. Pennsylvania; age 28; cred. Bradford; enl. Dec. 4, '63; must. in Dec. 4, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 13, '64, Yorktown, Va.

Morse, Josiah S. Co. E; b. Centre Harbor; age 42; res. Bridgewater, cred. Bridgewater; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; tr. to 39 Co., 1 Batt'l, I. C., Aug. 1, '63; disch. wds. Aug. 19, '63, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Meredith.

Morton, Wilbur. Unas'd; b. Canada; age 30; cred. Hopkinton; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Moses, Daniel F. Co. F; b. Chichester; age 24; res. Loudon, cred. Loudon; enl. Aug. 30, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. Apr. 16, '63, Falmouth, Va. See V. R. C.

Moses, Willis. Co. F; b. Epsom; age "21"; res. Northwood, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. to date June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Northwood Narrows. See State Service.

Moulton, David. Co. A; age 32; res. Thornton, cred. Thornton; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Sept. 15, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Dec. 8, '62, Washington, D. C.

Moulton, George H. Co. I; b. Moultonborough; age 22; res. Moultonborough, cred. Moultonborough; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Oct. 22, '62, Washington, D. C.

Moulton, Jacob. Co. K; b. Tuftonborough; age 23; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Feb. 22, '64, Washington, D. C.

Moulton, James. Co. K; b. Tuftonborough; age 37; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Wellesley, Mass.

Moulton, James A. Co. H; b. Fitchburg, Mass.; age 18; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; app. Corp. May 19, '65; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Laconia.

Moulton, Lyman F. Co. G; b. Moultonborough; age 26; res. Moultonborough, cred. Moultonborough; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; des. Jan. 20, '63, Falmouth, Va. P. O. ad., Methuen, Mass.

Moulton, Russell. Co. K; b. Moultonborough; age 26; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Muchmore, Benjamin. Co. A; b. Orford; age 33; res. Wentworth, cred. Orford; enl. Aug. 29, '62; must. in Sept. 15, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Feb. 21, '63, Philadelphia, Pa. P. O. ad., Bethlehem Junction.

Mudgett, Ambrose H. Co. E; b. Sandwich; age 37; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Sept. 1, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Oct. 10, '64, Concord. P. O. ad., Lakeport.

Mumford, Albert. Co. B; b. Nova Scotia; age 23; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 18, '63; must. in Dec. 18, '63, as Priv.; captd. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va. Died, dis. June 30, '64, Andersonville, Ga.

Munsey, Charles H. Co. G; b. Gilford; age 18; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; des. Nov. 10, '62, Orleans, Va.; reported May 3, '65, under President's Proclamation; disch. May 5, '65.

Munsey, Edwin. Co. G; b. Gilford; age 18; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., East Los Angeles, Cal.

Munsey, George F. Co. B; b. Barnstead; age 23; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa. Died, dis. Aug. 6, '63, Ft. Schuyler, N. Y. H.

Munsey, Horace T. Co. B; b. Chelsea, Mass.; age 25; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. June 19, '63, Alexandria, Va.

Murphy, Alfred. Co. B; b. Portland, Me.; age 22; cred. Allenstown; enl. Dec. 18, '63; must. in Dec. 18, '63, as Priv. Died, dis. May 2, '64, Boston, Mass.

Murphy, Samuel. Co. I; b. Nova Scotia; age 21; cred. Hopkinton; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Ino"; des. Aug. 31, '65.

Murphy, Thomas. Co. H; b. Ireland; age 21; res. Boston, Mass., cred. Madison; enl. Dec. 14, '63; must. in Dec. 14, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; des. Sept. 15, '65, Fredericksburg, Va.

Murphy, William. Co. K; b. Cincinnati, Ohio; age 21; res. White Plains, N. Y., cred. Danville; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 12, '64, Yorktown, Va.

Murray, James. Co. H; b. Ireland; age 28; res. New Brunswick, cred. Auburn; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Musgrove, Richard W. Co. D; b. Bristol; age 21; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt. Mar. 17, '63; 1 Sergt. Feb. 1, '64; disch. Apr. 23, '64, to accept promotion. P. O. ad., Bristol. See Miscel. Organizations.

Myers, Henry Co. G. See Charles Castels.

Myers, John. Co. B; b. Rutland, Vt.; age 19; cred. Alexandria; enl. Jan. 11, '64; must. in Jan. 11, '64, as Priv.; captd. Nov. 17, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; par. Feb. 28, '65; furloughed Mar. 20, '65, from Camp Parole, Md., for 30 days; considered a deserter from Apr. 19, '65. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Myers. See Meier and Miers.

Nelson, Albert D. Co. D; b. Bristol; age 22; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Corp. Feb. 5, '64. Died, dis. Feb. 10, '65, Bristol.

Nelson, Dan P. Co. D; b. Bristol; age 23; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Nelson, Edwin S. Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 20; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. sev. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. to date June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Gilmanton Iron Works.

Nelson, Hiram. Co. G; b. Bristol; age 40; res. Bristol; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Laconia.

Nelson, James C. Co. C; b. Plymouth; age 24; res. Hebron, cred. Hebron; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. Mar. 30, '64, to accept promotion. P. O. ad., Gilmanton Iron Works. See U. S. C. T.

Nelson, Major J. Co. D; b. Bristol; age 21; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. to date June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Norwood, Mass.

Neville, Henry. Co. F; b. New York; age 24; cred. Boscawen; enl. Dec. 4, '63; must. in Dec. 1, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Roanoke," "Huntsville," and "Florida"; disch. Sept. 12, '65.

Newell, Albert M. Co. B; b. Barnstead; age 28; res. Barnstead, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Gilmanton.

Newell, Arthur C. Co. B; b. Barnstead; age 23; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 30, '62; must. in Sept. 1, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. G, 11 N. H. V. See 11 N. H. V. and Miscel. Organizations.

Newman, Gustave. Co. E; b. Germany; age 27; res. New York city, cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 4, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. disab. Apr. 3, '65.

Newton, Stephen W. Co. F; b. Chester; age 18; res. Loudon, cred. Loudon; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 5, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md.

Nichols, George. Co. D; b. Ireland; age 20; cred. Mason; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "General Putnam," "Macedonian," and "Stonewall"; disch. July 12, '65, as Paymaster's Steward.

Nichols, George F. Co. I; b. Meredith; age 18; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Oct. 24, '62, Knoxville, Md.

Nickson, Charles. Co. F; b. Pembroke; age 29; res. Loudon, cred. Loudon; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Apr. 15, '63, Falmouth, Va. P. O. ad., Loudon.

Nickson, Henry H. Co. B; b. Pembroke; age 22; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Niles, George W. Co. D; b. Bradford, Vt.; age 18; res. Northfield, cred. Northfield; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Sept. 16, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa. Died, dis. Aug. 2, '64, New York city.

Norcross, Charles A. Co. F; b. Grafton; age 18; res. Northwood, cred. Northwood; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv. Died Oct. 30, '62, Berlin, Md.

Norris, Dudley F. Co. I; b. Meredith; age 35; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. 1 Sergt.; disch. disab. Nov. 2, '63, Washington, D. C.

Norton, John. Co. F; b. New York; age 24; cred. Pittsfield; enl. Dec. 4, '63; must. in Dec. 4, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Onandaga" and "Shawmut"; disch. June 29, '65, as Seaman.

Noyes, Ira. Co. G; b. Columbia; age 25; cred. Columbia; enl. Feb. 17, '65, for 1 yr.; must. in Feb. 17, '65, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65. P. O. ad., Colebrook.

Noyes, James M. Co. G; b. Warren; age 20; res. Warren, cred. Warren; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. sev. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Corp. Nov. 3, '63; Sergt. Mar. 4, '64; wd. sev. May 14, '64, Relay House (or Ft. Stevens), Va.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Lynn, Mass.

Noyes, Samuel B. Co. I; b. Meredith; age 19; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; app. Corp.; disch. Apr. 24, '64, to accept promotion. See Miscel. Organizations.

Nudd, Enos H. Co. I; b. Northfield; age 39; res. Centre Harbor, cred. Centre Harbor; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis.; must. out June 21, '65. Died Mar. 6, '83, Centre Harbor.

Nugent, John. Unas'd; b. New York city; age 23; cred. Pelham; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Nutt, Samuel J. Co. F; b. Wolfeborough; age 23; cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Sept. 16, '64, for 1 yr.; must. in Sept. 16, '64, as Priv. Died, dis. Apr. 7, '65, Walpole.

Nutter, Edmund W Co. F; b. Barnstead; age 22; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; des. Oct. 25, '62, Berlin, Md.

Nutter, John. Co. F; b. Barnstead; age 26; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Lynn, Mass. See State Service.

O'Brien, John M. Co. H; b. Manchester; age 16; cred. Tamworth; enl. Jan. 1, '64; must. in Jan. 1, '64, as Musc.; tr. to Co. F, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; des. Sept. 1, '65, while on furlough.

O'Brien, Thomas. Co. D; b. Ireland; age 25; res. Philadelphia, Pa., cred. Rollinsford; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

O'Connell, Thomas. Co. F; b. Ireland; age 23; cred. New Boston; enl. Dec. 3, '63; must. in Dec. 3, '63, as Priv.; reported on roll dated June 21, '65, as tr. on that date to 2 N. H. V., with remark, "absent in arrest"; never joined 2 Regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

O'Connor, James. Co. G; b. Wilna, N. Y.; age 19; cred. New Hampton; enl. Dec. 18, '63; must. in Dec. 18, '63, as Priv.; killed May 14, '64, Relay House (or Ft. Stevens), Va.

Ogden, George H. Co. F; b. Pennsylvania; age 20; cred. New Boston; enl. Dec. 4, '63; must. in Dec. 4, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Shokokon" and "Iosco"; disch. Aug. 8, '65, as 2 Class Fireman, from receiving ship, New York city.

O'Reilly, James. Co. I; b. Ireland; age 22; cred. Pelham; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv; des. Feb. 28, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md.

Osborne, Frederick. Co. A; b. England; age 19; cred. Sutton; enl. Dec. 5, '63; must. in Dec. 5, '63, as Priv.; des. June 1, '64, White House, Va.

Osgood, Frederick F Co. D; b. Andover; age 19; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; des. July 1, '63, Camp Parole, Annapolis, Md. P. O. ad., Sanbornton.

Osgood, George B. Co. B; b. Loudon; age 18; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 6, '63, Potomac Creek, Va.

Osgood, Nahum B. Co. H; b. Gilford; age 21; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Corp.; disch. disab. Mar. 4, '64, Portsmouth Grove, R. I.

Osgood, Thomas E. Co. C; b. Hebron; age 44; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt. Mar. 31, '63; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; sev. May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; disch. July 20, '65. P. O. ad., Hopedale, Mass.

Oswald, Martin. Co. I; b. Switzerland; age 31; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; des. Oct. 14, '64, from Finley Gen. Hosp., Washington, D. C.

Pacey, John T. Co. G; b. England; age 18; res. Canada, cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; des. to the enemy Sept. 10, '64.

Paige, Charles A. Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 24; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 25, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Corp. May 1, '65; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Gilmanton.

Paige, Harlon. Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 24; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as

Priv.; app. Corp. Mar. 27, '64; Sergt. May 1, '64; 2 Lt. May 18, '65; not must.; must. out June 21, '65, as Sergt. P. O. ad., Gilmanton.

Paige, Ira E. Co. A; b. Gilmanton; age 38; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. July 1, '63, Frederick City, Md.

Palmer, Joseph. Co. C; b. England; age 19; cred. Boscawen; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Shokokon"; des. June 6, '65.

Pangburn, James A. Co. C; b. Bethlehem, N. Y.; age 28; res. Danbury, cred. Danbury; enl. Aug. 28, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; des. Nov. 17, '62, Tennallytown, D. C. P. O. ad., Wilmot.

Paris, Francis E. Co. C; b. Yates county, N. Y.; age 20; cred. Goffstown; enl. Nov. 27, '63; must. in Nov. 27, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; app. Sergt. Oct. 1, '65; Com. Sergt. Nov. 3, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65. P. O. ad., Soldiers' Home, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Parker, George. Unas'd; b. Roxbury, Mass.; age 28; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; borne on muster and descriptive roll dated Dec. 18, '63. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Parker, Luther H. Co. D; b. Hill; age 22; res. Hill, cred. Hill; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Sergt.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa., and died, wds. July 24, '63.

Parshley, Horace M. Co. B; b. Barnstead; age 32; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Barnstead.

Parsons, George C. Co. F; b. Gilmanton; age 28; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Sergt.; des. Oct. 25, '62, Berlin, Md.

Patterson, George E. Co. K; b. South Merrimack; age 25; res. Wentworth, cred. Wentworth; enl. Aug. 29, '62; must. in Sept. 15, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Oct. 30, '63, Brattleboro, Vt. P. O. ad., South Merrimack.

Patterson, James. Co. D; b. Prince Edward's Island; age 24; res. Prince Edward's Island, cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 14, '63; must. in Dec. 14, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; app. Corp. Oct. 1, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Peabody, Allen. Co. H; b. Meredith; age 25; res. Laconia, cred. Laconia; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Mar. 12, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Peavey, Joseph D. Co. A; b. Alton; age 32; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Corp.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va., and died, wds. June 8, '64.

Peavey, William. Co. K; b. Tuftonborough; age 39; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; wd. and mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis.; disch. June 3, '65. Died Nov. 29, '77, Ossipee.

Pendergast, Joseph. Co. B; b. Barnstead; age 37; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Feb. 20, '63, Falmouth, Va. Died Mar. 21, '63, Barnstead.

Percival, Francis L. Co. H; b. Campton; age 40; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va., and died, wds. June 3, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Perkins, Charles H. Co. I; b. Centre Harbor; age 23; res. Meredith, cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 27, '63, Falmouth, Va. Died May 29, '88, Meredith.

Perkins, Henry W. Co. A; b. Alton; age 31; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; disch. June 18, '65. Died July 26, '92, Alton.

Perkins, Peleg D. Co. B; b. Fairhaven, Mass.; age 30; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Corp. May 17, '64; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va., and died, wds. July 1, '64, Washington, D. C.

Perkins, William H. Co. B; b. Fairhaven, Mass.; age 31; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va., and died, wds. Nov 22, '63, Gilmanton.

Perry, Alfred V Co. D; b. Manchester; age 34; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65. Died Apr. 19, '68, Sanbornton.

Person, Horace B. Co. A; b. Hill; age 32; res. New Durham, cred. New Durham; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Mar. 1, '65; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Farmington.

Peterson, Nicholas. Co. E; b. Germany; age 24; cred. Alexandria; enl. Jan. 11, '61; must. in Jan. 11, '64, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '61, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Atlanta"; disch. Aug. 21, '65, from receiving ship, Philadelphia, Pa.

Peterson, Thomas. Co. G; b. Sweden; age 38; cred. New Boston; enl. Dec. 3, '63; must. in Dec. 3, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Agawam"; disch. disab. Jan. 8, '66, as Quarter Gunner.

Pettengill, John L. Co. A; b. Franklin; age 27; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Corp. Dec. 25, '63; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Alton.

Pettigrew, James. Co. B; b. New Brunswick; age 21; cred. Sutton; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Shokokon" and "Winooski"; disch. third quarter '65, as Seaman.

Phelps, Levi. Co. C; b. Chester, Mass.; age 29; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 2, '63; must. in Dec. 2, '63, as Priv.; disch. June 8, '65.

Philbrick, Alonzo S. Co. I; b. Centre Harbor; age 27; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Dec. 22, '62, Falmouth, Va.

Philbrick, Cyrus J. Co. K; b. Wentworth; age 18; res. Wentworth, cred. Wentworth; enl. Aug. 30, '62; must. in Sept. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 12, '62, Fredericksburg, Va. Died, dis. Jan. 30, '63, Falmouth, Va. See 6 N. H. V

Philbrick, Hiram C. Co. D; b. Plymouth; age 22; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 13, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; app. Corp. May 9, '65; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Plymouth.

Philbrick, John H. Co. F; b. Epsom; age 26; cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Feb. 20, '63; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Sergt. Dec. 1, '63; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Danvers, Mass. See State Service.

Phillips, John F. Co. C; b. Alexandria; age 20; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Dec. 23, '63, Concord. P. O. ad., Alexandria.

Phillips, Joseph T. Co. K; b. Hollis, Me.; age 23; res. Effingham, cred. Effingham; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Feb. 20, '64; Sergt. Sept. 1, '64; must. out June 21, '65.

Pickering, Charles H. Co. B; b. Barnstead; age 29; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Dec. 13, '62. Potomac Creek, Va.

Pickering, George. Co. K. See Jeremiah Sanborn.

Pierce, Thomas J. Co. B; b. Barnstead; age 23; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va., and died, wds. June 7, '63, Alexandria, Va.

Pierce, William B. Co. K; b. Wolfeborough; age 32; res. Wolfeborough, cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 5, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md. P. O. ad., Farmington.

Pietro, Louis. Co. A; b. France; age 36; cred. Warner; enl. Dec. 7, '63; must. in Dec. 7, '63, as Priv.; captd. Aug. 26, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; released; tr. to Co. E, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; disch. July 10, '65.

Pike, Edwin T. Co. D; b. Groton; age 20; res. Groton, cred. Groton; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 11, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Nov. 28, '62, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Bristol.

Pillsbury, David K. Co. E; b. Bridgewater; age 36; res. Ellsworth, cred. Ellsworth; enl. Aug. 30, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Sept. 4, '63, Concord. Died Mar. 31, '88, Rumney.

Pinkham, Daniel J. Co. A; b. Alton; age 31; res. Alton, cred. New Durham; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; mis. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; gd. from mis.; killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Piper, Asa D. Co. K; b. Tuftonborough; age 18; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; wd. June 2, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Minneapolis, Minn.

Piper, Benjamin G. Co. I; b. Holderness; age 37; res. Centre Harbor, cred. Centre Harbor; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va., and died, wds. May 17, '63, Potomac Creek, Va.

Piper, Charles W. Co. G; b. Laconia; age 18; res. Piermont, cred. Piermont; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; tr. to 49 Co., 2 Batt'l, 1. C., Sept. 30, '63; disch. June 26, '65, Washington, D. C.

Piper, Emerson M. Co. H; b. Meredith; age 22; res. Laconia, cred. Laconia; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Mar. 21, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Piper, Enoch C. Co. K; b. Tuftonborough; age 31; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt. Apr. 6, '63; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va., and died, wds. Aug. 8, '64.

Piper, George W Co. C; b. Topsham, Vt.; age 22; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; des. Dec. 13, '62, Falmouth, Va. P. O. ad., Bradford, Vt.

Piper, John L. Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 26; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt. Sept. 20, '63; 1 Sergt. Feb. 13, '64; wd. sev. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. June 1, '65. P. O. ad., Gilmanton Iron Works.

Piper, Oscar J Co. I; b. Meredith; age 18; res. Meredith, cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Apr. 16, '63, Falmouth, Va. P. O. ad., Meredith Centre. See 1 N. H. H. Art.

Piper, Sewell W. Co. C; b. Hopkinton; age 34; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; killed May 16, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.

Pitman, Calvin D. Co. B; b. Barnstead; age 18; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Pitman, George W Co. B; b. Barnstead; age 24; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Laconia.

Pitman, S. Jefferson. Co. I; b. Meredith; age 21; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; des. Nov. 17, '62, Warrenton, Va.

Place, Charles A. Co. A; b. Alton; age 20; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Apr. 19, '63; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. 1 Sergt. Oct. 7, '64; 2 Lt. May 18, '65; not must.; must. out June 21, '65, as 1 Sergt. P. O. ad., Providence, R. I.

Place, Cogswell J. Co. A; b. Alton; age 23; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va., and died, wds. June 5, '63.

Place, George E. Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 25; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Alton.

Plaisted, Horace S. Co. I; b. New Hampton; age 22; res. New Hampton, cred. New Hampton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; killed July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.

Plummer, Joseph F Co. K; b. Meredith; age 40; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, 12 I. C., Sept. 8, '63; disch. June 27, '65, Washington, D. C. P O. ad., Meredith.

Plummer, Nathan G. Co. I; b. Meredith; age 21; res. Meredith, cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. May 1, '64; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. June 21, '65, Ft. Monroe, Va. P O. ad., Meredith Centre.

Plummer, Newton B. Co. I; b. Thornton; age 21; res. Meredith, cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. Apr. 1, '64, to accept promotion. P O. ad., Meredith Centre. See U. S. C. T

Portell, Michael. Co. G; b. Lockport, N. Y.; age 18; cred. New Boston; enl. Dec. 3, '63; must. in Dec. 3, '63, as Priv.; wd. Aug. 6, '64, Petersburg, Va.; captd. Nov. 17, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; par. Feb. 28, '65; exch. Apr. 26, '65; tr. to Co. K, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; disch. Aug. 10, '65, Concord.

Porter, Thomas. Unas'd; b. Ireland; age 22; cred. New Boston; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Potter, Joseph H. F. and S.; b. East Concord; age 39; res. Concord; app. Col. Sept. 17, '62; must. in Sept. 22, '62; wd. sev. and captd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; exch. Oct. 16, '63; disch. to date Apr. 30, '65, to accept promotion. See personal sketch.

Powers, Patrick. Co. K; b. Ireland; age 35; cred. Marlow; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; des. Nov. 3, '64, from Gen. Hosp., White Hall, Pa.

Pratt, Edward. Co. C; b. Hebron; age 22; res. Hebron, cred. Hebron; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Died Nov. 17, '62, Warrenton, Va.

Prescott, Abner H. Co. G; b. Grafton; age 22; res. Gilford; enl. Aug. 30, '62; must. in Sept. 11, '62, as Priv.; mis. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; gd. from mis.; wd. May 14, '64, Relay House (or Ft. Stevens) Va., and died, wds. June 7, '64, Ft. Lookout, Md.

Prescott, Horace. Co. H; b. Lyndon, Vt.; age 30; res. Upper Gilmanton, cred. Upper Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Sept. 12, '62, as Corp.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Prescott, Horace F Co. E; b. Bridgewater; age 18; res. Bridgewater, cred. Bridgewater; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. sev. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; tr. to Co. K, 12 I. C., Oct. 26, '63. Died, dis. Jan. 23, '64, Washington, D. C.

Prescott, John F Co. E; b. New Hampton; age 23; res. New Hampton, cred. New Hampton; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Feb. 4, '64; captd. Nov. 17, '64, on picket, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; par.; disch. May 30, '65. P O. ad., Princeton, Minn.

Prescott, John H. Co. F; b. Pittsfield; age 21; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Com. Sergt. Sept. 24, '62; 1 Lt. Co. G, Dec. 1, '63; Capt. Co. I, Sept. 2, '64; must. out June 21, '65. Died July 5, '91, Salina, Kan.

Prescott, Joseph. Co. I; b. Meredith; age 39; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Nov. 17, '62, Washington, D. C.

Prescott, Josiah H. Non-Com. Staff; b. Meredith; age 22; res. Meredith, cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 20, '62, as Q. M. Sergt.; app. 2 Lt. Co. D, Nov. 18, '62; disch. disab. June 25, '63.

Prescott, Perley P Co. A; b. Alton; age 21; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Feb. 11, '63, Concord. P. O. ad., Farmington.

Prescott, William. Co. I; b. Meredith; age 33; cred. Meredith; enl. Dec. 4, '63; must. in Dec. 4, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Preston, Clinton F. Co. A; b. Rumney; age 35; res. Wentworth, cred. Wentworth; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 15, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; tr. to Co. C, 11 V. R. C., May 1, '64; disch. Aug. 16, '65, Providence, R. I. P. O. ad., Laconia.

Preston, Henry C. Co. H; b. Cabot, Vt.; age 21; res. Waterville, cred. Waterville; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. May 27, '65; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Campton Village.

Price, James. Co. C; b. Ireland; age 32; cred. Pittsfield; enl. Dec. 17 '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Priefs, Fritz. Co. K; b. Germany; age 21; cred. Wilmot; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 4, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; sent June 16, '64, to New York from Mt. Pleasant Gen. Hosp., Washington, D. C. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Pronk, Edwin. Co. I; b. Boston, Mass.; age 37; res. Campton, cred. Campton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Sergt.; disch. disab. Aug. 14, '63, Philadelphia, Pa. P. O. ad., Hooksett.

Purtill, Robert. Unas'd; b. Ireland; age 32; res. New York city, cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Putney, Daniel S. Co. C; b. Dunbarton; age 40; res. Hebron, cred. Hebron; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv. Died Jan. 14, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Quimby, Ashley R. Co. H; age 22; res. Laconia, cred. Laconia; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. July 1, '65, Washington, D. C. Deceased.

Rand, John S. Co. K; b. Champlain, N. Y.; age 36; res. Dorchester, cred. Dorchester; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 13, '62, as Priv.; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis.; tr. to Co. G, 24 V. R. C., Apr. 7, '65; disch. June 28, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Cheever.

Randall, Henry P. Co. H; b. Centre Harbor; age 19; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt. Jan. 1, '63; 1 Sergt. Feb. 22, '64; 2 Lt. May 18, '65; not must.; must. out June 21, '65, as 1 Sergt. P. O. ad., St. Albans, Vt.

Randall, John F. Co. A; b. New Durham; age 20; res. New Durham, cred. New Durham; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Randlett, James E. Co. B; b. Quincy, Mass.; age 16; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Muse.; tr. to I. C. July 1, '63, as Priv.; assigned to Co. F, 13 I. C.; disch. June 28, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., Concord.

Randlett, Oran J. Co. H; b. Gilmanton; age 19; res. Upper Gilmanton, cred. Upper Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; app Corp.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; sev. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. June 3, '65, as Priv. P. O. ad., Lawrence, Mass.

Randolph, Henrie A. Co. C; b. Northampton, Eng.; age 39; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as 1 Sergt.; tr. to I. C. Aug. 1, '63, as Corp.; assigned to Co. C, 12 I. C.; re-tr. to former company and regiment Feb. 11, '64; disch. disab. May 16, '65, from Co. C, 12 N. H. V., as Corp., Pt. of Rocks, Va. Died Aug. 17, '84, Bristol.

Reed, Francis. F and S.; b. Grafton; age 44; res. Meredith; app. Chaplain Sept. 21, '64; not must.; declined appointment Mar. 2, '65. P. O. ad., Sutton.

Reimann, Raphael. Co. C; b. Germany; age 19; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; captd. Nov. 17, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; par. Mar. 2, '65; furloughed Mar. 14, '65, for 30 days; des. Apr. 13, '65. Died Oct. 5, '89.

Remont, Joseph. Co. E; b. Canada; age 20; cred. Alexandria; enl. Jan. 11, '64; must. in Jan. 11, '64, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. disab. May 2, '65, York, Pa. P. O. ad., Anthony, R. I.

Rendal, William B. Co. K; b. Wolfeborough; age 22; res. Wolfeborough, cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Corp.; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis.; disch. disab. Mar. 31, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md. P. O. ad., Wolfeborough.

Reynolds, George H. Co. F; b. New Durham; age 22; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Rhodes, Frederick P Co. E; b. Stoneham, Mass.; age 21; res. New Hampton, cred. New Hampton; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Corp. Dec. 1, '63; Sergt. Feb. 4, '64; Sergt. Maj. Mar. 4, '64; reduced to ranks for cowardice, and assigned to Co. E, June 13, '64; must. out June 21, '65.

Riber, John B. Unas'd; b. Switzerland; age 18; res. Lynn, Mass., cred. Northwood; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; borne on muster and descriptive roll dated Dec. 22, '63. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Rice, Thomas. Co. B; b. Ireland; age 22; cred. Bradford; enl. Dec. 3, '63; must. in Dec. 3, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65. P. O. ad., New York city.

Ricker, Ephraim W Co. K; b. Tuftonborough; age 20; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; app. Sergt. Dec. 25, '63; 2 Lt. Jan. 10, '64; 1 Lt. Co. A, July 20, '64; Capt. Jan. 10, '65; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Haverhill, Mass.

Riley, Patrick. Unas'd; b. Jersey City, N. J.; age 23; res. Jersey City, N. J., cred. Exeter; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Rines, William. Co. K; b. New Hampshire; age 19; res. Jefferson, cred. Stratford; enl. Jan. 29, '64; must. in Jan. 29, '64, as Priv.; wd. May 15, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.; tr. to Co. D, 11 V. R. C., May 6, '65; disch. July 29, '65, Providence, R. I.

Rinker, Oliver. Co. I; b. Hanover, Pa.; age 21; res. Hanover, Pa., cred. Auburn; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65. P. O. ad., Washington, D. C.

Robb, James. Co. D; b. Philadelphia, Pa.; age 22; cred. Hudson; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Roanoke"; des. June 17, '65, from receiving ship, New York city.

Roberson, Edward. Co. H; b. Eastport, Me.; age 24; res. Boston, Mass., cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; furloughed Feb. 28, '65, from hosp., Pt. of Rocks, Va.; failed to return; considered a deserter from Mar. 31, '65.

Roberts, George. Co. F; b. Northfield; age 23; res. Northfield, cred. Northfield; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Northfield.

Roberts, George. Co. F; age 28; enl. Feb. 14, '64, at Pt. Lookout, Md.; must. in Feb. 14, '64, as colored under cook. Died, dis. Apr., '64, Pt. Lookout, Md.

Roberts, John. Co. H. See Hugh McKay.

Roberts, John A. Co. A; b. Boston, Mass.; age 36; res. Salem, cred. Durham; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; entered 18 A. C. Base Hosp., Pt. of Rocks, Va., Sept. 29, '64; sent Dec. 19, '64, to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Roberts, Leavitt S. Co. D; b. Meredith; age 22; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt.; tr. to 64 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Dec. 1, '63; disch. July 7, '65, Hilton Head, S. C. Died Mar. 7, '85, Adrian, Minn.

Roberts, Reuben, *alias* Robert Kennedy. Co. F; b. Ireland; age 21; cred. Epsom; enl. Dec. 2, '63; must. in Dec. 2, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy as a deserter therefrom, to date Mar. 23, '64. N. f. r. Navy Dept.

Roberts, Samuel H. Co. D; b. Boston, Mass.; age 17; cred. Somersworth; enl. Jan. 1, '64; must. in Jan. 1, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65. P. O. ad., Charlestown, Mass.

Roberts, William E. Co. D; b. Holderness; age 28; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; tr. to V. R. C. Feb. 2, '65; temporarily assigned to 129 Co., 2 Batt'l; disch. July 26, '65, Washington, D. C.

Robinson, Darius. Co. I; b. Meredith; age 11; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Wagoner; accidentally killed on railroad Sept. 29, '62, Baltimore, Md.

Robinson, Ira. Co. D; b. Sanbornton; age 42; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; tr. to 82 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Feb. 23, '64; disch. wds. Sept. 4, '64, Alexandria, Va. Died Aug. 19, '88, Sanbornton.

Robinson, Michael. Co. A; b. New York; age 16; cred. Tamworth; enl. Jan. 1, '61; must. in Jan. 1, '64, as Musc.; tr. to Co. E, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65, as Priv.

Robinson, Samuel C. Co. C; b. Sanbornton; age 19; res. New Hampton, cred. New Hampton; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; disch. disab. Nov. 5, '63, Concord.

Robinson, William M. Co. D; b. New Hampton; age 28; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., New Hampton.

Roderick, Joseph. Co. F; b. Bath, Me.; age 19; res. Northwood, cred. Northwood; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Jan. 17, '63; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Northwood Ridge.

Rogers, William H. Co. I; b. Campton; age 27; res. Campton, cred. Campton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Rollins, Elisha E. Co. A; b. Alton; age 25; res. Alton, cred. New Durham; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. and mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis. Died, wds. June 7, '63, Potomac Creek, Va.

Rollins, Ira M. Co. A; b. Alton; age 31; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Musc.; must. out June 21, '65, as Priv. P. O. ad., Alton.

Rollins, James A. Co. B; b. Alton; age 20; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; sev. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Soldiers' Home, Chelsea, Mass.

Rollins, Stephen M. Co. C; b. Grafton; age 23; res. Danbury, cred. Danbury; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv. Died Oct. 14, '62, Danbury.

Rowe, Charles C. Co. G; b. Gilford; age 18; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Oct. 24, '63, Concord. P. O. ad., Roanoke, Va.

Rowe, Jarvis B. Co. G; b. Gilford; age 21; res. Gilford, cred. Laconia; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 14, '64, Relay House (or Ft. Stevens), Va.; disch. June 6, '65, Concord.

Rowe, Leander S. Co. D; b. Pittsburg; age 44; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Sept. 6, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Dec. 11, '62, Washington, D. C. Died in Sanbornton.

Rowe, Louis. Co. D; b. Canada East; age 24; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. sev. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Corp. Jan. 20, '64; must. out June 21, '65. Died in Bristol.

Russell, Joseph C. Co. B; b. Franconia; age 26; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Wagoner; must. out June 21, '65, as Priv.

Rust, Charles A. Co. A; b. Wolfeborough; age 31; res. Dover, cred. Dover; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; tr. to Co. F, 118 V. R. C., Apr. 11, '64; disch. June 27, '65, Washington, D. C.

Ryan, Edward C. Co. H; b. Ireland; age 30; res. Laconia, cred. Laconia; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; tr. to Co. K, 20 I. C. (became 64 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C.), Jan. 8, '64; disch. disab. Oct. 10, '64, Beaufort, S. C. P. O. ad., Ellsworth, Minn.

Ryan, John. Co. I; b. New York; age 19; res. Troy, N. Y., cred. Stoddard; enl. Dec. 18, '63; must. in Dec. 18, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Ryan, Patrick. Co. H; b. Ireland; age 26; cred. Hopkinton; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy as a deserter therefrom, to date Apr. 2, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md. N. f. r. Navy Dept.

Ryan, Thomas. Unas'd; b. Ireland; age 18; cred. Weare; enl. Dec. 3, '63; must. in Dec. 3, '63, as Priv.; borne on muster and descriptive roll dated Dec. 9, '63. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Sackett, David N. Co. B; b. Pittsfield; age 20; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. sev. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; tr. to I. C. Mar. 16, '64; unassigned; disch. July 17, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Barnstead Centre.

Sackett, Noble. Co. B; b. Westfield, Mass.; age "44"; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Aug. 29, '63, Annapolis, Md. Died Oct. 27, '85, Barnstead.

Sampson, William. Co. A; b. New York; age 21; cred. Sutton; enl. Dec. 5, '63; must. in Dec. 5, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Minnesota," "Juniata," and "New Hampshire"; des. Oct. 27, '65.

Sanborn, Abram B. Co. C; b. Laconia; age 36; res. Grafton, cred. Grafton; enl. Sept. 4, '62; must in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; des. Oct. 20, '62, Knoxville, Md.

Sanborn, Alfred G. Co. G; b. Tuftonborough; age 21; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Moultonborough; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Apr. 17, '63; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; app. Sergt. July 1, '64; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Somerville, Mass.

Sanborn, Arthur C. Co. H; b. Gilmanton; age 20; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Wagoner; disch. May 19, '65, as Priv., Concord. P. O. ad., Concord.

Sanborn, Benjamin F. Co. D; b. Sanbornton; age 19; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Sanborn, C. Alphonso. Co. G; b. Gilford; age 18; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Apr. 15, '63, Falmouth, Va. P. O. ad., Laconia.

Sanborn, David S. Co. H; b. Meredith; age 22; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Sanborn, Fredom. Co. H; b. Sanbornton; age 20; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; mis. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; gd. from mis.; disch. disab. Feb. 1, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md. Died Oct. 1, '73, Sanbornton.

Sanborn, George H. Co. B; b. Loudon; age 18; res. Gilmanton, cred. Epsom; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Dec. 5, '62, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Watertown, Mass.

Sanborn, George H. Co. F; b. Pittsfield; age 26; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. June, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; disch. disab. Jan. 17, '65, Concord. Died Aug. 21, '85, Pittsfield.

Sanborn, Henry A. Co. H; b. Gilford; age 22; res. Laconia, cred. Laconia; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. June 10, '65. P. O. ad., Laconia.

Sanborn, Jeremiah, *alias* George Pickering. Co. K; b. Hartford, Conn.; age 23; res. Hartford, Conn., cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 28, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Nov. 9, '62; Sergt. Nov. 26, '62; 2 Lt. Jan. 28, '63; 1 Lt. Aug. 26, '63; Capt. Co. H, July 15, '64; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Philadelphia, Pa.

Sanborn, John A. Co. H; b. Dorchester; age 30; res. Laconia, cred. Laconia; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Oct. 20, '62, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Cherokee, Iowa.

Sanborn, John H. F. and S.; b. Meredith; age 32; res. Meredith, cred. Meredith; app. Asst. Surg. Sept. 11, '62; must. in to date Sept. 10, '62; resigned July 21, '61. P. O. ad., Franklin Falls.

Sanborn, Joseph E. Co. E; b. Bristol; age 24; res. Bridgewater, cred. Bridgewater; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Apr. 10, '64, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Gloucester, Mass.

Sanborn, Oscar P. Co. D; b. Sanbornton; age 18; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. Nov. 18, '63, Alexandria, Va. P. O. ad., Tilton.

Sanborn, Sylvanus. Co. C; b. Alexandria; age 18; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Feb. 10, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Sanborn, Theodore. Co. D; b. Franklin; age 21; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 28, '65, Ft. Monroe, Va.

Sanborn, William, 2d. Co. F; b. Epsom; age 43; res. Loudon, cred. Loudon; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Aug. 8, '63, Falmouth, Va. Died June 2, '85, East Concord.

Sanborn, William H. Co. D; b. Sanbornton; age 21; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Corp.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; app. Sergt. June 1, '65; must. out June 21, '65. Deceased.

Sargent, George M. Co. D; b. Hill; age 18; res. Hill, cred. Hill; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; app. Corp. June 1, '65; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Hill.

Sargent, Hosea Q. Co. C; b. Tamworth; age 24; res. New Hampton, cred. New Hampton; app. 2 Lt. Sept. 8, '62; must. in to date Sept. 5, '62; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. 1 Lt. May 4, '63; Capt. Co. F, Mar. 3, '64; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Cleveland, Ohio.

Sargent, William C. Co. C; b. Canterbury; age 22; res. New Hampton, cred. New Hampton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. May 23, '63, Concord. P. O. ad., New Hampton.

Saunders, Benjamin. Co. C; b. Canada; age 39; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. Oct. 22, '63, Washington, D. C. Supposed identical with Benjamin Saunders, Co. A, 1 N. H. Cav.

Saunders, James W. Co. C; b. Strafford; age 29; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Sergt.; app. 1 Sergt.; 2 Lt. Jan. 3, '64; 1 Lt. July 15, '64; Capt. Co. B, Oct. 28, '64; resigned May 19, '65. P. O. ad., Bristol. Name also spelled Sanders. See in history.

Savage, George D. F. and S.; b. New Durham; age 44; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; app. Maj. Sept. 17, '62; must. in Sept. 17, '62, as Maj.; wd. sev. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Lt. Col. Feb. 5, '64; disch. May 28, '64. Died Feb. 17, '83, Alton.

Savage, Moses H. Co. A; b. New Durham; age 33; res. New Durham, cred. New Durham; enl. Aug. 14, '62, as Priv.; app. Capt. Sept. 8, '62; must. in to date Aug. 30, '62, as Capt.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Sawyer, Jeremiah F. Co. H; b. Belmont; age 27; res. Upper Gilmanton, cred. Upper Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va., and died, wds. June 6, '63, Potomac Creek, Va.

Sawyer, Leander W. Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 18; res. Barnstead, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Feb. 8, '63, Potomac Creek, Va.

Schafft, Louis. Co. C; b. Germany; age 40; cred. Mason; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. disab. July 29, '65, Ft. Schuyler, N. Y. H. Died May 10, '91, Nat. Military Home, Ohio.

Scheller, Jacob. Co. D; b. Germany; age 38; res. New York city, cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 14, '63; must. in Dec. 14, '63, as Priv.; entered De Camp Gen. Hosp., David's Isl., N. Y. H., June 5, '64. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Schmidt, James. Co. B; b. Germany; age 27; cred. New Hampton; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; reported on roll dated June 21, '65, as tr. on that date to 2 N. H. V., with remark, "absent sick since May 4, '64"; never joined 2 Regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Schultz, John T. Co. I; b. Philadelphia, Pa.; age 33; cred. Hopkinton; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 24, '64, Ft. Monroe, Va.

Schwartz, Solomon. Co. E; b. Switzerland; age 35; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; tr. to Co. A, 11 V R. C., Jan. 21, '65; disch. July 25, '65, Concord. Died Nov. 22, '89, Nat. Home, Togus, Me.

Scott, James. Co. K; b. Ireland; age 34; cred. Sutton; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; app. Corp.; captd. Nov. 17, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; exch. Apr. 27, '65; disch. June 9, '65.

Scruton, Franklin. Co. C; b. Farmington; age 21; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65. Died Aug. 23, '79, Alexandria.

Seavey, James H. Co. K; b. Tuftonborough; age 18; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Charlestown, Mass.

Seavey, Norman S. Co. H; b. Tamworth; age 25; res. Laconia, cred. Laconia; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., East Tilton.

Seavey, Samuel A. Co. K; b. Pittsfield; age 37; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as 1 Sergt.; des. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa. P. O. ad., Meredith.

Seymour, Francis. Co. C; b. Canada; age 22; cred. Boscawen; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; wd. Nov. 17, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; tr. to Co. E, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Shackford, Nathaniel. Co. E; b. Portsmouth; age 33; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 29, '62, as Priv.; app. Capt. Sept. 8, '62; must. in to date Sept. 5, '62, as Capt.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; sev. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; app. Maj. Nov. 16, '64; Lt. Col. May 26, '65; not must.; must. out June 21, '65, as Maj. P. O. ad., Lakeport.

Shannon, Edwin W Co. G; b. Moultonborough; age 18; res. Moultonborough, cred. Moultonborough; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Moultonborough.

Sharp, Joseph. Co. A; b. Burlington county, N. J.; age 30; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 7, '63; must. in Dec. 7, '63, as Priv.; des. June 1, '61, White House, Va.; appreh. Jan. 13, '65; shot Feb. 9, '65, for desertion, by sentence G. C. M.

Shaw, Clinton A. Co. G; b. Salisbury; age 27; res. Moultonborough, cred. Moultonborough; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Moultonborough. See State Service.

Shaw, Daniel. Co. I; b. Meredith Centre; age 34; res. Meredith, cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va., and died, wds. May 17, '63, Potomac Creek, Va.

Shaw William U. Co. B; b. Concord; age 27; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; disch. May 26, '65, New York city.

Shay, Peter. Co. A; b. Ireland; age 23; cred. Boscawen; enl. Dec. 3, '63; must. in Dec. 3, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; des. second quarter '64, from U. S. S. "Commodore Morris."

Sheldon, Charles S. Co. G; b. Troy, N. Y.; age 18; res. Warren, cred. Warren; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; app. Sergt. Oct. 1, '63; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; app. 2 Lt. July 16, '64; not must. as 2 Lt. Died, wds. June 27, '64, Washington, D. C., before commission was issued.

Shepard, Edward L. Co. E; b. Holderness; age 20; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5,

'62, as Corp.: app. Sergt. July 5, '63; 2 Lt. Jan. 5, '64; 1 Lt. July 20, '64; Capt. Co. G, May 26, '65; not must.; disch. to date June 21, '65, as 1 Lt. Co. E. P. O. ad., Ashland.

Sherburne, John D. Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 18; cred. Gilmanton; enl. Jan. 1, '64; must. in Jan. 4, '64, as Priv.; app. Corp.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; tr. to Co. F, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; app. Sergt. June 21, '65; 1 Sergt. Oct. 1, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Shinn, Samuel S. Co. A; b. Philadelphia, Pa.; age 29; cred. Sutton; enl. Dec. 5, '63; must. in Dec. 5, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Tecumseh" and "Mobile"; des. Nov. 30, '64.

Shores, Marshall. Co. E; b. Ellsworth; age 18; res. Ellsworth, cred. Ellsworth; enl. Aug. 30, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65. Died Feb. 4, '67, Thornton.

Shores, William. Unass'd; b. England; age 23; cred. Loudon; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Simpson, Oliver E. Co. E; b. Rumney; age 20; res. Rumney, cred. Rumney; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 9, '63, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., West Rumney.

Sinclair, John. Co. K; b. Ireland; age 39; cred. Gilsum; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; disch. Jan. 31, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md.

Skinner, William H. Co. I; b. Sutton, Vt.; age 27; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Musc.; des. Oct. 9, '62, Arlington, Va.

Sleeper, David C. Co. C; b. Bristol; age 25; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Dec. 16, '62, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Fitchburg, Mass.

Sleeper, Eben G. Co. A; b. Alton; age 19; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 19, '63, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Beverly, Mass.

Sleeper, James. Co. A; b. Alton; age 41; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Sergt.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Sept. 5, '63, Concord. P. O. ad., East Concord.

Sleeper, Jonathan W. Co. C; b. Canada West; age 19; res. Wolfeborough, cred. Hebron; enl. Sept. 23, '62; must. in Sept. 24, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Feb. 5, '63, Philadelphia, Pa. See 1 N. H. Cav. Died after the war, at Wolfeborough.

Sleeper, William H. Co. B; b. Alton; age 21; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Nov. 3, '62. Died. dis. Dec. 17, '63, Alexandria, Va.

Small, Alvah H. Co. G; b. Gilmanton; age 20; res. Gilmanton, cred. Laconia; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; tr. to 48 Co., 2 Batt'l. V. R. C., Sept. 30, '64; disch. June 26, '65, Washington, D. C.

Small, Andrew J. Co. D; b. Canterbury; age 34; res. Sanbornton, cred. Hill; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; May 14, '64, Relay House (or Ft. Stevens), Va.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., East Tilton.

Small, John. Co. B; b. Denmark; age 23; cred. Warner; enl. Dec. 18, '63; must. in Dec. 18, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Florida." Died July 3, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md.

Smith, Arthur St. C. Co. G; b. Meredith; age 22; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as 1 Sergt.; app. 2 Lt. Co. A, Feb. 14, '63; tr. to Co. B; wd. sev. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. 1 Lt. Co. E, June 12, '63; wd. twice June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; app. Capt. Co. K, July 20, '64; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Smith, Charles C. Co. I; b. Holderness; age 29; res. Meredith, cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., New Hampton.

Smith, Charles F Co. A; age 35; res. Loudon, cred. Loudon; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. May 17, '65, Annapolis Junction, Md.

Smith, Charles G. Co. D; b. Moultonborough; age 31; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Corp.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va., and died, wds. June 6, '63, Aquia Creek, Va.

Smith, David R. Co. D; b. Hill; age 34; res. Hill, cred. Hill; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Feb. 15, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Smith, Dudley F. Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 19; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa., and disch. wds. Mar. 17, '64, Philadelphia, Pa. P. O. ad., Penacook.

Smith, Edward. Co. F; b. Loudon; age 20; res. Loudon, cred. Loudon; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Smith, Edward S. Co. A; b. Wentworth; age 42; res. Wentworth, cred. Wentworth; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 15, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Mar. 19, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Smith, George H. Co. G; b. Sanbornton; age 26; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Smith, George W. Co. A; b. Barnstead; age 26; res. Loudon, cred. Loudon; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Smith, Gilman. Co. I; b. Meredith; age 18; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va., and died, wds. May 15, '63, Potomac Creek, Va.

Smith, Henry J. Co. G; b. Meredith; age 19; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Corp.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa., and died, wds. Aug. 22, '63, York, Pa.

Smith, Horace H. Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 27; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Smith, James F Co. K; b. Rochester; age 41; res. Wolfeborough, cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; killed July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.

Smith, James T. Co. C; b. Danbury; age 43; res. Danbury, cred. Danbury; enl. Aug. 18, '62, as Priv.; app. 1 Lt. Sept. 8, '62; must. in to date Sept. 5, '62, as 1 Lt.; app. Capt. Apr. 22, '63; resigned Sept. 21, '64. Died July 11, '76, Franklin.

Smith, John. Co. I; b. Ireland; age 21; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; wd. May 30, '64; entered Carver Gen. Hosp., Washington, D. C., June 7, '64; tr. to New York city June 16, '64. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Smith, John, 1st. Co. C; b. Sweden; age 26; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 2, '63; must. in Dec. 2, '63, as Priv.; reported on roll dated June 21, '65, as tr. on that date to 2 N. H. V., with remark, "absent sick since Apr. 11, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md."; never joined 2 Regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Smith, John, 1st. Co. F; b. Newport, Vt.; age 19; cred. Boscawen; enl. Dec. 4, '63; must. in Dec. 4, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Smith, John, 2d. Co. B; b. New Jersey; age 22; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 4, '63; must. in Dec. 4, '63, as Priv.; wd. June, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; tr. to Co. F, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; reported on m. o. roll dated Dec. 19, '65, as absent sick. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Smith, John, 3d. Co. I; b. Naples, Italy; age 26; res. Naples, Italy, cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; wd. Nov 17, '64, on picket, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; entered Base Hosp., 18 A. C., Pt. of Rocks, Va., Nov. 17, '64. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Smith, John A. Co. F; b. Loudon; age 34; res. Loudon, cred. Loudon; enl. Aug. 30, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. June 19, '63, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Newton.

Smith, Joseph. Unas'd; b. Troy, N. Y.; age 24; cred. Alexandria; enl. Jan. 12, '64; must. in Jan. 12, '64, as Priv.; des. Jan. 27, '64, Jersey City, N. J.

Smith, Joseph F Unas'd; b. Utica, N. Y.; age 29; cred. Alexandria; enl. Jan. 12, '64; must. in Jan. 12, '64, as Priv. Died Jan. 24, '64, Concord. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Smith, Lewis M. Co. B; b. Germany; age 25; cred. Hollis; enl. Dec. 3, '63; must. in Dec. 3, '63, as Priv.; captd. Jan. 13, '64, Heathville, Va. Died Sept. 20, '64, Andersonville, Ga.

Smith, Pascal. Co. G; b. Naples, Italy; age 28; res. New York city, cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; des. Aug. 26, '64, near Port Walthall, Va.

Smith, Stone S. Co. H; b. Huntington, Vt.; age 15; res. Hooksett, cred. Hooksett; enl. Sept. 6, '62; must. in Sept. 12, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65.

Smith, Sylvanus. Co. F; age 28; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; app. 1 Lt. Sept. 8, '62; must. in to date Sept. 5, '62; resigned Feb. 3, '63.

Smith, Thomas. Co. I; b. Canada; age 21; cred. Haverhill; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv. Died, dis. July 16, '64, Ft. Monroe, Va.

Smith, William. Co. B; b. Rostock, Ger.; age 21; res. New York city, cred. North Hampton; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Sassacus"; tr. to U. S. S. "Princeton" Aug. 1, '65; never reported on latter vessel. N. f. r. Navy Dept.

Smyth, Albert Y. Co. E; b. Holderness; age 23; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 12, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Sorensen, Charles. Co. I; b. Denmark; age 22; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Mount Washington"; disch. July 22, '65, from receiving ship, Baltimore, Md. P. O. ad., New York city.

Spinney, William. Unas'd; b. Newmarket; age 33; res. Portland, Me., cred. New Hampton; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Stanley, Edward. Co. K; b. Norwalk, Conn.; age 21; res. Norwalk, Conn., cred. Wakefield; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 12, '64, Yorktown, Va.

Stanyan, James H. Co. K; b. Wentworth; age 29; res. Wentworth, cred. Wentworth; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 16, '62, as Musc.; disch. disab. Jan. 12, '63, Concord.

Stearns, Richard G. Co. E; b. Plymouth; age 23; res. West Plymouth, cred. Plymouth; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. Died Jan. 7, '93, Plymouth.

Stearns, William. Unas'd; b. Bridgeport, Conn.; age 20; res. Norwalk, Conn., cred. Wakefield; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Stevens, Gifford. Co. G; b. Grafton; age 18; res. Grafton, cred. Grafton; enl. Aug. 30, '62; must. in Sept. 11, '62, as Priv.; des. Oct. 18, '62, Knoxville, Md.

Stevens, Isaac. Co. K; b. Wakefield; age 22; res. Wolfeborough, cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; mis. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; gd. from mis.; wd. July 9, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Wolfeborough.

Stevens, John W. Co. K; b. Middleton; age 27; res. Wolfeborough, cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Nov. 26, '62; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis.; must. out June 21, '65; killed, accidentally, Dec. 19, '71, Farmington.

Stevens, Paul. Co. G; b. Gilford; age 44; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan 18, '63, Falmouth, Va. Died Mar. 15, '83, Laconia.

Stevens, William. Unas'd; b. New York city; age 20; cred. Boscawen; enl. Dec. 2, '63; must. in Dec. 2, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Stevens, William W Co. I; b. Methuen, Mass.; age 21; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; app. 2 Lt. Sept. 8, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62; disch. Apr. 5, '63, Brooklyn, N. Y

Stevenson, Joseph W Co. A; b. St. Mary's county, Md.; age 19; res. St. Mary's county, Md.; enl. Dec. 3, '63; must. in Dec. 31, '63, as colored under cook; tr. to Co. G, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

St. Francis, Henry. Co. E; b. Canada; age 19; cred. Alexandria; enl. Jan. 11, '64; must. in Jan. 11, '64, as Priv.; tr. to Co. K, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Stickney, William H. Co. I; b. Campton; age 19; res. Campton, cred. Campton; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Corp. May 1, '64; wd. Nov. 17, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Campton Village.

Stillings, Ivory. Co. A; b. Ossipee; age 42; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Corp.; reduced to ranks Dec. 21, '62; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis.; disch. June 27, '65. P. O. ad., Ossipee.

Stinke, Johann. Co. I; b. Germany; age 19; cred. Hopkinton; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; tr. to Co. E, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Stockbridge, Charles H. Co. A; b. Alton; age 18; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis.; app. Corp. June 9, '64; must. out June 21, '65.

Stockbridge, Joseph F Co. B; b. Alton; age 19; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Mar. 27, '64; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; app. Sergt. Nov 1, '64; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., East Canaan.

Stoddard, Loring. Co. K; b. Wolfeborough; age 37; res. Wolfeborough, cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Aug. 25, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va., and disch. wds. Oct. 25, '63, Brattleboro, Vt.

Stokes, Thomas. Co. C; b. Ireland; age 26; cred. Hudson; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Stoll, Christopher. Co. E; b. Germany; age 26; res. Claremont, cred. Claremont; enl. Dec. 18, '63; must. in Dec. 18, '63, as Priv.; des. July 10, '64, near Petersburg, Va.

Stone, Benjamin P Co. C; b. Ashburnham, Mass.; age 24; res. Danbury, cred. Danbury; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 13, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 21, '63, Falmouth, Va. P. O. ad., Hooksett.

Stott, William B. Co. A; b. Montreal, Can.; age 34; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Corp.; resigned warrant Nov. 28, '62; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Nat. Home, Togus, Me.

Straw, James M. Co. A; b. Alton; age 20; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis.; wd. and died, wds. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Straw, Luther M. Co. G; b. Rumney; age 24; res. Rumney, cred. Laconia; enl. Aug. 25, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; entered 3 Div., 3 A. C. Hosp., Jan. 17, '63; furloughed Apr. 15, '63. N. f. r. A. G. O. Died Aug. 13, '74, Rumney.

Straw, William H. Co. D; b. Hill; age 33; res. Hill, cred. Hill; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Corp. Died, dis. June 20, '63, Alexandria, Va.

Streeter, Roswell. Co. A; b. Concord, Vt.; age 35; res. New Durham, cred. New Durham; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va. Died, dis. May 24, '63.

Strunk, Isaac. Co. A; b. Reading, Pa.; age 28; res. Reading, Pa., cred. Durham; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; killed June 26, '64, Petersburg, Va.

Stuart, Franklin. Co. K; b. Alton; age 25; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. May 27, '63, Potomac Creek, Va.

Stuman, George. Co. D; b. Germany; age 29; res. Manhattanville, N. Y., cred. Exeter; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. disab. May 17, '65.

Sullivan, Charles. Co. K; b. Tuftonborough; age 36; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Corp.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Sullivan, Thomas O. Co. B; b. Ireland; age 25; cred. Weare; enl. Dec. 3, '63; must. in Dec. 3, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Minnesota"; des. Mar. 17, '65, from U. S. S. "Vandalia."

Sutton, William. Unas'd; b. Canada; age 20; cred. Manchester; enl. Nov. 27, '63; must. in Nov. 27 '63, as Priv.; sent to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Swain, Charles F Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 20; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Dec. 29, '62, Philadelphia, Pa. P. O. ad., Concord.

Swain, George A. Co. H; b. Gilford; age 42; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Died, dis. Jan. 5, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Swain, George W Co. D; b. Meredith; age 21; res. Sanboruton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Swain, Henry A. Co. H; b. Meredith; age 26; res. Laconia, cred. Laconia; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 20, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Mar. 3, '64; wd. sev. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. June 22, '65, Concord. Died July 11, '68, Laconia.

Swain, Hezekiah M. Co. E; b. Meredith; age 41; res. Rumney, cred. Rumney; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Corp.; disch. disab. Apr. 2, '63, Falmouth, Va. P. O. ad., Hanover.

Swain, Samuel B. Co. D; b. Meredith; age 21; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Sergt.; app. 1 Sergt. May 1, '64; reduced to ranks May 9, '64; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Gilmanton.

Sweat, William. Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 41; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 19, '63, Potomac Creek, Va.

Sweatt, Charles L. Co. F; b. Boscawen; age 26; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. to date June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Pittsfield.

Sweatt, John C Co. H; b. Quincy, Mass.; age 24; res. Upper Gilmanton, cred. Upper Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Sergt.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. disab. Nov. 26, '64, Manchester. P. O. ad., Belmont.

Sweeney, Miles M. Co. E; b. Ireland; age 34; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Dec. 20, '62; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; tr. to Co. D, 3 V. R. C., May 6, '64; disch. July 6, '65, Brattleboro, Vt. P. O. ad., Lawrence, Mass.

Swett, George W Co. K; b. Salem, Mass.; age 18; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 17, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 15, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Swett, Roswell D. Co. C; b. Bristol; age 38; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv. Died Oct. 12, '63, Boston, Mass.

Swett, Sylvester. Co. C; b. Bristol; age 30; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; tr. to 52 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C., May 1, '65; disch. July 7, '65, Philadelphia, Pa. P. O. ad., Plymouth.

Swett, Wilbra W Co. K; b. Bangor, Me.; age 22; res. Wolfeborough, cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Corp.; disch. disab. Dec. 11, '62, Washington, D. C.

Taber, Loring P Co. E; b. Fairhaven, Mass.; age 18; res. New Hampton, cred. New Hampton; enl. Aug. 29, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; des. Sept. 10, '62, Concord.

Taplin, George F Co. E; b. Williamstown, Vt.; age 18; res. Canaan, cred. Canaan; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Dec. 5, '62, Washington, D. C.; re-enl. Nov. 3, '63, for 3 yrs.; must. in Nov. 14, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. disab. Apr. 18, '65, Concord. Died Dec. 22, '70, Bradford, Vt.

Tasker, Jonathan M. Co. B; b. Barnstead; age 30; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Sergt.; wd. sev. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Dec. 21, '63, Pt. Lookout, Md. P. O. ad., Lynn, Mass.

Taylor, Charles H. Co. C; b. Danbury; age 22; res. Bow, cred. Bow; enl. Aug. 29, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va., and died, wds. May 26, '63, Potomac Creek, Va.

Taylor, Howard. Co. C; b. New York city; age 18; res. New Hampton, cred. New Hampton; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Corp.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; app. Sergt. June 14, '64; wd. Nov. 17 '64, on picket line, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. Died Aug. 5, '90, Worcester, Mass.

Taylor, Ira. Co. D; b. Ireland; age 21; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; des. Sept. 7, '65, Fredericksburg, Va.

Taylor, John. Co. E; b. Centre Harbor; age 39; res. New Hampton, cred. New Hampton; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa., and died, wds. Aug. 14, '63.

Taylor, William. Co. E; b. Canada; age 34; cred. Sutton; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Minnesota"; disch. disab. Feb. 25, '65, from receiving ship, New York city.

Tebbetts, Edmund. Co. G; b. Farmington; age 44; res. Farmington, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Aug. 2, '63; Sergt. Jan. 1, '65; must. out June 21, '65. Died in Dover.

Tebbetts See Tibbetts.

Thomas, James. Unas'd; b. Albany, N. Y.; age 20; res. New York city, cred. New Hampton; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Thomas, John. Co. K; b. Tuftonborough; age 28; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; des Feb. 6, '63, Ft. Schuyler, N. Y.

Thomas, William. Co. H; b. Lunenburg, Vt.; age 39; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. to date June 21, '65. Died Oct. 26, '86, Laconia.

Thompson, Asa T. Co. A; b. Gilmanton; age 33; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Dec. 31, '63, Concord. Died in Alton.

Thompson, Benjamin B. Co. K; b. Wolfeborough; age 30; cred. Newmarket; enl. Mar. 24, '64; must. in Mar. 24, '64, as Priv.; captd. Nov. 17, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; escaped from Libby prison; rejoined company Dec., '64; disch. to accept promotion Feb. 21, '65. See 18 N. H. V.

Thompson, George W Co. G; b. Gilford; age 32; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Feb. 24, '63, Baltimore, Md. Died in Gilford.

Thompson, John M. Co. K; b. Wolfeborough; age 29; res. Wolfeborough, cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis.; wd. June 3, '61, Cold Harbor, Va., and died, wds. June 16, '64, Washington, D. C.

Thompson, Moses, 2d. Co. K; b. Wolfeborough; age 35; res. Wolfeborough, cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65. Deceased.

Thompson, Moses F. Co. K; b. Wolfeborough; age 16; res. Wolfeborough, cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis.; must. out June 21, '65. Died Jan. 17, '90, Minneapolis, Minn.

Thompson, Sylvester E. Co. B; b. Nottingham; age 29; res. Nottingham, cred. Nottingham; enl. Aug. 31, '62; must. in Sept. 3, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va., and died, wds. June 7, '63, Potomac Creek, Va.

Tibbetts, James E. Co. K; b. Wolfeborough; age 19; res. Wolfeborough, cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; wd. Dec. 12, '62, Fredericksburg, Va., and died, wds. Jan. 16, '63, Washington, D. C.

Tibbetts. See Tebbetts.

Tieman, Peter. Co. G; b. Germany; age 27; cred. Alexandria; enl. Jan. 11, '64; must. in Jan. 11, '64, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Mt. Washington"; disch. July 11, '65, from receiving ship, Baltimore, Md.

Tilton, Benjamin M. Co. F; b. Pittsfield; age 18; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Feb. 20, '63; wd. sev. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Sergt. Feb. 8, '64; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Pittsfield. See State Service.

Tilton, John S. Co. F; b. Barnstead; age 30; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; des. Oct. 24, '62, Knoxville, Md.

Tilton, Joseph S. Co. H; b. London; age 45; res. Gilford; enl. Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; app. 1 Lt. Sept. 8, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as 1 Lt.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. Oct. 29, '63. Died Nov. 6, '79, Laconia.

Tilton, Lafayette W. Co. D; b. Sanbornton; age 38; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 7 I. C., Feb. 23, '64; disch. June 28, '65, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Tilton.

Tilton, Timothy. Co. C; b. Fremont; age 26; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt. Aug. 28, '63; 1 Sergt. Oct. 14, '64; 2 Lt. May 18, '65; not must.; must. out June 21, '65, as 1 Sergt. Died Mar. 25, '90, Laconia.

Tobin, Patrick. Co. H; b. Ireland; age 35; cred. Warner; enl. Dec. 18, '63; must. in Dec. 18, '63, as Priv.; des. Mar. 15, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md.

Tobine, Gustavus R. Co. E; b. New Hampton; age 18; res. Bridgewater, cred. Bridgewater; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. Died Feb. 20, '81, Bridgewater.

Tobler, Johann A. Co. E; b. Switzerland; age 23; res. Switzerland, cred. Sandown; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Tomes, Henry. Co. B; b. England; age 19; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 18, '63; must. in Dec. 18, '63, as Priv.; reported on roll dated June 21, '65, as tr. on that date to 2 N. H. V., with remark, "absent sick since Aug. 22, '64"; never joined 2 Regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Towle, Charles F. Co. A; b. Wolfeborough; age 36; res. New Durham, cred. New Durham; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Dec. 21, '62; Sergt. Jan. 14, '63; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. 1 Sergt. Feb. 3, '64; 1 Lt. Co. K, Sept. 28, '64; captd. Nov. 17, '64, on picket line, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; par. Feb. 3, '65; resigned June 9, '65. P. O. ad., New Durham.

Towle, Edward S. Co. I; b. Centre Harbor; age 21; res. Centre Harbor, cred. Centre Harbor; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. July 24, '63, Fairfax, Va.

Towle, Ezekiel. Co. A; b. Wolfeborough; age 30; res. New Durham, cred. New Durham; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; tr. to 33 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Sept. 30, '63; disch. May 23, '65, New York city. P. O. ad., Farmington.

Towle, John W Co. I; b. Meredith; age 44; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Apr. 3, '63, Falmouth, Va.

True, Wesley S. Co. I; b. Centre Harbor; age 20; cred. Centre Harbor; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Dec. 25, '62, Falmouth, Va.

Tucker, Andrew J. Co. C; b. Alexandria; age 32; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Alexandria.

Tucker, Arnold. Co. H; b. St. Mary's, Md.; age 22; enl. Nov. 16, '63, at Pt. Lookout, Md.; must. in Nov. 16, '63, as colored under cook; tr. to Co. C, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Tucker, John. Co. G; b. England; age 20; cred. Hudson; enl. Dec. 18, '63; must. in Dec. 18, '63, as Priv; wd. May 14, '64, Relay House (or Ft. Stevens), Va.; des. to the enemy Sept. 10, '64.

Tucker, Warren. Co. D; b. Alexandria; age 21; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. disab. Dec. 6, '64, Washington, D. C.

Tupper, John. Co. D; b. Nova Scotia; age 22; cred. Mason; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; des. Apr. 15, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md.

Tupper, Joseph B. Co. E; b. Campton; age 15; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; tr. to 52 Co., 2 Batt'l, I. C., Nov. 15, '63; disch. July 7, '65, Philadelphia, Pa.

Turner, Samuel F Co. E; b. Falmouth, Mass.; age 29; res. Falmouth, Mass., cred. Exeter; enl. Dec. 12, '63; must. in Dec. 12, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Agawam"; disch. disab. June 12, '65, as Seaman, Norfolk, Va.

Turpin, John. Co. G; b. Prussia; age 24; cred. Nottingham; enl. Dec. 18, '63; must. in Dec. 18, '63, as Priv.; des. June 11, '64, White House, Va.

Tuttle, Jacob B. Co. K; b. Effingham; age 23; res. Wolfeborough, cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt. Apr. 6, '63; 1 Sergt. Nov. 1, '63; 2 Lt. May 18, '65; not must.; app. 1 Lt. June 20, '65; not must.; must. out June 21, '65, as 1 Sergt. P. O. ad., Franklin.

Tuttle, Joseph. Co. A; b. Barrington; age 35; res. New Durham, cred. New Durham; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Sergt.; killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Twombly, Charles A. Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 18; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; des. Apr. 30, '63, United States Ford, Va.

Twombly, Daniel E. Co. A; b. Jackson; age 30; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Oct. 8, '63, Pt. Lookout, Md. See V. R. C.

Twombly, Daniel G. W Co. I; b. Canterbury; age 39; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Twombly, George W Co. D; b. Gilmanton; age 29; res. Bristol, cred. Bristol; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; tr. to I. C. Sept. 2, '63; assigned to Co. A, 1 I. C.; disch. July 11, '65, Elmira, N. Y. P. O. ad., Hill.

Twombly, Hiram S. Co. G; b. Gilmanton; age 32; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Jan. 9, '64; disch. June 8, '65. Died June 7, '74, Gilmanton.

Twombly, John C. Co. D; b. Loudon; age 40; res. Bristol, cred. Hill; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv; wd. sev. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. wds. Oct. 26, '63, Portsmouth, Grove, R. I. Died Aug. 9, '89, Lynn, Mass.

Twombly, Moses, Jr. Co. A; b. Alton; age 39; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Corp. Died, dis. Feb. 25, '64, Falmouth, Va.

Twombly, William. Co. B; b. Loudon; age 44; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; disch. Apr. 3, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Vashau, John. Co. F; b. Island Pond, Vt.; age 21; cred. Boscawen; enl. Dec. 4, '63; must. in Dec. 4, '63, as Priv.; des. Oct. 17, '64, Philadelphia, Pa.

Veasey, John S. Co. G; age 32; res. Gilford; enl. Aug. 15, '62, as Priv.; app. 2 Lt. Sept. 8, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as 2 Lt.; app. 1 Lt. Co. D, Jan. 26, '63; wd. July 3, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; app. Capt. Aug. 25, '63; not must.; dismissed Feb. 20, '64, as 1 Lt., for absence without leave; killed May 15, '64, on railroad.

Virgin, Isaac B. Co. D; b. Hill; age 25; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 3, '63, Washington, D. C. P. O. ad., Franklin Falls.

Von Bolla, Gabriel. Co. I; b. Hungary; age 23; cred. Hudson; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; wd. sev. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; furloughed June 28, '64, from Harewood Gen. Hosp., Washington, D. C.; reported a deserter July 31, '64. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Von Marchesine, Girolamo. Co. I; b. Italy; age 23; cred. Hollis; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; des. to the enemy Aug. 27, '64, Pt. of Rocks, Va.

Wadleigh, Albert P. Co. D; b. Sanbornton; age 18; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 20, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Wadley, John G. Co. G; b. Gilford; age 18; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Feb 1, '63; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; tr. to I. C. Sept. 3, '63, and assigned to Co. E, 3 Regt.; disch. July 12, '65, Augusta, Me. P. O. ad., Gilford.

Walker, Schuyler, 2d. Co. C; b. Alexandria; age 19; res. Alexandria, cred. Alexandria; enl. Aug. 20, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. June 6, '65, Concord.

Wallace, Orrin F. Co. H; b. Sandwich; age 21; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Sept. 2, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va., and died, wds. June 4, '64.

Wallace, William, Jr. Co. K; b. Wentworth; age 22; res. Wentworth, cred. Wentworth; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Sept. 13, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. July 19, '63; Sergt. June 10, '64; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Campton.

Wallace, William J. Co. G; b. Chestertown, Md.; age 21; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; des. June 11, '64, White House, Va.

Wallis, Joseph. Co. I; b. Moultonborough; age 42; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; killed July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.

Wallis, Oren W. Co. D; b. New Hampton; age 25; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. Mar. 21, '63, Falmouth, Va. P. O. ad., New Hampton. See V. R. C.

Ward, Frank C. Co. D; b. New Hampton; age 18; res. Gilmanton, cred. Upper Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 20, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Feb. 22, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Ward, Simeon P. Co. I; b. New Hampton; age 27; res. New Hampton, cred. New Hampton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Jan. 9, '64; disch. to date June 21, '65. Died Nov. 21, '79, New Hampton.

Wardmann, Carlos. Co. C; b. Germany; age 42; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 4, '63; must. in Dec. 4, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65.

Wardwell, James V. Co. H; b. Salisbury; age 45; res. Laconia, cred. Laconia; enl. Aug. 30, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Mar. 23, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Warren, Charles A. Co. K; b. Wolfeborough; age 26; res. Wolfeborough, cred. Wolfeborough; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Corp.; wd. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; captd. Nov. 17, '64, on picket, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; exch. Apr. 16, '65; app. Sergt. June 1, '65; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Wolfeborough.

Warren, Philip. Co. G; b. Troy, N. Y.; age 19; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 2, '63; must. in Dec. 2, '63, as Priv.; des. May 28, '64, Drewry's Bluff, Va.

Watson, Charles W. Co. F; b. Pittsfield; age 26; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 11, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; disch. Aug. 9, '65. Died Aug. 19, '81, Pittsfield.

Watson, George W Co. H; age 21; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. May 31, '65, Concord.

Watson, John. Co. B; b. Alton; age 37; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Gilmanton.

Watson, Jonas. Co. B; b. Alton; age 21; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis.; app. Corp. May 1, '65; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Canaan.

Watson, Joseph W Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 18; cred. Gilmanton; enl. Dec. 29, '63; must. in Dec. 29, '63, as Priv. Died, dis. Mar. 21, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md.

Watson, Lorenzo D. Co. F; b. Newmarket; age 18; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 18, '63; must. in Dec. 18, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. F, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65. P. O. ad., Tacoma, Wash.

Watson, William P. Co. A; b. Brookfield; age 43; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Corp.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Webber, Daniel H. Co. G; b. Bath; age 26; res. Bath, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Nov. 3, '63; wd. Aug. 15, '64, near Petersburg, Va., and died, wds. Aug. 16, '64, Pt. of Rocks, Va.

Webster, Amon R. Co. I; b. Moultonborough; age 41; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; tr. to Co. G, 12 V. R. C., Apr. 10, '64; disch. June 29, '65, Washington, D. C.

Webster, John F Co. I; b. Sanbornton; age 21; cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; app. Corp. May 1, '64; wd. Aug. 6, '64, near Petersburg, Va.; must. out June 21, '65.

Weeks, Benjamin W. Co. D; b. Sandwich; age 26; res. Sanbornton, cred. Sanbornton; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Nov. 26, '62, Potomac Creek, Va.

Welch, Eben S. Co. G; b. Gilford; age 21; res. Gilford, cred. Laconia; enl. Aug. 8, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. sev. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Oct. 1, '63, Pt. Lookout, Md. P. O. ad., Uhl, Kan.

Welch, James. Co. H; b. Boston, Mass.; age 21; res. Boston, Mass., cred. North Hampton; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 25, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md.

Welch, Patrick. Co. C; b. Dublin, Ir.; age 20; cred. Nottingham; enl. Dec. 18, '63; must. in Dec. 18, '63, as Priv.; des. Mar. 14, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md.

Welch, Thomas. Co. I; b. Ossipee; age 44; res. Meredith, cred. Meredith; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; mis. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; gd. from mis.; app. Corp. Feb. 20, '64; Sergt. Mar. 1, '65; must. out June 21, '65. Died at Meredith.

Welch, William B. Co. E; b. Plymouth; age 28; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. in seven places June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; disch. disab. May 29, '65, Manchester, and died soon after.

Welden, William. Co. B; b. Cincinnati, Ohio; age 32; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 4, '63; must. in Dec. 4, '63, as Priv.; reported on roll dated June 21, '65, as tr. on that date to 2 N. H. V., with remark, "absent sick since Aug. 11, '64"; never joined 2 Regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Wells, Benjamin F Co. F; b. Loudon; age 31; res. Loudon, cred. Loudon; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Corp.; app. Sergt. Nov. 9, '62; disch. disab. Apr. 17, '63, Falmouth, Va. P. O. ad., Loudon.

Wentworth, David. Co. A; b. Lebanon, Me; age 25; res. Lebanon, Me., cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Oct. 23, '63, Alexandria, Va. P. O. ad., Milton.

Wentworth, Jacob S. Co. A; b. Alton; age 23; res. New Durham, cred. New Durham; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Wentworth, Joseph F. Co. G; b. Moultonborough; age 21; res. Moultonborough, cred. Moultonborough; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Feb. 1, '63; killed July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.

Werner, Joseph W Co. E; b. Germany; age 31; res. Harlem, —, cred. Meredith; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; des. July 10, '64, near Petersburg, Va.

Whalen, Sanford. Co. E; b. Baltimore, Md.; age 21; res. Pt. Lookout, Md.; enl. Mar. 1, '64; must. in Mar. 5, '64, as colored under cook; tr. to Co. K, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; must. out Dec. 19, '65. P. O. ad., Budd's Creek, Md.

Whipple, John L. P. Co. H; b. Gilford; age 27; res. Gilford; enl. Aug. 12, '62, as Priv.; app. Capt. Sept. 8, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Capt.; dismissed to date Aug. 24, '63, for absence without proper authority.

White, William. Co. D; b. Ireland; age 26; cred. Weare; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 28, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Ino" and "Honduras"; des. July 8, '65.

Whiting, Levi F Co. G; b. Tamworth; age 33; res. Tamworth, cred. Tamworth; enl. Aug. 9, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Jan. 14, '64, Brattleboro, Vt. P. O. ad., Tamworth. Sec 1 N. H. H. Art.

Whittier, Andrew H. Co. G; b. Gilford; age 26; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Whittier, Joseph K. Co. G; b. Meredith; age 19; res. Laconia, cred. Laconia; enl. Aug. 12, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Sergt.; app. 2 Lt. Jan. 7, '64; not must.; app. 1 Lt. Co. D, Mar. 3, '64; killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Whittier, Joseph P Co. G; b. Gilford; age 21; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Corp.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Dec. 24, '63, Concord. Died Oct. 25, '85, Gilford.

Wichmann, William. Co. E; b. Germany; age 28; res. New York city, cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; des. July 10, '64, near Petersburg, Va.

Wiggin, Charles E. Co. K; b. Tuftonborough; age 18; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Mar. 21, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Wiggin, George D. Co. K; b. Tuftonborough; age 31; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Feb. 21, '63, Falmouth, Va. Died Mar. 21, '63, Tuftonborough.

Wiggin, James S. Co. K; b. Newton, Mass.; age 19; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Apr. 6, '63; wd. sev. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Denver, Col.

Wiggin, John A. Co. K; b. Tuftonborough; age 24; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; wd. June, '64, near Petersburg, Va., and disch. wds. Sept. 27, '64, Concord. P. O. ad., Tuftonborough.

Wiggin, John T. Co. K; b. Tuftonborough; age 34; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Apr. 10, '64, Concord. Died Aug. 2, '70, Tuftonborough.

Wiggin, Levi H. Co. K; b. Tuftonborough; age 19; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Priv.; disch. May 30, '65.

Wiley, Edward J. Unas'd; b. Francestown; age "44"; cred. Alexandria; enl. Jan. 12, '64; must. in Jan. 12, '64, as Priv; tr. to Co. B, 8 N. H. V; to Co. B, Vet. Batt'l, 8 N. H. V., Jan. 1, '65; must. out Oct. 28, '65. See 7 and 16 N. H. V.

Wilkinson, Henry L. Co. H; b. Holderness; age 24; res. Gilford, cred. Gilford; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv; disch. June 15, '65. P. O. ad., Laconia.

Willard, Charles H. Co. F; b. Pembroke; age 29; res. Loudon, cred. Loudon; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. June 25, '63, Philadelphia, Pa. P. O. ad., Loudon. See 5 N. H. V.

Willard, Charles J. Co. B; b. Germany; age 23; cred. Pittsfield; enl. Dec. 3, '63; must. in Dec. 3, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 13, '64, Heathville, Va.

Willard, John B. Co. F; b. Loudon; age 25; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 21, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; mis. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; gd. from mis.; app. Corp. Feb. 8, '64; disch. May 22, '65. Died May 5, '81, Pittsfield.

Willard, Reuben P Co. H; b. Loudon; age 27; res. Upper Gilmanton, cred. Upper Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; disch. disab. Sept. 19, '63, Concord. P. O. ad., Belmont.

Willey, Freeman O. Co. K; b. Pittsfield; age 24; res. Tuftonborough, cred. Tuftonborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 10, '62, as Sergt.; des. Nov. 15, '62, Waterloo, Va. P. O. ad., Madison, Wis.

Williams, Benjamin. Unas'd; b. Ogdensburg, N. Y.; age 24; res. New York city, cred. Rollinsford; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Williams, Charles. Co. H; b. New York city; age 20; cred. Canterbury; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; des. May 31, '64, White House, Va.

Williams, Charles. Co. I; b. Whitehall, N. Y.; age 26; cred. Hampton; enl. Dec. 19, '63; must. in Dec. 19, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Atlanta"; disch. Aug. 16, '65, from receiving ship, Philadelphia, Pa.

Williams, Charles E. Co. H; b. Nova Scotia; age 33; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Mount Washington"; des. Oct. 1, '64.

Williams, John. Co. E; b. Troy, N. Y.; age 19; cred. Pelham; enl. Dec. 10, '63; must. in Dec. 10, '63, as Priv.; captd. Nov. 17, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; confined Nov. 18, '64, at Richmond, Va.; sent Dec. 4, '64, to Salisbury, N. C. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Williams, John. Co. G; b. Ireland; age 30; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 2, '63; must. in Dec. 2, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Minnesota" and "Rhode Island"; des. Aug. 24, '65.

Williams, John. Unas'd; b. Baltimore, Md.; age 22; cred. Sutton; enl. Dec. 9, '63; must. in Dec. 9, '63, as Priv.; supposed to have deserted *en route* to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Williams, John. Unas'd; b. Delaware City, Del.; age 23; res. Delaware City, Del., cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 14, '63; must. in Dec. 14, '63, as Priv.; reported on roll dated Dec. 22, '63, as sent to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Williams, Nathaniel. Co. F; b. Lee; age 38; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 27, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; mis. July 2, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.; gd. from mis.; disch. to date June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Manchester.

Wilson, Benjamin. Co. A; b. Stafford county, Va.; age 19; res. New York city, cred. Londonderry; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; des. June 1, '64, White House, Va.

Wilson, Frank. Co. I; b. Canada; age 30; cred. Manchester; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; tr. to Co. E, 2 N. H. V., June 21, '65; disch. to date Dec. 19, '65.

Wilson, George. Co. D; b. Burlington, Vt.; age 42; res. New York city, cred. North Hampton; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; killed June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.

Wilson, George. Co. K; b. Nova Scotia; age 25; cred. Pelham; enl. Dec. 11, '63; must. in Dec. 11, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as a Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Mount Washington"; disch. July 11, '65, from receiving ship, Baltimore, Md.

Wilson, Henry. Co. G; b. Marblehead, Mass.; age 21; cred. Nashua; enl. Dec. 2, '63; must. in Dec. 2, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy as a deserter therefrom, Feb. 3, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md.; des. Feb. 13, '64, from U. S. S. "Ella."

Wilson, John. Co. H; b. Prunty s, Va.; age 21; res. Brooklyn, N. Y., cred. Dover; enl. Dec. 15, '63; must. in Dec. 15, '63, as Priv.; des. Jan. 25, '64, Pt. Lookout, Md.

Wilson, Michael. Co. B; b. Philadelphia, Pa.; age 22; cred. Newbury; enl. Dec. 18, '63; must. in Dec. 18, '63, as Priv.; tr. to U. S. Navy Apr. 30, '64, as an Ord. Seaman; served on U. S. S. "Roanoke"; des. June 17, '65.

Wilson, William. Co. D; b. England; age 20; cred. Boscawen; enl. Dec. 8, '63; must. in Dec. 8, '63, as Priv.; captd. Nov. 17, '64, Bermuda Hundred, Va.; exch. May, '65; disch. May 18, '65. P. O. ad., Boston, Mass.

Winch, Isaiah. F. and S.; b. Newton, Mass.; age 42; res. Meredith, cred. Meredith; app. Q. M. Aug. 28, '62; must. in Aug. 28, '62; must. out June 21, '65. Died Apr. 3, '83, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Winkley, George. Co. F; b. Strafford; age 30; res. Pittsfield, cred. Pittsfield; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Apr. 24, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Witcher, Ira T. Co. D; b. Augusta, Me.; age 44; res. Northfield, cred. Northfield; enl. Sept. 1, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. Apr. 15, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Witham, Asa. Co. D; b. Nottingham; age 43; res. Northfield, cred. Northfield; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Aug. 25, '63, Alexandria, Va. P. O. ad., Laconia.

Wood, Charles. Unas'd; b. Philadelphia, Pa.; age 23; cred. Epsom; enl. Dec. 2, '63; must. in Dec. 2, '63, as Priv.; sent to regt. N. f. r. A. G. O.

Wood, Charles A. Co. A; b. Monroe county, N. Y.; age 18; cred. Warner; enl. Dec. 7, '63; must. in Dec. 7, '63, as Priv.; wd. June 3, '64, Cold Harbor, Va.; tr. to 119 Co., 2 Batt'l, V. R. C.; disch. Nov. 20, '65, Baltimore, Md.

Woodman, Hiram S. Co. E; b. New Hampton; age 27; res. Holderness, cred. Holderness; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Sergt. Died, dis. Dec. 5, '62, Berlin, Md.

Woodman, John O. Co. E; b. New Hampton; age 18; res. New Hampton, cred. New Hampton; enl. Sept. 3, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; des. Dec. 12, '62, near Fredericksburg, Va.; voluntarily returned Jan. 10, '64; returned to duty Apr. 11, '64; must. out June 21, '65.

Woods, Joseph. Co. A; b. New York city; age 38; res. New York city, cred. North Hampton; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; des. June 1, '64, White House, Va.

Woodward, Charles F. Co. F; b. Marlborough; age 29; res. Northfield, cred. Northfield; enl. Aug. 28, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Springfield.

Wootton, James. Co. G; b. Inverness, Can.; age 21; res. Inverness, Can., cred. Laconia; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Apr. 2, '63, Falmouth, Va.

Worth, Jonathan H. Co. E; b. Rumney; age 26; res. Rumney, cred. Rumney; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Dec. 20, '62, Alexandria, Va.

Worth, Joseph. Co. E; b. Rumney; age 32; res. Rumney, cred. Rumney; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; disch. disab. Apr. 22, '63, Falmouth, Va. Died May 28, '65, Rumney.

Worth, William B. Co. G; b. Moultonborough; age 18; res. Moultonborough, cred. Moultonborough; enl. Aug. 18, '62; must. in Sept. 9, '62, as Priv.; killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Worthen, George E. Co. E; b. Lowell, Mass.; age 19; res. Plymouth, cred. Plymouth; enl. Aug. 14, '62; must. in Sept. 11, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. July 5, '63; Sergt. Mar. 1, '64; 1 Lt. Co. C Oct. 28, '64; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Lowell, Mass.

Worthley, Alonzo H. Co. C; b. Weare; age 23; res. Hebron, cred. Hebron; enl. Aug. 22, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; app. Corp. Mar. 11, '63; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.; app. Sergt. Feb. 5, '64; must. out June 21, '65. P. O. ad., Bristol.

Wulfert, Johann. Co. E; b. Hanover, Ger.; age 39; res. Hanover, Ger., cred. Sandown; enl. Dec. 17, '63; must. in Dec. 17, '63, as Priv.; des. Nov. 30, '64, from hosp., Pt. Lookout, Md.

Yerbee, John. Co. C; b. Heathville, Va.; age 16; enl. Feb. 5, '64; must. in Feb. 5, '64, as colored under cook; wd. sev. Aug. 6, '64, near Petersburg, Va. Died, wds. Aug. 20, '64, Ft. Monroe, Va.

York, Arthur. Co. A; b. Malden, Mass.; age 28; res. New Durham, cred. New Durham; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv. Died, dis. Jan. 12, '63, Potomac Creek, Va.

York, James M. Co. A; b. Lee; age 44; res. Alton, cred. Alton; enl. Aug. 13, '62, as Priv.; app. 1 Lt. Sept. 8, '62; must. in to date Aug. 30, '62, as 1 Lt.; resigned Feb. 9, '63. P. O. ad., Farmington.

York, Wells C. Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 23; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; disch. Apr. 18, '63, Falmouth, Va. P. O. ad., Pittsfield.

York, Woodbury P. Co. B; b. Gilmanton; age 34; res. Gilmanton, cred. Gilmanton; enl. Aug. 13, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; disch. May 23, '65, Concord. P. O. ad., Belmont.

Young, Joseph. Co. D; b. Sanbornton; age 42; res. Hill, cred. Hill; enl. Aug. 15, '62; must. in Sept. 5, '62, as Priv.; wd. May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va., and disch. wds. Aug. 12, '63, Concord. Died Aug. 12, '81, Hill.

Young, Oliver H. P. Co. B; b. Barnstead; age 37; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 19, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Corp.; disch. disab. Jan. 12, '64, Concord. P. O. ad., Barnstead Centre.

Young, Solomon W. Co. B; b. Alexandria; age 27; res. Barnstead, cred. Barnstead; enl. Aug. 16, '62; must. in Aug. 30, '62, as Priv.; des. Nov. 11, '62, Hillsborough, Va. Died Jan. 23, '90, Pittsfield.

Yungblet, Friedrick. Co. E; b. Germany; age 21; cred. Durham; enl. Dec. 16, '63; must. in Dec. 16, '63, as Priv.; des. July 10, '64, near Petersburg, Va.

Ziegler, John. Co. G; b. Germany; age 26; cred. Bradford; enl. Dec. 2, '63; must. in Dec. 2, '63, as Priv.; disch. June 8, '65. Died June 20, '84, Philadelphia, Pa.

SUMMARY

OF THE

TWELFTH REGIMENT

NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS.

SUMMARY

OF THE

TWELFTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEER INFANTRY

Original members	officers, 39;	enlisted men,	980;	total,	1,019	
Recruits	"	"	144	"	444	
Total strength						1,463
Killed or died of wounds, original members	officers, 9;	enlisted men,	135;	total,	144	
" " " recruits	"	"	36	"	36	
Total killed or died of wounds						180
Died of disease, original members	officers, 1;	enlisted men,	106;	total,	107	
" " recruits	"	"	16	"	16	
Accidentally killed, original members	"	"	3	"	3	
Shot while attempting to desert, recruits	"	"	1	"	1	
Drowned, recruits	"	"	1	"	1	
Executed for desertion, recruits	"	"	1	"	1	
Died, cause unknown, original members	"	"	14	"	14	
" " " recruits	"	"	3	"	3	
						146
Total deaths						326

Mustered out, or disch. to date June 21, '65, original members	officers,	24	; enlisted men,	218	; total,	242
" " " " " recruits	"	"	"	1	"	1
Discharged on other dates, original members	officers,	31	"	345	"	376
" " " recruits	"	"	"	40	"	40
Dishonorably discharged, original members	officers,	3	"	—	"	3
Lost by transfer, original members	"	"	"	77	"	77
" " recruits	"	"	"	167	"	167
Deserted, original members	"	"	"	50	"	50
" recruits	"	"	"	88	"	88
Captured and not finally accounted for, original members	"	"	"	1	"	1
" " " " recruits	"	"	"	2	"	2
Others not finally accounted for, original members	"	"	"	3	"	3
" " " " recruits	"	"	"	87	"	87
						1,463

KILLED AND MORTALLY WOUNDED.

Fredericksburg, Va.,	Dec.	12,	'62,	original members,	officers,	— ;	enlisted men,	2 ;	recruits,	officers,	— ;	enlisted men,	— ;	total,	2
Chancellorsville, Va.,	May	3,	'63,	"	"	"	3	"	"	69	"	"	—	"	"	—	"	72
Gettysburg, Pa.,	July	2,	'63,	"	"	"	1	"	"	25	"	"	—	"	"	—	"	26
Relay House, Va.,	May	14,	'64,	"	"	"	—	"	"	1	"	"	—	"	"	1	"	2
Drewry's Bluff, Va.,	May	16,	'64,	"	"	"	—	"	"	2	"	"	—	"	"	—	"	2
Port Walthall, Va.,	May	26,	'64,	"	"	"	—	"	"	—	"	"	—	"	"	1	"	1
Cold Harbor, Va.,	June	3,	'64,	"	"	"	4	"	"	29	"	"	—	"	"	30	"	63
"	"	"	4,	"	"	"	—	"	"	1	"	"	—	"	"	—	"	1
"	"	"	5,	"	"	"	—	"	"	1	"	"	—	"	"	—	"	1
Petersburg, Va.,		"	17,	"	"	"	—	"	"	1	"	"	—	"	"	—	"	1
"	"	"	26,	"	"	"	—	"	"	—	"	"	—	"	"	1	"	1
"	"	"	30,	"	"	"	—	"	"	1	"	"	—	"	"	—	"	1
"	"	July	5,	"	"	"	—	"	"	1	"	"	—	"	"	—	"	1
"	"	"	9,	"	"	"	—	"	"	1	"	"	—	"	"	—	"	1
"	"	"	24,	"	"	"	1	"	"	—	"	"	—	"	"	—	"	1
"	"	Aug.	6,	"	"	"	—	"	"	—	"	"	—	"	"	1	"	1
"	"	"	15,	"	"	"	—	"	"	1	"	"	—	"	"	—	"	1
"	"	"	20,	"	"	"	—	"	"	—	"	"	—	"	"	1	"	1
Bermuda Hundred, Va.,	Nov.	17,	'64,	"	"	"	—	"	"	—	"	"	—	"	"	1	"	1
Totals							9			135						36		180

Died in Confederate prisons, original members, 3 ; recruits, 7 ; total, 10.
One officer appointed, but not mustered.
The recruits were all volunteers.

Killed, or died of wounds,	original members,	144 = 14.1	per cent.
" " "	recruits,	36 = 8.1	" "
" " "	regiment,	180 = 12.3	" "
Died of disease,	original members,	107 = 10.5	" "
" "	recruits,	16 = 3.6	" "
" "	regiment,	123 = 8.4	" "
Total deaths from all causes,	original members,	268 = 26.3	" "
" " "	recruits,	58 = 13.	" "
" " "	regiment,	326 = 22.3	" "

PLACE OF BIRTH.

United States:	Original mem.,	971;	recruits,	205;	total,	1,176
Ireland	"	"	12	"	63	"	75
Canada	"	"	12	"	37	"	49
Germany	"	"	—	"	47	"	47
England	"	"	4	"	21	"	25
Nova Scotia	"	"	—	"	12	"	12
Switzerland	"	"	1	"	7	"	8
France	"	"	—	"	8	"	8
New Brunswick	"	"	—	"	8	"	8
Scotland	"	"	—	"	6	"	6
Denmark	"	"	—	"	6	"	6
Sweden	"	"	—	"	5	"	5
Italy	"	"	—	"	4	"	4
Norway	"	"	—	"	2	"	2
Austria:	Original members,	—;	recruits,	2;	total,	2
Australia	"	"	—	"	1	"	1
India	"	"	1	"	—	"	1
Spain	"	"	—	"	1	"	1
Russia	"	"	—	"	1	"	1
Belgium	"	"	—	"	1	"	1
Malta	"	"	—	"	1	"	1
Portugal	"	"	—	"	1	"	1
Holland	"	"	—	"	1	"	1
Poland	"	"	—	"	1	"	1
Prince Edw'd's Isl.	"	"	—	"	1	"	1
Unknown	"	"	18	"	2	"	20
							1,463